

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME CLXXXIII

JANUARY 1953

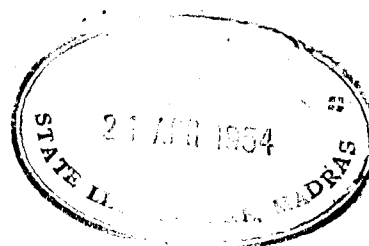
	PAGE
The French Outlook. By W. L. Middleton	1
The Prague Trials. By John Appleby	4
Sneaking in Hungary. By G. E. R. Gedy	8
Count Sforza. By Robert Sencourt	11
Balkan Prospects. By Thomas Anthem	15
Catherine the Great and Grimm—II. By G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A.	21
Alaska. By Lt.-Col. H. E. Crocker, D.S.O.	28
Lord David Cecil as Literary Critic. By Derek Stanford	31
The Home of Lawrence of Arabia. By F. Armitage	35
The Mother of George Herbert. By Aubrey Noakes	39
The Discovery of the Bermudas. By W. G. Wilson	45
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	49
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	56

FEBRUARY 1953

Russia and the Neutral World in Asia. By M. Philips Price, M.P.	65
Switzerland: Prosperous but Worried. By George Soloveytchik	69
The Jewish Remnant in Germany. By Dr. Norman Bentwich	73
The Saar Problem. By E. H. Rawlings	77
What next in Viet Nam? By David Ingber	80
Islam and Communism in the Middle East. By Sayed El Hashimi	84
Catherine the Autocrat. By G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A.	89
Sven Hedin. By Kees van Hoek	95
Eminent Victorians. By Marion Troughton	97
Bulgaria and Turkey. By A. J. Fischer	101
The New Depravity in American Literature. By Anthony Harrigan	105
The Duc de Lauzun. By Alan R. Mason	108
Puppets in History. By Max Gordon	112
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	115
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	122

MARCH 1953

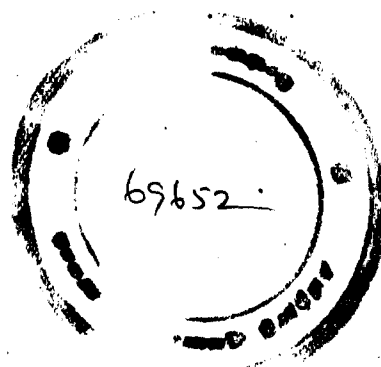
The Overturn in Washington. By S. K. Ratcliffe	129
Potential Dangers in Germany. By Dr. M. J. Bonn	133
The Visit of Marshal Tito. By Henry Baerlein	137
African Impressions. By Lord Noel-Buxton	141
Turkish Snapshots. By G. C. Logio	144
Prospects in Irak. By Major G. M. Coombs	151
Catherine and the French Revolution. By G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A.	154
Charles Reade and Charles Kingsley. By Dr. J. B. Price	161
Atomic Energy for Industry. By A. H. Owen	166
From Delhi to Peking. By N. G. Jog	169
The Troubles of Albania. By Dito Guri	173
Parliament's Printers. By Sydney D. Bailey	176
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	179
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	186



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MS6, M62

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69652

APRIL 1953		PAGE
After Pinay. By Sir John Pollock, Bart.		193
The Outlook in the Far East. By E. M. Gull		199
The Sudan Treaty. By John Hyslop		203
Broadcasting and the Iron Curtain. By G. E. R. Gedye		206
The Seventh Assembly of UNO. By Gerald Bailey		210
Cambodia. By Lieut.-Col. H. E. Crocker, D.S.O.		216
Totalitarianism and Cowardice. By Dr. E. Stern-Rubarth		220
Antiquated Prisons. By B. S. Townroe		224
My Discovery of Finland. By S. F. A. Coles		227
Whither Indonesia?. By G. P. G. Thomson		233
Some Aspects of Jane Austen. By E. V. Clark		236
Charles Morgan's "The River Line." By Neville Braybrooke		241
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow		245
Literary Supplement: Review of Books		251

MAY 1953		PAGE
After Stalin. By M. Philips Price, M.P.		257
The Soviet-Jewish Conflict. By Dr. Norman Bentwich		261
Italy on the Eve of the Elections. By Antonio Giordano		266
Is this the End of Krupp? By K. Frank Feldman		269
Historical Understanding between Nations. By Dr. Frederick Hertz		274
Men against the Sea in Holland. By Mark T. Greene		278
Oscar Wilde and Ernest Renan. By Joan N. Harding		283
The West German Constitution. By Walter Ostwald		289
The Plays of Tagore. By Mervyn D. Coles		293
Mme. de Maintenon. By Jocelyne Lechmere		296
The Fall of Constantinople, 1453. By H. P. Collins		300
Pushkin's Debt to English Literature. By M. Montagu-Nathan		303
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow		307
Literary Supplement: Review of Books		314

JUNE 1953		PAGE
The Coronation—I. The Monarchy. By Lord Pethick-Lawrence		321
The Coronation—II. Coronation Ceremonies. By Julian Franklyn		324
The Coronation—III. The Crown Jewels. By D. England		328
Living in Vienna. By G. E. R. Gedye		332
Liberals at Ilfracombe. By Deryck Abel		334
Kikuyu Christians. By E. R. Buxton		339
Afghanistan a Buffer State. By Lt.-Col. H. E. Crocker, D.S.O.		343
The Soviet Attitude to Art. By J. P. Hodin		346
Blake's <i>Marriage of Heaven and Hell</i> . By Paul A. Casimir		351
Nature's Defence Mechanisms. By Richard Blair		355
Alexander of Battenberg. By Frank Eyck		358
Social Science in U.S.A. By Dr. Alfred S. Schenkman		362
Bananas. By R. H. Ferry		367
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow		370
Literary Supplement: Review of Books		376

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

JANUARY, 1953

THE FRENCH OUTLOOK

IN December there arose a menace of crisis. M. Pinay was assailed from many quarters. In reality, in spite of errors or difficulties in foreign policy, the main criticism was directed against his economic and financial policy. There was an impression that, although attractive by its good intentions—stability or lowering of prices, refusal to increase taxation, check on expenditure—the Pinay "experiment" was not, after all, deeply founded in essentials. In certain aspects the economic situation was stagnating, notably in regard to exports. By his persuasiveness and his action in restraining tendencies to increase prices in various fields, he had in a measure given the general public hope that inflation was being checked. Purely psychologically he had induced confidence. But the essential element of financial confidence, which is a strictly balanced Budget, was not by any means so firmly assured. The balance of the Budget for 1953, debated by Parliament during December, depended on a general stabilisation of important factors like wages and prices and an expansion of economic activity. There were obvious risks in such assumptions. Political opinion was also rather unfavourably impressed by the removal of certain important functionaries among the Government's financial advisers to other posts. It has long been agreed that a deep reform of the fiscal system is necessary, but the scheme of reform proposed by the Government was little more than partial rearrangement of taxes, whose principal object was to increase the yield for 1953, although a few useful amendments of the system were made. The proposals were strongly criticised, and disappointed opinion generally as not being on a scale of thorough and well-conceived reform. Most of the provisions were withdrawn by M. Pinay in deference to this unpopularity. There was probably some reluctance on the part of his adversaries to produce a ministerial crisis, which would leave the Budget still in suspense, and he had strong support in the general political situation, but the debates took place in a disquieting atmosphere.

During the last few months the French difficulties both in international relations and in the affairs of Indo-China, Tunisia, and Morocco, have been aggravated in several fields simultaneously. Military operations in Indo-China have become more active. The Tunisian question was complicated by the attempt of the Arabo-Asiatic States to interest the U.N.O. directly in the matter. The nationalists of Morocco exerted themselves to take advantage of this situation on their own account. In Europe the extent of the French participation in rearmament, stimulated by Budgeting difficulties and a renewal of anxiety about the role assigned to Germany, became a subject of controversy. With regard to Tunisia, the French Government took up the firm position of challenging the

competence of the U.N.O. to deal with the question. The answer recently sent by the French Government to a letter of September 9th from the Bey of Tunis, inviting him to accept unequivocally the resumption of direct negotiations, was intended at once to satisfy the sentiment of those elements of the U.N.O. who favoured settlement by such negotiations, and to bring the Bey to act strictly on his own behalf, without relying on intervention of any kind from outside. Certain disorders in Tunisia occurred to aggravate the difficulties, and the assassination of a prominent trade union leader provoked a general strike.

The offensive of the Vietminh, which began early in November, thrust Indo-China once more into the forefront of external problems. Indo-China is a principal *point névralgique* of the whole problem of France. The official French aim is to put the Viet-Nam and the other associated states in a position to protect themselves, but the war drags on, offering no prospect of an early military decision. It is a constant drain on the French reserve of officers, and is a heavy burden on the Budget. Even before the latest flare-up of the war, a large body of opinion in France was putting, with increasing urgency, questions as to the true place of the campaign in the general strategy of the Western Powers. A positive answer that it forms an integral part of that strategy would open delicate questions. But there is a considerable feeling that if France, with the Vietnamese army and with American aid in money and material, continues to bear the burden, account should be taken of this service in considering the French armament effort in Europe.

From the French point of view the war in Indo-China has a direct bearing on the question of the European army. M. Edgar Faure, who was for a brief period Prime Minister early this year, told the Radical congress in October that the war in Indo-China was "at the heart of the European question." He meant, clearly, that in all negotiations concerning European armament France enters the discussion with her military strength mortgaged by her military commitments in the east. The French believe that they are getting less consideration than would be given them if their full military force were immediately available on the spot. The explosive condemnation of the Defence Community Treaty by M. Herriot and others, no doubt provoked by signs of a revival of extreme nationalism in Germany, should obviously have been made at the time the treaty was signed. M. Pinay a few days later said that the Government would remain faithful to the treaty, and would defend it before the National Assembly. It has been suggested that Parliament will discuss ratification after some delay, during which it will be sought to establish reassuring conditions, such as closer association with Great Britain, guarantees from the United States, and progress in setting up a European structure.

After the victory of the autonomists in the Sarre elections, M. Schuman, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, was careful to point out that it did not of itself assure a solution of the problem of the future status of the country, but it meant "an immense progress." The proposed adaptations of existing conventions, which he had outlined in a letter to M. Hoffmann just before the elections, were to be regarded as preliminaries to the drawing up of a project of an international statute, which will be presented to the Sarre Government jointly by France, Great Britain, and the United

States. The attitude of Bonn will apparently be tested by the reply which M. Schuman will make to the letter in which Dr. Adenauer some weeks ago suggested that the future economic régime of the Sarre should be studied by a committee of experts. M. Schuman's view seems to be that such a committee should work on precise proposals put before it, and should not elaborate a statute of its own. There is no sign that the French abandon their own design of a Europe acting in many respects as a unit, but M. Schuman said that without agreement about the Sarre, the problem concerning the various schemes for setting up European "communities" would be more difficult to solve. The Sarre itself is commonly regarded as having declared, by its vote at the recent elections, its readiness to accept "Europeanisation." M. Hoffmann has declared that his Government would submit an agreed plan to a referendum.

As a result of the victory of the Hoffmann party at the Sarre elections, M. Schuman, whose handling of foreign affairs had been attacked in some quarters a few weeks ago, found his personal position strengthened. There is no visible likelihood that the aims of French policy in Europe will be modified in any essential. The accumulation of difficulties in international affairs appears to have made French opinion firmer and more coherent. This movement towards a more conscious unity was no doubt stimulated by the touch of decision given to the expression of the French view by M. Pinay on several occasions, and by interventions of the President of the Republic. M. Auriol conceives his office as assuring continuity and justifying his expression of the national view where unanimity exists. Such intervention is a delicate matter, and there are political observers who doubt whether the notable speech at Donzère did not overstep the limit of prudence, though it expressed a prevalent feeling and was in no way an intrusion of personal policy or an excursion into party politics. His conception of his role and the carefully considered action he has taken in consequence have done much to define the practice of the Presidency and to create useful precedents.

From time to time anxious critics abroad discover what they take to be a tendency to "neutralism" in declarations by French public men which favour the adoption of an independent line for France on this or that particular question in international affairs. In view of French Atlantic and European commitments, this interpretation is ruled out from the start. Neutralism is impossible, but there is a definite desire for clearly-marked independence. And there is one general principle in world politics which is consistently put forward by a great part of French opinion. The Radical party at its congress before the opening of the Parliamentary session reaffirmed by resolution that "it believes in the possibility of co-existence of varied régimes thanks to a general negotiation, which it hopes for in good faith." Such declarations must be read as being made within the framework of the Western alliances by a partner expressing his own opinion.

France's economic strength, on which the recovery of her position in the world depends, is perhaps being underestimated owing to her present financial difficulties. The report of five years of re-equipment and modernisation of industry shows, however, that potential strength is being steadily gained. Some parts of this effort, of great importance, are

probably not yet appreciated at their full value. The regrouping of land-holding, for instance, is gradually transforming agriculture over large areas. Rural communes which come within the scheme are regrouping agricultural exploitations into units sufficiently large to permit the use of tractors and other modern machinery. The work of the peasant proprietor is being changed, with consequences to the social structure of the countryside which it is not yet possible to estimate, but which must in the long run be considerable.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

Pressaguy l'Isqueilleux, par Vernon.

THE PRAGUE TRIALS

ON December 3rd eleven men were hanged in Prague. Together with three others now serving life sentences, they had been accused of "Trotskyite - Titoite - Zionist - bourgeois nationalist treason" directed against the present People's Democratic Order in Czechoslovakia. Dr. Clementis, the late Jan Masaryk's successor as Foreign Minister, had been deprived of office in 1950; Sling, the Communist Party boss in Moravia, had been denounced in November of that year; and Slansky, former Secretary-General of the Czechoslovak Communist Party and the alleged leader of the conspiracy, had been in prison for a year. Yet the Western world was shocked and surprised not only by the methods of Communist justice, but also by the trial itself. Purges are not unusual under totalitarian régimes, and this Czechoslovak purge has proved even more total than others. Under the dictatorship of the Communist Party there is apparently no other satisfactory method of exchanging one set of leading politicians for another. The trial was also made to serve political ends in the international and domestic spheres. Possibly for that reason the indictment braved the incredulous surprise of world opinion in its attempt to make the Czechoslovak people conscious of the wide range of its alleged enemies: American Imperialists, Trotskyites, Spanish Civil War veterans, Zionists, Slovak nationalists, émigré traitors, the late President Dr. Benes, Titoites, the British Labour Party, Freemasonry, the Vatican, and the all-pervading influence of the British Intelligence Service, represented by those "notorious" agents, Mr. Zilliacus and Mr. Noel Coward. Slansky and many of his fellow-defendants were indeed guilty of real crimes against the Czechoslovak Republic, and of offences against humanity, but this consideration played no part in their trial engineered by their masters and former accomplices. Some of the offences mentioned in the indictment may have been real, but most of them were fantastic inventions; and frequently legitimate activities, such as Dr. Clementis' message of congratulation to the late Mr. Bevin on his appointment as Foreign Secretary, were described as proof of the criminal intentions and opinions of the accused. The defendants themselves were a mixed assortment of Communist functionaries: Party leaders of long standing like Slansky himself, post-war Communists like Dr. Fischl, whose ambition had brought them to the scaffold, and the lonely figure of Dr. Clementis, a Slovak Communist intellectual with dangerously independent views.

Eleven of the fourteen defendants were of Jewish origin, and the Prague trial differed from all previous Communist purge trials in the use which was made of this by the prosecution. Zionism stood in the dock in Prague, despite the fact that no Jew could have been more opposed to the aims of Zionism than Slansky. Communism has always described Zionism as a bourgeois nationalist ideology, but this did not prevent the U.S.S.R. from giving full support to the establishment of Israel. In view of the indispensable financial aid given by American Jewry to Israel, the U.S.S.R. could never have believed that the Jewish state could become a People's Democracy, and it would appear that the Soviet leaders have now abandoned all hope of even a neutralist Israel. The Prague trial, which required the Israeli journalist and Mapam Party leader Oren to describe himself as an Anglo-American spy, has broken the backbone of the fellow-travelling Mapam Party in Israel.

If the insults heaped on Zionism and Israel, followed by the demand for the recall of the Israeli Minister in Prague, were designed as a bid for Arab support for Soviet policies in the Middle East, and at the U.N. General Assembly, they have achieved at least some success. Not only the well-known Grand Mufti, but a considerable part of the Arab press and radio have welcomed this exposure of the allegedly criminal character of Zionism, and have chosen to take the inventions of the Czechoslovak State Prosecutor at their face value. However, official Egyptian comment must be given credit for its sober assessment of this propaganda device, and Egypt is the natural leader of the Arab bloc. It must be borne in mind that the West German reparations agreement with Israel has brought the Federal Government into conflict with the Arab states, and there can be little doubt that the makers of Soviet policy would welcome anything which would increase the difficulties facing Dr. Adenauer. By identifying the Soviet bloc with anti-Jewish feeling, they may be hoping to stiffen the intransigent attitude of the Arabs towards Bonn, combining this with an effort to enlist the support of extremist groups in Germany.

The outcry caused by this aspect of the trial, together with some uneasiness in the French Communist Party, already weakened by the Marty-Tillon affair, has led to explanations in Prague. Czechoslovak press and radio comment has been quick to stress that there have been no attacks against Jews as such, but only against Zionism, and that anti-Zionism must not be confused with anti-semitism. In an interview with the *Daily Worker*, the Chief Rabbi of Prague denied the existence of anti-Jewish discrimination in Czechoslovakia, and pointed out that criminals need not be necessarily Gentiles. However, in face of the identification of the greater part of Jewry with Israel, and of the offensive references made to the Jewish origin of some of the defendants throughout the trial, these denials will not carry much weight.

Thanks mainly to the example of the late President Masaryk, pre-war Czechoslovakia had an excellent record amongst East and Central European countries as regards the treatment of Jewish citizens. On the other hand, German propaganda must have had some effect, and even though it would be ridiculous to pretend that the 30,000 Jews at present in Czechoslovakia could constitute an economic threat, the Communist régime appears to have been prompted by the growing economic chaos in the country to

resort to the time-honoured expedient of Jewish scapegoats to divert the anger of the disappointed proletariat. Frejka, one of the Jewish defendants in the trial, had been in charge of economic policy in the Communist Party since 1945, and he readily accused himself of economic sabotage in order to explain the continued shortage of food and other consumer goods in Czechoslovakia. Power cuts, bread shortage, misapplication of capital investments, poverty of this year's Christmas supplies, and the desperate labour supply have all been described as effects of the disruptive activities of Slansky's Trotskyite-Zionist-bourgeois-nationalist gang. In his statement Frejka pointed out carefully that the effects of this sabotage would be felt for a long time, thus supplying the régime with a convenient excuse for the future. The particularly Zionist character of this sabotage was revealed by admissions that the defendants had allowed Jews emigrating to Israel to rob the people by taking with them industrial equipment, valuable possessions, and huge sums of money.

With an eye to Soviet dissatisfaction with Czechoslovak deliveries of heavy industrial products, the defendants were charged with neglect of Czechoslovakia's heavy industries. Loebl and Margolius, former Vice-Ministers of Foreign Trade, admitted that they had favoured trade relations with the capitalist West, with special emphasis on the export of light industrial manufactures, and that the U.S.S.R. and the other People's Democracies had been grossly overcharged for Czechoslovak goods delivered to them. Obviously, the Soviet rulers, with their own experience of the management of show trials, cannot be impressed by the excuses presented to them in Prague, and it is doubtful whether the reaction of Czechoslovak workers has been so favourable as official reports of production pledges undertaken to make good the damage caused by the traitors would lead one to believe. The Presiding Judge found it advisable to point out in court that the essential fabric of the Czechoslovak Five Year Plan had not been damaged by the self-confessed misdeeds of the defendants. The trial may have been more successful as a contribution to the constant propaganda stressing the need for defence preparedness because of the vast array of treacherous enemies ranged against the People's Democracies. Throughout the trial repeated reference was made to the defendants' intended Fifth Column activities in case of war.

The strength of the influence of the late President Benes can be gauged by the prosecution's attempts made to discredit him personally. The epithet "agent of the Anglo-American imperialists" was always coupled with his name, and although he may have found Dr. Clementis a relatively acceptable Communist, the picture of an anti-state plot hatched by Benes in collaboration with the defendant Reicin, who was one of the most cruel of Communist secret police chiefs, is too far-fetched to convince people even in propaganda-ridden Czechoslovakia. In court Reicin described at length Benes' alleged intention to set up a military dictatorship with Western backing after the war; and there is some rough justice in the fact that Generals Bocek and Klapalek, who refused the Army's support to Dr. Benes at the time of the Communist *coup d'état* in February, 1948, are now being classed as plotters against the State. In this respect Slansky's own fate contains the elements of tragedy. He had been one of the main architects of the 1948 coup, and but for the establishment of

absolute Communist rule, he and his fellow-defendants might still be alive today.

The foreign policy of the Soviet bloc is neither initiated nor directed from Prague, and the major international implications of the trial, particularly with regard to the Middle East, point to the conclusion that Moscow deemed it advisable to stir up Arab opinion at this particular juncture, usefully combining this indication of a tactical change in policy with an attempt to sidetrack the dissatisfaction of the people of the U.S.S.R.'s chief satellite in Central Europe. The view that the Czechoslovak purge trial is primarily a manifestation of a conflict of personalities and a struggle for power between Slansky and President Gottwald seems therefore untenable. On the other hand, the effects of the trial on the re-alignment of forces within the Czechoslovak Communist Party must not be underestimated, and, as a secondary issue, the clash of personal ambitions may have played a part in the selection of the victims. In 1928 the radical wing of the Party, guided by Slansky, Kopecky and Sverma, replaced the moderate leadership, and pushed Gottwald into the foreground. One of the moderate leaders who lost influence at that time was the present Premier, Zapotocky, who effected a come-back largely because of his influence in the Trade Union movement, and who today is the only leading Communist in Czechoslovakia still enjoying some personal popularity among the industrial workers. He has made no secret of his dislike for the fanatical Slansky group, and has relied for support on Communists with Trade Union backgrounds such as Interior Minister Nosek. The turn of events may have given him cause for satisfaction. At the same time it is not inconceivable that Gottwald welcomed the fate of his "King-maker." While Zapotocky kept unusually quiet throughout the trial, Gottwald was constantly lauded as the saviour of the nation, and the defendants were accused of trying to isolate him from the rank and file, and of designs on his life. After the free elections of 1946 had demonstrated the unpopularity of the Communist Party in Slovakia, the Communists abandoned their advocacy of a strong Slovak autonomous government, and this explains the sacrifice of Gottwald's friend, Clementis, who had been the outstanding Slovak nationalist in the Party.

Slansky, and particularly Geminder, a former secretary to Dimitrov, the Comintern chief and a Soviet citizen, were always regarded as Moscow's own emissaries in Czechoslovakia, and their fall was therefore all the more surprising in view of the fact that hitherto only Communists with resistance backgrounds, like Tito in Yugoslavia, Rajk in Hungary, and Kostov in Bulgaria, had been chosen to play the part of enemies of socialism. Slansky's fate bodes ill for Mme. Pauker in Rumania, who, with Gomulka, Geminder and Slansky himself, played an important part in the establishment of the Cominform. It is just possible that if Zhdanov, the leading exponent of the policy which led to the setting up of that body, were alive today, other scapegoats might have been chosen to end their Party careers on the gallows.

Why did the defendants accuse themselves almost eagerly of the most dastardly crimes in the Communist calendar? Just as in the Soviet purge trials, this question is likely to remain without a definitive reply. Some of them may have been prompted by loyalty to the Party, sacrificing

themselves willingly as scapegoats. Others may have broken down after prolonged imprisonment, but not one of them tried to emulate the courage of Kostov or the eloquence of Bukharin. According to Communist standards, the trial was well-managed—the defendants spoke for hours, and only occasional prompting by the Presiding Judge or Prosecutor was required. Most of the defendants spoke evenly, with the exception of Sling, who adopted a rhetorical tone, and of Simone and Reicin, who appeared to be moved by emotion at certain stages of their examination in court. Simone asked for the death penalty, and the wife of London and the son of Frejka wrote to the court to denounce their husband and father. It is this utter negation of man's dignity which is typical of all Stalinist régimes, and incomprehensible to those who have not experienced their degrading pressure on the individual.

JOHN APPLEBY.

SNEAKING IN HUNGARY

ONE of the best-hated institutions in communist Hungary is that of the so-called "Press Correspondents." As is so often the case with communist double-talk, the title is completely misleading. "Press Correspondents" under communism are not reporters or journalists of any kind: they are a vast army of *franc-tireur* snoopers and informers in factories, shops, offices and on farms. In an English school they would be dubbed "sneaks." One can imagine what would happen to morale in a school where wholesale sneaking was officially encouraged and made one of the prime virtues. The same is happening among the workers of Hungary, whose ranks were anyway permeated by paid spies before amateur competition was invited.

Of course it is not called "sneaking," any more than a "Press Correspondent" is called an informer. Translated into new-speak, "sneaking" becomes "criticism and self-criticism." The effect of it is to earn the recognised "Press Correspondent" the hatred of all his comrades who have either not yet played this role or have not been detected in it. Many who have no natural bent for getting their comrades into trouble often feel forced by competition or an understandable desire to get their own back into taking a hand in the general mud-slinging. Another result is to make the communist press as a whole so hated by the workers, who daily see their heads beaten in one paper or another, that the majority only buy newspapers under pressure of the Party. The communist trade union organ, *Nepszava*, has just broken a lance—of two column length—in defence of those who thus bring obloquy on their fellow-workers. For it is rarely the management which has to bear the blame for the muddles, slackness, waste and inefficiency which the Press Correspondents show to be widespread. "There are many Party functionaries and members who do not consider Press Correspondents to be the leaders of public opinion, and would like to silence or get rid of them. . . . But they must accept the criticism with joy. Workers are perfectly entitled to write

letters of complaint. Their letters often unmask the Enemy in the works. Comrade Stalin has said that to persecute complainants is a remnant of bourgeois ideology."

For the student of the satellite economies their output is invaluable as a correction to the bombastic statements and ingenious statistics which pour forth daily for foreign consumption and claim astounding successes for the communist system. But the effort to give another turn to the production screw by denunciation reveals a very different picture of mismanagement and muddle in Hungary. Here are some of the revelations made during the month of September alone in some thirty articles in half-a-dozen Budapest newspapers. Many of them run to several columns; some are editorials. The miners, of course, take the worst lambasting—six long articles are devoted to their failures. The miners of the Iszka-Szentgyörgy bauxite mines—among others—fulfil only 88.3 per cent of the Plan. Transport, writes *Szabad Nep*, is disorganised, pumps broken down through lack of servicing, pitprops short, water conduits dirty and overflowing into the workings. Behind it all is, of course, the bogey-man of the moment in communist Hungary—the Social Democrat. The "saboteur" who has caused all the troubles and won the trust of the guileless communists is one Antal Bankuti, assisted by socialist friends and "the son of a kulak, a big innkeeper." The communists were fooled by Bankuti for years, it seems, and Party members were victimised by him. There is a column and a half in the same strain by Press Correspondent Sandor Nagy, who uses the accusation to denounce a string of personal enemies in the Party, and to give good marks to his friends. The appearance of such an outburst in the central organ of the Party is likely to have much the same effect on the running of the already mismanaged Iszka mine as would the dropping of a large spanner into the hauling gear.

The Ormospuszta collieries are pilloried for promising to produce 5,200 tons of coal beyond the Plan, but actually fulfilling only 90.5 per cent of the latter. Three cutting and loading machines stood idle for 1674 working hours in six weeks, causing a loss of 2,500 tons of coal. Empty trucks were not available to work with them, and 40 trucks stood idle for lack of screws for minor repairs. Not enough that there was this technical muddle and indifference—once again, the Enemy delivered his attacks. The "offspring of Kulaks" are employed in the mines. Maria Boros, "a Kulak girl", is sabotaging work on her important machine. Balint Mate, another "Kulak offspring," is working to disintegrate the D.I.S.Z. (Communist Youth Organisation). All this the Party leaders failed to notice, declares the Youth organ, *Szabad Ifjúság*.

The ill-starred Tatabánya mines catch it as usual. Maintenance work and safety regulations are neglected in Shaft X. Complaints at workers' meetings are ignored. The writer denounces several of the Chief Engineers (in *Nepszava*) as responsible. Another Press Correspondent denounces his colleagues in the Komlo collieries for fulfilling only 74 per cent of the Plan deliveries to the great Stalin Steel Works. Not even the distinction of Stakhanovism shields one from denunciation, as a number of stakhanovites named in *Nepszava* for failing to train less efficient workers in the Oroszlány collieries have discovered.

Denunciations of irregularities and slacking in agriculture inevitably present the Kulak as the nigger in almost every woodpile, whereby the informer generally stretches this elastic label to cover all his personal enemies. From Dunavecse country district an informer tells *Szabad Nep* that Kulak influence is responsible for delayed sowing. The amateur accuses the professional full-trust snoopers—i.e., the trained and salaried so-called "People's Educators"—of giving the Kulaks a free hand. Among other agricultural centres denounced are Tiszaug tractor station (fields unploughed because tractors stand idle, no notice taken of constant absenteeism), Fejer county state farms (wheat plan only 39 per cent fulfilled), the Trans-Danubian Cotton Trust (deep-ploughing only 16 per cent completed), and the Nagykunsag state farm (manager subsequently dismissed). In *Nepszava* one Andras Kovacs is given a column and a half to work off his spleen against the Vertesalja state farm. Less than 50 per cent of the wheat plan and under 25 per cent of the maize plan is fulfilled; "political enlightenment" is neglected, housing accommodation bad, bedding dirty, only one wash-basin among every 18 men, workers cheated out of annual holidays and so forth. Two columns of *Magyar Nemzet* are devoted to the shortcomings of Cegled and Nagykoros districts—in the latter there is a spate of denunciation and counter-denunciation of peasants as Kulaks.

Heavy and light industrial undertakings come in during the period under review for over a score of condemnatory articles, especially for producing faulty goods for export and failures on deliveries to Russia. One is by now conditioned to accepting from *Szabad Ifjúság* that those incredibly tough survivors from years of persecution, the Social Democrats, are responsible for the disorderly state of the Esztergom Tool Factory, but that a former nun, Maria Talos, a former gendarme and a war criminal have been able to frustrate the efforts of the communist staff is quite a new line. High percentages of rejects in tube factories, a cog-wheel factory, in metal goods and tool factories and in the Ozd steel works are dealt with to the extent of some nine columns in various newspapers. There are several lengthy denunciations of the breakdown of the export plan in the Gheorghui-Dej shipyards (almost as permanently in disgrace as the Tatabanya collieries) and of irregularities and failures in factories turning out electrical sundries, in tractor factories and glassworks, in foundries, in the national telephone works, brick kilns, mills, in textile and dye factories. Finally, a couple of columns are needed to denounce the mess and muddle in the state shops, which even affect supplies—or their absence—of children's winter clothing, baby powder and soap, and sweet-stuffs. The evidence produced of corruption, slackness, indifference and of sullenness and hostility towards the regime, of the lack of intelligent direction of great undertakings, is conclusive. How matters can be improved by encouraging every malcontent and trouble-maker to vent his spleen on those he chooses to make scapegoats it is hard to see. The fact that every employee, high or low, knows that any day he may open his newspaper to find himself among the scores daily branded by name for some of these offences can only increase his uncertainty of mind and further impair concentration on the job.

Vienna.

G. E. R. GADYE.

COUNT SFORZA

WE can point to no living Italian who has had a career either so fruitful or so distinguished as Count Carlo Sforza. He was born in 1872 in sight of the Ligurian Alps, his father being a scholar and archivist at Turin, and claiming a connection with the historic Dukes who bore his name at Milan. He early entered into diplomacy, with all the advantages of privilege. He spoke once to Franz Josef. He had much to do with Aehrenthal, the Emperor's Foreign Minister, for was not Italy at that time in the Triple Alliance, though bound to fight only in the case of unprovoked attack? Then came 1914 and 1915. What Sforza thought when Italy entered the war on the Allied side he has not told us, though he has poured scorn on "Sacro egoismo" as a motive. He served, however, under Sonnino, entered Parliament, and in 1919, to his surprise, was chosen by Giolitti to succeed Sonnino as Foreign Minister. This brought him into the foreground at Paris, Versailles, and elsewhere. He negotiated the pact with Belgrade, saying that he wanted to divide "the dissatisfaction equally between the two countries," a remark so typically Italian, he said afterwards, that for a brief moment it disarmed his bitterest critics. At the age of 47 he became one of the makers of the Europe of that time with Foch, Poincaré, Curzon, Bonar Law, Balfour, Lloyd George. He has left his personal assessments of all these, and from that time till his death was one of the leading personalities, not only of Italy, but of Europe. After the resignation of Giolitti he went to Paris as Ambassador, and he was there in 1922 when Facta gave way to Mussolini.

With this change Sforza was anything but satisfied. While other ambassadors stayed at their posts, he came to Rome to protest—and to resign. He refused all the proposals which Mussolini made him. Indeed, he fought Fascism resolutely for the remaining years of his life. He protested with particular vigour against the murder of Matteotti. The fight was carried on till his house in the country was burnt, and though as a wearer of the collar of the Annunziata he was called a cousin of the King, and he was also a Senator, he judged that he would be safer out of Italy. He had married Mademoiselle Valentine de Dudseele, the daughter of a Belgian count. In 1926 he retired to her country with herself and their son and daughter. From there he made several tours to America, and even when in Belgium was anything but idle. He produced a number of books, several of which were based on his lectures. The best is *Makers of Modern Europe*, where he gives his personal impressions of Popes, Sovereigns, Ministers, Generals and finally Dictators. How many of them he had known! How much he had to tell! And he wrote much as he had spoken at Monte Citorio where he said what he had to say with a certain direct vigour and then sat down. He left his story to call forth its own train of thought. But among his own conclusions was that in 1930 men, though they were faced with new problems, were clinging to old ideas. He also said that since to love one another is too difficult, there was some use in spreading knowledge and ideas which might induce tolerance. In this he was true to his own nature which was a typically Italian interplay of impetuous strenuousness, cynicism, kindly idealism, objectivity and serene hope, bound together

in one volume by the Italian liberalism. This liberalism was so robust that he never for a moment believed that Fascism would be anything but a short episode in the history of his country whose genial vitality was, he thought, as integral to Europe as the poetic mystery typical of English genius or as clear thinking was of the French.

As for Fascism twenty-one years were enough to prove Count Sforza right. On this matter he speaks as prosecutor not as judge. His attitude with regard to Fascism was revulsion, towards Mussolini, contempt. He never faced the fact that what made it possible for Mussolini to succeed, for Facta to give way before him, and for the King to accept him, was that there had been, owing to incessant changes of government (Ministries succeeding one another at intervals of a few weeks) a breakdown in the former administration, after the veteran Giolitti, himself something of a dictator, had retired from it. Nor could it be said that Mussolini, however opportunist or unscrupulous, was devoid of big ideas or administrative skill. His principle of the corporative state had much to recommend it. His original programme was moderate enough. He was for years the firmest friend of England. And, though neither moral nor religious in his own life, he did much to restore the influence of the Church over youth, to whom also he brought both discipline, enthusiasm and an impulse to self-sacrifice. Although Matteotti was murdered as early as 1924, it took time for the megalomania of Mussolini, combining with the maladroit moves of others, to lure him to his work of sinister blunders. But Count Sforza represented the old liberal tradition of Italy which, as he said, was sure to reassert itself. He could inveigh unsparingly against both Mussolini and the regime, and time was to vindicate him when he could point to an Italy seared, ruined, temporarily demoralised and permanently deprived of territories and possessions. Not merely Abyssinia, but Libya, Istria and Rhodes were wrested from her. Trieste itself was parcelled out, and all that was left of the spoils of 1918 was the South Tyrol.

Sforza felt it the more because he had foreseen it. In 1940 he had written from America to the King warning him on no account to enter the war, saying that the British certainly would continue it, and that sooner or later the United States would join them. When the catastrophe came, he could indeed say "I told you so." And he regarded the King as a traitor. When at last he returned to Italy in 1943, he joined with Benedetto Croce to take a leading part in forming a new government. But he arrived with the idea that Italy for him was a country separate from Fascism, and this was an additional reason why he refused any compromise with King Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio.

His entente with Croce was complete. At the age of 71 he had within him the pent up energy of his long exile and spoke not only against Fascism but against the King who had accepted it. Croce deprecated his oratorical explosions and told him so. But Sforza did not want to restrain his exuberance lest in doing so he suffocated the talent which most availed. But if Croce presented a case he was ready to make exchanges because, as Croce said—"he is a good and loyal man who sometimes let himself be carried away by sheer impetus." When he arrived in Italy it was with the idea of becoming Foreign Minister, but the energy of his speeches

shook the confidence of the Allied Governments, especially when at a certain point he said that Mr. Churchill, who refused to listen to his view, had "no more brains than a sparrow." The point at issue was that Churchill wanted him to work in with anything solid of the former Fascism, and also, of course, with the King. On this point he refused to budge, and was not satisfied until the plebiscite exiled the Prince who had succeeded Victor Emmanuel. In this he needed the full support of Croce who said that he and Sforza were like physicians skilfully diagnosing their case, and who had to arrange their treatment in view of what they saw as symptoms; and Sforza, in view of what he himself had written, had the stronger case of the two. At last a moment arrived when at Bari Sforza again met the King who invited him to present a list of Ministers. Sforza's reply was that he would do nothing of the sort; the furthest he would go in compromise with the monarch was to inaugurate a plebiscite as to whether the King's *grandson* should succeed.

The ebullience of Count Sforza had become more and more obnoxious not only to Mr. Churchill but to Mr. Eden. It was not only the subject of the King and Prince which divided them. It was the general treatment of Italy. With regard to this Sforza had said before his arrival that Italy and Fascism were two opposed propositions; that as Fascism was an enemy, so Italy was a friend and should be treated as such. He therefore protested against loss of territory and any treatment of Italy but that of a friendly Ally such as he himself had been. He identified the country with himself.

With regard to the old King his case was strong, for Victor Emmanuel was generally discredited. The hopes for the monarchy could not really be built on a man so aged, or so compromised with a discredited government that he became a figurehead of scandal and disaster. It was the judgment of the Allies which was at fault in supporting him with a letter from the King of England. What of his son? The Crown Prince, Umberto, was known never to have been enthusiastic for Fascism, but he had never won the confidence, let alone the enthusiasm of the people. At a crucial moment in the spring of 1944, he had given an interview to *The Times*, saying that the whole Italian people had acquiesced in the war—as he himself had done. Croce, and many others, asked how, when opinion was gagged, could silence give consent? To these criticisms Count Sforza added a certain distrust of his own, founded on more personal knowledge, gained partly from his own son, and partly from Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, who was the mother-in-law of Prince Umberto. He believed that the Prince, though indeed always averse to Fascism, suffered from a certain deficiency both in personal courage and in manly vigour. He was much more sympathetic to the Princess who, like Contessa Sforza, came from Belgium. Of all this the British appeared to have no inkling. Count Sforza was for a time regarded as noisy, perverse and obstinate, and it was intimated that when at last a government was formed under Bonomi, Count Sforza was not to be Foreign Minister, the post he was the best qualified to hold. On the other hand, what Premier could ignore him? He must be included in "the Cabinet" and sat in it as Minister Without Portfolio.

Meanwhile Prince Umberto had been installed in his father's place,

first as Lieutenant-General, then as King. But at this point there was a plebiscite on the subject of the monarchy, and a majority vote in the north was sufficiently strong to dethrone him. Italy became a republic. In 1947 Sforza had become Foreign-Minister and so he remained until the summer of 1951 when, after a last visit to England, a severe attack of phlebitis compelled him to resign. Signor de Gasperi took over the Portfolio, leaving all detailed affairs in the hands of Sforza's Under-Secretary, Taviani. The Minister, though still in the Cabinet, and with an eye on the Council of Europe, retired to his little villa in the Via Linneo beyond the Valle Giulia in Rome, where he lived quietly but not in great pain until a broiling summer used up his last reserves of strength and he was removed to a nursing home to die. In that last year, if his body was tired, his mind was fresh, and his face shone with a deep serenity. To all who came to visit him he seemed a man of much wisdom who from his very experience could tell them much, and who looked with absolute certainty to a better future for both Italy and Europe. For it was indeed what he had called "the twilight of the war gods."

It would be a mistake to think that as Foreign Minister he had been recalcitrant. On the contrary, he had, though always vigorous, shown much patience and skill. His quarrel with Churchill ended when they had tea together in London in 1948; and when he spoke in Paris, the fire and vigour of his utterance were on the side of a closer agreement with France and a warmer co-operation throughout Europe. In Rome he was on excellent terms with Ambassadors of the Allied Governments, and also with the Papal Nuncio, Mgr Borgoncini-Duca, who had worked out the Concordat between the Vatican and Mussolini. He had been hailed as a friend both by M. Bidault and by Ernest Bevin, and before he died Italy had done much to recover her equilibrium. The monarchy was not a disturbing issue. The trains were running more smoothly and quickly than ever before. A police force of 180,000 had succeeded in stemming the wave of crime. If there were no monarchy, its absence was less felt when many of its functions were absorbed by a sovereign whose prestige was higher, and whose influence wider and more pervading than anything in Italy. For in Rome there was always the Pope, and the Vatican was on terms not only of amity but of close collaboration with the Government. And looking into Italy's future in the last months of his life, Count Sforza proclaimed an absolute assurance. The tradition of the people, their poise, their family feeling, were the bastions of security. What he admired above all was the vigour of their individuality.

But the interest of the statesman had from the time he returned to office extended far beyond Italy. Whether in Rome, in Paris, or as Chancellor of the University of Perugia, he kept on advocating that if nationality did not extend to an international idea for Europe, it belonged to the past century. His thought in the years of exile had led him to one great conclusion: the need for unity of Europe. Nationalism had done its work in the Nineteenth Century. To cling to it now was perilous: for even Mazzini, whom he had studied, looked forward to the time when it would be superseded by the larger principle. A far-ranging idealism, said Count Sforza, is far more sagacious for diplomacy than short-sighted realism.

This then is the main argument to which Count Sforza was led by his consideration of the affairs in which he took so honourable a part—that the future is with the numbers of reasonable people who see that, though in war nationalist slogans and organisations ranged them on opposite sides, yet in reality they were at heart fighting for a similar end, their own freedom and defence. Before 1914 the idea of a united Europe had hardly entered minds; through the muddles that followed 1918, it was from time to time discussed. But after 1946 it was a planet which was ruling destiny. Broken economies on one side, a pressure from Russia on the other, told the people of Europe and their governments that not only was European war a horror and a stupidity but that, while it was unthinkable among themselves, it was only by unity that they could combine against the great entity which absorbed a hundred millions of their peoples, and threatened to extend its tyranny to the rest. Count Sforza returned to this thought in 1948 in a Rectorial address at the University of Perugia when he was inaugurating a summer school for foreigners. He argued that, when in 1914 the old Europe of the Treaty of Vienna began to break up, the new period of disaster and suffering was to lead to a new and greater conception; for it is through suffering that we pass to new and better things. None can question that both in his representation of the rights of Italy and her traditional love of freedom, his expression of her characteristic combination of ardour with conciliation, as well as his courageous perseverance in exile, and finally his power to renew Rome's central role in European unity, Count Sforza wins our admiration.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

BALKAN PROSPECTS

IT is far from being beyond the bounds of probability, and in the near future may even be seen to be a soundly based hope, that what is now happening in the once turbulent Balkans—the "Cockpit of Europe," as the Great Powers were cynically pleased to dub the particular geographical area—which detonated the First World War, and figured so largely in the climax to the second holocaust, may prove to be the first solid foundations of that "permanent" peace which a distracted world so earnestly desires will take the place of the tense, cold war. Whilst Europe's defensive strength in the West, according to American military opinion, continues to lag far behind the potential forces of Russia and her satellites, the evolution of political events and an acute sense of common mortal danger have brought into being almost overnight possibly the greatest and most powerful single deterrent against sudden Soviet aggression—a virtual Balkans alliance between Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia. Even before Mr. Eden's visit to Belgrade, the pattern of this new military alignment between these three neighbouring countries, disposing of three of the toughest, best and most numerous land armies in Europe, was clearly shaped, and lost nothing by the intermittent cautious statements of Yugoslav Ministers, apparently designed to show a reluctance to enter into "formal" pacts.

"There is, in fact, much truth in Tito's own observation on this point: "The relations between Greece and Yugoslavia, which have been improving very well lately, will be sufficient guarantee in the event of any attack or threat to independence in the Balkans, in which case our two countries will have sufficient time to take measures for joint defence." Since that comment was made, however, there have been more frank and outspoken hints by the Yugoslavs as to what the comings and goings of military missions between Belgrade and Athens, and between Athens and Ankara, to say nothing of the joint talks between Greek, Turkish and Yugoslav Chiefs of Staff, adds up to, in modern parlance. Mr. Mose Pijade, chairman of the Presidium of the Yugoslav National Assembly, who headed a delegation of 14 members of the Assembly to Greece in September, told the Athens journalists: "There is no need for a formal military alliance at present, but I wish to make it clear, that should either country face aggression, an alliance would go into effect immediately." The tripartite understanding, indeed, is already as strongly forged, in terms of military collaboration in the event of danger to one or all three, as any formal pact could be. Its physical and moral strength must be measured by the qualities of endurance and spirit which a threat to existence would immediately and spontaneously call forth in three of the most hardened and virile peoples in Europe, or the Near East. Its importance also is to be judged by the fact that the frontiers of all three join, and that while peril may be said to lurk everywhere, there are extremely vulnerable spots in Macedonia and Thrace. "Being at the most important point of the Allied front," declared the then Greek Prime Minister, General Plastiris, "Greece and Turkey constitute an unrivalled power through their strong armies. If this power is joined by Yugoslavia, it will be an act of madness for any aggressor to attack." This viewpoint was reinforced by Mr. George Mavros, the Greek Minister of Defence, who declared that Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia could turn the Balkans into "an impregnable fortress" against anyone's threats. "No enemy would dare to attempt an act of aggression which would necessarily involve not only the forces of the satellites, but also powerful Russian forces at the expense of other fronts," he said.

In view of the overhanging menace of the atomic bomb and guided missiles, such optimism and enthusiasm may seem to be misplaced and wholly out of date until one recollects the importance that the master of the Kremlin attaches to terra firma and land forces, despite the advances of applied science, and how sensitive are the Russians about the approaches to the heart of the Soviet Union. It is one of the strangest discoveries to the Western mind that those who live closest to the den of the Red Giant—for Tito and the Yugoslavs share the same sturdy confidence of the Greeks and the Turks—appear to tremble least at his strength and dimensions. This is a mental attitude undoubtedly born of geographical circumstances and history, the pattern of which has been so closely woven by "Big Father Russia" and the three small powers named.

Tito has expressed himself in categorical terms in stating: "I am absolutely sure the Russians would not resort to aggression if such an attack would mean world war." One does not require to be a military strategist or expert to see that if Stalin did intend war, he would have to

feel very confident about the dependability of the "ring" of satellites he has created in South-Eastern Europe. The defection of Yugoslavia was the first major blow to his hopes and aspirations, and its effect on the remaining satellites has been far reaching and stunning. The internal upheaval in Yugoslavia which Stalin had hoped for following the Cominform split has not materialised; while Tito appears to be making fairly successful efforts to mollify the recalcitrant peasants and unify the nation—now solidly roused against Russia—the rulers of the Kremlin, alarmed at the turn of events, have taken urgent steps to ease up the screw on the satellites. It is reported that leaders of these States, called to Moscow, have been treated with a show of cordiality for the first time, and, instead of being dragooned, have received assurances about their future security. Yet, even whilst these reports were circulating, the purges were going on, inevitably, and it seems only too clear that Russia can only maintain her hold by the continuing threat and application of force. Anna Pauker is not the last of the "surprises."

The creation of a new Balkan Entente, and the increasing military and economic aid to Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia, are having a demoralising effect on Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary and Albania, whose economies have been seriously strained by the Soviet squeeze in the interests of Russian military defence. The way is no longer open for an easy concerted satellite attack on Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey; the territories of these three countries form a contiguous land mass which, in the event of enemy aggression, would provide flanking protection for them. It has been considered in responsible quarters that, skilfully co-ordinated and planned, and backed by the air and sea power of the United States, Britain and France, a Graeco-Turkish-Yugoslav combination of forces would provide an unassailable barrier to the satellite armies, and thus deter Russia herself from open attack. Russia's hope of a reproduction of the Korean War in South-Eastern Europe, feeding the flames but maintaining the role of onlooker, is being dispelled by events provoked by her own doing.

The Turkish-Greek desire for a unified and continuous line of defence across the Mediterranean is being realised by the co-operation of Yugoslavia, and plans will be further strengthened by the collaboration of Italy within the framework of NATO, a proposal of Mr. Veniselos, which, he says, has received the support of Turkish and Italian leaders. "Any possible occupation of Italy," said the Greek Foreign Minister, "would put Greece in a strategically difficult position, and so would any occupation of Turkey." Though it is difficult to envisage the occupation of Italy by enemy forces, given some kind of stable accord between Italy and Yugoslavia over Trieste, Admiral Carney has recently declared: "If Italy fell into unfriendly hands, the Mediterranean could be successfully cut, our allies to the eastward (Greece and Turkey) would be isolated, the Middle East would be undoubtedly lost to us, and Africa would be threatened."

In its wider implications, therefore, of constituting a substantial laying down of the foundations of a tolerable peace, at least as good as the old "Balance of Power" in Europe, the new Balkan Entente requires some sort of enduring accord between Yugoslavia and Italy over the thorny problem

of Trieste. In the defence of Yugoslavia's western flank, the Julian Alps are not less important to the security of the Adriatic than is the Vardar Valley to the defence of the Aegean. In this regard, the cordial conversations between Mr. Eden and Tito may have beneficial results. Although hitherto Tito has resisted any formal adherence to the NATO organisation, the divorce from Russia is now so complete as to place his country's destinies entirely within the Western orbit, and the head of the Yugoslav State is sufficient realist to appreciate that some concessions to Italian passions may, in the long run, prove much more profitable than standing fast on imagined territorial rights. It is to be hoped that both Italian and Yugoslav leaders see the dangers to the common security of a permanent feud. It is the job of the U.N. statesmen to show them the way.

It is anyone's guess why Stalin, in his recent pronouncement on the occasion of the Russian Communist Party Congress, indulged in a forecast of "the inevitability of war between Capitalist states, new crises for Capitalism as a result of declining world markets, and a rift in the Anglo-French-American alliance." One strong assumption is that the Russians themselves have no notion of making war on the West, and are hoping that the march of events will favour their dreams. Balkan developments may have played no small part in altering the Soviet view.

The Turks are of opinion that Russia up till now has been deterred from aggression in Europe because of fear of the atomic bomb. The Turks are usually realists. The incorporation of Turkey within the NATO system has given the United Nations bases which reach almost into the very heart of industrial Russia, and the frightful ruin which any atomic attack on this extremely soft "underbelly" of the Soviet Union could inflict must surely give the Kremlin serious pause in any thought of moving their preponderant land forces, or initial atomic attack by the Soviet. Whatever the Kremlin may eventually decide, the Russian rulers must ever keep in mind that, in the long run, they will have to reckon with American aircraft carriers standing outside the European land mass in the Mediterranean, ready to launch death and destruction on Soviet cities and factories.

Whilst global strategists may see the new Balkan alignment as only one phase or part of Western defence, the Mediterranean countries, the satellites, and Russia herself will regard it much differently. It gives background and a clearer perspective to that vague, indeterminate and strife-torn area of the Middle East, whose defence is of such crucial importance to Western freedom. Turkey lies like a broad barrier between the Russian Heartland and the troubled and vulnerable Middle East. The Greek-Turkish-Yugoslav combination not only weakens Russia's hold on her Balkan satellites, but throws a protective roof immediately over this highly strategic region. Turkey is by far the strongest and most stable Power in the Middle East, and with American arms and technical aids will prove a formidable bastion against aggression. In the event of a clash, it has been held that Russia would have three main objectives:

1. The Straits of Dardanelles, giving her access to the Mediterranean;
2. The head of the Persian Gulf, opening the way to the Indian Ocean;
3. Suez, opening up North and East Africa.

The accession of Greece and Turkey to NATO has strengthened the security of the Dardanelles, just as the trouble with Persia and Egypt has weakened the security of Suez and the Persian Gulf. Whatever differences may exist between the British and Americans as to the primary role of the Mediterranean in a global war and the nature of the naval command which be established there, there can hardly be any denial of the vital importance of this historic waterway as a funnel of supplies in the defence of the Middle East. In this regard, there is no need to stress the reasons for the Western Powers retaining a firm hold on the Straits.

The bastion of defence which, in their own interests, Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia are energetically creating in the South-East of Europe will be strengthened or undermined according to the wisdom or otherwise of the political policies and actions of Britain and America in other parts of the world. The bombing of the industrial power plants on the Yalu River, however deplorable, may do no more damage politically, and do even less to jeopardise the chances of world peace, than the stubborn retention of Hong Kong and Cyprus by the British, or the "iron hand" in Malaya, in which country, it is alleged, we are killing by poison the crops which might provide the guerrillas with food. Ignoring the student disturbances in Athens and the demonstration of a whole nation for the cession of Cyprus to Greek sovereignty, the British Government have flatly stated, according to reports, that the question will not be entertained either now or in the future. Thus are Anglo-Greek relations seriously strained, at a time when we have lost valuable connections with Greece by the withdrawal of all our forces and practically every mission.

Yet Allied councils are now asking themselves whether, with the adhesion of Turkey to the Western defensive system, the Gulf of Alexandretta and the upper reaches of the Tigris have not become the strategic, focal point of Middle East defence rather than the Canal Zone, with a consequent diminution in the importance of Cyprus as a supporting base. It is common knowledge, as Mr. Angelos Averoff, the Greek Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has pointed out, that all Greek bases are at the disposal of the Atlantic Alliance. There is, therefore, no logical reason for Great Britain thwarting the universal Greek desire for Enosis, apart from the claim of the Cypriots themselves to determine their own destiny. The right way to start winning the goodwill of the Chinese might be to hand back Hong Kong, where we have no moral right to be.

Sanity demands that moral principle, so far as it can be exercised, should go hand in hand with defensive preparation and peace building. The Western Powers have a great opportunity in the situation which has developed in the fortuitous collaboration of Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia. The event has not been without important reactions in Egypt and Persia and the Arab countries generally. The problem of the vacuum in Middle East defence—between Turkey and the British forces in Egypt there exists a number of small states in varying degrees of military preparedness—may not have been wholly solved, but the path for a common defence of Near East and Middle East nations has been clearly marked. Egyptian official opinion has commented favourably on the new co-operation taking place between "our Mediterranean neighbours" for mutual defence, and indicated an inclination to become

associated in future arrangements. There is a considerable resident Greek population in Egypt, and lately Athens has appointed an ambassador to Cairo. Unhappily, this action, brought about by pressure on the part of the 200,000 or more Greeks in Egypt, has been received with resentment in London, though Britain has provoked Greek anger to a far greater degree by the entirely negative attitude on the Cyprus question. The Greek move was in no way intended to prejudice Britain's relations with Egypt, or prejudice Greece's own attitude on the future status of the Sudan. Britain, the Greeks point out, was considering her own local interests in China when she gave recognition to the Chinese People's Republic, much to the annoyance of the Americans.

Greece and Turkey, acting in collaboration, may achieve much more in winning the goodwill of the Arab countries for the purposes of Middle East defence than either Britain or the United States. If Middle East defence is not to maintain a vacuum, then the Arab countries of the fertile crescent must be included in the plan. M. Alexis Kyrou, permanent Greek delegate to the United Nations, was in no sense indulging in wishful thinking when he stated a short time ago in Paris that he felt Greece could act as "a sort of mediator between the Arab world and the Western Powers." The Greek people, he said, fervently desired to see Egypt connected with the Western world. Whilst Britain must face the melancholy fact that her influence in the Middle East is now a thing of the past—it was formerly based on unchallenged military supremacy; in Egypt since 1882, in the Arab countries since the defeat of the Turks in 1918—the Greeks have had an intimate, mostly friendly, relationship with Egypt and countries of the Levant since the time of Alexander. The policies of the Near East and Middle East countries are destined in future to be influenced and strengthened by their trade relations, which are growing. Commercial agreements have been entered into between Greece and Lebanon and Syria, among other Arab countries, and in a statement to the Greek Parliament following his visit to the two countries mentioned, M. Veniselos, the Foreign Minister, said (amid general acclamation): "There are many common interests uniting us, and insofar as all three countries belong to the Eastern Mediterranean basin, our political influence is also considerable. I therefore hope I interpret the feelings of the House when I say that we intend to continue our efforts towards strengthening our links with these Arab States."

Side by side with their military arrangements, Turkey and Greece have signed an agreement which provides not only for the placing of Greek and Turkish tobacco on foreign markets, but facilitates easier travel within each other's countries, generally promotes friendlier relations, and aims one day at a Customs Union, and the abolition of visas. "Friendly relations between Greece and Turkey are such," said M. Veniselos, "that it will not be long before we shall feel that we are a single country." Yugoslavia is already developing trade with Greece, and negotiating for the free port facilities she formerly enjoyed at Salonika. It is no exaggeration to say that upon the economic prosperity and well being of the three co-operating Balkan partners in particular, and that of the countries of the Eastern Mediterranean basin generally, the entire structure of Western defence will ultimately depend. No amount of "propping up" by

military aid alone will suffice, and the American help which goes to Greece to rebuild her domestic economy must be unstinted and prolonged. Turkey has much greater economic resources than Greece, but they are in need of modern exploitation. Greece and Turkey are at present spending roughly 50 per cent of their budgets on national defence, a grossly disproportionate burden in comparison with that of the two major democracies. As Field Marshal Montgomery declared in Athens: "The defence of Greek territory must no longer be treated in isolation, but in conjunction with the defence of other adjacent NATO countries. . . . Communism cannot be fought with only bayonets, bullets or prison bars, but by having a happy contented people with a good standard of living."

THOMAS ANTHEM.

CATHERINE THE GREAT AND GRIMM

II

SO enchanted was the Empress with Grimm that after the first interview she proposed that he should enter her service. She had always hankered after a tame *Philosophe*, partly for her own entertainment, partly for the prestige of the crown. On her accession she had invited d'Alembert to teach mathematics to the Grand Duke Paul and was annoyed by his refusal. She fared no better with Diderot, who was pressed to transfer the direction of the *Encyclopédie* to St. Petersburg after its suspension in France. He declined on the ground that it was the property of the publishers, and that the later volumes were being printed at Paris and would probably be published in Switzerland. The real reason was his unwillingness to leave Paris and to entrust his fortunes to the favours of a distant ruler on a rickety throne. Catherine accepted the rebuff in good temper, and purchased his library when he desired to provide a *dot* for his daughter, left the books in his possession till his death, and appointed him their custodian with a small salary. When he accepted an invitation in 1773, they delighted in each other's company. Diderot was not the man to be overawed by coronets, and he treated her with no more ceremony than his friends at home. He seized her hands, shook her by the arm, and rapped on the table to emphasise a point; Catherine humorously observed that she had been compelled to place a table between them to avoid bruises from her exuberant guest. "He has an inexhaustible imagination," she reported, "and I rank him among the most extraordinary people who ever lived." Feeling himself an emissary of the *Aufklärung*, he wrote memoranda for his hostess, urging her to introduce compulsory education and other needed reforms. He outstayed his welcome, and they parted without regret.

When Grimm received the flattering invitation to settle in Russia, he proposed a compromise. Apart from the precarious nature of the favour of rulers, it was unthinkable that he should leave Paris, abandon the *Correspondance Littéraire*, and above all, desert Mme. d'Épinay. Accordingly, he promised a second visit, and the frequent despatch of news. The Empress understood his dilemma, and her first letter after his

departure, dated 25th April, 1774, shows the easy terms on which they stood. "M. de Grimm, I received your letter from Riga. You say: How can I manage to escape from your empire? I can only reply with Molière: *Georges Dandin, vous l'avez bien voulu*. It is for you to decide about your return. I congratulate you on your pleasure in celebrating my forty-sixth birthday in Courland. I hate this day like the plague, for every time I am a year older, with which I could well dispense. It would be charming to have an Empress who would always remain fifteen. But adieu, M. de Grimm, this begins to resemble a gossip at Tsarkoe Selo, and the fools who will read it before you may well think it improper that persons so grave as you and I should write such letters." Many years later she expressed her abiding satisfaction at their partnership. "My dear factotum, I think it is ordained on high that we are both created to have a pen in our hand in order to write to one another without pause. Almost always I write in haste, holding your letters in my left hand." Another time she spoke of *le démon de griffonage* which had tempted her. She disliked dictating, and the mere physical action of writing served as a welcome outlet for her inexhaustible vitality.

After receiving a further letter from Grimm on his way home, the Empress explained that her time was fully occupied. "Do not imagine, M. le Philosophe, that you will get a twelve-page reply. *Das ist eine pure unmöglichkeit*. I love to receive letters of twelve pages when they are as agreeable as yours from Dresden, but I have not much taste for my replies. I was sorry I could not give better news of your health to your friend Diderot. I do not like these frequent consultations of doctors. These charlatans always do you more harm than good, as we see with Louis XV, who had ten at his bedside and yet is dead. I ought to take up many points in your letter, but that would fill twelve pages, and I only want you to have six, to prove that you are not writing to an image." That Grimm's early bulletins, none of which survive, gave pleasure is clear. "Thanks for the letter from Berlin of June 30th. I am enchanted at your welcome by the King of Prussia. I am not astonished by what occurred at Rheinsberg; I know the friendship of Prince Henry. Since September I have not ceased to repeat that M. George Dandin was the most absolute master of his destiny as to remaining, leaving and returning. I hope with all my heart that the waters of Carlsbad will clean you out and that you will increase in virtue, knowledge and good humour to the end of time, or the end of the century at your choice."

Three weeks later she wrote again by return of post. "Your letter of this morning is only eight pages. Allow me to say it is the maddest of all your scrawls; but, lengthy though they are, I like to read them two or three times, for they are most entertaining, though not very wise. I do not possess either the failings or the qualities you ascribe to me. Perhaps I am good, ordinarily I am gentle, but occasionally I have to wish terribly what I wish, and that is about all I am worth." Her names for her new friend suggest a pleasing absence of etiquette: M. l'encyclopédiste, M. le Philosophe, M. le souffredouleur, Marchese del Grimmo, M. le Baron, the latter title having been conferred on him by the Emperor Joseph II. Her friends in the West were kept in mind not only by visits and corres-

pondence, but by her well-thumbed copy of the *Encyclopédie*. "I cannot dispense with it for a single day," she wrote in December, 1774. "Despite all its faults, it is an essential and excellent work."

Grimm's second visit to Russia strengthened the ties. He had much of interest to tell her, for on his way he had visited Voltaire at Ferney, the witty little Abbé Galiani in Naples, Frederick and Prince Henry in Berlin. Arriving at St. Petersburg in September, 1776, and remaining for almost a year, he saw her daily, both in company and in private talk. Two, three, four, once seven hours, were spent in conversation that never flagged. Once again the question arose whether a closer partnership could not be arranged. She would have dearly liked him not only to enter her service, but to settle in her dominions and supervise the educational system. He had grown rather tired of the burden of the *Correspondance Littéraire*, and had handed over part of the work to his Swiss friend Meister; and he would have been glad of a settled income. Yet the lure of Paris was too strong. He reflected that she might tire of him, and that his privileged position might provoke jealousy. Finally it was agreed that he should act as her Paris agent for confidential missions and the purchase of works of art at a salary of 2,000 roubles. He left Russia a happy man, and after visiting Gustavus III at Stockholm, reached home after an absence of two years. Henceforth, next to Mme. d'Épinay, Catherine occupied the chief place in his life. While most of her letters have survived, only enough of his voluminous bulletins have been found to fill a volume of moderate size in the publications of the Imperial Russian Historical Society.

The partnership lasted till her death twenty years later, untroubled by a single cloud. He had blended his existence with hers, declared Grimm, separate yet inseparable. Her confidence in him was impregnable. "I never wrote to anyone as I do to you. I jot down everything that comes into my head. You are quite right to call it *olla podrida imperiale*. I know how deeply you are attached to me, so I tell you everything." He was a factotum in the fullest sense of the word, charged both with the greatest and the smallest commissions—from arranging the purchase of the libraries of Voltaire and Diderot to the selection of toilettes, bonbons, and rouge. He supplied architects for her buildings, actors for her theatres, plays specially written by Sedaine and other dramatists. When Russians visited Paris he played the host; when they got into bad company and debt, like Bobrinski, the son of Catherine and Orlof, he helped with advice and cash. As the agent for such commissions and the distributor of her lavish gifts, he was overwhelmed with correspondence and visitors, and complained that no time was left for reading. Since his contacts with the Empress were known to the French Government, he was occasionally employed for semi-official purposes. He was the perfect cosmopolitan: German by birth, domiciled in France, a Counsellor d'État, a Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, a man worth cultivating, and impossible to distrust.

Henceforth Grimm could hardly call his life his own. "Since the favours of your Imperial Majesty have made me a celebrity," he wrote in 1780, "God alone knows all I have had to suffer. All the idlers and importunates feel entitled to rob me of my time, the most precious of my

possessions." Never had a man been more cruelly divided, he complained. "Half, three-quarters, of me are at St. Petersburg, while the rest vegetates here. Not a day passes that I am not overwhelmed by visits, letters, proposals of every kind. I spend my life in useless interviews, listening, reading letters, answering, refusing. Oh! these deplorable distractions." It was the price of his promotion; yet though an occasional sigh escaped him, he would not have exchanged his yoke for a king's ransom. "Being mentioned in a published letter of Your Majesty, my glory has reached the summit, but my time and my repose have fallen into the power of other people. I am complaining at the moment when my admired sovereign fills the universe with the glory of her immortal name, and when she deigns to cast a kind glance at me just when the eyes of all Europe are fixed on her. Your Majesty has made the happiness of a good fellow who since the beginning of 1778 has dedicated himself almost entirely to your service with a zeal as indefatigable as the favours of our Empress are inexhaustible. If Your Majesty desires to make me perfectly happy, she will confer on me the title of her agent or her councillor, so that he can say in public: 'Our august sovereign.'"

Grimm would have been more than human had he not endeavoured to enlist the sympathy of his patron in Mme. d'Épinay and her family. "No palpitating heart ever approaches your great heart without being comforted," he wrote in 1780. She had been deprived of her allowance by Necker's reforms. "This woman has been in a miserable state of health and suffering for seven or eight years, two or three times in sight of death. Yet her resilience is astonishing, and she has convinced me of the truth of M. de Buffon's axiom that one dies only when one consents to die. She had a small grant from the state all her life, and her children a little more. Her daughter has three charming children. At this moment of infirmity and of need for the education of the children, M. Necker suppresses all these pensions, and the whole family is reduced to misery. One cannot blame him. He knows her and is interested in her case, and pleaded her cause when Mme. du Barry and Abbé Terray tried to seize her portion. But now he has seized what he then saved. All this is to justify inducing you to buy the diamonds."

Grimm's bouquets were often of super size. The first long letter which has been preserved, written in July, 1779, addresses her as "our great and immortal Empress," and ends in German: "Der Himmel beschutze seine Gesalbte, Deutschlands Ruhm, Russlands Freude und Europens Wunder. Amen." The earthquake of Lisbon, he declares, was a dance of marionettes compared with his transports when a letter arrived. To the imperial dog-lover he described himself as "one of your dogs," a worm crawling at her feet. His friends, he reported, used to say that if they were looking for him they would find him at her feet. "If anyone, I will not say in your Empire, but in the whole world, boasts of surpassing me in attachment to my Empress, let him come forward and I will assert that he has lied, and will prove it if necessary at Riga or at Narva." When the courier arrived he nearly died of happiness and gratitude. Even Diderot, who was much less of a courtier, declared that the Empress combined the soul of Brutus with the charms of Cleopatra.

Catherine's phraseology is more restrained. "Here are two of your

letters demanding a reply," she wrote in 1778. "True there are two from the King of Prussia, three from the King of Sweden, two from Voltaire, several more from God knows who, all arrived before yours. But as they do not amuse me, because they must be written to, whereas with you I chat, I prefer to amuse myself and to let my hand, my pen and my head run as they like. Bombard me with letters, for it amuses me. I read and re-read them and say to myself: Comme il me comprend! ah ciel! Il n'y a que lui qui me comprenne bien." Two months later she wrote: "Let us have a little gossip. Do you know why I dread royal visits? Because they are usually boring and insipid folk and one has to stand stiffly at attention. As I like chatting, silence bores me." She excused her bad writing as one of her pet dogs had put his paw on the paper.

The Empress derived greater pleasure from Grimm than from her children. With Paul she stood on a footing of armed neutrality, well aware not only that he had a better claim to the throne, but that he was always brooding over the theft of his rights. Mother and son were tormented by fear of each other, the Empress dreading that he might hurl her from the throne by a bold *coup* similar to that by which she had seized it, the Grand Duke that he might be disinherited in favour of his precocious eldest son. Count Bobrinsky was more trouble than he was worth, as she admits to Grimm in 1785. "This young man is singularly nonchalant, but I don't think he is ill-meaning or dishonest. He is young and may be led into very bad company. He has disgusted his entourage. He wanted to be on his own and so he is. He is quite capable of paying up. I should be glad if you knew the state of his affairs at Paris. Has he debts? It would not be a bad idea to have him watched, but if he noticed anything it might make things worse. *Das ist ein wenig ein sonderlicher kopf*. But he is not lacking in brains, knowledge, and even talents." Two years later she informed Grimm that she had received two letters from "young Bobrinsky." "Please do not let him go short. He can count on 37 or 38 thousand roubles, over which no one else has any claim."

Catherine found compensation in her eldest grandson, whose charm and friendliness seemed to justify the highest hopes. "He begins to show a singular intelligence for a child of his age," reported the adoring grandmother when he was three. "He would spend his life with me if he were allowed. He is always the same, because he is well—always gay, friendly, considerate, fearless, beautiful as love. He is the delight of everyone, especially myself. I can do what I like with him. He understands everything one says to him. This child loves me instinctively. If he is crying and I come in, he stops. God bless M. Alexandre. He is always asking: Why? He wants to know everything." Writing at midnight on September 7th, 1780, she informs Grimm that she has asked Buffon questions about nature. "I am like M. Alexandre: *le pourquoi du pourquoi serait fort agréable à savoir*."

She was using the educational methods recommended in Mme. d'Épinay's *Conversations d'Emile*, she reported to Grimm, and it was succeeding well. His tutor, La Harpe, had the greatest expectations, she reported in 1787. "He is Swiss and he is not a flatterer. *Der Junge ist gut und sehr schön und glücklich erschaffen*. His brother (Constantine)

is very intelligent, but he has faults from which the elder is free. Both are full of the ambition and desire to do good and they possess the qualifications for success, for they are open minds, and the elder has as much *flair* as anyone can possess."

The fullest description of these clever lads occurs in a letter to Grimm in September, 1790. "M. Alexandre, in body, heart and mind, is exceptional in goodness and understanding. He is lively but sedate, prompt and reflective, with profound ideas, and finds everything easy. One would think he had been nothing else all his life. He is tall and strong for his age, yet agile. In a word, he is a combination of contradictions, which results in his being greatly loved by his entourage. Those of his age adopt his opinions and follow his lead. I fear only one danger: women will run after him. He is unaware of his good looks. He is very well informed for his age. He speaks four languages. He likes reading and is never idle. He enjoys all the amusements of his age. If I talk seriously he listens and replies with equal courtesy. Everyone is pleased, including myself. La Harpe, his tutor, says he is exceptional. Now he is doing mathematics, which are as easy to him as everything else. If he does not succeed, I do not know who could. When he is ill or tired, or in the evening he surrounds himself with engravings and objects of art. Constantine is vivacious to the point of petulance. He has a good heart and is very intelligent. He has less consistency of character than his elder brother. He will make his name. He speaks four languages. The elder speaks English, the younger knows all the Greek dialects. Seeing Plutarch in my room, he says to me: 'That passage is mistranslated: I will do it better.' So he brought me several versions. I enjoy his conversation. He likes military things, especially the navy, and loves heroic actions. In a word, he is a joy."

In her dreams the Empress already saw her eldest grandson seated on a throne in Constantinople from which the intruding Turks had been expelled. In her eyes the highest compliment he received was the affectionate admiration of her greatest friend. "M. Alexandre has conquered Prince Potemkin," she reported in April, 1791. "He calls him the prince of his heart. He finds in him the figure of Apollo combined with great modesty and unusual intelligence, thoughtful, courteous, well-informed. If one had chosen someone for his place, it would have been difficult to find his equal, and impossible to discover his superior. And he is only in his fourteenth year." It was indirectly through Grimm that La Harpe became Alexander's tutor, for he had recommended the Swiss journalist as a teacher to the son of a Russian nobleman in St. Petersburg. The Empress saw both her grandsons married, and lived just long enough to hold the future Emperor Nicholas in her arms. "Maman (the Grand Duchess Paul) has given birth to an enormous boy," she reported to Grimm. "He has a bass voice with which he cries in an astonishing way. His hands are almost as big as mine. I never set eyes on such a chevalier. If he goes on like this, his brothers will be dwarfs in comparison."

Among Catherine's visitors no one gave her so much pleasure as the Emperor Joseph, who travelled as Count Falkenstein. "We talked all day and he did not seem bored," she reported to Grimm after the meeting

at Mohile in 1780. "I find him very well informed; he likes talking and talks well. He said things worth printing, and uttered thoughts which would assuredly do him great honour if they were put in practice." During the long drive to Smolensk, "we talked about the whole world, yourself included." The impression deepened from day to day. "I should never stop if I were to sing his praises," she wrote after his departure. "He possesses the most solid, profound and best-informed mind I ever met. To catch him out one would have to get up very early." Joseph's personality left an ineffaceable impression, and she mourned his early death in 1790. "I could not see the Ambassador for some time," she wrote to Grimm, "because we were both in tears. I have also pitied the Queen of France, but she has the courage of her mother and the family. Joseph blundered, if I may say so, by this same intrepidity which I observed in news of the troubles in the Netherlands received in the Tauris." A year later, when the Emperor Leopold had cancelled some of his elder brother's unpopular improvisations, she pronounced her final verdict: "I can never get over my astonishment that he, born and trained for this post, full of intelligence, talent and knowledge, not merely ruled so badly but was reduced to the misery in which he died." The Empress was as much his superior in *flair*, as he surpassed her in character. His virtues shone in a still brighter light by contrast to the hulking heir to the Prussian throne who paid a State visit soon afterwards. Even less welcome than Prince Frederick William was "the charlatan" Cagliostro. "He says he is a colonel in the service of Spain—Spanish by birth, and pretends he is a master-sorcerer, seeing spirits who await his commands. When I heard all this I remarked that he made a great mistake in coming here. Nowhere will he score less than in Russia, where there is no enthusiasm for sorcerers."

Catherine's fulminations against the French Revolution in her letters to Grimm are reserved for a further article. The sombre drama was equally hateful to both; but whereas it facilitated her fresh spoiliations of Poland, it wrecked his career in France. Suspect as a friend of the Empress, he left Paris in February, 1792. His kindly patroness nominated him her representative at Hamburg and Gotha, but the invitation to Russia for which he had hoped never came. The appointment was confirmed by Paul, who also continued the pension granted by his mother to Mme. de Bueil, the daughter of Mme. d'Épinay, for whose welfare Grimm had assumed responsibility. His closing years were spent at Gotha with his adopted family, in a house provided by the Duke, but he was never to know happiness again. "I am pushed around, persecuted, tormented without respite," he complained in his last letter to Catherine, "and one has only a certain allowance of strength."

Goethe, who was almost a neighbour, and occasionally dined with him, records that he could not always conceal his bitterness at the decline of his fortunes. He lived till the age of eighty-four, long enough to see Napoleon the master of France, and Alexander on the throne of his grandmother. Old and disillusioned, he had lost his zest for life, literature and travel. Yet his career was in no sense a failure, for he had been the valued friend of men and women greater than himself.

G. P. GOOCH.

ALASKA

THIS mighty bastion of the American Continent reaches out to within a few miles of Siberia on one hand, and to Greenland and the northern regions of Canada on the other. Rough, rugged and inhospitable, she has, nevertheless, limitless wealth to tempt the adventurous spirit be he trader or explorer. She has gold, oil, coal and other minerals in abundance which she offers with open arms to those whose determination and hardihood can overcome the rigours of her severe climate and the unbroken fastnesses of her primeval forests. These forests supply timber in unlimited quantities. Her fur trade and salmon fishing industries adequately developed would bring in immense revenue. Yet, despite her wealth, she is no open-handed giver. She guards her treasures zealously and it needs a man of proven courage and determination to brave the icy cold of the Alaskan winter months and the searing blasts of her summer heat with the intolerable anguish of mosquitoes and stinging insects. The fur trapper in the foodless wastes of the frozen northern regions must be prepared to face months of solitude and great privations when the sea is frozen and the ground buried under a mantle of snow. Only the native Eskimoes and a white man endowed with exceptional powers of endurance can survive the terrible cold in far northern Alaska.

The explorer or prospector seeking the mineral wealth is confronted with obstacles no less formidable than those with which the fur trader and trapper has to contend. His sledge, drawn by a team of huskies, glides over the frozen snow of winter through the forests where the absence of trails adds to the difficulties of winter travel. He is in constant peril of attack by the wolf packs which roam through the country, attacking every living thing, man and beast, in their frenzied hunt for food to allay their ravenous hunger, aggravated beyond endurance by the intense cold and scarcity of food. Winter travel is, however, preferable to summer. The frozen snow affords excellent going for the dogs and sledge, the treacherous muskeg swamps are frozen hard and can be traversed in safety, while the frost itself assists mankind by eliminating the deadly swarms of mosquitoes and other insect pests of summer which make life a burden hardly to be borne. The smiling southern coastal regions give their treasures in no niggardly fashion. The warm genial climate and fertile soil offer the farmer all that he can wish for his farm and orchard. The shores are washed by the southern seas free from ice all the year round. Here are the harbours of Anchorage and Seward, the latter connected with Fairbanks by a 500 mile railway. To these harbours come the steamers from Seattle and other American ports bringing all things needful for sustaining life in this far distant land. It is on this coast that the salmon fishing industry has been established, one of the most important industries of the country.

Alaska suffers from a lack of communications, a serious handicap in opening up the country. There are very few roads and only the one line of railway between Seward and Fairbanks. Paucity of communications is the principal cause for the scarcity of the population which, owing to their few numbers, cannot afford anything like the extensive

communications required. And so the vicious circle of small population and poor communications contributes directly to under development of wealth of Alaska. For many years the Russians had maintained trading posts on the shores of Alaska, but in 1867 the Russian Government sold the country to the United States of America for £2 millions. This transaction roused a storm in America and the country was to all intents and purposes forgotten. Abandoned to her desolate wastes Alaska drowsed in the backwater of American enterprise till the German invasion of Norway in the first World War awoke public opinion in America to their defencelessness from the north. This realization of danger spurred imaginative effort to the highest pitch of achievement, and resulted in the construction of a motor road some 1,400 miles long in a little under twelve months from Canada to Fairbanks by which troops and stores could be dispatched in perfect safety to Alaska. This great highway over a wilderness of swamps, through forests across mighty rivers, and threading the gorges of the mountains, is one of the marvels of modern science and enterprise. It allows an alternate and safer route than the long sea journey to the southern ports with their "perils of waters, wind and rocks," to say nothing of the fogs which enshroud the coastal waters and the treacherous currents that add to the difficulties of navigation. In war-time this seaway would be liable to submarine attack.

The opening of the Alcan Highway has brought in its train splendid projects for industrial development. An extensive system of road construction is to be put in hand linking up distant settlements in the far north where the fur industry will receive due encouragement. Fur trappers hitherto dependent on their own resources will be supplied with reindeer meat from frigidaires established in the central zones of the country. They will obtain their meat from herds of reindeer which will be settled in the country driven in vast migration schemes from Lapland. This in itself will call for a highly skilled organization. The reindeer herds of Alaska have been sadly depleted by the ravages of the wolf packs. Here, then, is a grand opportunity for the sportsman who hunts the wolf from an aeroplane. And what a contrast to the old fashioned manner of tramping through the forests on foot in constant danger of attack by the quarry he seeks! The long weary march over the snow with dogs and sledges, the cold bivouac at night with a roaring fire to keep off unwelcome intruders, and at last the final triumph of the fight. Alaska should prove to be a sportsman's paradise. Besides the wolves there are the giant brown bears. Hunting them in their wild haunts will add that spice of danger which lends a zest to the hunter's life and makes the sport so worth while.

Thanks to the recent inclusion of Alaska as an additional State in the United States of America, she is now entitled to a Government Grant in Aid for the development of her industries and communications. The silence of the gloomy forests will be broken by the ring of the lumberer's axe and the rasping scream of the saw mills erected on the rivers, whence a stream of pulp will flow to the presses of the great cities. As new roads drive remorselessly and inexorably through the wilderness, prospectors will make further discoveries of Alaska's inexhaustible wealth. Oil, coal, gold and other minerals from her mines will all call for

exploitation which in turn will lead to increased population.

Houses will be required, hospitals and schools built and the demand for supplies and all that makes life possible in the wilds at "the back of beyond" will grow and in itself will become an important branch of Alaskan trade. Medical science, too, will be called into play in order to overcome the plague of insects that render life in summer almost unendurable. Special measures were adopted to protect the thousands of men employed on the construction of the Alcan Highway immune from the mosquitoes and other insects. They were provided with gloves and veils, but even then they were severely bitten.

It is however to the growing accessibility for cross-country aerial routes that the importance of Alaska becomes paramount. Situated as she is midway between Europe and Eastern Asia her air fields will be the meeting place for giant air liners flying through the stratosphere over the top of the world. American pilots have already flown to and over the North Pole, and with the aid of radio and pressurised planes before long air lines radiating from the Alaskan air fields will fly direct instead of following the latitudes round the world. The great air fields of Alaska may, in short, become the Clapham Junction of the world's airways where Chinamen will meet South Americans, Zulus encounter Europeans, while Indians, Australians and Canadians will mingle in the vestibules and restaurants of the Airfields. This great aerial traffic through Alaska will necessitate a corresponding increase of amenities to meet the demands of the passengers. Extensive building programmes will be launched, additional and superior communication between Alaska and America will become imperative, and the Canadian railway project to Alaska now dormant, may become a reality. Such development of air and railway services will have the natural effect of encouraging the tourist trade in addition to normal traffic. Tourists will however demand a considerable degree of comfort and will not be prepared to "rough it" in the Alaskan wilderness. And it is just this tourist trade that will, it is hoped, bring important contributions to the revenue. Tourists may moreover decide to settle, open up fresh industries, and play an important part in developing the country.

The future welfare of Alaska may well depend on the degree to which her social services are developed. If fresh settlers are to be tempted, living conditions must be made attractive. At present the principal requirement seems to be a well developed system of communications both of air and ground travel throughout the country and with the United States. Air communication between Canada and Fairbanks has already been established, and a chain of airfields constructed along the route of the Alcan Highway. Given extended communications and improved housing conditions Alaska should e'er long take her rightful place as one of the most important of the American States to which she is so justly entitled by her natural wealth and immense strategical importance.

H. E. CROCKER.

LORD DAVID CECIL AS LITERARY CRITIC

LORD DAVID'S reputation as a critic rests principally upon four books: *The Stricken Deer* (1929), *Early Victorian Novelists* (1934), *Hardy the Novelist* (1943), and *Poets and Story-tellers* (1949). In addition to these titles, he has also written a study of Sir Walter Scott, published only in a limited edition; a summary of English poetry in Collins' *Britain in Pictures* series; and a couple of volumes of biography, *The Young Melbourne* and *Two Quiet Lives*—portraits of Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray. Here, for the main, I shall content myself with referring to the first four works as being more specifically literary in nature.

The Stricken Deer, a biography of Cowper, may perhaps be described as a pastel portrait-study. It is sympathetic, close to its subject, and recreates the likeness of the poet by small details. Yet even so, as with a pastel, there is a certain fine mist of colour which protects and removes the subject from our knowing. We feel that we have not established firm contact, we have not grappled with or grasped our subject. What we have superlatively been granted is the spectacle of Cowper during his life-time—a visual impression of the poet, which shows us to him, say, still behind glass. What we may possibly feel is that we have witnessed the stricken poet's drama without quite understanding its tragic source. Cowper's secret has somehow eluded us. These lines, however, must not be read as censure. To use a word a little out of fashion, *The Stricken Deer* is an "appreciation," and not a work of psycho-analysis. What we must therefore look to find is not the truth-in-depth of its subject, so much as its surface verisimilitude; and this Lord David abundantly gives us. If, then, we shall not discover any adequate explanation of the origin of Cowper's madness, and its relation to his poetry, we shall meet, instead, with a picturesque account of the surroundings in which he lived and wrote. Not the problem in itself, but the environment in which it was worked out; not the figure of the protagonist, so much as the setting in which he moved: this it is that *The Stricken Deer* provides beyond any other account of the poet.

The task of the appreciative, as distinguished from the analytical, critic is that of building-up not breaking-down; of combining impressions to form a whole, rather than resolving-out the root-elements. The task, it will be seen, makes big demands on the creative side of the critic; on his power to visualise a fact, instead of converting it into an abstraction. This atmospheric sense Lord David possesses, to which must be added his gift for writing what Mr. Connolly calls "mandarin" prose. It is true that cultivation of the graces of a language in and for themselves may way-lay the critic, by introducing a greater degree of the personal element into his prose than is probably consonant with the illusion of objective detachment. There is, however, an exception to this; that is, in the kind of critical writing which relies for its effect upon a sense of identification between the critic and his subject. Such an impression of sympathetic contact between the critic and his author is best to be seen in appreciative studies; amongst which we number *The Stricken Deer*.

Today we seem to be observing the transition of a leisure society to one

remorselessly functional in outlook; and one of the literary monuments to this passing epoch is Lord David's life of Cowper. This change of approach has even come to be partly reflected in the critic's latest book; *Poets and Story-tellers* being written in a prose whose greater severity of thought in some degree replaces unctiousness of language. *Early Victorian Novelists* is probably Lord David's most discerning work. In it, felicity of expression and strength of thought are better fused than in any of his other books. Another feature, here, is its greater detachment—our sense of the critic standing far enough back to see his subject in perspective. With *The Stricken Deer*, identification between critic and subject was too powerful to permit impersonal analysis; sympathy constantly inhibiting judgment. In *Early Victorian Novelists* this bar has been removed. Lord David obviously likes his subject, and just as obviously has a relish for the period in which it is set. But this does not blind him to the demerits: his enthusiasm is tempered with reason and discretion. "They are", he writes of these novels, "an extraordinary mixture of strength and weakness. There is no denying that the greatest English novelists are often downright bad; and in their greatest novels." This is a refreshing sort of statement after all the sickening eulogies one has read of those maestros Thackeray and Dickens.

Quite without malice, and quite without mercy, Lord David elucidates the flaws of the latter: his dreadful vulgarity, implausible plots, and failure to realise the inwardness of character. And then, after one has almost despaired of Dickens' century-old claim to greatness, Lord David makes handsome restitution. Yes, Dickens is indubitably great, he reassures us, by reason of his fertile creative imagination and endless vitality of mind. What otherwise might seem a piece of debunking terminates with an act of affirmation. This, henceforth, was to be Lord David's method: a clear impartial keeping of accounts, ending always with a positive statement.

By far the most interesting essay in the book—the most profound and original (though profundity and originality, let it be added, are neither indispensable to good criticism)—is his study of Emily Brontë. Here, our response is not the recognition of the workings of reason, good taste, or common-sense; but an impression of surprise or revelation. Lord David has not stayed content with the nice assessment of known constituents (plot, style, character, structure, etc.), but has discovered a buried pattern, an inner design we did not know to exist. Briefly, his thesis is that the setting of *Wuthering Heights* is "a microcosm of the universal scheme as Emily Brontë conceived it". The Earnshaws represent the principle of storm, the Lintons the principle of calm and peace. These two forces, which taken together explain the nature of the universe (in a way that resembles Zoroastrianism), must not be conceived in a moral fashion. Their dialectic is one which refers to some primordial state of things before the event of good and evil. Neither is their interplay to be given the sanction of necessitarian ethics. They are prototypal antitheses, there from the very beginning of time; a sense of whose presence Emily possessed by means of her faculty of cosmic intuition. What we realise, after reading Lord David's analysis, is that *Wuthering Heights* with its power of vision, the sustained intensity of its passion, its

memorable and poignant description of nature, and its absence of humbug and bourgeois cant, has affinities—not with the early Victorian novel, but rather with the work of great Romantic poets,* with Blake, Byron, Shelley, and Rossetti. F. L. Lucas has somewhere remarked that the critic has two roles to perform: that of interpreter and that of judge. In the other essays in this book, and later in *Poets and Story-tellers*, we see Lord David dispensing justice to the authors arraigned before him. Cowper he finely appreciates; but only perhaps, in the fullest sense, does he interpret Emily Brontë. She is the one exceptional writer who elicits the latent romantic in him.

Hardy the Novelist, first delivered as a series of lectures at Cambridge, is Lord David's most sustained work. It is also his most systematic. By this, the reader must not imply a charge of pedantry or logic-chopping. It is, though, as if an academic audience increased his sense of the degree in which one might be wholly serious without offending some canon of good taste.

A delimiting reference of his thought to the standards of some hypothetical *beau monde* has seemed, to me, to operate too often in this critic. And "hypothetical" I use advisedly, since the eighteenth-century equation of culture and high society appears to be no longer valid today. At any rate, in *Hardy the Novelist*, Lord David proves himself as ready for well-constructed argument and strong sequential thinking as, in his previous books, for discrimination, entertainment, and intuition. Just as with an earlier critic of great polish, the urbane and courteous Lionel Johnson, so Lord David has chosen Hardy as an occasion for formulating the first principles of his practice.

Of these I have written elsewhere. What is more of import, at the moment, is to show how the critic deals with a figure for whom—as with Cowper—he feels a rare affection, without, at the same time—as with the latter—being able to identify himself with his subject. Cowper, with his cult of quiet good manners, his poetical epistles, his summer-house translations, his love of conversation, and his light-weight correspondence, is a figure from another world than that of Hardy's. That Lord David has finely transcended his instinctive affinities in studying Hardy is a proof of his objective devotion to the pursuit of literature. "Good style," he writes, "is not a negative thing, dependent for its success on the absence of faults. It succeeds in so far as it gets the author's meaning fully across, in so far as it completely incarnates his conception in the medium of words. Hardy's style can do this, though not always. For one thing, it is a style. His strange individuality does contrive to imprint itself on his actual use of language. Even though he uses clichés, the final effect of his writing is never commonplace. His very clumsiness and roughness differentiate it from the leading article, and reveal a characteristic idiosyncrasy in the use of language. You could never mistake a paragraph by Hardy for a paragraph by anybody else. The distinguishing element in his personality—his integrity, his naivete, his dignity, his strangeness—are present in the turn of his phrase.

* By studying "Wuthering Heights" in relation to Emily's poetry, Muriel Spark, in her Introduction to a selection of the poems recently published in the Crown Classics (Falcon Press) has arrived at similar conclusions.

And to smooth his sentences out into a polished level of perfection would involve obliterating the mark of Hardy's signature." From a critic predominantly classical in outlook, this is a wise and generous admission. Nor is his recognition of Hardy limited to qualities of style alone; his appreciation stemming, as it does, from his sense of Hardy the man. "This combination," writes Lord David, "of ingenuousness and sensibility is irresistibly winning. . . . His special nobility comes also from a union of unexpected elements—the sternness of his integrity and the tenderness of his heart." This compliment and just appraisal by an Augustan mind of a romantic is one of those unlooked-for courtesies in which criticism can hardly be said to abound.

In *Poets and Story-tellers*, a small collection of lectures and essays, Lord David tends to seek in his subject the solution to its central problem. What sort of play, he asks for example, must we consider *Antony and Cleopatra*? If it is a tragedy of love, are not many of its scenes irrelevant? and if a reversion to Shakespeare's history-plays, does not the irrelevance still hold good. His conclusion is that the theme of the play is neither love nor political glory, but the pursuit of success—confused and divided in Antony's case, single-minded in that of Octavius. This being so, he demonstrates how the shifting locality is essential to the full meaning of the play. The drama defies the Unity of Space in the panoramic fashion in which it does, simply because its real setting is the whole of the then-civilised world. Now the whole of this world is waiting to be won by the stronger of the two contestants; and in moving from geographical point to point, the play gives us the latest rumours, the latest bettings—as it were—upon the chances of the two competitors. In a similar way, Lord David re-examines the nature of Webster's tragedies. Once more he arrives at new conclusions, based on a fresh consideration of intentions. Far from them being sensational "horror" pieces redeemed by the eloquence of their language, Lord David represents them as grim moralities; as works of art in which Webster embodied his own "Calvinistic" vision of the world as a dark arena for the deeds of good and evil. This concern with the origins of a work, with its larger symbolic design or meaning, indicates a new and wider interest than the critic (save with Emily Brontë) had previously shown for a work of art. Lord David's mind displays little bent for the abstract or the metaphysical. It is therefore all the more unexpected that three of his most stimulating essays should be conjectural in their approach. One finds, however, a tendency in most of our best critics of the past and the present to become increasingly implicated with deeper problems as they grow older. Coleridge, Ruskin, Arnold, and T. S. Eliot: all manifest this enlarged awareness.

With the rest of this critic's work I am not directly concerned in this essay. *The Young Melbourne* and *Two Quiet Lives* are biographical in nature, and sympathetic rather than critical in tone. *The English Poets* is a literary work; but a résumé of English poetry in something under a hundred pages must be chiefly factual in treatment. Even so, this work is remarkable for its succinct assessments and descriptions. Crabbe's style, Lord David tells us, is "bare as a guide-book"; Burns' poetry communicates a "direct infectious zest"; Byron's talent was "coarse and stagey"; Scott's verse is "poetry for boys rather than men"; while the

early Yeats made his name as "a sort of Irish Rossetti". Only when Lord David arrives at the work of T. S. Eliot and others of the moderns does he show a rather uncritical impatience. For *Poets and Story-tellers* Lord David chose two epigraphs—one by Hazlitt and one by Pater; the first sentence from the latter author reading thus: "The function of the aesthetic critic is to distinguish, to analyse, and separate from its adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of that impression is, and under what condition it is experienced." What is the faculty by means of which the task envisaged by Pater is accomplished? Perhaps the answer is, discrimination—the noblest fruit of reason, as Dante calls it. If this be so, then Lord David approximates very nearly to Pater's ideal aesthetic critic.

DEREK STANFORD.

THE HOME OF LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

DORSET in Wessex, so intimately associated with Thomas Hardy who enhanced it with the sombre lustre of his genius, is also memorable as the dwelling-place of another less explicable genius. T. E. Shaw, born Thomas Edward Lawrence, immortalised as "Lawrence of Arabia," lived too in Dorset, and died there. It was in a sense, perhaps, the only real home he possessed, at least in maturity, though E. M. Forster has called it, with a finer distinction, his "*pied-à-terre*, the place where his feet touched the earth for a moment and found rest."* And Forster recalls an inscription once seen over an Indian mosque: "Jesus, on whom be peace, said: The World is a bridge; pass over it but build no house on it."

T. E. Lawrence lived only intermittently in Dorset; it might be said, lived there almost casually. It was his cherished intention, however, after his long service in the R.A.F. was completed, to retire to Clouds Hill where he had a cottage; but his accidental death intervened, and instead, he was buried at Moreton which lies just west of Clouds Hill. While he still lived, he burned up the Wessex miles on his powerful motor cycle, as you can see numerous soldiers and airmen doing today in Dorset, journeying between Bovington Camp, where he was quartered for nearly three years, and Corfe; or between Bovington and Max Gate, near Dorchester, where Hardy, friend of his later years, lived; and further afield to London. At Clouds Hill, close by Bovington Camp, the cottage which he acquired in 1923 remains under National Trust care nearly as he left it.

The visitor can approach Clouds Hill by devious modes and routes. I came for the first time early in June by way of Wareham in order to look at Eric Kennington's effigy of Lawrence in St. Martin's Church there. Wareham is a long and straggling town on the threshold of the

* "Clouds Hill," printed in *The Listener*, September 1, 1938, and reprinted in *Two Cheers for Democracy*.

Purbeck Hills, with Wareham Channel and Poole Harbour shimmering to the east of it. The main road from Weymouth and Dorchester in the west to Poole, Corfe, Lulworth and Swanage in the east runs through it, giving it a populous, bustling air. Buses are fairly frequent, and the road is much used by army transport from the barracks of the Dorsetshire Regiment and from the Bovington and Lulworth camps. The dull thud of gun fire often heard around Wareham betrays the target practice which is carried out regularly in the Purbeck Hills. The Church of St. Martin, however, shielded by its cloister of trees, is an isle of peace above the obtrusion of traffic, set on a rising of ground below which the road dips. This exquisite little church, no more than forty-five feet long, exhibits all the variety of architectural style characteristic of the older English country churches. It was carefully restored in 1936 and is a perfect setting for the memorial it contains to the man whose fine historical sense and archaeological training enabled him to appreciate fully its beauties long before its restoration.

Carved from a solid block of Portland stone, the heroic proportions of the effigy are apparent when you step from the dim porch into the church and become aware of its dominating presence in the tiny chancel. This is Lawrence as the world remembers him: in the kufaiyeh, agal, and flowing robes of an Arab prince which lend themselves admirably to the sculptor's utilisation of a traditional form by which to express a modern ideal. Kennington's effigy is, in fact, a magnificent likeness of Lawrence done with consummate artistry and sympathy. He seems to sleep upon his stone slab, blanched in the soft light, with his head resting on a camel saddle, the bare and sandalled feet crossed, Crusader fashion, upon a piece of Hittite carving. There are books to the left of the saddle in token of that quest for knowledge which absorbed him from early childhood. The right hand clasps the ornamental hilt of his Meccan dagger; the left lies quiet and empty at his side. The head is proportionately large, as in life it was, but without distortion to the balance of torso and limbs. One remembers Lawrence's physical endurance and feels it is sublimated in the carved stone, though it is in the strong-featured face that the full power of mind and will is suggested: the wide forehead, the long, straight nose, the full but resolute mouth, the heavy jaw. Lawrence was a small-statured but well-proportioned man. His effigy, though life-sized, makes him appear somewhat taller than life by reason of the horizontally flowing lines which converge into the complexity of swelling thigh and rippling skirts above the crossing of the feet. One feels the legend translated superbly into stone, but it is only one aspect of Lawrence for all that.

From Wareham the visitor can travel by car or bus or train to Wool, and passing Woolbridge House on the left (seat of Tess D'Urberville's proud ancestors) cover the last distance from Wool to Clouds Hill through Bovington, a little over four miles. Lawrence describes Bovington as "a camp beautifully put on a wide heath of flint and sand, with pine and oak trees and much rhododendron coming into bloom." As the headquarters of the Royal Armoured Corps the camp has spread out considerably since Lawrence's day, though it was a self-contained community even then. Flint and sand there are still, but the oak, the pine, and

the rhododendrons have vanished except about the periphery of the camp until you nearly approach Clouds Hill. It was along this road between Bovington and Clouds Hill that Lawrence was riding when he had his fatal accident. Since then, the road has been widened and levelled, and the dip where the accident occurred is no longer there. In the clear spaces careering monsters plunge and rear dizzily between the undulations of the heath which successive generations of tanks have ground into a wilderness. Then, abruptly, the tank-proving ground ends, the heath resumes its former wild beauty, and Clouds Hill lies in the foreground on the right, nearly obscured by the tall purple rhododendron thickets which surround it. During the war when the road was widened, the already narrow frontage of Lawrence's cottage was threatened until the alarm, passed on by Pat Knowles, who is its custodian, to Eric Kennington, reached Winston Churchill, who ordered that the cottage and its grounds should not be disturbed. It is seen to advantage in June with bright sunlight, some clouds, and a brisk wind to set them sailing across the sky. Entry through the gate leads along a path which passes the shed that once housed his motor cycle, and precipitates you squarely in front of the cottage on the blind side. In the clear sunlight, its buff brick facade, dark roof and door with the inscription "Ou Prontis" carved over the low lintel sends back a fleeting illusion of the Mediterranean, but it is an illusion which quickly dissolves into an impression of a Dorset cottage. Was it really the site where Eustacia Vye lived, as Lawrence claimed?

You enter, turn left into the downstairs room, and face a wide bow window with plain glass swivel panes now protected from vandals by an iron screen. It is a low-ceilinged room—indeed, the cottage is a hazard for tall visitors—half-timbered and lined with book shelves which are now empty except for the photograph collection which bridges the gap along the middle shelves. Its most striking possessions are a great open hearth and the low, broad-as-long bed which is covered over with tan leather and seems almost to fill the room. Marvellously soft for sitting, it must be blissful for reclining, though its owner never slept there. Instead, when he did not sleep in the armchair, he used the sleeping bag embroidered "Meum" which lies folded at the foot of the bed, set down in a not too draughty corner. The furnishings are nearly all either his own handiwork or made to his design: the wrought-iron and stainless steel fender; the leather and lamb's wool upholstered chair which bears more than a passing resemblance to our newest "functional" designs; the stainless steel bookrest which fits over the chair arms; the dark, glazed handleless cups and matching saucers patterned on those dug up at Carchemish in his early twenties; the leather curtain between room and hall which obviates the possibility of a slamming door. These are Lawrence's own inventions, not quite in the whimsical style of the White Knight, but somehow as poignant. Leather, stainless steel, wrought iron; these were his favourite media; strong, masculine substances. The carved chest downstairs is the product of his own and his brothers' boyhood efforts, and a reminder of early creative tendencies. The whole is a certain evidence of one man's creative spirit, his ability, and his need to work with his hands. The three sharply-defined periods of his life: archaeology, the Arab war, the Royal Air Force, are here combined, but

over and above them, transcendental, is the personality which lived through them: a quality of mind, provocative and tremendously vital.

Fires are still lighted on the hearth of the lower room on wet or chill visiting days, and the resinous scent of burnt pine and rhododendron wood permeates the cottage. "Some of the ladies ask if it is incense," said Mrs. Knowles, who showed me around. Up the nine stairs with their soft rubber and cork treads is what was known as the music room. The records and the gramophone with its fantastically large horn (there is, or was, one nearly identical in the rooms of Isaiah Berlin at New College) is gone. Otherwise the upper room remains unchanged save for the absence of personal belongings. Here, cornerwise near the window, is the folding leaf table and the chair Lawrence used for writing; the low, leather-cushioned settee; a diminutive Morris chair; another self-designed steel fender, and, on the mantelpiece flanking the impressive full-face photograph by Howard Coster, a pair of stainless steel candlesticks. The upper room is more spacious, more lofty than the one below, with an open raftered roof. It is brighter, too, because of the skylight which affords a view of ever-changing skylines and waving tree-tops. The fireplace is smaller, however, and, according to Lawrence, possessed a more manageable flue than the one downstairs, which tended to smoke on windy days—and still does. Illumination at night came from the fire blaze and from eight candles in brackets fixed to the master beam in the centre of the roof—again his own contriving. The atmosphere engendered must have been pleasantly mellow, conducive to conviviality and the quiet listening to music which came as such a welcome relief in the days of his service in the Tank Corps. Indeed, Clouds Hill reveals curiously that reluctant yielding to comfort by a nature inclined and conditioned to asceticism which was apparent from early manhood.

Across the narrow landing, so narrow that you can step from threshold to threshold, is the so-called "bunk-room," whim of his latter days, which with its aluminium foil-lined walls and ceiling, its porthole window and bunk, suggests a ship's cabin. There is little else in the way of furniture in the room: the sleeping bag marked "Tuum," partner to the one downstairs, and three glass bells of the kind used to cover confectionery, which rest on a small table near the wall. The glass bells are tokens of a lonely and fastidious (though not pernickety) nature which would not tolerate cookery and its consequent odours in the cottage, and yet looked forward to a solitary existence. His brother, A. W. Lawrence, tells us that under these bells was kept whatever perishable food the cottage contained: bread, cheese, butter. Their presence caused Lawrence to refer to the room, with more than a touch of irony one feels, as the "food room." His own abstemiousness made his needs slight, but the cottage could and did provide stores of tinned food for its visitors, and E. M. Forster has described how guests ate directly out of tins while walking about the cottage, all with a delightful absence of formality. If it did not fulfil his youthful ideal of a dwelling-place which was to be medieval in character and Roman in comfort, with heated floors and a plentiful supply of hot baths, at least it succeeded in projecting a faithful image of his moods and tastes. More than most famous homes, it is a revelation of its creator's personality, and bears eloquent witness to the

loving patience of the man who devised it, as much for the pleasure of others as for his own. "My Dorset fastness," he called it, and in the hot, dry summer of 1934 wrote: "I hear that heath fires are raging at Clouds Hill, and am sad and afraid for the little place. I've grown to love it, I fear. What fools we become!"

F. ARMITAGE.

THE MOTHER OF GEORGE HERBERT

MAGDALEN HERBERT, Lady Danvers (1565-1627) was the mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's number and Job's distribution. Of these the two outstanding children were Edward Herbert, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, diplomat, duellist and Platonist, and George Herbert, whom Mr. F. L. Lucas has called the Poet of Anglicanism. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Richard Newport, the largest landowner of his time in Montgomeryshire, and a relative of the Earl of Pembroke. When little more than thirty she had been left a widow with the responsibility of bringing up her ten children, all very young, their ages ranging downwards from fourteen years to a few months. Although she was surrounded by relatives and other kind friends at Montgomery Castle she moved to Oxford without hesitation when her eldest boy was old enough to attend the university. It is likely she first met Sir John Danvers at Oxford since he was up at Brasenose College during the last two years of her residence there. He was a man of scholarly tastes, well read, and in possession of what his kinsman John Aubrey describes as, "a harmonically mind in a faire bodie". His genius lay primarily in the laying out of gardens and in architecture. He was, in short, the cultivated Italianate Englishman of our own glorious late Renaissance. He found agreeable scope for his gardening proclivities at Danvers House, Chelsea, and later, at Lavington, Wiltshire. Sir John "who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind", married Magdalen Herbert in 1608, he being little more than twenty and she twice his age. In his famous Sermon of Commemoration of the Lady Danvers, Donne thus touches upon the disparity of their ages with the ponderous felicity so characteristic of him: "For, as the well tuning of an *Instrument*, makes higher and lower strings, of one sound, so the inequality of their yeeres, was thus reduc'd to an evennesse, that she had a cheerfulness, agreeable to his *youth*, and he a *sober staidnesse*, conformable to her *more yeeres*. So that, I would not consider her, at so much more than *forty*, nor him, at so much lesse than *thirty*, at that time, but, as their *persons* were made *one*, and their *fortunes* made one, by *marriage*, so I would put their yeeres into *one number*, and finding sixty betwene them, thinke them thirty a peece; for, as twins of one houre they liv'd".

After attending Westminster School, her favourite son, George Herbert, proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of Master of Arts, became a Fellow, and held the important office of Public Orator at the university from 1619 to 1627. It was reckoned a valuable stepping-stone for other things and both its previous holders had resigned

to take up high diplomatic posts. Herbert could be excused for dreaming of like preferment for himself, but King James I died in 1625 before he managed to do anything more substantial for him than express his sentiments of royal good-will. Herbert was so disappointed with the collapse of his hopes of court favour that he retired to a friend's house in Kent and lived there very quietly for a time. Izaak Walton says that, "in this time of Retirement, he had many Conflicts with himself. Whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to the study of Divinity, and enter into Sacred Orders? (to which his dear Mother had often persuaded him). These were such Conflicts, as they can only know, that have endur'd them; for ambitious Desires, and the outward Glory of this World, are not easily laid aside; but, at last, God inclin'd him to put on a resolution to serve at his Altar".

In 1625, while he was still undecided about his future, he returned to Chelsea where he had to stay confined to the house on account of the terrible Plague which descended on London in the September of that year. Over forty thousand persons died. One of the guests at Danvers House was John Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's and Rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the West, where Izaak Walton was his devoted parishioner. Herbert talked for many hours with this fascinating and brilliant friend of his mother's, who had also taken quite a long time to make up his mind about Holy Orders. Donne describes how the panic-stricken citizens of London fled in this Plague year, "as out of a house on fire and stuffed their pockets with their best ware, and threw themselves into the highways, and were not received so much as into barns, and perished so, some of them that would have bought the village where they died. A justice of the peace, into whose examination it fell, told me of one that died so with £1400 about him. I scattered my family and to be near as I could . . . I removed for a time to Chelsea, where, within a few weeks the infection multiplied, so fast as that it was no good manners to go any other place, and so I have been in a secular monastery. . . ."

The Plague abated about Christmas and people crept back to their homes in the City. Back at St. Dunstan's Donne preached from the text: "For there was not a house where there was not one dead". So complete had been his seclusion at Chelsea rumours had circulated that he had died of the plague. Donne was then fifty-three years of age and had been a clergyman eleven years. Magdalen Herbert was sixty years of age. It was during his stay at Chelsea that Donne wrote *The Autumnal*, his immortal poem in honour of Magdalen Herbert: an affectionate salute from age to age. Here are the opening lines:

No *Spring*, no *Summer* Beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one *Autumnal* face.
Young *Beauties* force our love, and that's a *Rape*,
This doth but counsaile, yet you cannot scape.
If t'were a *shame* to love, here t'were no *shame*,
Affection here takes *Reverences* name,
Were her first yeares the *Golden Age*; that's true,
But now she's *gold* oft tried, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her tolerable and *Tropique clyme*.

Faire eyes, who askes more heate than comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.

Call not these wrinkles *graves*; If *graves* they were

They were *Loves graves*; for else lie is no where.

Yet lies not Love *dead* here, but here doth sit

Vow'd to this trench, like an Anchorit. . . ."

This is a good point at which to say something about Danvers House where Magdalen Herbert ruled so graciously as hostess. Sir John Danvers bought land on what had been part of the Chelsea estate of Saint Thomas More from the third Earl of Lincoln in 1622-23. He built Danvers House on it: a square house with nearly a seventy-foot frontage. It covered roughly the site taken up today between the houses in the south end of Danvers Street and the lower end of Old Church Street, near the Chelsea Embankment. There was a vast central hall and staircase projecting north and south with smaller side projections forming the stairways east and west. There were two main floors with, however, commodious attic rooms above them and cellars below, which included the kitchen and other domestic apartments. Above the great hall there was a parapeted roof and oriel windows east and west.

John Aubrey speaks of, "a neat little chappelle or oratorie finely painted", on the east side of the hall. Another example of Sir John's, "very elegant and ingeniose" taste was the dining-room floor, designed like a chess-board of six-inch boxwood and yew panels. Above the oriels were fastigated turrets, which carried weather vanes with the family crest, a golden wyvern volant, and indicated on dials below the direction of the wind. "As you sit at your dinner in the Hall", writes Aubrey, "you are entertained with two delightful Vistas: one southward over the Thames and to Surrey, the other northward into that curious garden. Above the Hall is a stately Roome of the same dimension, wherein is an excellent organ of stoppes of cedar. Sir John was a great lover of music, and especially of J. Coprario's *Fansies*". Samuel Pepys, who visited Danvers House many years later declared it to be, "the prettiest contrived house I ever saw in my life." The garden, extending over the whole area taken up now by Paulton's Square and its surrounding streets, was justly famous. "'Twas Sir John Danvers of Chelsey, who first taught us the way of Italian gardens", John Aubrey exclaims, with a kinsman's pride. I like the picture he conjures up of the proud owner brushing his beaver hat on the hyssop and thyme on a fine summer's morning, "which did perfume it with its natural essence and would last a morning or longer". His references to the garden are agreeably evocative: "boscase of lilacs"; "syringes"; "long gravelled walks margented with hyssop"; "several sorts of thyme". The garden was 8 chains, 9 yards by 4 chains, 9 yards wide. "I remember Sir John Danvers told me that his lordship (i.e., Francis Bacon), delighted in his curious garden at Chelsey", Aubrey continues; "and as he was walking there one time, he fell down in a dead sowne. My lady Danvers rubbed his face, temples, etc., and gave him cordiall water: as soon as he came to himselfe, sayde he, 'Madam, I am no good *footman*'." Bacon was a frequent guest at Danvers House and Sir John would proudly recall that he had submitted his book on Henry VII to him before publication. When he protested he was no scholar Bacon replied,

"I know what a scholar can say. I would know what you can say". He incorporated one of Sir John's proposed amendments to the text, saying, "Why, a scholar would never have told me this." Was Bacon nursing up the General Reader and dreaming of Best Sellers?

George Herbert was appointed Prebendary of Layton Ecclesia on July 15th, 1626, by John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, and set about his new duties with energy. The prebend carried with it the patronage of Leighton Bromswold, a small country parish. The churches in both places were in an appalling state of neglect and Herbert's first task was to raise funds and make them fit for public worship. Although it had been Magdalen Herbert's great wish that George should become a parson and marry suitably she did not live to see these wishes fulfilled. Her health began to seriously concern those about her in May 1627 and George was summoned from his supervision of the rebuilding work on the church at Leighton Bromswold to her bedside at Danvers House. She died shortly afterwards and was buried on June 8th. Her friend, the Dean of St. Paul's, had agreed to preach her funeral sermon, but was unable to do so on the actual day of burial, being "bound by pre-obligations and pre-contracts to his own profession." Thus his celebrated Sermon of Commemoration of the Lady Danvers was not delivered until July 1st. Izaak Walton, who was in the congregation, describes in a vivid phrase, how he saw and heard his friend, "weep and preach her Funeral Sermon in the Parish Church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave."

Although she lay in her quiet grave in Chelsea Old Church Magdalen Herbert's "remembered influence," as one writer calls it, "proved quite as compulsive as her imperious presence," to her son George. Perhaps the best nosegay of remembrance ever laid at her feet was the example of his life as a parson in those few years of life that remained to him: years dedicated to those high ideals of spiritual living and service she had so lovingly instilled into him from infancy. On March 5th, 1628, just before his thirty-sixth birthday, he married Jane Danvers, a near relative of Sir John Danvers, his step-father, and three months later the Earl of Pembroke requested Charles I to bestow upon his gifted kinsman the rectory of Fugglestone. "Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance," replied the sovereign. One can sense his puzzled surprise as he granted the request that so brilliant and well-connected a young man should wish to bury himself away in a country parsonage, far from the Court and the fount of patronage. The Church at Fugglestone was the parish church and there was a chapel-of-ease to it at Bemerton, a mile away. Both were in sad need of attention and George Herbert, who felt so keenly about the reverence due to God in His own house, began his parish duties by repairing the church at Fugglestone and rebuilding the parsonage at Bemerton, which had been let fall into ruin by the previous rector, an absentee. Herbert was still only a deacon when instituted to the parish, "and therefore longed for the next Ember Week that he might be ordained priest, and made capable of administering both the Sacraments."

With a magniloquence of style, shot through with a fine warmth of feeling, Walton describes in some detail Herbert's life as a parson: how he repaired the church fabric and rebuilt Bemerton parsonage; his goodness

to the poor and earnestness in preaching; the way he abandoned the elaborate, pulpit style his contemporaries so esteemed and spoke instead in a simple way, explaining Christian doctrine and the applicability of the lesson of the day. He compiled a set of rules for himself to help him perform his duties better. These were published later in *The Country Parson*, a prose work. The poems on spiritual themes, which are contained in *The Church Porch* and *The Temple* were also written during these years. He formed a close friendship with Nicholas Ferrer, whose religious community, or "Protestant Nunnery," at Little Gidding, figures attractively in that minor late Victorian classic, *John Inglesant*. No one can read Walton's account of Herbert's life and the daily round of piety and industry in the Ferrer household without feeling ennobled by their example. The fact that he died young did not save Herbert from that sad accompaniment of old age, the loss of friends. Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, in whose private chapels he had attended ornate and dignified services, died in the same year as the old king; Bacon, who had so often walked in the fine gardens of Danvers House, died in 1626; and even John Donne, who had wept and preached his mother's funeral sermon, followed her in less than four years, after making preparations for the appointed day of his dissolution with a picturesque Renaissance thoroughness, delivering his own funeral sermon, "Death's Duel," before the King at Whitehall, a few days beforehand.

We did say it was a pity Magdalen Herbert did not live to see her son ordained and married—but then would we have had her last years saddened by the death of her favourite son before he was forty? Or worse, see any member of this triumvirate of friendship—Magdalen Herbert, George Herbert and John Donne—live to see Sir John Danvers a regicide? "A curious element of eccentricity, which had not shown itself in the days of Magdalen Herbert, now began to develop in him," Sir Edmund Gosse remarks of Danvers, who remarried on July 10th, 1628, scarcely more than a year after Magdalen's death. The new Lady Danvers—Elisabeth Dauntsey—inherited money, and Sir John launched out into an extravagant style of living which distinctly contrasted with the poverty which had overtaken him just after Magdalen's death. It seems that Sir John, like so many others, found the Crown an unsatisfactory paymaster. Possibly, too, he had suffered rebuffs at Court. Whatever the reasons were he became openly disaffected and sided with the Roundheads in the Civil War. Clarendon, who may have been biased, of course, says Cromwell "employed and yet contemned him." He was one of the signatories to the death warrant of Charles I, so finds himself dismissed in many reference works with one damning word of description: regicide. He died in his Chelsea home in April, 1655.

How changed the place was from the days when Magdalen Herbert ruled there so graciously and kinsman Aubrey could speak proudly of Sir John's "harmonically mind in a faire bodie" and lightly sketch for us an attractive picture of a talented young man whose impact upon those around him was like the gay sunshine of Italy which he had brought back with him to grace his ingeniously laid-out gardens. How different was this smiling exquisite from the embittered, disgruntled man who died in Chelsea with the mark of Cain upon his brow, a sovereign's blood upon

his head. Walton omits these last details about Sir John although he must certainly have known about them, doubtless unwilling to disturb with such jarring elements his beautifully composed portrait of George Herbert. It certainly comes as a shock to find the devout High Churchman, the friend of Ferrar and John Donne, the disciple of Lancelot Andrewes and Archbishop Laud, so closely connected with a man who formally approved the execution of the Martyr King.

Be warned thus against the prose magic of Old Izaak! He is something of a selector. His Donne is the revered divine of mature years, whilst Magdalen is the devout mentor of her sons. What of the other aspects of these two people? The man who first came under Magdalen Herbert's spell was not Walton's awe-inspiring Dean but Jack Donne, a wilder, less disciplined young fellow, who could, says Sir Edmund Gosse, "at will and under the stimulus of a desire to please become extremely insinuating. He had with women especially, a mode of roguish and fantastic respectfulness, a familiar and yet unobtrusive gaiety, which were absolutely irresistible." As for Magdalen, was she not the mother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, swashbuckling courtier, swordsman, Platonist, and apologist for Henry VIII, as well as St. Monica to the Priest of The Temple? Was she not the wife of the fiery Sir Richard Herbert before she married the exquisite young Danvers? By all means let us cherish Walton's prose tablet to her memory, and the solemn, moving tribute of the Dean's Commemoration Sermon . . . at the same time the singularly beautiful, sun-streaked poem which a younger Donne composed in honour of a younger Magdalen in the long ago at Montgomery Castle is a testimony to her loveliness of character no less valid:

Upon this Primrose hill,
Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shoure of raine, each severall drop might goe
To his own primrose, and grow Manna so;
And where their forme, and their infinitie
Make a terrestriall Galaxie,
As the small starres doe in the skie:
I walke to finde my true Love; and I see
That 'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,
But must, or more, or lesse than woman bee.
Yet know I not, which flower
I wish; a sixe, or foure;
For should my true-Love lesse than woman-bee,
She were scarce any thing; and then, should she
Be more than woman, shee would get above
All thought of sexe, and thinke to move
My heart to study her, and not to love;
Both these were monsters; Since there must reside
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than Nature falsify'd.

Even bolder in imagery is the poem that usually follows it in editions of Donne's work, *The Relique*, which is also addressed to Magdalen Herbert. As Reginald Blunt, that assiduous researcher into the byways of old Chelsea history suggests, when all allowance is made for the fanciful

nature and involved conceits of seventeenth century verse, the conclusion is irresistible that she aroused in Donne, "that strange chameleon of emotions . . . a love that was pure indeed, yet not platonic, and that would scarcely have been exacted by the awesome mother or even the pious communicant, had she not possessed also a warmer and more humanly adorable side that drew this 'harmlesse lover' to her feet, and to 'her warme redeeming hand which is a miracle', and promoted those 'sacred endearments' to which Walton testified: 'an amitie made up of a chain of sutable inclinations and vertues'."

AUBREY NOAKES.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BERMUDAS

A STORM at sea is always terrifying, especially when darkness falls; still more so when lightning and other electrical manifestations accompany the violence of wind and wave. So was it when in late July, 1609, the little ship *The Sea Venture*, carrying re-inforcements of men and materials from England to the newly planted colony of Virginia,¹ was suddenly separated from her eight companion vessels in mid-Atlantic at a latitude of some 30° North. They had assembled together at the time "to consult touching divers matters, when they were surprised with a most extreme violent storm which scattered the whole fleet. Darkness as of hell settled over the waters and thunder crashed so loudly as to overmaster the senses of all."² Discernible among this noise and fury was "a little round light, like a faint starre, trembling and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, halfe the height upon the Maine Mast, and shooting sometimes from Shroud to Shroud."

Among those on board *The Sea Venture* were three men, William Strachey, Richard Rich and Silvester Jourdain, who in days to come were each to write the story of *The Sea Venture's* fate. It is to Strachey that we owe the description of the little round light, but to realise clearly what happened next the story is continued in Silvester Jourdain's words. "With the violent working of the Seas," he says, "our ship became so shaken, torne, and leaked, that shee received so much water as covered two tire of hogsheads above the ballast; that our men stode up to the middles, with buckets, baricos, and kettles, to baile out the water, and continually pumped for three dayes and three nights together, without any intermission; and yet the water seemed rather to increase than to diminish; in so much that all our men, being utterly spent, tyred and disabled for longer labour, were even resolved without any hope of their lives, to shut up the hatches and to have committed themselves to the mercy of the sea, (which is said to be mercilesse) or rather to the mercy of their mighty God and redeemer (whose mercies exceed all his works)."

Before committing themselves to the sea, however, the men, "having some good and comfortable waters in the ship, fetcht them, and drunke one to the other, taking their last leave one of another, untill their more joyfull and happy meeting in a more blessed world." But their intention

¹ First permanent settlement: May 13th, 1607.

² Edmund Howes. Continuation of Stow's *Annals*.

was never put into effect, for suddenly their Admiral, "Sir George Sommers, sitting upon the poepe of the ship (where he sate three days and three nights together, without meales meate and little or no sleepe) happily discryed land." Now was the time to restart the bailing and the pumping in order if possible to keep the ship afloat until she reached the shore. But, as Jourdain tells us, so over-wearied were the men "and their spirits so spent with long fasting and continuance of their labour that for the most parte they were fallen asleepe in corners, and wheresoever they chanced first to sit or lie; but hearing news of land, wherewith they grew to be somewhat revived, being carried with wil and desire beyond their strength every man busled up and performed as much as their weake force would permit."

Miraculously, it must have seemed, the ship managed to keep afloat so that she lasted long enough to be driven in between two rocks "where shee was fast lodged and locked for further budging." More than that: enough time was gained so that with the help of her boat and skiff, which soon afterwards were dashed to pieces, all those on board were safely put ashore to the number of a hundred and fifty persons. Any stores or provisions that had escaped sea-damage were also conveyed ashore as well as "all the tackling of the ship and much of the yron about her." Once on land the men seemed to gain new life and everyone of them "disposed and applyed himself to search for and to seeke out such releefe and sustentation as the Country afforded." And, as the men discovered, that relief and sustentation was remarkably great. This was all the more amazing as the scene of *The Sea Venture's* wreck was the Bermudas, that group of islands about which so much of legend and rumour still found a place in the minds of men in the early seventeenth century. It was known that in 1515 Juan Bermudez had set out from Spain with a cargo of hogs for Cuba. His ship, however, had never reached Cuba, and it was presumed to have been wrecked on the small archipelago in the Atlantic which lies in a latitude of 32° N. Because of this the islands became known as the Bermudas, and associated with them were many curious beliefs. From Jourdain we learn that they were "ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affoording nothing but gusts, stormes and foule weather, which made every Navigator and Mariner to avoid them, as Scylla and Charibdis; or as they would shunne the Devil himself; and no man was ever heard to make for the place, but as, against their wils, they have by stormes and dangerousnesse of the rocks, lying seven leagues into the Sea, suffered shipwracke there."

Small wonder then that, finding "the ayre temperate and the country abundantly fruitful of all fit necessities for the preservation of man's life," the shipwrecked company took heart and settled down to living on the islands until such time as they could set sail again. Meantime very soon after landing "Sir George Sommers, a man inured to extremities, went and found out sufficient of great fishes with hookes, as did suffice the whole company one day." Of fish there was never any lack during the whole time the colonists were in the Bermudas. "If a man did but steppe into the water, they would come round about him, so that men were faine to get out for feare of byting." Not only were the fish very "fat and sweete" but of great variety: rock fish, mullet, pilchard, shell fish of

several kinds, and "divers kindes of great fishes the names of them unknowne" to Silvester Jourdain. But fish alone would have proved a wearisome diet. Fortunately the islands also supplied "a great abundance of hogs," none other we can surely conclude but the wild descendants of Bermudez' long lost Cuban cargo. Once more Sir George Sommers was to the fore, for "he was the first who hunted for the hogs." Like the fish these hogs were in Jourdain's opinion very "fat and sweete." So too were "the fowle of the bignesse of a good Pidgeon, and laying egges as big as hen egges," and yet "another Sea fowle that lay in little holes in the ground, like unto a cony-hole, in great numbers; exceeding good meat." Even these did not complete the food supply, for there were also "Tortoses (which some call Turtles), yeelding great store of oyle, which either for frying or baking did the company very great pleasure." The tortoises carried "a bushel of egges in one of their bellies, sweeter than any henne egge." Fruits too grew in variety, including "a great plenty of Mulberries white and red, and the very sweet berry of the Palmito tree upon which the hogs doe most feede," this last a happy way of accounting for the fact that the meat from these animals was itself so deliciously sweet.

There were no rats or mice on the islands, "or any other thing unwholesome." There was "great store of Pearle, some of them very faire and Orientall." There was "a good quantity of ambergris of the best sort," for whales there were in plenty, "coming so usually and ordinarily to the shore that they could be heard often times in the nighte abed and seen near at hand in the daytime." There were an infinite number of cedars "bringing forth a very sweete berry, and wholesome to eat," and there was something Jourdain "through forgetfulnesse almost omitted to mention" and that was the "very good tobacco" which the company found much to their liking.

Right from the beginning of their stay on Bermuda the castaways had hoped eventually to get away. Firm and sure behind this hope stood the strength of Sir George Sommers, who with his own hands "laboured from morning untill night as duellie as any workeman doth labour for wages," and built "a pinnis all with Cedar, with little or no yron worke at all, having in her but one boulte which was in the kilson." He even mixed some of the primitive lime he had shown the men how to make from a hard kind of stone with some wax found "cast up by the Sea, from some shipwracke"; and with this mixture through lack of "tarre and pitch he payed the seames of the pinnis." Sir George, although threescore years of age at least, helped in the building of a larger ship, for the pinnacle was only a "small barge of thirty tonne or thereabout." To the ship the name of *Deliverance* was given, while the pinnacle was called *Patience*; for it was only by patience that deliverance finally came. On "the tenth day of March in the yeare 1610" the two vessels left the islands, "arriving at James Town in Virginia the foure and twentieth day of the same Moneth."

There Sir George Sommers' company learnt that after the terrible storm of the previous July four of the battered ships had managed to make their way together to Jamestown, and that later, one by one, the rest of the fleet had arrived in port. *The Sea Venture*, with all souls aboard, had been given up as lost by the Virginian colonists. To them misfortunes

had come in plenty. Sickness and near-starvation had reduced their numbers to only sixty, and as they had "not above fourteen dayes victaile" left to them, it was decided that the whole company should set forth for Newfoundland, there to get new supplies. However things turned out otherwise, for "being all shipped in four pinnicés, and departed from the towne almost downe half the River, comming up with three ships well furnished with victaile" they met Lord de la Warre who had come to their assistance from England. It was not long before de la Warre was made cognisant of "the great plenty of hogges and fish that was at the Barmudas," so he decided it would be wise to send there for supplies. "Whereupon Sir George Sommers being a man best acquainted with the place, and being willing to doe service unto his Prince and Country without any respect of his own private gaine, out of his worthy and valiant minde, offered himselfe to undertake to performe with God's help that dangerous voyage." So on the nineteenth of June Sir George with some chosen companions set out again for the Bermudas. Soon afterwards a ship left Virginia for England with a number of other persons, including Silvester Jourdain, and reached London towards the close of September 1610. Jourdain's story of the wreck, "A Discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels," was printed by John Windet before the year ended. There is no doubt that Shakespeare read this story, and later those of Rich and Strachey. Thus was the seed of *The Tempest* sown with its echoes of events and scenes from Bermuda's islands. Sir George Sommers died a year or so later in Bermuda, his memory being kept green by designating the archipelago for a time as Sommers Islands. Further to commemorate him, strange new silvered copper pieces known as hog money—of two pence, threepence, sixpence and a shilling in value—for use in the Islands were struck in North America during the period 1616—1624, bearing on the obverse a ship, *The Sea Venture*, and on the reverse the figure of a hog.

WINIFRED GRAHAM WILSON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

ARMS AND DIPLOMACY

EXACTLY thirty years ago, in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of January, 1923, this Foreign Affairs section began with these words: "At the opening of the Lausanne Conference on November 20th [1922] Lord Curzon expressed a hope that after the Near Eastern settlement we should be done with diplomacy by conference." Those words deserve to be recalled only in a curious, almost a morbid point of view, as an illustration of the general diplomatic frustration of our time. The sort of hope expressed by Lord Curzon a generation ago has been consistently mocked, and has moreover taken on a rather sinister aspect. The extent, scope, frequency and muddle of diplomacy by conference which persisted in the two decades between the first and the second, and was renewed after the second, world war, has produced as its only result a totality of failure such as almost silences comment. There is something odd in the magnitude of this nightmare of contemporary diplomacy. The climax of cynicism was reached in 1951 and 1952 at Panmunjom, where a mere pretence of diplomacy by conference was kept up for more than a year and a half with the only intention on the part of the communist participants of gaining time for renewed and more effective military action. It became known on October 19th last, from a report submitted to the General Assembly of the United Nations by General Mark Clark, that the communist forces in Korea had by then been expanded into more than a million men, mainly Chinese, deployed in depth, well armed with artillery, tanks and other heavy equipment, and having at their disposal some 2,000 aircraft, for the most part jet-engined and flown by competent pilots. Such was the communist gain from the protracted "cease-fire" negotiations.

Cynicism of such a sort, however, differs only in degree from the diplomatic tendency as a whole for nearly half a century. It may be argued that our terrestrial experience in the diplomatic as in other spheres of activity is a vanity of vanities except in its indirect function as the soil in which our immortal soul in its first stage is nourished: the clay, as it were, for the rose. Else what could be the sense in it? Before the first world war Lord Haldane went to Berlin on a hopeless mission. All other such missions in the diplomatic field, including the Chamberlain missions to Germany in the 30's, have been proved by cumulative experience in the forty years 1912-1952 to have been equally hopeless as far as any ideal of international harmony or understanding was concerned. The resultant challenge to good sense can hardly be ignored. Today the Powers that constitute the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation talk the same sort of language, *mutatis mutandis*, as was talked by the partners in the Entente Cordiale forty years ago, the word Russia being substituted for Germany in the context, and Germany indeed, or half of it, being now drawn into the hypothetical camp of those who defend, against those who attack, civilisation. Twice during that horror-laden generation, Germany has changed her role from attacker to defender of civilisation. Italy and Japan have changed sides, and have changed back again, in that same imbroglio

of cause and counter-cause. Sordid ends have revealed themselves as the motive, dishonest practice as the means, in the international contacts of this present century.

Let it not be forgotten that this modern business of diplomacy—to which is oddly attached the epithet “high”—is of an almost mushroomlike growth. It has shot up and blighted our lives within a space of 150 years, and was an unknown menace before the last century. The word itself, in its now accepted connotation of unprincipled haggling between nations, found no place in the English vocabulary before it was used by Burke in 1796. It is true that a century still earlier (in 1681) the famous and erudite Benedictine monk, Dom Jean Mabillon, of the abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, wrote the first acknowledged text-book on the subject, *De re diplomatica*, and incidentally thereby loosed a flood of controversy between the Benedictine and Jesuit orders; but the “science” of diplomacy, as Mabillon would have it, or “art,” as François de Callières called it (1716), was at that time of a merely academic interest. It was based upon the monastic records and duplicates (“diplomas”) of historic documents.

It is in quite recent times that the power of political governments has enabled them to engulf the world in an apparently bottomless abyss of misery. The single fact that between the two world wars of this present century the League of Nations registered a total of 4,568 “treaties and international engagements” negotiated between government-members in that nineteen-year period, measures the temperature of this modern fever of politics. If one assumes a five-day week for the unfortunate diplomats, the record works out at a treaty a day for nearly twenty years. An unbelievable extravagance. And when it is recalled that they all went into the same waste-paper basket in the “high” summer of 1939, the extravagance of the performance is matched by its waste. But the process was resumed after the second world war until it reached its climax—no other word is applicable—in what has happened at Panmunjom these nineteen months past. What has there happened is the more remarkable because the essential nature of so monstrous an episode was openly recognised. In the British House of Commons, for instance, on October 22nd last, Mr. Birch, Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Defence, made the routine observation that “it was certainly true that the Communists had used the period of the truce negotiations to effect a substantial [military] build-up.”

Without putting any finer point upon it, it is obvious, and is indeed taken for granted by all informed people, that the operation of high diplomacy, sordid, immoral and disastrous, is one of the central factors of earthly distress at this present time. The explanation is equally apparent. Where no moral principle informs the performance, the end cannot be other than chaos. What Père Grou wrote of “worldly intercourse” in his well-known “Spiritual Maxims,” gives the accurate diagnosis. “Cordiality,” he wrote, “is another product of true religion. It was banished long ago from worldly intercourse, and its place was taken by politeness, which resembles it externally, dissembles its feelings, and affects those which it does not possess. These demonstrations pass current; they are received and paid back in the same coin. But in reality no reliance is

placed upon them, and they deceive no one who has the least experience. The first lesson taught by the world to its votaries is this: appear candid, but never be cordial. Polite intercourse is reduced to vain and frequently derisive compliments; offers of service, the acceptance of which would be annoying; unmeaning promises, easily to be eluded at the time of fulfilment; assurances of goodwill which always end in declarations of inability; and demonstrations of interest to others’ concerns that are apparently vivid, but really cold, and often perfectly false.”

In one word, high diplomacy is Godless and therefore dry and unproductive of any good result. The remedy is as clearly indicated as the disease itself. It is indeed no accident that the climax of half a century’s international horror is the straight issue between Christianity and spiritual values against atheism and materialist values. The issue, however, has in some degree been clouded by the length of time it has taken to develop. The generation now moving into its prime has not in its own experience known the contrasts involved, nor their origins. Hence it is that a Yugoslavia rooted in the one camp and flirting with the other because of what is essentially a domestic quarrel with her fellow communist countries, causes no more surprise to youthful minds than does the muddled spectacle of a British Foreign Secretary declaring (October 29th last) that in his recent talks with Marshal Tito, in what he called “the world situation in general and also many problems of common interest in Europe and elsewhere,” he had been “glad to find that Marshal Tito’s views on these matters seemed to be very close to our own”; and that therefore “her Majesty’s Government now look forward to an era of increasingly close co-operation between the United Kingdom and Yugoslavia.” The projected visit of Marshal Tito to our country, which is to take place from March 23rd to 28th next, was similarly taken as an ordinary incident of diplomatic relationships. In other words, the chronic lack of principle that has characterised those relationships these past forty years, and that has in fact been responsible for the prevailing climax of adversity, horror and muddle, has become so ingrained a habit that it persists without being recognised for what it is. Dr. Hewlett Johnson is an incidental personification of the muddle that afflicts men’s minds.

Yet experience has added its weight to that of reason in the warnings that are given to us. Ignoring principle, our leaders grabbed at the shadow of Russia as an ally against Germany, just as they now grab at the shadow of Yugoslavia as an ally against Russia. We ourselves in the first instance thereby helped to set up Stalin as a greater menace than ever was Hitler himself, the menace being directed precisely against ourselves; and the upshot, gigantic and clear, working itself out in the blood-soaked hills of Central Korea, is yet not so big that we can see it. Our eyes, it seems, are still blindfolded. The odd and terrifying result is that we are now engaged in repeating the blunder. We have yet to reap the harvest of the blunder in the case of Yugoslavia, but Marshal Tito himself has already announced that he rejects “from A to Z” the western decisions about Trieste, and will take whatever action he may think appropriate to prevent their implementation. Yet Trieste and Venezia Giulia are of critical relevance to the general issue. They constitute a dividing line between the Stalinist east and the free west. If Italy fell

to the communists—and let it be borne in mind that Tito is a communist, engaged at this time in persecuting the Christian Church in Yugoslavia as drastically as Stalin elsewhere—the result, strategic as well as spiritual, would be of an incalculable scope.

For the moment Tito's defection from the Cominform acts as a barrier against that danger, as presented in its Russian aspect; but Tito, too, is a true and full communist. You may set a thief to catch a thief, and get away with it; or in the homœopathic technique you may inoculate the patient with a mild dose of a disease to forestall a more severe dose; but there is such a thing, especially in political affairs, as being too clever by half. Russia has given us the warning. The diplomatic assumption—one of the disastrous characteristics, this, of our time—that international affairs are of an exclusively materialist concern and have nothing to do with our religious life, dies hard. Though it is clearly responsible for the misfortune that has overtaken the world at large, and has logically crystallised into an issue between the spiritual and the materialist motive, Stalin's challenge being ideologically and unmistakably atheist in kind, yet the western leaders continue to imagine that they can defend the Christian west by materialist means. They imagine that armaments and the cultivation of allies, no matter of what kind, are the only means necessary to defence. By such means they defeated the Kaiser's menace, only to produce a worse menace in Hitler, and defeated Hitler only to produce a still worse menace in Stalin; yet the truth seems not to dawn upon them. The last state is worse than the first.

The armaments manufactured for the defence of civilisation in the first world war were as nothing compared with those manufactured for the like theoretic cause in the second world war; and though paper "victory" was won in both those wars, the grim and even fantastic situation has to be faced that we are now manufacturing armaments for land, sea, and air warfare that greatly exceed the sum of armaments produced for the first and second world wars put together.

Is there then to be no end to the savage cavalcade? Within living memory the active range of war weapons has spread beyond the surface of land and sea into the air above, while the concomitant development of explosive power has reached a point where the central source of physical energy in the universe has been caught up in the fury. Yet the Disarmament Commission, so-called, of the United Nations, so-called, continues its discussions. Those discussions are recognised on every side for what they are, the occasion of verbal warfare between Russia (who is still accepted as a member of the United Nations though she is openly at war with the United Nations) and the Western Powers, and no one in or out of the diplomatic circles expects anything business-like from them. What, then, is one to think of the contemporary talk about "disarmament" when the talk cannot be taken seriously? Is one to resign oneself to a total blank in the prospect? President-elect Eisenhower and Mr. Nehru have both in effect postulated a Korean settlement as the indispensable pre-requisite of a peaceful approach to a general settlement. No one can doubt that Korea is relevant to the wider issue; but it is of a merely incidental, not essential, relevance. If Korea was eliminated, other storm centres would, no doubt, take its place. Indeed, in Indo-China, in

Malaya, in the Middle East, even in Kenya, the dry tinder is already on the varying scales alight or smouldering.

It is clear that the foundations of civilisation—the split atom being both a literal and a symbolic menace—are in danger. It is likewise clear that in the prevailing disorder disarmament becomes the urgent and the only way of escape. The fact that superficially at this present time it appears to be a waste of energy to advocate disarmament is an unsubstantial barrier to action. Action is the more, not the less, imperative when the world is plunging madly towards the irreparable disaster. At last the scientific mastery of the means of destruction makes destruction, complete and final, a sober possibility. The speed with which this riot of the intellect—of an intellectual activity, that is, that has broken loose from the restraints of spiritual wisdom—has brought us to the edge of a precipice is the most alarming of all the portents. At this time the competitive progression from atomic to hydrogen explosiveness, with an apparently unbounded horror in the scope, suggests that whom the devil would destroy he first makes mad.

Equally startling is the quickening tempo of the progression. It began in effect as lately as 1820, when W. Cecil reported to the Cambridge Philosophical Society his invention of an engine operated by the explosions of a hydrogen-air mixture: the first gas engine in the world that worked, and thus the origin of the internal combustion engine. Hence the fully-fledged aeroplane of our time. Icarus was a myth, Blériot a fact. They both, however, illustrated the fertility of man's imagination and his imitative exuberance. If birds can fly, why not a mechanical aeroplane; if ducks can swim on water, why not a ship; if fish can swim under the water, why not a submarine? It took nearly a century for Cecil's internal combustion engine to develop into an instrument capable of supplying in an aeroplane the motive power that corresponds to God's free gift of motive power to a sparrow. It was not till July 25th, 1909, that Blériot flew from Calais to Dover. At that time—within the present century—that twenty-mile hop was the most that an aeroplane could do. It could not carry the petrol for a longer hop.

In the meantime Alfred Nobel had been studying explosives, especially nitro-glycerine, and in 1862 patented his combination of nitro-glycerine with guncotton to make the T.N.T. that makes the bombs that makes the horror of our time. By the turn of the century, therefore, both the plane and the bomb were almost ready to be visited upon a still unsuspecting world. Nobel made an immense fortune out of the terror he innocently fathered upon us. He is even reputed to have argued with his own conscience that if war could be made horrible enough, it would thereby be eradicated from the sum of man's self-inflicted tortures. Surely mankind had enough collective sense to refrain from self-destruction? He was wrong: but only in degree and in the timing. He did not foresee how much suffering mankind was capable of enduring before its collective commonsense was stirred into protest; nor could he have foreseen that the obstinate persistence in folly and in wickedness would go to the length of splitting an atom, and thus of harnessing the fount and origin of all physical force in God's earth, to the business of man's self-destruction. When the current (14th) edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* was

published (in 1929) what was known of the atom, of the quantum theory, even of the hydrogen spectrum, did not run to the notion of atomic or hydrogen bombs. Yet by the time he died, in 1896, Nobel's conscience, so it is said, was slightly disturbed by an instinctive fear, and in his will he carved out of his huge fortune the Nobel Foundation, which among its other prizes stipulated that one part of that fortune should be awarded year by year "to the person who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolition or diminution of standing armies and the formation and increase of peace congresses."

Though the history of the first half of this present century seems on the surface to have mocked that initiative of Nobel's conscience and his intended posthumous reparation, yet it is clearly and probably arguable that in the second half, the one will be rested and the other implemented, for there are those whose faith informs them without the peradventure of a doubt that these atomic and hydrogen bombs do indeed portend the end of war itself and the inescapable imposition of that state of total and permanent disarmament that has so far eluded the wit of man.

A greater fear drives out a less. The fear of total impartial destruction drives out the mutual international fear that has prompted the means of that destruction. In the present century the tempo of development to such an upshot has quickened so breathlessly that a new stage is presented to our wondering eyes before we have become acclimatised to the last. When the first world war was declared in August, 1914, aeroplanes were still the sort of twenty-mile-hopping hobbies perfected by Blériot only five years before. There were no air forces either in being or in contemplation. Before that war ended, less than five years later, there had been organised a Royal Flying Corps as an arm of the fighting services in our own country, and the enemy had dropped bombs on London. By the time the second world war started in the summer of 1939 it was taken for granted that bombing from the air would be a main instrument of offence; the aircraft and the bombs were all ready for action; underground shelters had been dug in advance, gas-masks issued, and so on. Before that war ended, less than six years later, three startling developments, all unforeseen at the beginning of the war, had been put into use: (1) the pilotless aeroplane, which itself constituted the bomb; (2) the rocket which abandoned all pretence of an aeroplane and which merely shot the bombs at a target across the oceans; and (3) the atomic bomb.

The last-named event, the dropping of the two atomic bombs in Japan, is the climax upon which the faith of many far-sighted people is based, paradoxical as that faith may at first sight appear. After all, the world is made by God, Who cannot be mocked. Unless it be God's plan to bring the world to an end by means of the atomic bomb—and this we cannot know—the end cannot be achieved by human folly; for God is omnipotent. It follows logically—and here we may reasonably give logic its head—that, inasmuch as the atomic bomb is without doubt capable of destroying the human race, a possibility that is clear even in the present early stages of atomic development, the same atomic bomb will save mankind. In other words, it will not be used for the purposes of another world war (unless, as above postulated, it be God's purpose thus to wind up the world): therefore armies, navies, and air-forces will lie idle, rendered use-

less by the knowledge that another world war could not be started without the certainty of atomic bombing; and the commonsense of a human kind which has never yet in the international collective sense invoked that commonsense will be forced by the inescapable facts to assert itself, with the simple result that armies, navies and airforces will die a natural death.

Despite appearances, Korea, Indo-China and the rest do not offer a true challenge to this argument, because by a sort of tacit understanding among the Great Powers they are still localised; whereas, if they spread into world war, nothing could save those Powers themselves from the bomb. Therefore there will be no such spread. The bomb will triumph in its paradox. Disarmament may reasonably be regarded not only as possible, but as imminent, and the sting will thereby be taken out of the sort of diplomacy by conference to which we have become accustomed, and that, too, in its turn will die a natural death.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

December 11th, 1952.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

GENERAL SMUTS*

The eventful career of General Smuts has been described in the two-volume biography by Sarah Gertrude Millin and more briefly in the writings of Professor Basil Williams and others who knew him well; and it will be narrated once again in the large-scale official biography by a team of scholars. The significance of his son's portrait lies in its intimacy, its revelation of one of the greatest figures of our times as a lovable human being, delighting in his family circle, completely unspoiled by his world-wide celebrity. Every page breathes filial admiration and devotion, and no reader is likely to resent the warm tones which might have seemed a little excessive in a more formal record.

The first impression left by this delightful volume is his extraordinary many-sidedness. He belongs to the class of scholar-statesmen in which England has been peculiarly rich. By profession a lawyer, by circumstances a soldier, by choice a statesman, he was above all a thinker, a seer, a practical idealist. Grounded in the classics, he read omnivorously from his earliest days, writing a book on Walt Whitman (still unpublished) during his Cambridge years, steeping himself in the study of philosophy, and amassing sufficient knowledge of physics and biology, geology and botany to qualify him for the Presidency of the, British Association. No man of his time, or indeed of any time, could have declared with better justification: *Homo sum, nihil a me alienum puto*. He deserves the noble tribute which Matthew Arnold paid to Goethe: "He saw life steadily and saw it whole."

Many men have had wide interests without possessing the creative faculty. Smuts will stand out in history as a political architect, first in his own country, later in the wider world. In this he resembles Rhodes, the only other superman of South Africa, but he was of finer metal than the author of the Raid. No one ever said of him what Lecky said of Rhodes: "The trail of finance was over it all." What he thought of the Rhodes-Milner-Chamberlain record we may read in the burning pages of his little book *A Century of Wrong*. He cared nothing for money and the luxuries commonly associated with power and wealth. He was happiest in close contact with nature on his farm in the Transvaal or at Groote Schuur on the slopes of Table Mountain, the spacious residence bequeathed by Rhodes to future Premiers. He loved the pure air and ample vistas of the veldt, the mountains and the sea, which seemed to harmonise with his own lofty vision.

When the long agony of the Boer War swept away the independence of the two Boer Republics, he found consolation in the dream of a self-governing Dominion within the British Empire in which Boers and British should possess equal rights. The dream was fulfilled when, thanks to the inspired statesmanship of Campbell-Bannerman, the four provinces hammered out a constitution for the Union of South Africa, of which Smuts was the principal author. Launched under the auspices of the George Washington of South Africa, the Union held firm in the testing-time of the First World War, and on the death of Botha, "the greatest, sweetest, cleanest soul of all my days," Smuts succeeded to the Premiership, which to distant observers he seemed likely to retain indefinitely. We were mistaken, for the up-country Dutch farmers never trusted the brilliant Intellectual, who was so often abroad and was constantly singing the praises of the British Commonwealth, as they had trusted Botha. The first keen disappointment of his life was the loss of independence; the second his overthrow in 1924 by General Hertzog, who held power for fourteen years; the third Dr. Malan's victory in 1948 which ended his second Premiership.

The author, like his father before him, can forgive General Hertzog, "the stormy petrel of our political life," his violent attacks, but Dr. Malan is rarely mentioned without dislike. Smuts judged politicians at home and abroad by the test of their support or rejection of the policy of national and international integration. Next to President Wilson no statesman proclaimed the ideal of a League of Nations with greater conviction and eloquence. His philosophical work *Holism* interprets the whole story of mankind as the expression of an urge to construct ever larger units, culminating in a Society of Nations. Though the sabotaging of the League by Japan, Italy and Nazi Germany, and the sabotaging of the United Nations by Russia, were grievous disappointments, he never lost faith in mankind. His religion may be described as an undogmatic theism. Though unable to accept the Christian creeds, "he believed in some deity, some overall holistic personality, some supreme law that controls all the realms of space." Convinced of the almost illimitable potentialities of the human spirit, he remained an optimist to the end. This touching filial record closes with two simple sentences. "What a glorious journey!" What a wonderful legacy for a young country!"

G. P. GOOCH.

* Jan Christian Smuts. By J. C. Smuts. Cassell. 25s.

THE PROBLEM OF POWER

Any form of social organisation inevitably involves an element of coercion and control which puts certain individuals at the mercy of others, usually a minority. Government, in consequence, always implies some form of domination which may be beneficial or otherwise, which may be readily accepted or more or less resented, but which always carries within itself the seeds of corruption. This problem has always been formidable, as the community of saints never existed except in the visionary world of idealists and as the need for some form of organisation was present even in the most primitive societies. It has become immensely more formidable over the centuries, firstly, because the tasks of government have become increasingly more complex, thus making the need for control more and more urgent, and secondly because the physical means by which this control is exercised have assumed dimensions that stagger the imagination. We have only to think of the hydrogen bomb in the hands of Cesare Borgia in order to understand what the author of this fascinating book* means by the "daemonic" aspect of power. "Without some assistance from real power no ideal has ever been able to survive for long in the field of power politics." Thus the author formulates his problem himself and we might add that as long as there is power there is the risk, even the likelihood, that ideals will be betrayed or trampled underfoot by those who exercise this power. This is what we call the tragic aspect of power; what, however, makes it truly "daemonic" is the fact that the misuse of power is excused and justified in the very name of these ideals. Morals and Politics in consequence become completely separated, and as according to this doctrine the end justifies the means the whole moral order collapses as it did in Nazi Germany.

Professor Ritter, of the University of Freiburg, might well have despaired of a solution to this problem since he himself witnessed the corrupting influence of power at its very worst. He composed the first edition while the Nazis were in power, and it was in order to strike at the contemporary tyrant that he had to attack the most famous or perhaps infamous defender of tyranny, Machiavelli. Power corrupts, as Lord Acton knew already amidst the apparent security of the Victorian Age, and one of its most depressing consequences is that it forces even its opponents to have recourse to subterfuge and evasion. Professor

Ritter, however, does not despair and he attempts in this profound study to answer the vital question how mankind can "save itself from the corrupting lust for power and emerge into the broad daylight of peace and mutual understanding."

First it is most reassuring to note that in spite of all his experiences he does not believe that the problem is intrinsically insoluble. He is, as Dr. Gooch notes, far too good a historian to disregard the element of force in history, and he recognises that part of the essence of the state is the concentration of power. If this were not so the tragic dilemma on which he insists so forcefully would not exist, and the problem could be solved by simply avoiding it as the Anarchists clearly think they can. The problem of the relation between morals and politics has often been treated before, for it constitutes the basic problem of political philosophy. I am, therefore, not quite so sure as Professor Ritter seems to be that the classical political theory of the Greeks knew nothing about the "daemonic" character of power. It is true that on the whole they believed in the natural harmony of justice and power, and that Plato, like Confucius, sought the solution in a government of men trained to wisdom. Yet it was Euripides, perhaps the most modern of the Greek dramatists, who makes Eteocles say: "If you want to do injustice, it is good to do it for the sake of domination, otherwise you must act morally"; and Tacitus, as Meinecke puts it, was a veritable teacher of the "*ragione di stato*," It is significant that there is no English equivalent for this term, analogous to the German "*Realpolitik*." English political philosophers have almost always denied the claim to governmental supremacy which is involved in it. This fact seems to lend support to Professor Ritter's thesis that the doctrine of the superiority of power to morals is a continental plant, and that Thomas More's construction of an Island Welfare State was as typical of the political climate in England as Machiavelli's thought of that in Europe. In consequence, it is on the doctrines of these two thinkers that the author bases his truly remarkable investigation of the problem of power. In doing so he has written in the best German tradition a contribution to the history of ideas and their interaction which will be read with pleasure and interest even by those who are unable to accept all his conclusions.

Professor Ritter does not make the mistake of vilifying or of belittling Machiavelli, and he recognises that the Florentine thinker was the product of his time. In fact, he suggests that Machiavelli, in spite of his revolting ideas and the pernicious influence they may have had, has the great merit of having taught us a clearer insight into political reality. It is indeed part of the author's case that the fact of power cannot be disregarded with impunity. The trouble with Machiavelli, however, is that he was not an original political thinker at all, that his thought, never very profound, is full of irreconcilable contradictions, and that his disregard for morals was basically the result of his fear of anarchy. In this respect he strangely resembles Hobbes, whom Professor Ritter almost completely disregards, and it is indeed difficult to see how the sage of Malmesbury can be fitted into his pattern. It is just as difficult to see how the great political philosophers on the Continent, who like Montesquieu and Kant tried to curb political power, fit into the picture either. Was not the whole conception of the Law of Nature a device to remove the sting from political power, and did not this conception originate and flourish on the Continent? Perhaps Meinecke was nearer to the truth when he wrote that somehow government proceeds everywhere according to the "*ragione di stato*," and this would of course mean that we have traces of it even in England. What most probably attracted Professor Ritter to More was the fact that a greater contrast can hardly be imagined than between him and Machiavelli. He was an idealist, while Machiavelli was a realist, if not a cynic; he was a pious Christian, while the Florentine simply believed that religion had its uses; he distrusted government

while the other believed in the necessity of tyranny; he constructed a Utopia which became the prototype of countless others, while Machiavelli was concerned with political reality stripped to the bone. Yet More resembles Machiavelli inasmuch as he was not a systematic political thinker either and as his thought too is full of contradictions and inconsistencies. The author's account of More makes fascinating reading, though again I am not so sure whether he is right when he says that More spoke of an unreal dream island, not of England. I believe that Kautsky was nearer to the truth when he pointed out in his little known study on More that the latter had England in mind all the time. Yet it was not More's ideas but those of Locke two centuries later that laid the foundations for modern England.

The contrast between the cynic Machiavelli and the Humanist More, even if we cannot follow the author in his attempt to read into it a difference between continental and English thought, remains of great significance. In it is symbolised in an ingenious and fruitful way the contrast between realism and idealism, between politics and morals, between order and freedom; and there can be very few who will disagree with Professor Ritter when he believes that on the solution of this contrast depends our future, even our very existence. He is quite right in believing that on the whole the humanitarianism of More has been more active in Britain than on the continent, and he assumes that a compromise between this British conception and a realistic acceptance of the need for power is not only necessary but also possible. The excellent translation was the work of the late Dr. F. W. Pick to whom we are deeply indebted for having made this book available to the British public.

DR. REINHOLD ARIS.

* *The Corrupting Influence of Power*. By Gerhard Ritter, with a Foreword by Dr. G. P. Gooch. Tower Bridge Publications, 21s.

STANLEY BALDWIN

To review a political biography is perhaps only a shade more difficult than to write one. The reviewer must at the outset see the man under consideration in his place in history—see him in the fierce light of comparison with his compeers, his predecessors and successors, see the effect of his influence on the people of his time. Mr. G. M. Young is in this way admirably equipped. He knows the Victorians inside out. Here is a contemporary who recalls that posse of eminent Scots who guided this country in some of the most decisive years of its history—the pawky Campbell-Bannerman, that wise terminator of the Boer War; Gladstone, the œcumenical theologian; Balfour, the penetrating philosopher; Macdonald, the sentimental socialist. Gladstone did not make a greater impression on his country's thought by his recommendation of "Robert Elsmere" than Baldwin with the attention he drew to Mary Webb's "*Precious Bane*." All Baldwin's speeches are rich with that red soil of Worcestershire, which was "*This England*" for him. We seem to catch him ever wandering in the valleys of the Severn or the Wye, almost as Wordsworth ever seems to brood about Tintern and to drink from thence the poetry of hill and abbey. Perhaps no man can really aspire to rule this country who is not at heart a poet and a dreamer. The music of this England is so often to be heard melodiously sounding in the far distance of his critical hours. In the momentous year of Edward VIII's abdication he wrote: "The last few days have been a strange time; a time that only comes once and cannot recur. All hearts seem open for the moment: most will close again: some perhaps be kept ajar, but it is very wonderful. I feel tired, happy and at peace. I still have that sense of wonder that the Blessed Damsel shewed in her face as she leaned over the gold bar of

heaven. It wore off. So will mine. But it leaves something, I hope, good behind." So he moved on, through the general strike, through the dream of a Morganatic marriage which another monarch might conceivably have brought off. He saved a constitutional monarchy; and when he lay in Worcester Cathedral, he lay, may be, where it most became him: to be buried in a building whose memories more than most remain alive with the birth of English Parties—of Cavalier and Puritan—and go dreaming on with the treasure of our thoughts in "This England" Baldwin loved so well and served so faithfully.

ALGERNON CECIL.

Stanley Baldwin. By G. M. Young. Rupert Hart-Davis, 21s.

ROBERT BROWNING

Robert Browning's literary reputation has followed the usual course: eulogy has been succeeded by neglect. The time would now seem to have come, however, for a fresh appraisal of one whose message is in fact explicitly suited to the present age. In his opening chapter Mr. Cohen puts his finger on what is probably a major reason for modern reluctance to accept Browning. "His true poetry was the poetry of maturity. Ours is an intellectually over-ripe but emotionally under-developed civilization." Tracing the poet's development from the self-dramatization of "Pauline," the diffuseness of "Paracelsus," and the obscurity of "Sordello" to his first complete success in "Pippa Passes" and "Dramatic Romances and Lyrics," he shows that all this was nevertheless only leading up to the supreme experience of Browning's life. "He did not write great poetry till he had attained emotional maturity, and this he lacked till the years of his marriage"—which was indeed "the masterpiece which he had foreseen as his 'First Poem'," and out of which some of his finest work, especially "Men and Women," was born.

"The Rough One Rounded," as the chapter dealing with Browning after Elizabeth's death is entitled, opens appropriately with a quotation from a letter written by him to his sister immediately after his loss. "I shall live out the remainder of my life in her direct influence, endeavouring to complete mine . . . so as to take the good she was meant to give me." "The remainder of Browning's life," Mr. Cohen comments, "was passed in the endeavour to live up to the experience of that moment, and all that is important in his later poetry is the record of his success or failure in his endeavour to do so." Thus the great affirmations of "Dramatis Personæ" were followed by "The King and the Book," his supreme tribute both to the memory of Elizabeth and to "the marriage of fact and fiction . . . the unalloyed gold that could be extracted from the raw material of life by an alloy, the poetic imagination." Various other works followed, vigorous and mature; but this remains his masterpiece.

Less brilliant than Chesterton's study of the poet, Mr. Cohen's more sober approach lends added weight to his judgment of Browning as "one of the greatest of English poets." With keen critical acumen and finely sensitive insight he reveals him as "a life-long seeker . . . but at his best he could express the whole of his experience of love, faith and creative power which were the three poles on which his universe hung. . . . The secret, he tells us again and again, is to be found in man's experience, not in abstraction but in the welter and richness, in the violence and colour, in the love and beauty, of the world itself." In an age of bewilderment and apathy, impatient of dogma and distrustful of hitherto established values but nevertheless searching wistfully for some pattern behind its doubts and frustrations, Browning's message rings out afresh with a clarion call. Mr. Cohen's book should prove a valuable signpost on the path of re-assessment.

DOROTHY HENKEL.

Robert Browning. By J. M. Cohen. Longman, 10s. 6d.

A LITERARY CRITIC

Without quite the status of a "public figure," Dr. Leavis of Downing College, Cambridge, must be accounted, in his role of critic, as something more than a private person. More even than an influence one may place him boldly as an institution. All the qualities that have made him such—his hard and positive value-judgments, his fearless and challenging astringency of tone, and his implacable contentiousness—will be found by the reader in *The Common Pursuit*, a new batch of essays in literary criticism, mostly reprinted from his magazine *Scrutiny*. For all his occasional acerbity, his assaults upon academic figures are prompted by no purely egotistic spleen. Indeed, he manifests something of a flair for stirring up really significant quarrels. Behind the personage singled out by him, there resides the principle providing the true target. It is not, then, personalities he wishes to attack but the person as practitioner or proponent of an attitude he holds to be false.

Literary criticism, as Dr. Leavis sees it, must direct and confine itself to a scrupulous purity of response, to a non-pre-conceiving receptive approach. The critic, writes Dr. Leavis, "is concerned with the work in front of him as something that should contain within itself the reason why it is so and not otherwise." In this one sentence, to his own satisfaction, he disposes of the claims of the impure method—of the interpretation of literature in philosophical or psychological terms. Nor will he have the business of scholarship annexing to itself the critic's function. "The professional student of letters, the 'authority,'" he writes, "is rarely qualified in relation to his subject with one very relevant kind of authority: he is rarely a good first-hand critic—or even a good second-hand one." And when we ask what qualities go to guarantee the critic's authority, Dr. Leavis replies they are of the same nature as constitute the creative writer: "developed sensibility" and "fineness of perception." This must not be understood as a plea for what Professor Spingarn of Columbia University used to urge upon us as "creative criticism"—the development of a purely personal train of thought which took the work of art as its starting-point and went on to explore these private impressions. Against such aberrations of response Dr. Leavis forewarns us with the following exhortation: "The business of literary criticism will remain what it was: to ensure relevance of response and to determine what is actually *there* in the work of art. Intentions are nothing in art except as realised."

The Common Pursuit is an important book, and its significance both tonic and corrective. To say that it was also a good one would be, unfortunately, to overlook certain iron limitations in its thought and expression. Chief of these is the extremely narrow range of Dr. Leavis' approval. There are very few works, in fewer periods of taste, which elicit a genuine affirmation from him. This sparsity of positive appreciation he heightens rather than decreases by refusing to recognise his "blind spots" as such: he is apt to regard his prejudice as sacred. Neither is the reader easily converted to the critic's view-point by his clumsy rambling style. For one whose shibboleth is "sensibility" Dr. Leavis wields a strangely heavy-handed prose.

DEREK STANFORD.

The Common Pursuit By F. R. Leavis. Chatto & Windus, 18s.

SPAIN TODAY

This is a useful and reliable reference book by an author who has devoted years of serious study to every aspect, geographical, historical and economic, of his subject. Spain, condemned to a long stagnation by geographic remoteness from the centre of European events, assumes a new importance at present

and will do so for a long time to come on account of its geographic position. "The country lies at the crossroads, whether they proceed by land, sea or air, of three continents, Europe, Africa and Asia." In the struggle for European supremacy it has been at the most an auxiliary and a remote theatre of war since the 18th century, but in the present-day state of things, in which Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro count as centres of world trade, world production and even of world strategy, and in which the air-route between Cape Town and New York, via Madrid, is an important consideration, Spain may play a role in Western Europe similar to that of Turkey in the Middle East. This alone would be a sufficient motive for a renewal of interest in Spain, and for strengthening British and American links with that country. Yet, beside the strategic and political considerations made obvious by geography, there are spiritual and cultural ones which Mr. Cleugh explains with no less competence. Spain is a great European nation which for well over a century has felt all the crises of the continent to a major degree. It emerged from the last in 1939, and its moral and spiritual restoration, though it follows a pattern hardly applicable to other historical climates in Europe, is definitely on the way.

Mr. Cleugh presents the Spanish regime of today sympathetically on the whole, but he is not propagandist either in style or intention. He explains in a long historical survey how it came about and concludes, as most impartial observers would do, that Spain has the only government possible in the circumstances, a regime which might indeed have developed very differently between 1939 and 1945, but which is, in its present form, by no means an obstacle to closer relations and a greater understanding with the other Western nations on both sides of the Atlantic. This regime is capable of providing the foremost need of the present generation, stability and tranquillity, with restricted political liberties, it is true, but with a degree of personal freedom as complete as in Britain or America. The evolution is not at an end and there is plenty of room for social and economic improvement; but all hostile criticism from outside and all attempts to revive pre-civil war forces in Spain can only delay improvements and spoil evolution in the right direction.

From the British point of view the memory of a monumental rivalry in the past still throws its shadows on both sides. Spain, like Britain, was a great sea-faring nation, a part of Europe, but also an extra-European power. The American continent was colonised by Britain and Spain, and the prosperity of the former was often the result of the misfortunes of the latter. Some haughty references to Spanish disorders and low standards are still heard in England, while the British traveller in Spain may still receive an unpleasant version of the origin of the British naval base at Gibraltar. With regard to the first, the British realise today (more than three generations ago, when Macaulay said that Spain was a text-book example of how not to govern a country) that even the most solid civic virtues are not a sufficient guarantee for the continuous prosperity of an Empire; and as to the second, the keenest of Spanish patriots may at last understand that in 1952 it is somewhat too late to claim full strategic self-sufficiency, even for the most proud military and naval nations of the past. All Anglo-Spanish recriminations are completely sterile, whereas from Atlantic defence to spiritual and intellectual culture there is no field in which Anglo-Spanish friendship would not be of the greatest mutual benefit. The effort of such authors as Mr. Cleugh, who by serious learning in Spanish affairs and by sincere but not uncritical sympathy promote this friendship, deserves credit.

BÉLA MENCZER.

* *Spain in The Modern World.* By James Cleugh. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21s.

In *Monarchy in the Twentieth Century* (Andrew Dakers, 16s. 6d.) Sir Charles Petrie devotes more than half of his space to Great Britain. He finds much to praise in our rulers who have played the part of constitutional rulers tactfully and unselfishly and therefore with complete success. In a brief allusion to Queen Elizabeth II he expresses the hope that "efforts will be made to bring the Crown into closer touch with the leaders of thought." For many readers the most instructive part of the volume will be the survey of Monarchy Abroad, particularly in Spain, Italy and Greece. On Spain he writes as a specialist. Don Juan and Franco, we are told, are too far apart to collaborate in the restoration of the throne. "The majority of Spaniards would like to see a King back again in Madrid, but with Communism menacing the world they feel it safer to wait until the forces in Spain making for stability are more firmly established. Meanwhile Spain remains a Monarchy without a King." In Italy "Victor Emmanuel made a number of serious mistakes," among them that of not abdicating after the dismissal of Mussolini. "As it was, King Umberto II never had a chance, for he was only on the throne a month." Will he regain it? The plebiscite on the Monarchy was so indecisive that, though not very likely, it is not impossible. The chapter on Greece ends on a cheerful note. "King Paul, with all the charm of his father, has known better how to work with his advisers. He has been enormously helped by his cousin, Queen Frederica, his cousin once removed. It is rare for any throne to be occupied by so well beloved a King and Queen." The Scandinavian thrones are safe enough, but the Belgian Monarchy received a nasty knock when Leopold III had to abdicate. "Bitter feelings have been aroused, and it would be idle to pretend that they will be easily allayed. Much will depend upon the new King himself." This—the last sentence of the book—prints the moral of the whole story. Kings who know how to play the game in the world of to-day—to reign but not to rule—are popular and survive. The rest, whatever may be their private virtues, disappear.

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Our World from the Air: An International survey of Man and Environment, by E. A. Gutkind (Chatto & Windus, 63s.), is described by the author as a systematic and annotated collection of aerial photographs covering the whole world which will aid us to comprehend the dependence of man on successful adaptation to his environment and of his environment to his material and spiritual needs. Even as a picture-book this collection of four hundred superb illustrations is a delight. It approaches familiar objects, such as winding rivers and the Rock of Gibraltar, from a fresh angle and thereby immensely enlarges our field of vision. This sumptuous volume has been published under the auspices of the British Institute of Sociology, and Dr. Gutkind has received valuable aid from most of the Governments and Institutes which he approached. Beginning with nature in the raw we proceed to learn what man has made of it, from the Pyramids to the architectural glories of the Middle Ages and the engineering miracles of today. Every photo is accompanied by a brief explanatory text. Dr. Gutkind never wastes words, and the brief Introduction is a triumph of concentrated generalisation. If it is the task of the traveller and the archaeologist to increase our knowledge of the face of the earth and the dwellings and doings of man, it is above all for the sociologist, with his wide

perspective, to interpret the influence of nature on man and man's amazing efforts to dominate and utilise nature. Dr. Gutkind is to be congratulated on a labour of love. Without a compelling interest in man and his environment it would have been impossible to carry through such a novel and ambitious undertaking.

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The Aga Khan, Prophet and Sportsman, by Stanley Jackson, (Odhams Press, 15s.) describes the varied career of a westernised Oriental whose activities in the racing world keep him continually in the public eye. That he has been more than a mere playboy is clear from the narrative of the conscientious discharge of his religious duties as spiritual head of a widely dispersed Moslem sect numbering about ten millions, and of his endeavours to facilitate the transition of India from a dependency of the British crown to Dominion status. Some readers may feel that too much space is given to his racing exploits, and we grow rather weary of hearing how lavishly he has spent his enormous wealth. It is a colourful picture of a figure who inspires more interest than affection and admiration.

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The Mystics of Spain, by E. Allison Peers (Allen & Unwin, 9s. 6d.) is the fifth volume of the valuable popular series, *Ethical and Religious Classics of the East and West*, the object of which is to introduce the ethical and religious masterpieces of the world, Christian and non-Christian, to the general reader in brief selections and at a moderate price. As an interpreter of Spanish mysticism Professor Peers is without a rival, and the masterly Introduction surveys in twenty pages the wonderful developments which he has analysed in a series of larger works. Beginning with the Majorcan Ramon Lull, a contemporary of Dante, he carries us rapidly along into the golden age of St. Theresa, Luis de Leon, and St. John of the Cross. The translated selections from fifteen of the leading Spanish writers which fill the larger part of this little book provide an admirable initiation into a treasure house of religious philosophy and literature.

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Japan in World History, by Sir George Sansom, (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.) based on lectures delivered in Tokyo, covers a vast subject in less than a hundred pages of large print. Few living writers can speak with such authority as this veteran official whose memories of the Far East stretch back to before the First World War. His main purpose, he explains, is to facilitate close and friendly relations between students of history in Japan and the West. The lectures are free from any taint of condescension and the little book closes with a warm tribute to the Japanese nation. "No country is better fitted for cultivating the arts of peace, for no people is blessed with a larger share of the qualities that make for greatness—courage, determination, industry, a high regard for duty, and a strong sense of those aesthetic values without which human life is empty of meaning and purpose. . . . There is no progress but moral progress."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1953

RUSSIA AND THE NEUTRAL WORLD IN ASIA

THE American Presidential election is over and it is possible for United States diplomacy to act once more with a greater sense of assurance. The political paralysis which takes place for some six months every four years in the United States is one of the facts that international diplomacy has to take into account. But the change of personalities in the White House is not necessarily going to bring peace any nearer or make more tractable the problem of the prisoners of war on which all armistice negotiations up to date have foundered. Last November Vyshinsky created the impression that his counterproposals contained an element of hope: an armistice might be concluded and the prisoner of war question might be shelved for a while and handed over to a commission of eleven nations on which apparently Russia would be in a minority. There seemed something here which might form a basis of further discussion. But on the other hand there was the danger that the Western Allies might get an armistice by shelving the prisoner question and in the meantime give the Russians the opportunity for endless delay and obstruction.

On this matter of the prisoners the Allies cannot give way. Quite apart from the moral aspect of the question one has to face the fact that we are up against a new type of undeclared war and that the Geneva Convention requires modification to deal with it. For the Convention was drawn up on the assumption that, when nations fight, their citizens are united in their respective national causes and that mass desertion is unknown. But the kind of war in Korea and the war in Indo-China and Malaya are in part at least civil wars in which classes, races and internal factions fight each other with foreign aid. If hot war on a large scale broke out in the world today, in which Russia was involved, that war would take this form. One of the weapons for fighting that war would be to call on the enemy soldiers to surrender and desert. Obviously those who do surrender could not be given up at an armistice without making this kind of warfare impossible. The Russians of course stand by the Geneva Convention and claim the return of all prisoners taken from them, in order to make desertion in future impossible. Yet they have the supreme insolence to throw over the principles of the Geneva Convention when it suits their purpose. They still hold thousands of German prisoners of war whom they apparently have no intention of releasing. When you are dealing with people who have no sense of human rights and who consider only rights of classes and party ideologies, you have to use quite different methods to those in hitherto conventional wars when making armistice or peace treaties.

In this connection one most important development has recently taken place. India has for some time been trying to play the role of impartial and neutral mediator between the West and the Russo-Chinese block. It has naturally been somewhat galling for us to see Asiatic countries, who might themselves at some future time become the victims of Communist aggression, pose as arbitrators as if both sides were equally at fault. But one has to remember that South Asia and parts of the Middle East have only recently become independent of European tutelage and, although the mere fact of the voluntary withdrawal of the European Powers proves that their colonial system was sufficiently liberal to be superior to that of the Communist Powers, it is nevertheless true that the new states in Asia do not see it in this light. They are still suffering from delayed reaction from the period of tutelage and see dangers where none exist. But it seems that they are beginning to see that the West is not the danger they thought it was.

There can be no doubt that the Indian proposals at the United Nations General Assembly received the support of most of the world outside the Iron Curtain. Very wisely Mr. Eden jumped at the opportunity of securing the moral support of India by giving in his turn moral support to India's proposals. The Indians are far too humane to stand for the inhuman proposals of the Russians, although the modifications which they put forward roused the suspicions of the United States. Yet their peremptory rejection by Vyshinsky at the General Assembly can only have caused a general lowering of the moral prestige of Russia throughout the world and especially in India and Southern Asia. The reaction to the Russian rejection has been widespread and has even affected the delegates to the recent Vienna Peace Conference. Here pacifists and various forms of fellow-travellers gathered together under Russian auspices, but for the first time serious protests were heard at the peremptory rejection of the Indian offer. In other words recent developments over Korea have resulted in some break in the ice of neutrality which has up to now frozen the outlook of the independent countries of Southern Asia.

I have written up to now as if Russia was the sole deciding force in the Korean war, but the fact is that China does not always jump on to the Russian bandwagon. There are circumstances which might at any time make for increasing Chinese independence of Russia. In such matters as trade and economic exchange Russia has given China little and has asked hard terms for anything of value delivered. Russia retains her hold over Manchuria and Port Arthur. China in return does not venerate Stalin as the great teacher, does not genuflect appropriately when the name of Russian saints are mentioned but prefers her own Chinese Communist heroes. It is clear therefore that the tactics of the West should be to widen the gap as much as possible, just as Russia tries to exploit any difference that may arise between the U.S.A. and other Western nations. Up to now the West has completely failed in this respect. Indeed some of its actions in the political field has tended to strengthen the Russo-Chinese tie in face of common danger. There has been for some time an incipient fear that the policy associated with General MacArthur might get control of American policy, in spite of President Truman's courageous action last year. So long as that fear

persists China will be driven into Russia's arms. A wise policy in the Far East should aim at detaching China from Russia. At the moment there does not seem much chance of this, but at least we can avoid action which would drive them further together.

For the fact is that the prisoner of war issue is not the sole factor which is preventing an armistice. That matter would be settled at once if China thought that no further good would come from a continuance of the war. But at the present moment it seems likely that both Russia and China hold the view that on balance it will advance the world revolution to tie up Allied troops in Korea and so prevent them from being concentrated in other weak spots of South East Asia, like Indo-China. At the moment it does not seem that the economic difficulties caused to China by the war in Korea outweigh the political advantages of creating trouble for the West in weak spots. It looks as if the West will have to accept this situation for a while longer but to prepare for a time when skilful diplomacy might have some effect on the possibilities of detaching China. Nothing is gained by weakness in dealing with Communists. Only if the West stands firm, even at the cost of some sacrifice, will results come in the end. There must be economic pressure inside China as a result of the Korean war which must be delaying internal developments on which the Chinese Communists are bent. If then the Allies do nothing to force China into Russian arms by threatening general war or expeditions from Formosa, the chance of encouraging China to run an independent policy are much greater. It may be regarded as reasonably certain that China is much concerned with her prestige in Asia, and she is likely to be less keen on Russia's prestige in Europe. Therefore she is not likely to be as interested as Russia in tying down Allied forces in the East in order to make possible Communist advances in Europe. She is more concerned with Indo-China and Russia with Europe. It is to exploit such a situation as this that our diplomacy ought to be working.

We may have to go some while before we can see results of this policy and meanwhile things may get worse rather than better in the spots of South East Asia which China is counting to exploit against us. This is particularly true of Indo-China. Here it seems that the new American President is already giving the matter his attention. From the point of view of resisting Communist aggression in Asia, Indo-China is as important as Korea. In a sense it is more so because its loss to the free world would strategically endanger Siam, Burma and even Malaya. As is generally the case in this cold war and the local hot wars, Communism cannot be fought successfully by military measures alone. The independence which the French have conceded to the Emperor Bao Dai is a restricted one. Some restriction of course is unavoidable as long as the war continues, for the French military authorities must have emergency powers. Yet one would like to see in those parts of Indo-China which are far removed from military operations some gesture that Indo-Chinese independence is real. French colonial tradition is different from ours, not necessarily less sound but certainly awkward for meeting a situation like the present one in South East Asia.

As far as the military situation is concerned the stale-mate that seems to exist in Indo-China can only be broken by some accession of strength

to the French Viet-Namense forces. Direct American and British contributions in armed forces cannot be sent because the Chinese would almost certainly reply by similar contributions to Viet-Minh. But considerably increased war supplies could be sent by both the United States and Britain which would tilt the scales in favour of Viet-Nam. It is doubtful if China could reply so easily to this form of assistance. But to make this aid effective there will probably be needed in Indo-China some increase of the French forces there. Not only is this unlikely to be forthcoming but on the contrary it looks as if a French government in the near future will try to reduce the French forces already in Indo-China. For the financial problem in France remains unsolved, and increased American assistance to France in some form or another seems inevitable. On the other hand Congress will certainly need some proof that France is willing to carry on the struggle in this vital area in Asia. The key to the Indo-China situation seems to lie in the Franco-American discussion that must shortly take place. This will involve the whole complex issue of the European Defence Community. France in a word does not want to get so involved in South East Asia that her military centre of gravity is shifted too much away from Europe, where the ever-present fear of German domination of E.D.C. haunts all French governments. France will bargain hard with the Americans and will require considerable inducements to send further forces to Indo-China or even to keep her existing forces there. This is the dilemma that faces the West, but it must be solved if Communism is to be checked in Asia.

In another part of the world, the Middle East, the West and Communism are also competing for the support of Asiatic people, who maintain neutrality in the cold war and nurse grievances mainly against the West. The fanatical Nationalist regime in Persia still continues in power, relying on the Teheran mob to terrorise opposition. But it would be a mistake to belittle its authority. Dr. Mossadeq probably has the majority of articulate Persian opinion behind him and the tacit consent of the inarticulate and poverty-stricken peasantry. He is playing the time-honoured Persian game of blackmailing alternately Russia and the West in order to get concessions from both. The Persians have been at this game for the best part of a century, but this time America replaces Britain as an object of blackmail. The Persians know that the Americans are more frightened of the threat of Communism in the East than we are, but the Americans also see that to submit to Persian blackmail would only jeopardise their oil agreements with the Arab states and make impossible the future of financial aid from the West for development in the countries of the Middle East. The Persians have remarkable powers of national resistance and there is no evidence as yet that Communist infiltrations into the Persian army have taken place sufficiently to make the Russians think that the time has come to make a move in, say Persian Azerbaijan.

In the Arab countries there is no sign that they want to co-operate with the West in building up an East Mediterranean and Middle East mutual defence scheme. Bitterness against Israel is as strong as ever, and Britain and the United States are held responsible for the wrong done to the Arab world. The 800,000 Arab refugees from Palestine are a constant reminder of that wrong. No compromise is sought with Israel and the

impossible demand for the return of these refugees to Palestine is insisted on. Nevertheless steps have been taken to allow some of these refugees to be settled in Syria which indicates a faint ray of realism in Arab policy.

It seems inevitable that for a time at least plans for the defence of this part of the world against possible Russian aggression must be based not on the Suez Canal and Arab airfields but on Cyprus and Turkey. There is a good deal to be said for this solution anyhow temporarily, but it will mean the construction of certain harbours and the improvement of others. The future of the Suez Canal Defence Zone is still undecided and is dependent on the Sudan discussion between Britain and Egypt. The difficulty here is the Southern Sudan, inhabited by primitive people of quite different origin and culture to that of the Northern Sudan and Egypt. It seems now that General Neguib has brought off an agreement with the Sudanese including the parties representing the South. If this is so the sooner we come to agreement with both the better. The army rule in Egypt has done good work in cleaning up the Augean stables left by the Wafd. But the soldiers are hardly equal to the task of social and economic reconstruction that is so badly needed in Egypt, and it looks as if General Neguib is going to have to use some of the politicians of the discredited parties who happen to be experts in their subjects. It remains to be seen if the army can prevent the corrupt elements from creeping back and if the latter will gradually force General Neguib to take an anti-British line once more. Already there are disturbing signs that this is beginning to take place. The General is in a difficult position and he has to consider public opinion, but he has at least succeeded in keeping the Cairo and Alexandria mobs under control.

If the Arab world shows few signs of leaving its policy of neutralism in the cold war between Russia and the West, there are definite signs of improvement in the internal affairs of these countries. For years parliamentary institutions in the Arab world have been clogged with corruption. The people have been too long under foreign rule and are, with the exception of Syria, too illiterate to have an educated electorate. Military governments are unpopular with us and with the Americans, but there are occasions when there is no alternative and that situation has been reached in many Arab countries. One must hope that the fine example of Turkey which has passed out of a reforming dictatorship to a full parliamentary regime will be followed in the Arab world.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

SWITZERLAND: PROSPEROUS BUT WORRIED

WHO could have thought that at a time when Great Britain—under Mr. Churchill's leadership—is constrained for economic reasons to reduce her rearmament efforts, while the other West European democracies belonging to N.A.T.O. have to be constantly prodded, urged and helped by America to get on with their defence programme, little Switzerland, of all nations, should be the only country this side of the iron curtain which is fully ready for any emergency?

When General Marshall told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee nearly two years ago that the United States was planning to have 400,000 men in Europe by the end of 1952, this figure struck some of the experts as excessively large and hard to reach. Yet permanently neutral Switzerland, with a population thirty-three times smaller than that of the U.S.A., can put into the field considerably more than 400,000 men at any time, and at the shortest of notice. What is more, these Swiss soldiers are properly trained, well equipped, and fully instructed as to where they are to go and what they are to do. There were periods during the last war when Switzerland had as many as 800,000 men under arms, ready to repel any attack. Thanks to compulsory military service and subsequent regular refresher courses for all healthy males between twenty and sixty years of age, Switzerland has a defence force of remarkable strength. But its purpose is purely protective.

Switzerland's neutrality does not signify disarmament or defeatism. On the contrary, it is an armed neutrality, and the nation—which has a great military tradition which goes back for centuries—is willing at all times to defend the inviolability of its territory. From early childhood every citizen is trained in the faith that national independence is worth fighting for and dying for. Between periods of service he keeps his uniform, gun, and ammunition at home, and, if he happens to be a cavalryman, even his horse, in which he and the State have a joint interest. Thus the State and the citizens are partners in national defence—not master and servant.

During the second World War they blasted into the rocks of Central Switzerland their famous "National Redoubt," and were ready to conduct a prolonged defensive fight from this formidable citadel. They mined the mountain passes, tunnels, roads and bridges, with the intention of blowing them up to prevent potential invaders from passing. Thus it can be said that they mobilised nature itself to the defence of their country and that the whole nation was armed to the last cow.

Present-day rearmament requirements naturally raise a host of new problems. A six-years' programme costing 1,464 million francs has been adopted, or, in round figures, 1,500 millions in six annual instalments of 250 millions each—in addition to the normal military budgets. There has been a considerable amount of disagreement on the best ways of financing these huge national defence expenses, but not on their need or their volume. The Socialists put forward a scheme for a capital levy. But this was rejected by the nation, when 422,255 citizens voted against it and 328,341 expressed themselves in favour of the plan. This was in May, 1952. In July the Federal Government submitted to the popular vote a detailed scheme for raising the necessary funds by means of certain additional taxes. But this was likewise rejected by 352,205 votes against 256,035. The majority of the nation seems to feel that, at any rate for the time being, the State has enough money in its coffers to carry out the rearmament programme without imposing any additional taxation. But no doubt the Federal Government will have to submit some new legislative proposals in the course of 1953.

While they refuse to be rushed into any important decisions, and invariably take a very long time to brood over any piece of legislation

directly affecting them, the people of Switzerland do recognise the value of making wise provision for the future. Characteristically enough, the Swiss Government began preparing for the Second World War as early as 1934, or five years before the actual outbreak of hostilities. In April, 1938—several months before Munich—a law was passed increasing the Government's powers for emergency stock-piling and various other war-time necessities. While Chamberlain was babbling about "peace in our time," the cautious Swiss were preparing for the double eventuality of a blockade and also that of having to defend themselves.

The law of 1938 was still in force when ten years later they again decided to start on a wartime emergency programme. In the person of Mr. Otto Zipfel they have in Switzerland a very able economic expert whose official title is "Delegate for the Creation of Employment." But since Switzerland has been enjoying full employment for many years now, the standing joke about this excellent public servant has always been that he is "the only unemployed in the country." Ever since 1948, however, he has been extremely busy behind the scenes setting up the necessary shadow organisation for a possible war economy, and in taking various preliminary steps to be ready in case of emergency. He has now the additional title of "Delegate for War Economy," and with a small staff of half a dozen assistants, working in an office of only four or five rooms, he is conducting his important operations, which include the stock-piling of foodstuffs and the gradual building up of extra stocks of raw materials for industry. A huge programme for the construction of silos and storage space of all kinds has been set in motion, including substantial installations for oil storage, which are being built into the mountains themselves. The tonnage of Switzerland's small merchant marine has been increased by purchase or charter. Various measures for the re-orientation of industrial production and commerce to a wartime economy have been carefully worked out, being under constant review and revision in accordance with changing circumstances. Meanwhile, however, industry and commerce are encouraged to pursue their normal peace-time activities.

At this point it becomes essential to recall a few fundamental facts which Switzerland's apparent prosperity and stability tend to obscure. A small land-locked country with a population of 4.7 million, she has no raw materials, no overseas possessions, and about one-quarter of her territory is completely barren, while the remaining three-quarters of the mountainous regions offer only limited scope for agriculture or other productive exploitation. But the Swiss have known how to turn these physical disadvantages of their country into assets. Switzerland's scenic beauty has been made the very foundation of a world-wide tourist industry. This is no longer as remunerative as in the golden era preceding the First World War, but it still makes a vital direct and indirect contribution to national revenue as well as to the balance of payments. The central position of their little territory has enabled them to make it the crossroads between Eastern and Western, or Central and Southern Europe—especially between Germany and Italy—despite the geographical obstacles to traffic. In recent years Switzerland has also become a vital link in international civil aviation. The big modern airfields of Zurich

and Geneva are handling a constantly growing volume of passenger and goods traffic. "Swissair," in which the Confederation, the Cantons, and a number of private shareholders are jointly interested, now operates in nineteen countries. In addition to that, eighteen countries are linked with Switzerland through aviation companies of their own. The importance of "Swissair" is particularly great to the Swiss, since it is the only means of transportation owned and operated by themselves which directly connects their country—an inland island, as it were—with the rest of the world. After some financial setbacks, mainly caused by the devaluation of European currencies in 1949, "Swissair" rapidly regained its self-confidence and is now growing from strength to strength.

Transit trade (by train, road, barge, steamer, and now also by air) and tourism, in their turn, have led to the creation of a wide range of other commercial, financial and industrial activities, while the powerful mountain streams and waterfalls have been harnessed to produce a constantly growing and almost inexhaustible supply of electric power. This "white coal" is invaluable not only for industry, but also for the Federal railways, all the main lines of which are now electrified. Despite the importance of agriculture, food production can only satisfy one-third of the nation's minimum annual requirements. In order to feed herself and keep her industries going, Switzerland is therefore to a very large degree dependent on international trade—both as a source of supplies and an outlet for the goods she manufactures.

Thus, quite apart from the danger of war, the Swiss have plenty of problems and worries, some of which are genuine and some of which are vastly exaggerated. They are not a happy people by nature, and so much of their time and energy is absorbed by exceedingly hard work that they have largely forgotten how to enjoy life. Immensely diligent, efficient and frugal, they let their minds dwell on troubles of every conceivable variety, rather than derive satisfaction from any achievements—which are numerous indeed. Having spent the last three years in worrying about the decline of business conditions and an approaching crisis, they have discovered time after time that these have been excellent years after all; 1951 was actually a record year when their exports and imports achieved unprecedented figures in both value and volume. The first three-quarters of 1952 seem to indicate that, without necessarily being equal to 1951, it will be an exceptionally good year too.

Sensitive as she is to market conditions abroad, Switzerland is particularly concerned about international economic trends in good and bad times alike. Much more than mere monetary consideration is involved. Because the quality of goods produced by her industry, or the nature of her tourist trade is of the highest order, and because the Swiss nation is accustomed to high wages and considerable profits, the prices charged for everything are high too. So, when cheaper goods appear anywhere, or other countries make a bid for attracting foreign tourists, the Swiss get worried. For they know that if they are to maintain their competitive position, they must find a way of lowering costs and prices, and no country likes to lower its standard of living. But there is also danger to Switzerland when times are too good, or when boom conditions threaten a re-emergence of the famous price-wage spiral. Wage and price control

is as distasteful in times of plenty as the lowering of the standard of living in times of recession. But when either of these measures becomes a national necessity, there is little room left for argument.

To the extent to which they can regulate or adjust their economic life by decisions or efforts or sacrifices of their own, the Swiss have no cause to doubt that they are able to overcome any obstacle. Their whole history proves that. But what makes them so worried now is the knowledge that, despite continuing prosperity, their economic future is precariously dependent on a whole series of outside factors which are completely beyond their control. As to the political dangers, their willingness at all times to defend their small country turns them into a factor to be reckoned with even by the boldest of strategists and would-be conquerors. Napoleon's famous dictum about Switzerland that "no wise man would attempt to conquer it" is true enough. But the trouble is that nowadays there are so few wise men. In fact, the Swiss are firmly convinced that outside their own country there are not any at all, and maybe they are not far wrong.

GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK.

THE JEWISH REMNANT IN GERMANY

WHEN the State of Israel was created in May, 1948, there were in Germany nearly two hundred thousand Jews, mostly in Displaced Persons' camps. Only a small part were the tiny remnant of German Jewry which had survived Hitler's campaign of extermination. The rest were Jews torn by the Nazis from their homes in Eastern and Western Europe. Four years later the number of Jews in Germany is estimated at twenty-one thousand. About half are the survivors of German Jewry, what is left of that community of half a million which played an important part in the economic, social and cultural life of Germany before Hitler. Many are half-Jews, the children of mixed marriages, or having contracted a marriage with a non-Jew. The other half are the remnant of the displaced mass from Eastern Europe and the Baltic region who did not emigrate, when they had the opportunity, to Israel or the U.S.A., or other countries overseas. They have found a temporary home in the German cities, are no longer counted as refugees, and have entered into the economic life. For most of the other displaced persons who were in the German camps in 1948, the initials D.P. meant Destination Palestine. And they have arrived.

The Jews are distributed as follows between the four Zones of Germany and the political island of Berlin, with its four sectors. Roughly one-third are in Berlin, and of those seven thousand, about two thousand live in the Eastern or Russian sector. Over one-third are in the American Zone. Two thousand of these are living in the last remaining Jewish displaced persons' camp at Foehrenwald, near Munich. The rest of the 21,000 are divided between the British, the French, and the Russian Zones. The number in each of the last two Zones is estimated at 500. Russian sources, however, give a considerably larger number of Jews in their region. Some authorities say that it is 5,000, and not 500, and it is certain that the Russians have rebuilt or restored the big synagogues

in the chief towns of their region, Dresden, Leipzig, etc. After Berlin, the principal centres of the reduced Jewish population are, in the American Zone, Frankfurt and Munich; in the British Zone, Hamburg, Dusseldorf and Hanover. Each of these towns has a community of over 1,000. The Jewish communities are well organised in each Zone, and also in Berlin. A representative body is elected by the few thousand members to be the Central Council of the Jews in North-Western or Southern Germany, as the case may be. They are careful to insist that it is not a Council of German Jews. That a Central Council for Berlin, preserving the unity of the "Gemeinde" in the capital should have survived the atomic fission which has split the general population of the four Sectors, is a remarkable tribute to Jewish solidarity. The two leading rabbis of Berlin, the Liberal, who was brought from America, and the Conservative, who held rabbinical office in the city before the Hitler régime, minister to the Jews in all Sectors.

The chief communal institutions indeed are in the Eastern Sector of Berlin, which contained the principal Jewish quarters in the old days. The old "Gemeinde" office in the Oranienburg Strasse is again in use, as is the main cemetery, with its 120,000 graves dating from 1880. Walking down the paths of the cemetery, you see the memorials of the great rabbis, philosophers, scholars, and philanthropists of the last two generations of German Jews. More recent is a tablet erected to the memory of those young men who fell in the fight against Hitler. The graves of those who have died in Berlin since the end of the war are well-tended, and lovely with flowers. In the Eastern Sector, also, are the shops of two Jewish *kosher* butchers, which attract buyers from the Western areas because, owing to the difference of the Eastern and Western mark, prices in that Sector are much lower.

It is one of the sad aspects of Jewish life in Germany today that it looks backwards, to memories of the past and to recovery of what was taken by Nazi brutality. Anniversaries, most of them tragic, are multiplied. And a main interest of the leaders and of the rank and file is the procedure for obtaining restitution of immovable property that belonged to Jewish owners, and compensation from the Central and local authorities for the loss of life, liberty and health, the confiscation of movable property, and the spoliation taxation imposed on Jews who were forced to leave Germany. They write and talk about these matters without end. The negotiations between Israel and the Jewish Claims Conference on the one side, and the German Federal Government on the other, which ended in the agreement signed at Luxembourg in September, were closely followed, and were fully reported in the well-edited Jewish weekly, *Allgemeine*—produced in Dusseldorf—which circulates in the three Zones. The interest is again concentrated on the claims of individuals before German Tribunals for Restitution and Compensation, and on the action of the Jewish Successor Organisations which have been established to claim heirless property whose owner was killed, or died, without leaving heirs, and to apply it for the benefit of the community. At the same time, the Jews in Germany are deeply concerned about signs of recurrent anti-Semitism in the country. The prosecution and the long-drawn trial of Philipp Auerbach, a Jewish survivor of the concentration camps, who

had been the head of the Restitution office in Bavaria, and was charged with malpractice, and finally, having been convicted on some minor charges, took his own life, seemed to the Jewish public another Dreyfus Affaire.

Considerable progress has been made during the last years with the business of individual restitution and compensation, though the German machinery, like most legal machines, is slow. In the American Zone, where the law and the tribunals have been in operation for four years, the amount recovered is substantial. The value is over 800,000,000 Deutsche Marks (£65,000,000). The total covers as well claims of non-Jews; but the greater part of the claimants are Jewish. The Successor Organisation in the American Zone has contrived to make global settlements with each of the German "Lands" (Provinces) in the Zone, and, in return for the assignment to the local government of the claims against individual restitutors, to obtain a lump sum payment from the government. In the British Zone, the progress is considerably less, in regard to the claims both of individuals and of the Successor Organisations. The restitution law was not enacted by the British authority, and the Restitution Agencies and Courts were not established till the latter part of 1949. The amount recovered ultimately should not be smaller than in the American Zone. In Berlin the progress hitherto has been slowest, because Allied Control is weak.

Claims for compensation for personal injury made on behalf of Jewish sufferers, whether resident or not resident in Germany, have not yet been satisfied in any large measure. The law is still incomplete—and in the British Zone hardly exists—and the procedure started much later. Hitherto moreover, the Federal German Government has not accepted liability for claims against the former Reich on account of the confiscation of movable property and the iniquitous taxation against Jews. The Contractual Agreements between the Western Allies and the Federal Government place that burden squarely on the Federal Government. The hope is that, when those Agreements are ratified, a general compensation law will be enacted by the Federal Government for all Zones.

When the restitution and compensation action has been completed, the bulk of the Jews in Germany should be materially independent; and for those who are too old or too ill to work, it should be possible for the communities to provide homes and maintenance from the communal property recovered. In Berlin the proportion of the population which has to be supported in this way today is 40 per cent., and probably it is much the same elsewhere. The will to make not only material reparation, but also moral atonement, for the sins committed against the Jews by Hitler and the Nazis is sincere in some of the officials of the restitution and compensation offices. They struggle with legal tangles; and men like Professor Boehm and Dr. Kuster, who were the first representatives of the German Government in the negotiations with Israel and with the Jewish Conference, made it manifest that they were concerned to secure a just settlement. Dr. Kuster, indeed, disregarded the conventions of the Civil Service by denouncing openly in a broadcast, at a critical stage of the negotiations, the attitude of his own Government towards the Jewish claim. A symbolic action, which came to the writer's notice in

Berlin, was that the Director of the Restitution Office organises a monthly collection amongst his staff to send food parcels to Israel. Another symbolic action is that in some churches of the Lutheran community a collection is made for an Olive Tree Fund for Israel.

Nazi Anti-Semitism has raised again its ugly head in the Neo-Nazi parties. On the other hand, leaders of the churches and leading laymen have come out forthrightly against it. There is, too, the movement of "Peace with Israel," headed by Senator Luth of Hamburg, and by a noble-hearted Lutheran pastor, Dr. Maas, of Heidelberg, who saved thousands of Jews from the Hitler tyranny, and who was the honoured guest of the Israel Government in 1950. When the restitution and compensation issues are settled, what will be the structure of the Jewish community in Germany? It will include a large number of old persons who have to be supported by the communal funds. It will include also a large number who are employees of the community, minding cemeteries and records. Jews, however, are prominent again, in relation to their numbers, in political and judicial offices, and in the legal and medical professions. It is true that the mass of Jewish doctors who emigrated before the World War have not returned. On the other hand, not a few of the lawyers have been attracted back by the vast business of restitution, though they may stay only for a time. None of the big department stores which were Jewish concerns before 1933 have been reinstated; but Jews have a part in some of the larger industrial enterprises. The cultural life, in which German Jewry before Hitler was eminent, is feeble, despite the efforts of the Council of Jews from Germany, established in England, to strengthen it by sending distinguished lecturers. The many scientists, scholars, writers and artists, who were driven out after 1933, with few exceptions, have not returned. They are enriching the cultural life of other nations. In this connection it is remarkable that the Russians in their Zone have greater magnetic power to attract back a remnant of the Jewish intelligentsia. Arnold Zweig is among the literary stars who have responded to the call and returned from Israel to Berlin. And Dr. E. Meyer, a distinguished historian of music, who lived in England during the war and wrote there the standard book on English Chamber Music, now holds the Chair of the Sociology of Music at the Berlin University in the Eastern Sector.

The fatal weakness of Jewish life in Germany today is its age, the lack of a young generation. Statistically, its age-level is woefully high, so that it appears to be a dying remnant; psychologically, the absence of young men and women, of boys, girls and children, is depressing. German Jewry before the Nazi régime had an ominously declining birth-rate, which declined almost to nothing in the twelve years of Hitler savagery. After the liberation children were born to the survivors of the concentration camps and the displaced persons' camps, but almost all of them have gone to Israel, the United States, or other countries overseas. In the restored communities, such as they are, few children are to be found. Hamburg may be taken as typical. In a community of over one thousand persons, I was told that only forty were under twenty years of age. Only in the one remaining displaced persons' camp in the American Zone will you find a fair proportion of young persons. Of the nineteen hundred

inmates of the camp, four hundred and fifty are under the age of fifteen. The Bavarian Government have recently opened in the camp a model primary school for boys and girls, excellently equipped and staffed with German non-Jewish teachers and one Jewess, who teaches Hebrew. That school supplements a model kindergarten, which was established with the help of the Joint Distribution Committee of America. That premier Jewish philanthropic body has been largely responsible for the restoration of normal life in the Jewish communities, and maintains its benevolent supervision.

Is permanent reconstruction of the communities possible in Germany? Will the few children of the displaced Jews who are now in the country take root and stay? Or is the Jewish population doomed after a generation to utter extinction? It is likely that the answer depends on the future position of Germany in Europe. If the menace of the third World War, with Germany as the first battlefield, were removed, life would be more normal, and birth and marriage would offset death. If, however, the present tension is maintained on the two sides of the "iron curtain" in Central Europe, there is little ground for hope. The community, which for more than a century held the intellectual primacy in Jewry, will be known by its contribution of scholars, scientists, and artists to other countries, by its legacy of literature—and its cemeteries.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

THE SAAR PROBLEM

PERHAPS no other election in Europe has been watched with such international interest and anxiety as the Saar election held on November 30th. Had it not been for a strong protest from the Bonn Parliament objecting to the administration of the election, it is doubtful whether such an interest would have been created. The conflict between the Saar Government and the West German Government came to a head on October 30th, when the former decided by 42 votes to 4 out of 48 deputies to hold the election on November 30th. This decision complied with the Saar Constitution of 1947, which stated that elections had to take place before December 17th, 1952.

The main German objection to the election was created when the Saar Government announced its decision to preclude pro-German political parties from participating in the elections. This was further aggravated when the Saar Government refused Dr. Adenauer's request to postpone the elections until a settlement had been reached in the Franco-German negotiations over the Saar. The result was a complete breakdown in these negotiations, which were progressing satisfactorily up to that time. Moreover, it aroused considerable anger inside Germany, where it was proclaimed that the pro-Germans in Saarland had been denied the right of expressing their views. Thus the Germans could only regard the election as being one-sided, and for this reason appealed to pro-Germans in the Saar either to boycott the election or to spoil their voting papers. The Bonn Government also announced that it would not, under the circumstances, recognise the results of the election. It seems that the

German appeal had little effect locally, for only 7 per cent. of the electorate abstained from voting, and only 24 per cent. spoiled their papers. This was a disappointment to the Germans after the tremendous pressure exercised by the Federal Republic radio, by illegally imported leaflets, by the German press, and meetings held just outside the Saar borders trying to persuade voters to abstain or spoil their papers as a protest at the absence of German parties. Nevertheless, the Germans can have some satisfaction from the efforts to disrupt the election, because this 24 per cent. of spoiled papers compares with slightly 10 per cent. in the 1947 elections. The significance of this is that there are now far more Saarlanders who desire reunion with West Germany than in 1947. This is only natural when it is remembered that the majority are of German origin, and have to a great extent inherited the German way of life.

Saarland formed part of the Rhine Province, and the Bavarian Palatinate from 1815, when France ceded it to Prussia, until it was placed under the rule of the Commission of the League of Nations in January, 1920, for fifteen years, after which a plebiscite was to be held. During this period the Saar mines belonged to the French, to whom the Germans surrendered them as reparations. Hitler had been German Chancellor for two years, when the plebiscite was held in 1935, and Nazi influence secured 90.35 per cent. of the votes which favoured reunion with Germany, while 8.83 per cent. were for the *status quo*, and 0.4 for union with France. The ten years 1935-45 proved an unhappy period for the Saarlanders, for they were subjected to an economic misfit during the first four and a half years, followed by the war, when they experienced two evacuations and felt the full force of terrible bombardments.

At the end of the Second World War, complete chaos prevailed in the densely-populated, highly-industrialised region of the Saar, which formed part of the French-occupied zone of Germany. The French were in a position to press for the annexation of the territory to France, but instead they brought forward a plan for the economic union with France. This allowed for political autonomy but ensured political detachment from Germany. While the plan safeguarded the future of France, it took reasonable measures to revive the economy of the Saar, which was accelerated by the establishment of a Franco-Saar customs and currency union in November, 1947. The French also encouraged the formation of a democratic German administration, and took over a fifty years' lease of the coal mines. This re-established the economic link between the Saar coal and Lorraine iron-ore which had existed for more than seventy years. This union means that there are no customs barriers between France and the Saar, which have the same protective tariffs against the rest of the world. The French franc is legal tender in the Saar, where the French monetary system has been introduced with some modifications, while a joint board administers the railways. The exports to France, chiefly coal and steel, amount to about £106 million a year, second only to the United States in trade with France. Moreover, the total coal and steel output of the union amounts to 34 per cent. of the output of the six countries in the Schuman Coal and Steel Pool, as against Germany's 35 per cent. Had the elections favoured union with Germany, the output of Germany's coal and steel would have increased

to 42 per cent. against France's 27 per cent. This would have given Germany increased powers in the Pool, which France naturally regarded as unfavourable.

Although the Saar party leaders stated during the election campaign that the election was purely an internal matter, and had nothing to do with the international position of the territory, and that the time for a plebiscite was after a Franco-German agreement on the future of the Saar, it cannot be argued that the main issue was whether the Saarlanders wanted to maintain the customs union with France, with the hope of later becoming an almost independent neutral state, with Saarbruecken as the capital of the European coal and steel community, or the return of the territory to Germany. However, the results of the election have clearly shown that the majority of the Saarlanders prefer the former, as 55 per cent. of the votes were in favour of the pro-French Christian People's Party, led by Herr Hoffmann, the Prime Minister.

It cannot be overlooked that these issues were the only ones responsible for the return of the C.P.P. to power. The party had promised that the newly-elected Parliament would be dissolved and a plebiscite held immediately after a Franco-German agreement on the Saar had been reached. Furthermore, M. Schuman promised far-reaching concessions to complete the autonomy of the Saar. These include giving the Saar parity with France in the arbitration of disputes, removing certain veto rights of the French Ambassador in Saarbruecken, providing for the joint management of the Saar mines, and offering concessions to the Saar in foreign trade. All these rights would have to be surrendered on the Europeanisation of the Saar. Therefore the first promise was undoubtedly the most important factor in returning the C.P.P. to power, for it is when this plebiscite is held that the true feelings of the Saarlanders will be displayed. Had pro-German parties been allowed to participate in the election, the results might have been very different.

The economic recovery of Western Germany began the disagreement over the Saar. At the beginning of July, 1950, a small group of middle-class Saarlanders who desired reunion with Germany attached themselves to the three existing Democrat deputies, and drew up an eighteen-point programme insisting on the rights of individuals, which was partly directed against the censorship and other powers used by the French as Occupying Power. Instead of taking the advice of the three deputies, this new Saar Democratic Party (D.P.S.) accepted the leadership of Richard Becker, a former member of the Nazi Party. The D.P.S. was a liberal, nationalistic group highly critical of public expenditure when in opposition. Because of this connection with the Nazi Party the Hoffmann régime regarded the D.P.S. with suspicion, and in May, 1951, the party was suppressed as unconstitutional because it did not accept the political autonomy of the Saar. Dr. Adenauer then raised the first protest, saying there was a lack of democratic freedom in the Saar and that his Government would refuse to recognise the Saar Government. However, a new German Socialist Party (D.S.P.) was formed in the Saar on May 25th, 1952, largely inspired by the excessive German nationalism of the Socialists in Germany. The Christian Democratic Union was, moreover, founded on 3rd June, 1952, which attracted Catholic clergy and former members

of the D.P.S. All these parties have been refused authorisation because they do not recognise the Saar Constitution.

This situation has naturally caused bitterness in trying to settle the question of the Europeanisation of the Saar. France regards this as a most suitable way to relinquish her political and economic rights, which she has held since the war, but she insists upon certain conditions. First, she maintains that the foreign policy and defence of the Saar should be the responsibility either of the Council of Europe or of the European Coal and Steel Community; and this would have to be a permanent solution, and must not be used as an opening for later returning the territory to Germany. France also wants to maintain the Franco-Saar economic and customs union, but is prepared to adapt it to the needs of federation. Dr. Adenauer has insisted that this union should be abolished. The French also state that the fifty years' lease on the Saar mines which they now held should continue. Neither the French nor Saar Governments are prepared to allow any political parties which aim at re-incorporating the Saar into Germany.

When and if these disagreements can eventually be settled, the Saarlanders will stand to gain, because the High Authority of the Schuman Plan, now seated at Luxembourg, will transfer to Saarbrücken, making the Saar the meeting-place of the six countries represented in it. There is no doubt that such a course would assist in creating an even stronger and more united Europe, but until the French and Germans can agree on a settlement, it will be difficult to ratify the European Army Treaty and the Western Powers' contractual agreements with Germany. It is, therefore, essential for the peace and prosperity of Western Europe that the Franco-German negotiations should be resumed as soon as possible. There seems every hope that this will be achieved, for, despite the defeat of German hopes in the Saar, the West German Government seems to be in a more conciliatory mood, which has lessened Franco-German tension. Whatever agreement is reached, it must not be overlooked that the Saarlanders are a frontier people whose borders have been subjected to changes since the seventeenth century; thus there is no guarantee that, like their frontiers, their outlook will remain unchanged.

E. H. RAWLINGS.

WHAT NEXT IN VIET NAM?

CLAUSEWITZ once affirmed that "war is the continuation of politics by military means." This concept of the "Founder of Prussian militarism" has also been the guiding principle of Soviet post-war policy both in Europe and South-East Asia. An outstanding example is Viet Nam, which is still probably the greatest single problem confronting the Western Powers (as well as Australia and New Zealand) after the war in Korea. The extreme importance of Indo-China in general and Viet Nam in particular to Moscow and Peking alike arises from the fact that success or failure there is bound to entail far-reaching repercussions all round. For that reason alone the problem of Viet Nam is in fact the co-ordination or otherwise of Anglo-Franco-American

policy in the Far East. In recent years this tripartite co-operation has proved to be either non-existent or inadequate in scope on a number of momentous occasions.

The opening months of the year are the traditional period for Viet Nam to make headline news. Large-scale military operations were resumed last October, and are still in progress. After six years of uninterrupted warfare, the "problem" of Viet Nam remains as unsolved as ever. One aspect of it is the continuance of a military and political deadlock which, in addition to the Malayan "Emergency" and the Korean war, conforms to the Communist master-plan of dissipating Western strength in distant countries. Another is the ever-present threat of Chinese intervention. Will Chinese "Volunteers" be made to cross the Tongking mountains into Viet Nam, as once before they crossed the Yalu River? From the political and military point of view, the situation is still far from satisfactory, but considerably better than a year ago. The transfer of authority from French to Vietnamese hands, and the building-up of a Vietnamese national army have been the principal factors underlying this improvement. It is now eight months since the present Nguyen Van Tam government came into power. The event itself was hailed at the time as a turning-point in the short but chequered history of the young state. The composition of the government and the programme it adopted suggested the beginning of the end of that negative "wait-and-see" attitude of Vietnamese opinion to the Bao Dai régime, which in the past constituted the main obstacle to political co-operation. Since then a number of important changes have taken place which are the more significant in a country of untried democracy and an unbalanced economy. Of the internal problems confronting Viet Nam, the most urgent were agrarian reform and national defence. As in all countries of South-East Asia, industrial development in Viet Nam in the last three decades has been rapid, though uneven, and confined mainly to urban centres. As a result, the bulk of the population are still engaged in agriculture. Last July a land reform came into operation which is being gradually carried out in spite of considerable difficulties. It is an ambitious enterprise, involving in the first place the breaking-up of many large estates, especially those of absentee landlords, individual holdings being limited to a maximum of 25 acres. A notable feature of this measure (and an astute political move) was the recognition as legal owners of such peasants as received their land from the one-time Viet Minh authorities. Another was the establishment of a Land Bank to provide smallholders with loans at low rates of interest, enable poor peasants to acquire land, and ensure their protection against that familiar evil of the East—the usurer.

A parallel development was the enactment of a series of other measures. Chief among those were the Labour Code and the Budget. The Labour Code is a comprehensive document covering social security, collective bargaining, the employment of apprentices, industrial injuries, etc. It further provides for free trade-unions and a Labour Inspectorate to supervise the execution of the law. The Budget adopted last year was the first to be presented since Viet Nam was granted self-government in 1949. The national income is estimated at 3,100 million piastres (£52,700,000), of which no less than 58 per cent. are earmarked for

defence. To cover her ordinary and supplementary expenditure, Viet Nam receives financial assistance from France, and economic as well as military aid from the U.S. Political progress has been matched lately in other fields. For the first time since the Japanese war, Viet Nam is again exporting rice and rubber in appreciable quantities. In a South-East Asia where rice is all too often a commodity in short supply, Siam and Viet Nam are at present the only two rice-exporting countries.

But social reforms alone, no matter how significant, are bound to remain largely ineffective without the support of genuinely democratic institutions. Most of these institutions are still in the planning stage, and while the present division of the country into two rival camps continues, their establishment must necessarily be delayed. Nevertheless a beginning has been made with the creation of the permanent machinery of central and local government. Municipal elections took place on January 25th in all areas controlled by the national government of Viet Nam. These are to be followed at a later date by elections for provincial councils and eventually by a parliamentary election. Meanwhile, a Provisional National Council representing all shades of Non-Communist opinion began to function last September as a kind of consultative assembly to assist and advise the government in the day-to-day administration. The fast-moving political pattern in Saigon is, perhaps, best illustrated by the presence of M. Nguyen Van Tam at the head of affairs. Coming from a lower middle-class background, M. Tam is, at fifty-eight, an outstanding politician, who is generally known as "the Strong Man of Viet Nam." The government he presides over is a coalition of Catholics, Caodaists, and Nationalists. A sign of the times is the presence in that government of several Ministers who bitterly opposed the French after 1945. In the short time he has been in power, M. Tam has two solid achievements to his credit: the implementation of long-overdue reforms and the mobilisation of his compatriots for the defence effort. The first of these has led him into conflict with some of his own supporters, to whom his social policy smacks too much of "socialism." The second to him is something that admits of no complacency or half-way houses. M. Nguyen Van Tam can claim to have brought home to Viet Nam the ugly realities of the issue at stake. He himself has had first-hand experience of that issue. Two of his sons were shot by Viet Minh in 1945. A third is General Nguyen Van Hinh, Chief-of-Staff of the national army of Viet Nam. Father and son are facing a task that few men would envy.

Speculation has long revolved round the question of how the war in Indo-China could be brought to an end. An early settlement seems for the present, at any rate, out of reach. So is the possibility of a peace by compromise. Both sides are building up their strength for a war of attrition. The national army of Viet Nam, now seven divisions strong, is playing an ever-increasing part in military operations. For the first time since the outbreak of hostilities, the French Expeditionary Force in Indo-China has been able in recent months to reduce its numbers. This came at a time when French commitments in that country tended to exceed the capacity of France to meet her obligations in Europe in addition to those in the Far East. It is not generally realised that in the past six and a half years the war in Indo-China has tied up twelve French divisions

which could be better employed at home. During that period France spent twice as much in Indo-China as the amount of Marshall Aid she received from America. In terms of outlay and man-power, it represents the equivalent of £1,600 million, and between 40,000 and 50,000 killed or missing. Even with U.S. aid, which in 1953 covers about 40 per cent. of military expenditure in Indo-China, the cost to France this year will still be more than £400 million. French policy now is to speed up the formation of national armies in the three Associated States of Indo-China—Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia—which as time goes on will gradually take over from the French Expeditionary Forces. The need for such national armies is too evident to require elaboration. In the words of the French Secretary of State for Air: "La France ne peut continuer a faire un travail de Penelope."

In this scheme of entrusting the Associated States with their own defence, Viet Nam holds pride of place. One of the first measures of the Tam Government was to impose a Defence Tax, and legislation designed to underpin the defence effort. The national army of Viet Nam, which was founded barely two years ago, has since grown to 141,000 men. Besides the Regular Army, there are four para-military security forces (Forces Supplétives), belonging to the Caodaist, Catholic, Hoa Hao, and Binh Xuyen movements. Moreover, a Vietnamese Air Force and a Naval Force are in the process of formation. Of course, there are weaknesses. The most important is the shortage of modern equipment and trained officers and N.C.O.'s. Much has been done, however, to remedy this state of affairs. In recent months U.S. deliveries of arms and equipment have been on a much larger scale than in the past. A similar increase has been recorded in the number of officers graduating from the Dalat Military Academy—the Sandhurst of Viet Nam. Other training centres are in operation for Army and Air Force personnel at Nhatrang and Bien Hoa. The government of Viet Nam has not confined itself to the creation of the fighting services. It has also set up an organisation called GAMO to deal with the re-settlement and rehabilitation of the civilian population in operational zones. GAMO (Groupements Administratifs Mobiles Operationnels) is modelled on the lines of UNRRA, and consists of "Flying Relief Teams" of doctors, teachers, police, etc., which are sent to take over the civil administration in areas wrested from Viet Minh.

At the time of writing the situation in Indo-China is still one of political and military deadlock. In spite of their spectacular successes on the Red River and the Black River, the Viet Minh offensives failed to achieve their main objective, which was the capture of the fertile rice-growing Delta of Tongking. There is ample evidence to show that the Viet Minh are finding the continuation of the war a strain, and an unprofitable strain at that. There is also little doubt that in Ho-Chi-Minh's "Democratic Republic of Viet Nam" divergencies exist between the omnipotent Communists and the Nationalist parties they control. Whether or not Ho-Chi-Minh would be willing to consider the possibility of a negotiated peace on the same terms as the talks at Panmunjon is almost of academic interest. The final word in this matter rests not with him, but with Peking, and—to a certain extent—with Moscow. In the last three years

Chinese influence has steadily grown in the "Democratic Republic of Viet Nam," as the result of China's military and economic aid to the rebels. This aid is provided on a *quid pro quo* basis. Chinese unrequited "exports" include military and industrial equipment for Ho-Chi-Minh's war potential, as well as military instructors for his army. Conversely, the Viet Minh supplies China with a number of strategic raw materials, such as tin, rubber, manganese and wolfram. The relationship between Ho-Chi-Minh and the Chinese should provide a fascinating subject to the student of the East. Emotionally, the Vietnamese have but scant regard for their Chinese neighbours, who were their suzerains for more than a thousand years. In a country where people are famed for their long memories, the occupation of Tongking by the Chinese armies in 1945-1946 has left lasting memories of bitterness for the "traditional enemy of the North." But it is more than doubtful whether the Peking rulers will allow themselves to be swayed by such sentimental considerations. The threat of a "liberation" of Indo-China by Chinese forces is a very real one, which must be realistically faced. On the one hand, there is nothing so far to indicate that the Peking government intends to do more than "keep the pot boiling." But, on the other, the possibility of an armistice or an indefinite stalemate in Korea may well induce the Communist planners to bring greater pressure to bear on Indo-China. The Communist powers seem no more able to afford a stable non-Communist state on China's doorstep than the Western powers could afford to forego one of their key positions in South-East Asia. In the circumstances, the problem of Indo-China and that of Korea are correlated to such a degree that whatever solution is found for the one is bound to affect the outcome of the other.

DAVID INGBER.

ISLAM AND COMMUNISM IN THE MIDDLE EAST

THE ideological battle for mastery of the Middle East is on. For the past two years, the trail of Communistic agitation has taken me to the superficially Westernised cities of Cairo and Ankara, to the wilds of Kurdistan, from patriarchal Saudi Arabia to the jungles of the Southern Sudan. Experiences during this period gave me an insight into what must surely be one of today's most fascinating "under-cover" stories, in an area whose strategical importance is matched only by a tradition of intrigue, and often overweening personal ambition. For not only has the Middle East today its full complement of partisans of current Western ideologies—and some cast-off ones—but the entire region from Morocco to Kashmir is throbbing with the counter-movement of a brand of fiercely political Islam in modern dress.

Strikingly illustrating this latter activity was an experience I had in Lahore, today one of Pakistan's great cities. It serves to underline the reaction of Islam to what many clerics of Pakistan consider to be a canker in their midst. Millions of refugees from what is now the Indian Republic,

flooding into Pakistan after the sub-continent's partition, have created a problem which is even now—five years later—largely unsolved. Among the many industrial workers beggared by partition and its consequences there were undoubtedly many communists. Flushed by their success in overcoming peasant minds with typical Marxist dialectic, two prominent Red leaders had been challenging religious heads to verbal battle.

I was invited to the discussion. The two communists arrived three hours early, haranguing the crowd with a brilliant display of logic; Islam, they held, was based upon collectivism, was democratic in essence, communistic in practice. Modern communism was only a sane application of the principles enunciated by Mohammed. The three or four thousand peasants and workers were visibly impressed. The Soviets have learned much from the huge Moslem minorities of Russian Central Asia—and know how to put across propaganda in a Moslem land. Finally, in spite of the fact that the religious leaders who were to debate with them were highly respected greybeards, the chief communist wound up his discourse with a vicious attack upon them, charging them with "being behind the times," and not even having a fundamental grasp of logic.

Not being in the secret of what the *Maulavi* (divine) had up his sleeve, I, in company with most of the crowd, began to feel distinctly uneasy. The two maulavis, becloaked, grave, and carrying the Koran, mounted the platform. "Brothers," intoned Sheikh Abdullah, "our friend the communist has told you what he thinks. Out of regard for his feelings that I am too old for the task, I agree that my youngest disciple should address you." A youth—he could not have been more than eighteen—stood up. Calmly, completely self-possessed, he put three questions to the Red leader, to be answered "yes" or "no"—an established pattern of debate in these parts. The first was: "You say Communism and Islam are the same in essence: do you believe in God and the Prophethood of Mohammed and the holiness of this book?"

The communist tried to hedge, but was compelled by Party feelings to answer in the negative. A gasp went up from the crowd. "Do you believe that Marx, Lenin, Stalin or Trotsky were as great as Mohammed or the Four Friends (the four Companions of Mohammed)?" "Yes." By this time the audience were ready to tear the communist apart. Then came, perhaps, the cleverest move of all: "Do you believe that you may be wrong, and that we, the Moslems, may be right, and might be able to convert the Russians and other Communists to our way of thinking?"

One could have heard a pin drop. Even the monkeys in neighbouring trees seemed to have stopped chattering. With one shuddering look at three thousand hostile faces, the communist murmured an admission that this might be the case. Anything that attacks in any way the person of Mohammed or the divine sanction of the Koran is enough in rural Pakistan—and most other places in the Moslem Middle East—to provoke the wildest feelings imaginable. The Maulavi rose to his feet. "Brothers, we have given our friend here a fair hearing. On his first answer he is formally declared an apostate, which means that theoretically sentence of death can be imposed upon him. On the second question he comes under the heading of a mischief-maker. On both counts he claims that he does not subscribe to Islamic principles, therefore everything that he has said

about Communism and Islam being reconcilable comes from one whose testimony on this point cannot be accepted. There is, however, one mitigating factor; he has agreed that it is possible that he may be wrong; therefore, in accordance with Islamic law, if you so agree by raising your right arms, we shall dismiss him with our contempt—for even his answers are inconsistent with logic." Amid a roar of derision, the Red crept away. In a short half-hour his career in Pakistan as a Communist was finished. I have told this true story in some detail as it emphasises the spirit of the Islamic peoples today, and the methods used both by communists and their opponents in the battle for four hundred million people. I have seldom seen anything more effective.

Of all the communists with whom I spoke, one fact stood out in sharp relief. Almost without exception they came from the social category of political malcontents which has multiplied rapidly in the Middle East since the war. None of them showed great signs of mature political thought. I was in every case led to the conclusion that they were, more than anything else, opportunists. Few, if any, would have refused an offer of a large bribe, in money or in kind; indeed, several hinted to me that their respective governments would be compelled, as they thought, eventually to silence them with some political office or reward.

On the other hand, the weakening of tribal and other social institutions by new industrialism in the Middle East has distinctly loosened bonds which formerly kept "borderline cases" within Islamic society. In their petroleum and other undertakings in this area—whether in Egypt, Pakistan or Turkey—the Americans have devised a twofold method of retaining loyalty to the Western cause. First, both officially and otherwise, reprints of important anti-communist writings are circulated among workers and intelligentsia. Secondly—and this struck me as a powerful though typically American method—loyalty to the American firm was generously repaid in extra pay, recognition and promotion.

The Moslem East shares with such lands as Britain one priceless characteristic of its social system: the existence of flexibility in its hierarchy. Just as a nobleman's son here may be a commoner, and has to strive himself for recognition on his own merits, there is no legal or religious sanction in most Moslem lands for the privilege based upon birth: not, at least, in regard to hereditary power. Islam does not permit hereditary kingship, for example. There are no two interpretations of this ruling. And the fact that by a legal fiction kings and princes reign here and there does not make their position any the stronger. This is only one reason why Farouk's uprooting could be so rapidly and effectively achieved. Almost as a paradox, however, there exists side by side with this a remarkably widespread ambition among certain families. A scion of Mohammed's house, for instance, will be universally granted the highest respect—providing he is a courtly, literate and clean-living man. Such a man (known as a Sayed, which denotes "prince" in Arabic) may have as many as ten sons, all Sayeds. Out of these only one or two may attain unusual distinction. The remaining eight will be respected, but will make their lives quietly within the framework of normal society, acting as a leaven which makes the spread of communist ideas almost incredibly difficult. Ambition, which is fostered as already mentioned, by the Americans and

others in the Middle East, is marked among this large aristocracy. By the very virtue of their nobility, not one has yet been known to become a communist; for does not their prominence depend upon the aristocratic principle? American interest may well be expected to expand in this important though delicate field since General Eisenhower's election to the Presidency of the United States, for it was he who, just over three months ago, stated that the Moslem world was vital to America and the free world. Similarly, my talks with British officials recently in the Middle East itself showed that Whitehall's present attitude towards combating communism in the Middle East has stiffened with growing prospects of a settlement with Egypt and the setting up of the strategic defence plans, which include Turkey and other lands with a Moslem population.

What of the Moslem rulers and leaders themselves? Both the King of Jordan and the Regent of Irak told me that collectivism has little appeal in their countries. The scenes of popular acclaim which I witnessed in Amman, Baghdad, and elsewhere for the Hashimite family (themselves descendants of Mohammed) showed plainly enough that communism was making little progress. The Communism Party of Israel, in trying the doubtless Moscow-inspired but hopeless task of preaching at this time Arab-Jewish solidarity against the West, has done incalculable harm to Red prospects in the Levant. Communism's opponents, in fact, have lost no time in photographing and re-circulating (with comments) Arabic handbills smuggled out of Israel and—rather naively—carrying the name and address of the Communist Party of Israel. In Egypt, too, the communists whom I was able to meet were generally foreign-born, or belonged to one or other of the several minorities there. Whatever ex-King Farouk may say in his memoirs about the Moslem Brotherhood being communist-led or inspired, my careful field study of this movement compels me to believe that the Brotherhood is anything but Red. Call them fascist, or fanatical—or anything else; but years of experience of dealing with Reds and crypto-communists showed me that there is absolutely no Marxism in the Brotherhood.

That the present mood of many Egyptians is more or less anti-British may not be denied. I attended perhaps thirty meetings of the Brotherhood, all held in secret. Several of them were attended by well-known religious leaders, who—like all other speakers—confined their harangues almost exclusively to religious affairs. Even the references to Britain and the Sudan were generally incidental. For the communists they expressed nothing but loathing; a feeling which was given effect to in twelve Moslem-Red street brawls in a single week in Cairo and Alexandria. There was no doubt, either, that the Brotherhood movement, in spite of commanding very widespread sympathy in a country terrorised by the Wafd and by Farouk's political police, was exceedingly short of money. Its funds had been frozen by the Government, its schools closed, its leaders were under tedious surveillance. Several leaders spoke to me of the possibility of obtaining funds from such Moslem lands as Pakistan, and I was even made a proposition that I should act as an intermediary in this. Connected with the Brotherhood's work, too, are several members of former ruling families of Central Asia (now under Russian domination) who looked upon the Moslem Brotherhood and its international Islamic

ramifications as a possible source of hope for their restoration. Finally, although I questioned senior police officials about the Ikhwan (Brotherhood) connection with Moscow; none was able—though all were anxious—to supply me with evidence of this supposed link. Even the cotton magnates of the Nile, in their vocal press, were unable to accuse this movement of communistic aims. For these and other reasons, I am convinced that communism in Egypt is confined to the small group among whom I found it. And in spite of the Brotherhood's professed anti-Western feelings, I also believe that it would be quite possible to achieve a *rapprochement* with this movement. The men behind Naguib are prominent in the *Ikhwan*—this I can reveal, for I know them—and some are capitalists in their own way. Neither, for that matter, is Naguib himself the complete figurehead that some would have us believe.

That there are far larger cells of communism in French North Africa cannot be denied. In spite of the effect of such anti-communist elements as the Sultan of Morocco, the Bey of Tunis, or the holy University of Kairouan, such places as Casablanca, Fez, and even Tangier seem to sprout devotees of the red philosophy. While there may be much to justify French opposition to nationalist feeling in Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria, it is an undeniable fact that religion and nationalism have proved the main checks to Marxism in other Moslem lands: and in North Africa they are inhibited in this aspect of their activities in exact ratio to the extent to which their freedom of action is suppressed. This, equally as strongly as any feeling is exaggerated sympathy, is one of the motives behind the current anxiety of the United Nations "Arab Asian" bloc to secure a thorough airing of the North African problem without delay.

It is the three countries of Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan—signatories of the Saadabad Pact—which form the real screen between the Islamic Middle East and the Soviet Union proper. Of these, I recently saw in Turkey how traditional hatred of the Russians as such was linked with American aid and reconstruction programmes in such a way as to make ideological penetration of the country next to impossible. And the slight increase of Soviet propaganda activity in North Turkey was recently met by a considerable slackening of the rigid Ankara supervision of all things Islamic. Some Moslems, it is true, have blotted their copybook by taking advantage of the return of Islamic feeling to the country by smashing statues of Kemal Ataturk. On the other hand, the re-discovery of her rich cultural heritage through study of the Islamic period has given many thousands of young Turks a new interest in life.

Next door, in troubled Persia, conditions are not by any means so favourable to freedom's cause. Despite actual experience of Russian occupation during the war, increasing numbers of Persians seemed to me to be turning towards a Marxist interpretation of their present difficulties. Opposing them are the forces of reaction, as they would call them, embodied by the Sumka Fascist Party, and the fanatically Moslem extremists led by Ayatollah Kashani, now Speaker of the Assembly and Dr. Mossadeq's right-hand man. Alone among the Moslem lands which I have visited recently, Persia seems to stand in the gravest danger of a communist coup—if not of actual civil war.

SAYED EL HASHIMI.

CATHERINE THE AUTOCRAT

AT the age of thirty-three Catherine ascended the throne of the Romanoffs with the resolve not merely to reign but to rule. Peter the Great, whom she took as her model, had hoisted Russia into the rank of the Great Powers, and it was her mission to build on his foundations. Having been deliberately excluded from affairs of state she had everything to learn, and she threw herself into her task with unflagging zeal. She attended debates in the Senate, asked questions of officials and private citizens, and recorded her impressions. It was not a pretty picture. Ever since the firm hand of the superman had been removed in 1725 the machinery of government had been running down. The pay of the troops fighting on Prussian soil was many months in arrears; the navy had been so grossly neglected that, in her own words, it was only fit to catch herrings; the national credit had declined, nearly half the revenues of the state failing to reach the Exchequer, and the administration of justice cried aloud for reform. A new broom was urgently required. Knowing little of her vast dominions, she undertook long journeys during the opening years of her reign, and studied the problems of local administration on the spot. The new ruler was as tireless a worker as Peter himself. Only when the executive had regained its authority and was functioning efficiently could she turn to the second item on her programme—the aggrandisement of the empire. How well she was to implement it is indicated by the addition of Courland, Eastern Poland, and the northern littoral of the Black Sea. Unfettered by moral scruples, she adopted the simple maxim formulated by Frederick the Great when he seized Silesia: "If an opportunity is offered me, shall I let it slip?" Why should she not combine with Russia and Austria to cut substantial slices off the Polish joint? And why should she not secure fertile provinces in the south which the Turks were too weak to defend? *Raison d'état* has always been the religion of rulers, and the maxim that the end justifies the means is older than the Jesuits.

Tradition and conviction combined to make Catherine an adherent of the doctrine of enlightened autocracy which dominated the political thinking of the Continent during the eighteenth century. She reached adolescence in the years when Frederick the Great was filling Europe with his fame, and her father was proud to serve as a Prussian officer. Nowhere in Germany could she discover any alternative to the principle of dynastic omnipotence: *Sic volo, sic jubeo*. The conception of self-government, even of a sharing of responsibility, was beyond the range not only of princes but of nearly all the *Intelligentsia*. The stage was occupied by the Cameralists, who accepted the Absolute State as an axiom. Cameralism, as expounded by Seckendorf and Justi, was the theory and practice of administration: though its interpreters hoped to raise the standard, they suggested no sanctions except an appeal to the conscience of the ruler. Instead of proceeding from the needs of the community, the state was their starting-point, its power and opulence their aim. The commonweal is presented sincerely enough as the goal of endeavour, and the happiness of the subject receives lip homage, but they assume that it is secured—and can only be secured—by the will of

the prince. He is exhorted to respect property and the law, and is warned not to overtax his subjects, but they are not to co-operate in the making of laws nor in resisting oppressors. Unlike Hobbes, who demanded nothing beyond the maintenance of order, the Cameralists assume the wisdom and benevolence of the ruler. Thus the difference was not between rival conceptions of the state but between good and bad exponents of the prevailing creed. The Estates, where they still existed, were rather obstacles to progress than instruments of reform. That a Limited Monarchy worked well in England aroused merely academic interest, since the long Parliamentary experience of the island kingdom and the majestic tradition of the Common Law found no counterpart abroad.

The political ideology imbibed by the little princess in her parents' home was enlarged but not substantially modified when she exchanged the narrow horizon of Stettin for the ampler vistas of the Neva. Not even professional flatterers could have described the disreputable régime of the Empress Elizabeth as a model of paternal government, but behind the Tsarina stood the towering figure of her father. From the moment of her arrival the Grand Duchess had been thrilled by the magnificence of his achievements. No name occurs more frequently in her correspondence, and to the end of her days he was rarely out of her thoughts. Here was the superman, *pater patriae*, the first servant of the state, the practical idealist, untiring and resourceful, who built a new capital, opened a window to the West, created a navy, reformed the army, developed trade, dug canals, exploited minerals, introduced religious toleration, and shattered the yoke of a reactionary Church. Her mission, as she realised every year more clearly while she waited for the clock to strike, was to strengthen and enlarge the edifice of which he was the architect, never doubting that she possessed the necessary brains and will. Her self-assurance was fostered by her observation of the third-rate actors on the St. Petersburg stage. On her accession she was ready with a programme of administrative and judicial reform. Peter had made his country a Great Power: it was her task to provide the blessings of civilisation. No minister, no class, no political or ecclesiastical institution stood in her way. The Senate, a legacy of Peter the Great, possessed dignity without power. The Holy Synod, another of his legacies, was merely a department of state. Thirty-four years later she could point with pride to the fulfilment of the larger portion of her plans. The only unanswerable indictment that could be brought against her as a ruler in the context of eighteenth century political ideology was her shameless extravagance towards her lovers, not only during their term of office, but when they were successively hustled off the stage. Shirking labour and responsibility as little as Frederick and Joseph, she left Russia larger and stronger, more respected and more feared, more prosperous and more civilised, than she had found it when she eliminated her feeble husband and seized the throne in 1762.

Catherine was an eager student of *L'Esprit des Lois*, which she described as a breviary for rulers: if she were the Pope, she declared, she would canonise Montesquieu. From its pages she learned the merits of the English Constitution, and she told Diderot that she would gladly have

copied it had the conditions of its successful operation prevailed. But how could the principle of the division of power be adopted in a state mainly composed of illiterate serfs? Since any form of constitutional government was recognised to be impracticable, the first step was to introduce the rudiments of the reign of law. Law, once described by Hooker in a noble passage as the voice of God, came before liberty, which demanded a minimum standard of education and self-control. Peter had issued instructions for the drafting of a code, but nothing had come of it. The plan was revived under Elizabeth, but a driving force was lacking. During the six years of peace which followed her accession, Catherine's abounding energies were largely concentrated on the project of a code which, not only in its broad conception but in its details, could hold its own with the jurisprudence of the West. Three hours of her busy day were set aside for the purpose. She interviewed experts, drafted memoranda, and devoted more thought to her ambitious scheme than Napoleon gave to the French Code. The so-called *Institute* has been described by Kluchevsky, the greatest of Russian historians, as her Political Testament. Though narrower in scope than the Political Testaments of Frederick the Great, it bears in almost equal degree the impress of her personality during the early phase of her reign, and registers the high-water mark of her liberal ideology.

The first result of her efforts was the Code, and a memorandum of 1779 described its gestation. "For two years I read and wrote, and for eighteen months consulted no one, being guided solely by my heart and reason. When I thought I had reached my goal I began to show parts to various people, including Prince Orlov and Count Nikita Panin. The latter remarked, 'These maxims are high explosives.' Prince Orlov praised my work and often wished to show it to others; but I never presented more than a sheet or two at once. Finally I composed the manifesto summoning delegates from the whole Empire in order to learn the conditions of every section of the realm. They assembled in Moscow in 1767. I summoned several persons of different views to hear the Instruction read. Every part provoked disagreement. I allowed them to cancel what they pleased, and they omitted over half of my draft. I bade them take the rest as rules on which opinion could be based, not as a law." These rules were to be read monthly as a guide to the deputies in their law-making activities: they neither formed a code nor created a Parliament, though many foreigners believed that they did.

The experiment of administrative reform aroused wide interest. Frederick the Great applauded its humanitarian spirit and made the Empress a member of the Berlin Academy. The French Consul in Moscow cynically reported that the meetings were reputed to be a comedy staged by despotism masquerading as humanity. The British Secretary of Legation was equally unimpressed. "Knowing the restless disposition of her subjects, the great object of her policy is to occupy them at home and abroad as much as possible. This motive, sharpened by her vanity, has made her undertake to be the legislator of this Empire. But to do it safely she has taken care to have in the Commission only those who will follow her dictates and pay tribute to her generosity, justice and moderation. If these laws were to be brought to a certain level of perfection,

the extreme deficiency of respected and disinterested magistrates would prevent success." The latter criticism was only too well justified, but for the backward condition of Russia on her accession she could not be held responsible.

After years of reflection and discussion, the Empress ordered the election of 564 deputies and the drafting of *cahiers* setting forth grievances. The conference opened on August 4th, 1767, in Moscow, where her draft was laid before them. In addition to the plenary sessions, nineteen special committees were appointed for the consideration of details. The meeting-place was transferred to St. Petersburg in February, 1768, and the Instructions to the Commissioners, containing 655 articles, were signed by the Empress on April 8th, 1768. She was proud of her work, half code, half gazetteer, and desired that it should be widely read by her subjects and in the schools. The more people read it, she added complacently, the less crime there would be. Frequent references to the practices of Greece and Rome jostle moral precepts, disquisitions on the Russian people, and proposals for the reform of the criminal law. Peter the Great, we are reminded, introduced the manners and customs of Europe, but the new work suggests how much remained to be done.

The opening articles breathe the crisp ideology of Enlightened Autocracy. "The sovereign is absolute. The extent of the empire necessitates absolute power in the ruler. Any other form of government would have ruined it. The aim of monarchy is the glory of the citizen, the state, and the sovereign." For the first time in a Russian official document the inhabitants are described as "citizens," a term tacitly involving a right to be governed by the Rule of Law. "The equality of the citizens consists in this: that they shall all be subject to the same laws. No citizen should stand in fear of another." The execution of the laws is entrusted to the Senate. The larger portion of the document is devoted to the reform of the criminal law, where the influence of Beccaria's epoch-making treatise on Crimes and Punishments, published in 1764, is felt in every clause, above all in the injunction: "All maiming ought to be abolished." One of the most striking features of the Instructions is the regret that such a spacious empire was largely an empty land. "Russia is greatly deficient in population and at the same time increases her dominions. Therefore too much encouragement can never be given to the propagation of the human species. The peasants usually have twelve, fifteen, or twenty children by one marriage, but only rarely do a quarter reach maturity." Like Frederick, who welcomed every able-bodied immigrant, she recognised that man-power was the foundation of national strength.

No reference occurs to the most pressing of domestic issues. If the teaching of the West were to be taken seriously, as Catherine took it, serfdom would have to disappear. But such a drastic social and economic revolution would have been fiercely resented by the gentry, and without their acquiescence it was impracticable. Moreover, serfdom lingered on in various forms in several Central European states which were usually regarded as more civilised than Russia. In Prussia abolition had to wait for Stein and Hardenberg, in Austria till the Year of Revolution, in Russia till 1861. Representative institutions, equally ignored in the Instructions, were only grudgingly granted by the last of the Tsars at the opening of

the twentieth century and speedily withdrawn. Thus both the caste system and the technique of autocracy inherited by Catherine were transmitted without significant modifications to her son and his children. Diderot, the most democratic of the *Philosophes* with the exception of Rousseau, argued in his critical analysis of the Instruction that the only true sovereign was the nation, and that a good code must begin by compelling the ruler to swear to the law. This ideal, however, remained wishful thinking even in the country of his birth till the French Revolution destroyed the *mystique* of the crown and brought the Tiers État to the centre of the stage.

The project of comprehensive reform of the law was held up and finally abandoned owing to the Polish rebellion and the Turkish war. Committees worked at details for several years, but the results of their labours were not embodied in the law of the land. Yet the zeal of the Empress for a more civilised jurisprudence was not wholly in vain, and the summoning of a partially representative Assembly to confer with the sovereign for seventeen months on high matters of state remained a bracing precedent. Catherine made no attempt to conceal her indebtedness to Montesquieu and Beccaria. In presenting a German translation to Frederick, she compared herself to a crow in peacock's feathers, merely claiming the merit of arrangement with a few words or lines of her own thrown in. Though Pokrovsky, the outstanding Communist historian of Russia, complained that she summarised Montesquieu without understanding him, he conceded her energy and good will. Within four years of its completion, the Instructions appeared in twenty-four foreign versions, and Voltaire dutifully hailed them as the finest monument of the century. The greatest compliment they received was the refusal of the French Government to allow the entry of two thousand copies, and a generation later the Emperor Paul forbade their circulation in Russia. Portions of the code, indeed, were in advance of most European states. Declarations of rights and projects of reform are not necessarily useless because they have to wait for the flowing tide. Diderot, who was no courtier, described his friend as "L'Impératrice à l'âme grande, de la pénétration, des lumières, un génie très étendu, de la justice, de la bonté, de la patience, et de la fermeté." The "only begetter" of the Instructions is the Empress at her best, sharing the belief of the *Aufklärung* in the authority of reason and genuinely anxious to help her backward subjects so far as circumstances allowed.

Catherine's liberal instincts received the first shock in 1773 when Pugatcheff, an illiterate Cossack adventurer, gathered a motley following and marched on Moscow. Asia, it was remarked, had challenged Europe. Though he arrived in chains and was speedily executed, it was the most critical moment of her reign, and its memories haunted her to the end. "They are only a collection of coquins with an impostor at their head," was her first comment; but as the news of massacre and desolation poured in she was undeceived. "Hurry up and exterminate these criminals who disgrace us in the eyes of the world," she wrote to Bibikoff; but the General doubted if the revolt could be suppressed by arms alone, since reforms were needed to remove discontent. The slogan of liberty for the peasants and extermination of the nobility had rallied multitudes to

the rebel flag. It seemed as if the crust of the earth had suddenly opened and she gazed with horror into the bottomless pit. Of palace revolutions she had experience, but now she became aware that volcanic passions were seething in the mob. Her primary duty, she decided, was to affirm the authority of the crown: since the fabric of empire had proved so brittle, it required bonds of steel. The Cossack revolt was the turning-point in her ideological development; henceforth she frowned on popular movements wherever they occurred. The ruler who had saluted Paoli's rebellion in Corsica denounced the revolt of the American Colonies.

The superman—or the superwoman—ought to look as well as to act the part, and this qualification was possessed by Catherine the Great. "I was at first extremely surprised to find her very short," reported Mme. Vigée le Brun, who spent several years painting portraits in Russia. "I had fancied her prodigiously tall, as high as her grandeur. She was very stout, but still had a handsome face, beautifully set off by white curly hair. Genius seemed seated on her lofty forehead. Her eyes were soft and sweet, her nose quite Grecian, her complexion florid, her features very animated." Whatever the *Corps Diplomatique* thought of her policy and her morals, there was no disagreement about her capacity to rule. "Prepared even as I was for the magnificence and parade of this court," reported Sir James Harris, the British Ambassador in 1778, "it exceeds in everything my ideas. To this is joined the most perfect order and decorum. The Empress herself unites in the most wonderful manner the talents of putting those she honours with her conversation at their ease, and of keeping up her own dignity. Her character extends throughout her whole administration; and although she is rigidly obeyed, she has introduced a lenity in the mode of government to which this country was a stranger."

Closer observation revealed that all is not gold which glitters. Only a few weeks later, Sir James struck a very different note. "The system of the Court goes on here in its old train; immense prodigality, and a habit of indolence and procrastination reigns from the first to the last. The incredible vanity of the Sovereign gets the better of her fine parts; she is willing to give credit to any assertion that she supposes to be in consequence of her own greatness and power." The Ambassador was at a disadvantage, for he could not stoop to such flattery as his diplomatic competitors. "My adversaries ever addressed her as a being of a superior nature; and, as she goes near to think herself infallible, she expects to be approached with all the reverence due to a divinity. She is spoiled by flattery and success. Levity and want of precision in her ideas are the weak side of her character, and these increase as she gets older." A similar verdict was passed by the Emperor Joseph after his first visit in 1780 when he impressed her far more favourably than she impressed him. On his return he drafted a letter to his hostess which he sent for approval to Kaunitz, the Foreign Secretary. "Herewith my letter; add or omit as you like. Remember we are dealing with a woman who cares only for herself, and no more for Russia than I do; so we must tickle her. Vanity is her idol; luck and exaggerated compliments have spoiled her. Now we must bay with the wolves." That she cared nothing for her country was a libel, but it was true enough that her vanity grew with advancing years.

Ségur, the French Ambassador appointed in 1785, was equally impressed by his first sight of the sovereign. "She stood there richly attired, her hand resting on a column. Her majestic air, the pride in her countenance, her slightly theatrical pose, clouded my memory." With great presence of mind he improvised an address completely different from that which had been handed in, and to which she had prepared a reply. She seemed surprised, and at a later date asked why he had altered the text. At the moment, he replied, he was upset in the presence of such glory and majesty. This was not mere flattery, for closer acquaintance increased their mutual liking, and he was invited to accompany her on her historic visit to the South in 1787. Not till he showed signs of approval of the ideas of 1789 did her liking for the witty Frenchman begin to wane.

G. P. GOOCH.

SVEN HEDIN

EARLY in December, 1952, Sven Hedin died in Stockholm. There are still some regions where man has hardly penetrated, as along the tributaries of the Amazon, but there are no more great blanks left on our maps. The globe has yielded almost its last secrets. The era of intrepid voyagers into the unknown has come to an end. Of the famous galaxy of explorers, from Marco Polo to Humboldt and Stanley, the last survivor was Sven Hedin, the man who conquered, geographically speaking, inner Asia.

He lived on the Maelar Strand road, one of the sights of Stockholm, along the broad sea arm near the City Hall. The seven-storey apartment house belonged to him, as the visitor would guess at once from the frieze of stylised camels in the hall. The top floor, a suite of spacious rooms, was furnished as one entity. Carpets from Turkestan and Ispahan on the parquet floors, silk curtains from Bokhara replacing the doors between the rooms, Peking Buddhas, Korean chests, Tibetan gold filigree *objets d'art*, priceless treasures between and around the high shelves with their sumptuously-bound tomes, of which the titles alone gave one *Wanderlust*; some 7,000 volumes in the eight languages which he read fluently. Behind his large desk, littered with papers, proofs and maps, stood his own works, in up to thirty different translations for most of his fifty or so books. When death came he was still working on the records of his last great journey, the Sino-Swedish expedition between 1927-1935. Accompanied by eight scholars and scientists, each a specialist in his own field—geologists, botanists, and archaeologists—he had travelled from Tibet through inner Asia to Korea. So far 37 volumes have been published; 23 volumes were still to come, on which experts were working full time, sifting and preparing under his guidance the enormous mass of material gathered on what has been the greatest single scientific expedition of our time.

Half a century of travelling, which put his physical endurance to the hardest test, had not diminished the energy of this octogenarian. He continued to work the clock round, albeit in somewhat unorthodox

fashion. He rose at 2 p.m., and started working at 3 p.m.—until 3 a.m.; then he went to bed and for another two hours read “for pleasure.” Not until five in the morning did he switch off his lamp. In recent years he only went out for sessions of the Royal Swedish Academy of Science, and had no time for society. His only exercise was a walk on his balcony, which, seventy yards long, spanned the roof of his house on three sides, affording a glorious view over Stockholm—provided one does not suffer from vertigo. I well remember our last meeting, a winter ago. We sat in a corner of the salon. Behind us, in their heavy silver or leather coats-of-arms embossed frames, the autographed photos of emperors and kings, viceroys and *conquistadores* reminded one of the title of the host’s Memoirs, of which the first volume, *Great Men and Kings*, was published in 1950. I could not help thinking how incongruous the kindly face of Pius X looked between the martial moustaches and stuck-out chests of the Kaiser and Kitchener.

Sven Hedin came of an old Swedish family with—curious in view of his later friendship with Hitler—distinct Jewish blood. His father was the Stockholm city architect, his grandfather a high state official, his great-grandfather physician to the King. What gave him the itch for travelling? He recalled the thrill of watching the North Pole explorer Nordenskjöld’s triumphal return to Stockholm after the ship *Vega* had succeeded in the North-East passage of Asia when he was an impressionable boy. Later, at school, he read of Stanley’s meeting with Livingstone. The “blank spaces” on the map began to fascinate him. Their filling would later earn him twice the much-coveted Gold Medal of the London Geographical Society. It so happened that the brother of Alfred Nobel in Baku wanted a tutor for his children. He applied for the job. In Baku he learned Russian, which he spoke fluently, and Tartar. He moved on to Persia, where a fellow-Swede happened to be dentist to the Shah, and learned Persian. “I have almost forgotten that now, but I could brush it up again inside a fortnight,” he remarked. Hardly twenty, he published his first book, *Through Persia, Caucasasia and Mesopotamia*. After his term at Uppsala, he went to Berlin and later to Halle to study under the greatest geographers of that time, von Richthofen and Kirchhoff. Apart from his first “orientations,” he undertook four great expeditions—one lasting ten years—and some “small ones” in between. He went by camel, partly on foot; only the last eighteen months of his last journey were done by car. Today such territories are covered by plane in as many days as they took decades before.

Sven Hedin was in appearance a small man, yet compact of build, accentuated by the *embonpoint* of his last sedentary years. His thinning hair hardly greyed, the complexion of his weather-beaten skin remained rosy. Iritis, developed from rheumatic fever on his first journey, plagued him on and off, and at times threatened him with almost complete blindness; “but it was considerate enough never to trouble me on journeys.” The thick lenses of his gold-rimmed spectacles gave a strange depth to his lively brown eyes. As he sat smoking, drawn up in the corner of a settee, he talked in his melodious soft voice of some of the highlights of his life. The first view of the Himalayas: “no more wonderful sight in the world.” *Trans-Himalaya* he thought his best book. His nearest

escape from death occurred in the Takla-Makan desert in Eastern Turkestan. All his camels had succumbed and his guides were dying. He went seven days without food and water, and was saved only at the last moment by finding water, afterwards carrying it back in his leather boots to the one companion whose life he could thus save. Swedes agree that he wrote a magnificent prose, and I can well believe it from the way he recounted that greatest escape of his life, the finding of the life-restoring water. As in mimicry he drank, the leather skin of his shrivelled limbs began to live again before one’s eyes, and vitality to stream through an almost dead body. Had he not lain the entire day in the shadow of some trees, to gather his last strength to walk to where he guessed that water must be, since from afar he had seen a duck rise in the sky? His greatest thrill among his many discoveries was to find in the middle of the desert, far from any caravan route, the city of Lou-Lan, deserted since the year 300, ruined by the storms of time.

In one of the rooms an entire wall was lined with boxes, each containing his correspondence with a celebrity. Nobel, Hindenburg (letters signed as with the end of a walking-stick dipped in ink), Kitchener (with whom he stayed in Simla), Lord Curzon, and Lord Minto, whom he admired very much. I counted some hundred prominent names, others as well own box, some only revered by scholars and scientists, others as well known as Hitler, whose last long autographed letter dated from 1942. The Swedish public and press rarely mentioned Hedin at first in the post-war years because of that friendship with Hitler and his war-time visit to Berlin. Out of consideration for my octogenarian host, I did not mention the embarrassing subject, but he came to talk about it himself. He frankly admitted that the flood of biographies and recollections after the fall of the Third Reich had upset him considerably. He said that he accepted most of that evidence, and that it had revealed a picture of the Fuehrer very much different from the man he had known. He admitted it with regret, but without reservation. In his last years it regained him the respect of his countrymen, who had wondered so often and long that one of their great sons—and their greatest traveller—could have been such a child in practical politics. One of his closest friends was the present King of Sweden, whom he admired profoundly as a “fine man, a serious scholar with nothing of the amateur in anything which he touches, and a first-rate archaeologist.” Occasionally the telephone would ring and Gustav Adolf would inquire, “If you are not too busy, might I call?” One likes to think of sovereign and explorer bending in the stillness of the night over maps of far lands.

KEES VAN HOEK.

EMINENT VICTORIANS

LAST year was the centenary of the publishing of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe, the book which created such a stir in the literary world when it first appeared. Nowadays it is little read except by students of history and by children. Aimed as an attack on the system of slavery, it effectively roused its readers to realise the mental and physical sufferings experienced by the coloured people on the

plantations of the Southern States of America. The American Civil War ended the system, but the book lives on, though now it is generally regarded as a children's classic. Probably this is due to the simplicity of the language and the fact that many children were among the readers when it ran in serial form. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* quickly became a best-seller and one of the most discussed books of the time. It had its critics: Miss Mitford wrote: "I read about a hundred pages and found the book so painful that I had to put it down and certainly am not likely to take it up again. It is one-sided, exaggerated, false with some cleverness, but of a very disagreeable kind." Macaulay, on the other hand, regarded it as "The most valuable addition that America has made to English Literature." The centenary of the novel may send people back to re-discover the powers of the book, but it is unlikely that any of Harriet Beecher Stowe's later works will be revived. Probably her name will live in literature by one book, as do many of her greater English contemporaries.

Of the large number of men and women who wrote the literature of the last century, only a few are remembered as writers of more than one or two books. Some have almost passed into oblivion, yet their work deserves a better fate. Dickens still remains a prime favourite, but the novels of Thackeray, with the exception of *Vanity Fair*, are not often read. Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies* and *Westward Ho!* are still devoured by children, though adults neglect the novels of his brother Henry. The judgment of a century has perhaps been severe on Lord Lytton, R. D. Blackmore, Charles Reade, and Harrison Ainsworth, best-sellers of their own day. In public libraries the shelves containing the works of George Eliot and Thackeray are rarely disturbed, yet these novelists have much to offer the modern reader. For purity of language and the ability to grip the reader's interest, Thackeray's novels deserve reviving. A great novel realistically portrays human life and conduct, it adds to the reader's knowledge of mankind. Thackeray's works do this, he was a keen observer of human nature, and did not gloss over or caricature his characters. He lived with them, and when he came to write their stories he knew their faults and failings as well as he knew those of his fellow men. Anthony Trollope, whose own novels have been re-discovered in modern times, regarded Thackeray as the first novelist among the then living authors. He observed: "His characters stand as human beings with a force and a thrill which has not, I think, been within the reach of any other English novelist of any period." He also noted: "Whatever Thackeray says the reader cannot fail to understand and whatever he attempts to communicate, he succeeds in conveying."

This is true of *Henry Esmond*, Thackeray's historical novel, which was published one hundred and one years ago this year. It is worthy of a place among the best English historical fiction, for it gives a realistic picture of life in the golden eighteenth century, the age in which Thackeray would have liked to have lived. He had to be content with later times, but when preparing to write *Esmond* he saturated himself with the spirit of the time he wished to portray, and he succeeded in making it live again. Even the style is the style of the eighteenth century without striking a false

note. Charlotte Brontë, who always regarded Thackeray as the great master, even though she could see his faults as a writer, considered that *Henry Esmond* contained too much history and not enough story. As the book deals with the fortunes of a family set against the background of Queen Anne's reign, this criticism is rather unjust. An historical novel should transport the reader to the period with which it deals so that he feels he is really living in those times, and is no mere spectator. *Henry Esmond* does this in no uncertain way. *The Virginians*, written as a sequel, is not so successful, and along with *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes*, it is rather neglected. Yet if these and other works by Thackeray do not reach the standard of *Vanity Fair*, and *Henry Esmond*, they are well worth re-reading for the author never lost his power as a satirist. Much of Thackeray's neglect is due to the fact that he has often been compared with Dickens; in their life-time they were regarded as rivals. This rivalry was fostered by their partisans to such an extent that it still exists today. One critic observed that readers have to give their loyalty to either one or the other. This comparison has helped to discredit Thackeray, who wrote for a smaller, more select public than did Dickens. His style is totally different, as different as their environments had been. Dickens took his work seriously. Thackeray was apt to poke fun or disparage his own books, he even went so far as to state: "after all, *Esmond* is a prig." Yet he acknowledged Dickens as the greater genius. It is told how after the publication of one of Dickens's books, Thackeray rushed into the office of *Punch* and exclaimed "There's no writing against this; one hasn't an atom of a chance; it's stupendous." But Thackeray has a great deal to offer to any reader who will diligently read his books.

George Eliot, another giant of Victorian literature, is undergoing her period of comparative obscurity. After the death of Thackeray, Dickens and the Brontës, she ruled English fiction, her fame was supported by the serious thinkers of the day as well as by novel readers. Bacon said: "Too much magnifying of men or matter doth irritate contradiction," and this quotation has never been proved more correct than when applied to George Eliot. During her life-time her work was highly acclaimed; now her books remain unread, except by very few people. When George Eliot's first fiction book was published under the title of *Scenes from Clerical Life*, many people thought it was the work of a clergyman who knew rural England thoroughly. Only Dickens tapped a finger on the volume and exclaimed "This is by a woman." The Prince Consort warmly recommended *Adam Bede*, which was published a year later, and Charles Reade regarded it as the finest thing since Shakespeare. All George Eliot's early novels owe a great deal to her memories of the past. When writing *The Mill on the Floss* she observed "At present my mind works with the most freedom and the keenest sense of poetry in my remotest past, and there are many strata to be worked through before I can begin to use artistically any material I may gather at present." It may be considered unfortunate in some ways that she ever succeeded in working through that strata, for when she took to writing her philosophical novels, George Eliot's work lost most of its charm. She was a sincere and profound novelist, with a brilliant brain, but she overlooked the fact that many of her readers might find her new style obscure. Trollope,

who considered her only second to Thackeray as a novelist, had to admit that he doubted whether "any young person can read with pleasure either *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, or *Daniel Deronda*. I know they are difficult to many who are not young," he observed, and he goes on to admit that there were sentences which he had to read three times before he could grasp their meaning.

Probably many readers who have given up George Eliot's work in despair have attempted to read her "difficult" books first, thinking that there they would find the cream of her genius. If they had turned to her early novels they would have discovered that the humour and pathos of her rural stories offer as excellent an escape from our chaos-torn world as do the works of Jane Austen and Trollope. Of George Eliot's historical novel *Romola* there is much controversy. It is unlikely that it will never be read widely, though some critics regard it as worthy of an honoured place in historical fiction. George Eliot put a tremendous amount of research into the book, and she tells of writing it in a state of wretchedness. She observed she began it as a young woman, but felt an old one by the time she finished it. The book certainly gives a true and accurate picture of the time of Savonarola, but it lacks the spark of genuine reality. In some ways it has been compared to *The Cloister and the Hearth*, for Charles Reade always took immense trouble to base his facts on documentary evidence. Yet *The Cloister and the Hearth* has that extra quality which *Romola* lacks. It is through this book that Charles Reade will be remembered. Many of his other fine novels were concerned with social conditions and abuses, and novels written to right some wrong are usually out-dated sooner than any other kind. Charles Kingsley is also remembered more for his historical tales than for his Charterist novels. Yet to any student of history and social conditions, these novelists together with Benjamin Disraeli present an accurate picture of their own times.

Among the many novelists who chose the historical romance as their medium in the last century was Bulwer Lytton, later Lord Lytton. It is said that "he lived with his work, with the doctrine which at the time he wished to preach, thinking always of the effects which he wished to produce." His books are now mostly read by schoolboys, though the accuracy of his research entitles him to a wider circle of readers. Apart from being remembered as the author of *The Last of the Barons* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*, it seems unlikely that his work will ever regain popularity; he had talent but not great genius. Also in the historical fiction field was W. Harrison Ainsworth, the prolific novelist who wrote forty romances set in different centuries. Now only four or five are read, for Ainsworth's inaccuracies have helped to discredit his work. Ainsworth's first important book was *Rookwood*, in which he cast an halo of glamour round the figure of Dick Turpin. It is told how Ainsworth wrote the account of the ride to York in twenty-four hours, he observes "I was strangely at home with my work, and galloped on with my pet highwayman merrily enough." He travelled so fast that he forgot to see if he had the right companion for Dick Turpin did not make the momentous ride from London to York, that was done by Nevinson, another rogue of the road. This habit of glossing over, and indeed,

"doctoring up" rogues as romantic figures has helped to discredit Ainsworth's name in literature. He excelled in inaccuracies, though these did not prevent schoolmasters from giving his books as prizes, for they knew what stepping-stones to greater historical fiction they might become.

Henry Kingsley is a novelist whose books deserve a better fate than they have experienced. When he returned home after spending a few years in Australia, he brought with him the chapters of his book, *Geoffrey Hamlyn*. When Henry's brother Charles read it, he lost no time in showing the book to a publisher, and when it was issued, it was acclaimed as a great novel. Other books followed, including *Ravenshoe* and *Austen Elliot*, but before he died, Henry Kingsley's writing powers were on the decline. In his early works he has left vivid pictures of descriptive writing, for he had a great command of the English language. For this alone his work is worthy of reconsideration. His plots might be shapeless, but this should not distract the modern reader, for many novels with slight plots are published nowadays. "Q" wrote: "In all Henry's books I have not found a single dull page. He may be trivial, inconsequential, irrelevant, absurd, but he never wearies." His books are certainly different from the usual run of literature, and this may well prove to be his work's salvation.

Another best-seller of the time was Charlotte M. Yonge, and to a certain extent her novels have experienced a revival, yet she had talent, not genius, and of her numerous works not many are likely to permanently survive. Yet during the war and to a lesser extent since, her books were re-discovered. This was due to the fact that she gave her readers a glimpse of an equally real world, but one which had not known the miseries of the last few decades. Harriet Martineau, who was born 150 years ago this year, is unlikely to be remembered by her work. In her own day she earned the title of "pioneer of political reform," yet she has little to offer the modern reader. She is unlikely to be remembered unless it is by her children's book, *Feats on the Fjord*, or her own *Autobiography*, which gives us pictures of famous writers of the last century.

MARION TROUGHTON.

BULGARIA AND TURKEY

FOR the second time within a few months the Turkish-Bulgarian border has been closed, and there is every indication that this will happen more often. Whereas unrest at the Bulgarian-Yugoslav frontier is generally caused by armed incidents, the cold war at the Bulgarian border is waged with different means. Munitions are replaced by human beings. By setting in motion a new wave of migrants, Bulgaria tries to disorganise Turkey's economy and administration, and thus to weaken also her moral resistance. This is the principal motive, though not the only one, for reopening the half-forgotten refugee problem. Undoubtedly it had not escaped the attention of Sofia and Moscow observers that Greece never managed to absorb the 1,500,000 immigrants from Asia Minor after the Anatolian War, although their conditions were comparatively human, and in spite of considerable international aid. Precise statistics relating to the Turkish minorities in Bulgaria with her

total population of 7 million are not available. Their number was estimated at a minimum of 600,000, but 800,000-900,000 might be nearer to the facts. Apart from these ethnic Turks, there are 125,000 so-called Pomaks, Slav-speaking Moslems who regard themselves as Turks.

Strategically it is of importance that the majority of the Turks have settled in areas near the border or the Black Sea coastline. These districts were allotted to them by the Sultans who were anxious to have their route of transit between Russia and Turkey peopled by reliable elements. The Moslem minority was on good terms with the old Bulgarian State. Invariably they voted for the Government candidate and received in return far-reaching autonomy. Kemalist reforms hardly penetrated beyond the border: if anyone felt attracted by them he was free to emigrate. Thus, according to an agreement between Turkey and Bulgaria in 1925, Turks in Bulgaria and Bulgarians in Turkey were permitted to emigrate with all their mobile property, including livestock. They were also free to sell or transfer immobile property, such as houses, businesses, and industrial concerns. Although this purported to be a mutual agreement, it was of little practical importance to the few thousand Bulgarians living in Turkey, of whom hardly any desired to "return home." In the period between 1928, when the agreement began to have practical effect, and 1939, approximately 100,000 Turks came from Bulgaria. It is a remarkable fact that the average annual quota was lowest between 1931 and 1934. In this period Bulgaria had a democratic parliamentary government with respect for human rights.

During the war emigration was reduced to a minimum. Afterwards it fluctuated between 600-800 per annum, until it was totally banned in 1948. Would-be emigrants were subject to brutal persecution. This policy was in keeping with the Moscow line, and its endeavour to prevent any contact with the outside world. Once they had come to power, the Communists even wooed the Turkish minority, presenting them with their own schools, hospitals, theatres, and other cultural institutions. Parallel with this went an intensive propaganda which, with few exceptions, remained unsuccessful. In fact, the trend and subsequent enforcement of collectivisation met with barely-concealed hostility on the part of the Turks. Soon there was no question of cultural autonomy. Turkish schools, mosques, and other religious institutions were placed under State control. When, therefore, in 1950, the Bulgarian Government suddenly and surprisingly decided to permit, and even demand, large-scale emigration—previously only Jews were allowed to emigrate to Israel, a privilege of which nearly all of them took advantage—it was prompted by the desire to get rid of a stubborn and unconvertible minority. Soviet pressure was another important factor. Moscow experts, including the Minister of Transport, had toured Bulgaria and considered non-Slav elements in areas of strategic importance as an acute danger. Furthermore, it might prove a useful economic weapon in the cold war against Turkey.

On August 10th, 1950, the Bulgarian Government informed the Turkish Government that 54,000 passports had been issued to "voluntary" emigrants to Turkey. Within three months, the Turkish Republic

would have to admit 250,000 people who had expressed the wish to emigrate. How far can this emigration be regarded as "voluntary"? The Turks deny it on the ground that one could not describe as a voluntary emigrant any person who had been deprived of all his possessions. In fact, the material points of the 1925 agreement are being totally disregarded by the Bulgarians. Whatever has not been robbed by compulsory collectivisation or expropriation is being sequestered indirectly. The previous owner is required to dispose of his last property, though he is not permitted to take the proceeds with him, either in Bulgarian or in Turkish currency, nor is it possible to exchange houses, or to transfer non-nationalised enterprises, workshops, etc. Most Turkish emigrants wear two shirts and two coats, in order to save at least something. Each family is permitted to take out only a small bundle of their possessions. I am nevertheless of the opinion that in most cases the emigration has been voluntary, despite the fact that the Turks realise that they will reach their new home as beggars. Their motives are partly psychological and moral pressure, as well as dislike or fear of collectivisation. Besides, the conditions of life generally have deteriorated so much in Bulgaria that a refugee existence can hardly be worse. There is little difference whether the proceeds of one's last possessions or one's meagre earnings are being sacrificed for North Korea or other "patriotic" purposes. Last, not least, the Turkish minority faced the threat of deportation. Russia had sent various national groups, including the Volga Germans, to Siberia. The higher cost of transport from the Black Sea would hardly deter her, no more than previously in the case of the Greeks.

In January, 1950, eight months before the official note from Sofia to Ankara, the emigration figure began to rise steadily. In June and July it was between 3,000-4,000, doubling itself in the critical month of August. During September 7,308 impoverished Turks from Bulgaria arrived in Turkey. The threat of an invasion by 250,000 within three months now became acute. In order to avoid submitting to such a terror which violated international law, Turkey had no alternative but to close her frontiers. This placed her in a dilemma. For national and humanitarian reasons, she could hardly deny asylum to citizens escaping from a Communist régime. Moreover, a refusal would have been grist to the Cominform propaganda mill. With all the goodwill in the world, however, it would have been impossible for Turkey to admit 250,000 persons within 90 days. To avoid misunderstandings, State President Celal Bayar declared in the Grand National Assembly that his country would offer asylum to the refugees in a brotherly spirit as soon as normal relations and arrangements with Bulgaria would allow this. Ankara sent detailed proposals to Sofia, but did not receive an immediate reply.

Meanwhile, the Bulgarian authorities continued to deport Turkish refugees to the frontier, where they were "vegetating without means, furniture and shelter, victims to hunger, cold and sickness," according to a cynical statement by Radio Sofia. The emergency huts which they themselves erected provided no shelter, and their frugal meals had to be prepared on an open fire. This inhuman treatment was a strategically well-prepared phase in the Cominform's war of nerves against Turkey. Ankara refused to be provoked, however, and its threat to take the whole

issue to the international forum of the United Nations had an unexpected success. At the end of November, Bulgaria declared herself ready for discussions—obviously on orders of Moscow, which was probably not interested in new international complications at the present time. The Turks were counting with a delay of several months, or at least a few weeks, according to the usual practice. To their surprise, however, Bulgaria accepted all Turkish proposals on September 2nd. Accordingly, Bulgaria agreed to issue exit permits only to those refugees who were in possession of a Turkish entry visa. Turkey reserved the right to send back 72 gipsy families and to reject suspected individuals on security grounds, for they rightly expected Cominform attempts to smuggle Communist agents into Turkey. Finally, Bulgaria promised to respect the 1925 agreement concerning the transfer of mobile property, etc. As was to be expected, this latter promise remained purely theoretical.

From the outset Turkey agreed to take only ethnic Turks and Pomaks. Gipsies, even if they spoke Turkish, were not recognised as Turks. Following this new agreement, a total number of, so far, 152,791 refugees from Bulgaria have found a new home in Turkey, not including Bulgarians who left their country for political reasons. The vast majority of the refugees are peasants. The remainder consists of cobblers, tailors, and other small artisans. Only about 1 per cent. are intellectuals. How are these impoverished refugees cared for? A few buildings with large dormitories were set up near the frontier to receive them. On arrival they are medically examined and politically screened. The committee which decides on their definite admission includes ex-refugees with precise knowledge of local conditions. I was assured that it is hardly possible for a Communist or gipsy to slip through. The care for the refugees is shared by the Red Crescent, which corresponds to the Red Cross organisation, and the Union of Bulgarian Refugees. Nedim Abut, the director of the Red Crescent, co-ordinates the work of both organisations to ensure successful co-operation. The Union of Bulgarian Refugees has so far collected £T8,300,000 in Turkey herself. In addition, individual donations from abroad total £T300,000. Governments and international organisations like the Red Cross, the World Health Organisation and UNESCO (textbooks and other educational material) are equally giving valuable assistance. Twenty tons of powdered milk and clothing to the value of \$120,000 were received from the U.S.A. Textiles sent by Canada represent a value of \$20,000. Sweden, too, contributed 20 tons of clothing.

It usually takes three days until the refugees move on to Edirne, where their accommodation is similar as before. Their food is cooked in communal kitchens. The third stage is Istanbul, and sometimes also Tekirda, especially in the winter, when the daily rate of arrivals soars from 100 to 800. After an interim period lasting from 10-14 days, the artisans are distributed over different towns, and the peasants sent to the country. During the first 27 days, and even longer, if necessary, the food of the immigrants is provided by the Relief Organisations. One family is sent to each village of the 40 Western districts, none of the refugees having been sent to Eastern Anatolia. Every community,

however poor, feels in honour bound to care for its homeless brothers and sisters. This solidarity unites the whole people. For example, the President of State, the President of the Parliament, and the Prime Minister paid several visits to the receiving institutions.

There was only one factor which at first formed a psychological barrier. The farmers were reluctant to share their meagre soil with the new arrivals. A happier solution has now been found, however. Land for the new farms is provided by the State from its own extensive estates, and the Government also finances the houses and modest furniture of the refugees. The settlement of the refugees so far arrived is estimated to cost about 70 million Turkish pounds, of which 30 million were received from ECA funds. In the cultural and ideological sphere, the difference between the resident population and their compatriots from Bulgaria is not considerable. There are hardly any illiterates amongst the latter, whose educational standard is comparatively high. Their agricultural training is even better than of most Turkish farmers, who now profit from their experience, as is so often the case with immigrants.

Thus this vast project of resettlement would proceed in a quiet and orderly fashion but for ever-repeated Bulgarian disturbances. On the last occasion, 161 families and individuals—mostly gipsies, but also political suspects—were smuggled into Turkey. The Turkish Consul summoned from Plovdiv confirmed that the visas were forged. Bulgaria refuses to re-admit these people, and the frontier will remain closed until the Sofia Government reconsiders its attitude. For strategic reasons, Bulgaria will probably give in on this and possibly future occasions. Only another 100,000, and the original figure of 250,000 refugees will have been reached. In all likelihood, however, a further 750,000 will gradually follow. It can be seen, therefore, that the extent of this problem is numerically far in excess of that of the Arab refugees, and the only asylum offered is not, as in the latter case, a whole block of countries, but a single state, burdened with an enormous defence budget.

Since this article has been written, the Turks refused asylum to some refugees from Bulgaria, who allegedly held forged visas and were gipsies and political suspects. Closing of the frontier was the next step. As a reprisal, Sofia then banned all further emigration to Turkey. Generally this step is only regarded as a temporary measure and a new phase in the cold war. The Bulgarian Government intend to discredit Turkey morally as a country which denies entry to its own people. As Ankara realises the strong Bulgarian tendency to get rid of the Mohammedans, all preparations are made to receive new waves of immigrants in the moment Sofia changes her policy again, as she did in 1950.

A. J. FISCHER.

THE NEW DEPRAVITY IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

EVER since an American jurist made straight the way for James Joyce's novel *Ulysses* to be brought into the States, it has been a dogma of American modernism that contemporary fiction is to deny the hierarchy of traditional values. In consequence of this, men and

women who lead Christian lives are scarcely to be found in modern novels. In secular colleges and universities, the students are given to understand that the Victorian Age was the most hypocritical period in modern history. Those persons who have attended colleges euphemistically termed "progressive" are acquainted with this and other of the pet hates of modernist intellectuals. Some of the most violent attacks are directed against the English and American novelists of the late nineteenth century. The charge brought against them is that they ruthlessly suppressed the real facts about man and society. They attack the novelists because they did not reveal on the printed page the "lost weekends" of the era, give complete descriptions of the erotic dreams of fine Boston ladies, nor make clear the methods by which gentlemen of the master class cheated their spouses. The charge is, of course, the old poser: "When are you going to stop beating your wife?" One easily discerns that the modernists who rage at the moral tone of the Victorians are persons who are engaged in developing a new orthodoxy of immorality. Their basic feeling becomes evident in their attitude towards Hemingway and Dos Passos, or, more precisely, the early works of these writers. Soldiers, bullfighters, gangsters, hunters—these are the only real human types in their eyes. If a character has the misfortune to be a retired naval officer of distinguished parentage rather than a truck-driver who speaks in four-letter Anglo-Saxon words and spends his free hours in the precincts of a bordello—woe be unto him. Unless a character is basically a "tough," he is certain to be condemned by the new orthodoxy.

A republic enters upon a period of decay when its intellectual leaders and creative artists are blinded to the importance of ordinary human decency, when the only aspect of humanity a writer chooses to cite is its inhumanity and viciousness. This is our situation today. It is neither amusing nor of little consequence. Society is in a dreadful state when the so-called educated classes reject the cardinal virtues because the vices are more exciting and glamorous. In America at mid-century is not to be found an Increase or Cotton Mather. No witches are burned at the stake in Salem. No maidens are ducked in mill ponds because they have kissed teenagers behind the hawthorn bushes. Nevertheless, a fierce and subtle orthodoxy rages throughout the land. In the realms of literature, drama, and the motion pictures, rigid laws do exist. There is need of a bill of particulars.

If a novel is to be a financial success it must be constructed around what are termed "the facts of life"—as though romance and idealism and the chivalric sensibility were not facts of life when life is at its best. This means there must be considerable discussion of the sexual act, numerous examples of lust, covetousness, obscenity, and crime. A book of the order of John Steinbeck's *Cannery Row* is a gallery of undesirables. In this book the principal characters are harlots and pimps. The characters, naturally, are a scurvy lot of human beings. Were this book a curiosity in the annals of contemporary publishing history, one might venture to say that its appearance was due to a freak impulse on the part of an eccentric editor. Steinbeck is, however, merely representative of a school of writers whose works supposedly reputable publishing houses have made available to the American reading public.

The question arises: "Do the writers like John Steinbeck, John O'Hara, and James T. Farrell present a truthful image of life in this country?" The answer is, I believe, to be found in one's own experience in the States of the Union. Selecting at random one part of the country—say Long Island in New York State—one can carry out a search for the corruption of which our novelists write. True, politics are shoddy—always have been, in fact. But does one discover suburban wives out of their doorways to offer to the passerby the pleasures of the world, the flesh, and the devil? Do our public schools in this part of the country breed abnormal children? Has the bar rail completely triumphed over the altar rail? Do our churches and synagogues stand empty like sepulchres on the holy days and the days of worship? Do the airmen at Long Island's Mitchell Field spend their off-duty hours in cursing the capitalist system and the existing social structure? Is Hempstead a hotbed of vice? The answer to all these questions is, of course, a resounding "No." The life of Long Island towns (like countless towns throughout the country) is basically law-abiding and decent. To be sure, crime, vice, and disorder exist in these towns to a certain limited extent. These things have existed since "Man's first disobedience." Indeed, the majority of Americans observe marriage vows, rear their offspring in love and affection, prove themselves willing to serve their country, seek to live in charity and harmony with their neighbours. It is not entirely because they hope to achieve a bubble of reputation in their locality that American men and women devote so much time to the alleviation of pain—drives for the benefit of crippled children, persons with heart diseases, sufferers with cancer. The aim in citing these facts is not to set forth a bland social gospel, but to stress that American life is a fundamentally decent life. If one comprehends this truth, one will realise that American fiction contains an unwarranted sort of fiction.

In former times the literature of unreality was clearly marked territory. Authors chose as their romantic subject the Malay jungle, the tropic isles of the Western Pacific, or the burning sands of the Sahara. Nowadays the authors of exotic tales, authors whose thinking is best described in Robert Lowell's phrase, "purple pabulum of transcendental moonshine," take up residence on one of the fabulous islands of the Mediterranean and wax rich on their fiction, which has as its subject the spiritual deformity and sexual aberration existing in the hinterland of the United States. Authors of this type (I think of Tennessee Williams) write about Americans in the Southern States in such a manner as to be relished by the upper crust of café society, the international white trash of Miami, Hollywood, and New York. Themselves devoid of even a trace of the traditional religious life, the new champions of decadence and their affluent patrons seek to eradicate our heritage of spiritual cleanliness, the morality of the Old Testament and the New Testament. Decadent writers of the modern type depict morality as neuroticism, patriotism, and provincialism, and piety as humbug. It certainly is a sorry state of affairs that the Truman Capotes, the Gore Vidals, and the Tennessee Williamses find the doors of long-established publishing houses open in welcome.

The motion picture has travelled the same road as the modern novel in English. The management of the motion picture industry has dis-

covered the fact that sadism rings the register, so to speak, at the box-office. Because the industry possesses no other standard than the financial return at the box-office, the country is at this present in the process of having unloaded upon its motion picture screens a mess of brutality and horror. The screen almost drips with the blood of the characters in the new pictures which show knifings, beatings, and the varied forms of brutality. The standard fare of the motion pictures consists of pictures based upon stories which employ the themes of adultery, love between young men and older women, the crimes of children, the inner workings of madhouses. The industry considers such pictures a safe investment in the days of the television threat.

This is one of the most appalling situations this country has ever faced since its beginning. American children are being exposed to comic books in which there is no comedy, but a complete catalogue of bloody crimes committed by sadists. Adults read novels glorifying immorality and physical violence. The American family attending a Saturday night motion picture is forced to witness so-called "dramas" which certainly impart an aura of glamour to adultery and crime. The worst feature of all this is that publishers and producers join in expressions of scientific and liberal piety—assert they are contributing to a fuller understanding of human problems, a new realism, a dynamic appraisal of our ways. Pulled over all the stories and pictures is a net of pseudo-scientism. The actual truth is that the contemporary novel and film do not lead to a greater purity or a better understanding of man's estate. Indeed, they reflect the conspiracy of the immoral against traditional Christian and Jewish morality. When one reads a modern book or attends a motion picture wherein publisher or producer are loud in their assertion of the importance of the frank approach to human problems, one should be exceedingly critical and careful in making a judgment.

The new orthodoxy is fundamentally a transvaluation of values. Modernists are determined to force the acceptance of pornography as medical science, filth as artistic realism, and abnormality as a mere difference of opinion. There actually was a time when artistic standards needed broadening. Today, however, we suffer from a surfeit of so-called "broad-minded" views of human behaviour and human artistry. The situation existing in our time should wake us to a realisation of the necessity for a spectacular reformation in moral standards and aesthetic conceptions. Yet the harsh light of reality makes clear that modern literature, indeed, all the modern efforts at art, have indisposed us to radical measures to save Christian morality and aesthetics. Though the life of the country is basically decent, Americans are in the hands of a cultural ruling class which, having led to destruction the humane elements in our civilisation, is conducting us to ruin.

South Carolina.

ANTHONY HARRIGAN.

THE DUC DE LAUZUN

IN an age outstanding for its corruption and intrigues it is indeed refreshing to consider the one man of noble birth resident in England in 1688 who was prepared to risk his life for the safety of England's Queen and the heir to England's throne. While the "Glorious"

Revolution of 1688 has been selected by many historians for a quite arbitrary canonisation, a closer and more critical examination of the principal actors in the tragedy, their motives and subsequent behaviour, must leave the unbiassed student with no inconsiderable amount of admiration for the dethroned King. Despite his proud and unbending nature he possessed qualities of character quite alien to the personalities of the majority of his enemies, with the exception of Russell. His belief in tolerance, in an age of almost fantastic intolerance; in the honesty of his ministers and soldiers, (most of whom held their high offices solely because of his trust in them;) in the sincerity of the leaders of the established churches in their professions of non-resistance to the Royal Will; in the natural feelings of the filial loyalty of children to father; all these create in our minds a figure of considerable appeal, particularly when placed against, say, a Churchill or Sunderland. The political naiveté of James unquestionably constitutes the most important factor in the Revolution. It is rather tragic to observe that while his cynical brother Charles, held his throne with ease and dignity, James lived to see the ministers he advanced to power and wealth turn traitor, (Sunderland even using his wife's lover, Sydney, as a go-between in his intrigues against his royal master); his army suborned by Churchill; his own daughter usurping a throne lawfully his; his son slandered and the mark of bastardy imprinted on his forehead by scurrilous Whig pamphleteers; his wife, Mary of Modena, cowering in fear and terror under the tower of Lambeth Church as she and the little Prince crouched there in fear; and who died a pensioner of the House of Bourbon. Indeed were it not for a quarrel, the Royal Stuarts might not even have enjoyed the warm friendship and hospitality which Louis XIV so chivalrously extended to his former equals. By chance a Gascon nobleman, by name Antonin Nompar de Caumont, Marquis de Puyguilhem and later Duke of Lauzun, was in London at the time and was alone willing to risk his life to escort the Queen and the Prince of Wales out of the reach of the London mob to safety in France—a task which no English or Scottish noble would undertake for the sovereign to whom they had sworn allegiance. We may, now that the threads of British and French national history have been so illustriously and inseparably woven together by destiny, honour this gallant Frenchman whose life summons up such a colourful picture in the imagination and of whom Macaulay asserts: "Of this man it has been said that his life was stranger than the dreams of other men."

Born in 1632 he was the son of the Count of Lauzun and his wife Charlotte, a daughter of the Duc de la Force. As a child he was brought up with the children of his influential relative, the Maréchal de Gramont, and he developed a life-long passion for his childhood sweetheart Catherine Charlotte, later Princess of Monaco. As a youth he was remarkably handsome and cultured and a charming and fascinating conversationalist—qualities, which together with a ready wit made him the intimate companion of the young King Louis and a favourite at the brilliant court of France. By no means lacking in courage he was a good soldier, with a natural tendency towards fool-hardiness, and after serving under Turenne, he was promoted colonel of the Royal Regiment of Dragoons. Soon, however, the amorous propensities for which he was later to become so

notorious, brought the headstrong young Gascon into conflict with his royal master. Jealousy, aroused by the interest of Louis in Madame de Monaco, led him to indulge in court intrigues and brought about his disgrace. Louis, in his anger, being scarcely able to control his temper. After a short term of imprisonment in the Bastille he was readmitted to favour in 1670, and fate, which was to play so many tricks upon this gallant soldier, threw into his path an opportunity almost unique in modern history. Anne Maria, Duchess of Montpensier, daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, grand-daughter of King Henry IV and cousin to Louis, fell in love with the young courtier and asked the King's permission to marry Lauzun.

The Duchess, or "La Grande Mademoiselle," as she is more generally called, was herself a character of great historical interest. The daughter of Louis' uncle "Monsieur" and Marie de Montpensier, heiress to the vast domains of the Montpensier family, she was born at the Louvre on May 29th, 1627. As the greatest heiress in France and a princess of royal blood, she had been brought up to expect the hand of a sovereign, most probably that of her first cousin and kinsman, Louis. Among the potential alliances was a marriage with the Prince of Wales, later Charles II. Partly because of ill fortune and partly because of her own hot-headedness, these ambitions were never achieved. This and other influences, possibly her father's in particular, may account for her active participation in the Fronde. Like her lover, Lauzun, she was not lacking in physical or moral courage, and during the second Fronde she appeared before Orleans in March 1652 and demanded in person its surrender. The Governor, torn by conflicting loyalties, temporised, and with the subtle sense of humour peculiar to the French sent Mademoiselle a gift of sweetmeats. Mademoiselle herself tells of subsequent happenings. "I mounted upon a pretty high mound of earth overlooking the gate. I thought but little about any nice way of getting thither. I climbed like a cat, I held on to briars and thorns, and I leaped all the hedges without hurting myself at all: two boats were brought up to serve me for a bridge, and in the second was placed a ladder by which I mounted. The gate burst open at last. Two planks had been forced out of the middle, signs were made to me to advance, and as there was a great deal of mud, a footman took me up, carried me along, and put me through this hole; through which I had no sooner passed my head than drums began beating. I gave my hand to the captain and said to him: 'You will be very glad that you can boast of having managed to get me in!'" Mademoiselle swept all obstacles aside. Later she retreated to Paris, took control of the Bastille and saved the great Condé on July 2nd, 1652, by personally directing the fire of the cannon of the Bastille upon the Royal Troops. This determined the fate of both Condé's action and Mademoiselle's matrimonial ambitions, Cardinal Mazarin remarking (according to Voltaire) "That cannon-shot has just killed her husband!" After the collapse of the Fronde she retired to her estates in disgrace, re-appearing at court in 1657.

These activities together with her haughty nature may well have caused some of the king's relations to thwart her desire to wed Lauzun. For after giving his consent to the match and even allowing the date of the

wedding ceremony to be fixed, Louis yielded to the clamour of his family and forbade the nuptials. Lauzun was later arrested and for ten years was imprisoned at Pignerol, the jail of the mysterious "Man In the Iron Mask." Mademoiselle herself was confined in the Luxembourg for a time, but after negotiations lasting for many years she agreed to buy Lauzun's freedom by settling part of her estates upon Louis' natural son, the Duc de Maine. It appears that desire to appropriate her enormous properties for the benefit of his bastards was the principal cause of Louis' yielding. These vast estates provided the Duchess with an income greatly exceeding the whole revenue of the kingdom of Scotland, and she was in addition Sovereign Princess of Dombes with the right to coin money and administer justice. The properties she had already assigned to her prospective husband were duly given up to the little Duc de Maine, Lauzun was released and the marriage took place secretly. In 1685 Lauzun, still in disgrace with Louis, went to England and was warmly received by the Court of James.

James, after the desertion of his army, (largely due to the treachery of Churchill and Ormonde), seeing that all was lost, resolved to enter into negotiations with William of Orange, in order to gain time in which to prepare for escape to France. There he would raise an army, summon the Irish and the Scots to his banner, drive the arch-traitor Churchill from his Kingdom and win back by force the throne of his illustrious ancestors. William agreed to negotiations, for he bore James but little ill will personally and the King sought for a nobleman whom he could trust with the safety of his wife and heir. It is perhaps a little ironical that the only courtier willing and trustworthy enough for this task was the little French soldier, who, for a foreign king, risked a life for whose safety the greatest lady in France trembled. For London, at this time, was a seething cauldron of boiling hatred and the mob were burning embassies, insulting the ambassadors of Catholic Powers, and threatening with summary justice anyone who even looked like a Jesuit. But all Lauzun's pride and romanticism was touched by the King's trust in him, and arrangements were made for him to take the Queen and young Prince by night to Gravesend, where a boat was kept in readiness. He called at the Palace on the evening of December 10th, 1688, after the household had retired for the night and was received by the King in the royal bed-chamber. "I confide to you my Queen and my son; everything must be risked to carry them to France!" said James. Lauzun proffered his hand to the Queen whilst his friend and companion St. Victor, (a gentleman of Provence), wrapped the little Prince of Wales in his cloak. They left the Palace by a back staircase to embark in an open skiff on a bleak and stormy night. They reached Lambeth and disembarked near an inn where a coach was waiting to take them to Gravesend. Mary, distracted lest any passer-by or servant from the inn should recognize her and the child, crouched stricken with terror under the tower of Lambeth Church whilst the coach was being harnessed. In the pouring rain the coach started off, followed by St. Victor on horseback. The party reached Gravesend, when Lord Powis and three Irish Officers awaited them. They entered the royal yacht and proceeded on their way, the Irishmen ceaselessly watching the captain, ready to stab him to death

at the first sign of treachery. St. Victor rode back to tell the glad news to James, who immediately made preparations for flight.

The Queen landed on French soil the same day and Louis determined to show Europe the conduct worthy of a great gentleman. He gave orders for the Palace of St. Germain (his own former residence) to be prepared for her reception and attended by the court set out to meet his welcome guest. His magnificent state-coach surrounded by Swiss guards and French trumpeters was followed by a hundred gorgeous carriages, containing the noblest blood of the premier nation of Europe. Each of these carriages was drawn by six horses and the courtiers excelled themselves in adorning their persons with jewels and ribands of their rank. At the first sight of the Queen's escort, Louis alighted from his coach and walked on foot to welcome her. They met and he embraced both her and the young prince, and then returned to the Palace of St. Germain with Mary riding at his right hand. The next day, James himself arrived at the exile's palace and after embracing him with brotherly affection Louis led him to the Queen's room. "Here is a gentleman you will be glad to see!" said Louis to the Queen. They were informed that as long as they cared to accept the hospitality of France Louis would esteem it an honour to give them £45,000 a year from his treasury. Lauzun, now in favour with the King (Louis had sent him a letter of thanks in his own handwriting), was able to live with La Grande Mademoiselle, but unfortunately although the apparently impossible had been made possible, they did not enjoy tranquillity for long. He tyrannized over his wife, and they separated. Mademoiselle died after a pious old age in 1693, and Lauzun lived till 1723.

ALAN R. MASON.

PUPPETS IN HISTORY

TO the children of 1953, Muffin the Mule is an intimate friend whom they meet regularly on the television screen. Little do they or their parents realise that between the antics of Muffin and the religious ceremonies of the ancient Greeks 2,500 years ago, there is an historical connection which has never been broken. In fact, puppets spring from the altar of the primitive and savage. The great-great-grandmother puppet lived in a wood and ruled savages. As civilisation advanced, it changed its habits, form, and features, and ceasing to affright man, undertook the happier task of amusing him.

Herodotus, the father of history, tells us that any hilarious guests at an Egyptian feast, were called back to sober propriety by the exhibition of a little skeleton. It taught the severe lesson that gayness today might mean death tomorrow. Herodotus also tells us that the festival of Osiris, or Bacchus, was celebrated in Egypt by the enormous figure of the joyous god, with some mechanism operated by the pulling of a string, being carried in procession by women. The great historian does not say why the women were carrying the god, but we now know that in doing so it was hoped to invoke the deity to give prolific fertility to the Earth. Another Egyptian god, Jupiter Ammon, used to execute his prophecies

by means of strings. Apollo of Heliopolis, an Egyptian imitation of the Greek god of prophecies, would not open his lips until his priests had carried him where he wanted to go. Aloft on the shoulders of his bearers he guided them as with reins. When questioned, he graciously bowed his head if he approved, or fell back if he dissented. When placed on the ground of his temple, he would ascend without aid until his head touched the roof. There he would remain fixed until prayers brought him down again. We do not know how this was done, but it is quite likely that a magnet was used.

Whatever the reason it shows that inanimate objects moving of their own accord was quite an accomplished fact in those days. In fact it was always considered to be proof of their divinity. The most famous of the moving, that is, puppet-like deity, was the god Dionysus, the Greek counterpart of the Roman Bacchus. Clad in a tunic of yellow and gold, the god used to be drawn along in a horse-drawn vehicle in which he rose and sat down majestically, pouring milk from a large jug, to the enjoyment of the thousands of onlookers. Daedalus, a Greek craftsman who made several attempts to imitate the flight of birds, as long ago as 1000 B.C., seems to have been the founder of the art of figure making. It is said that he used to introduce quicksilver into his images, a process which is said to have given them a sort of motion. Legend has it that his figures were so life-like and given to so much activity that they had to be tied up with strings when not wanted to move or they were apt to run continuously without stopping. The puppets which the Greeks used belong to this school of Daedalus, being generally made of wood or baked clay, and set in motion by strings. In our modern technical phraseology, we would call them marionettes, puppets being, strictly speaking, confined to objects moved by hand. Antiochus, a half-brother of Cleopatra, who had a very inventive mind, was probably the inventor of the marionette. His favourite toys were animals whose limbs were moved by strings, and so fond was he of making them that his real job of making weapons of war suffered. So much so in fact that he was blamed for his country's lack of preparedness for war when it was later attacked. Critics said he preferred to play with puppets instead of attending to the defence of his kingdom.

In Roman times the Italian temples were famous for the gods who moved. The statue of Servius Tullus, is said to have shaded his eyes whenever his daughter, Tullia, who murdered him, passed before him. It was not uncommon for the images of the gods, when displeased, to turn away their heads from the meat placed before them, a bad omen which filled the whole district with terror and a desire to do whatever the priests wished them to do. With the arrival of Christianity puppets found favour with some of the early Fathers of the Church, perhaps for the reason that more decency was observed in the speeches of the puppet shows than in the sometimes quite immoral stage plays. Others declared, however, that it was immoral and not lawful, but the fashion prevailed and puppets entered the Christian stage. At the end of the eighth century images of the Lord and the Madonna with limbs moved by strings, became common throughout Europe. One is said to have moved through the city of Lucca on foot, blessing the people as it passed along. The Boxley

Madonna in Kent not only moved its head but opened and closed its eyes as well. From the thirteenth to the fifteenth century puppets were suppressed by the Church. They reappeared in the sixteenth century in Italy, and later went to Spain but here they were never really popular. At the end of the seventeenth century images of Christ were made which were so flexible that it was difficult to distinguish between them and a dead body. In vain several city councils tried to forbid their manufacture. Some were so ingeniously made and of such exquisite workmanship, that the makers of them were accused of having the Devil for an ally. The ablest artists included the priests themselves, some were to be found among the popes.

The Greeks were great lovers of puppet plays in public, and were allowed to do so even when the ordinary theatre was banned. Strangely enough history repeated itself in Italy during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when puppet shows managed to evade the political and church censorships which so dominated life in those days. As in Italy, puppets alone had full freedom of speech in France, when all other kinds of liberty were dead. During the terror of the French Revolution puppet shows entertained those waiting to witness the execution of new victims. Indeed we are told that Punch daily filled up the intervals of execution, and so varied the pleasures of a rather impatient crowd. In those fierce and democratic times, not even Punch could escape his fate. When he once ventured on some jokes against the terrorists, the puppet master and his wife were thrown into prison, and after a brief confinement were executed on the same spot whereon the King and Queen had fallen. During the last war, too, the puppet theatres kept up the tradition of the freedom of speech. They provided opportunities in occupied Europe for biting anti-Nazi comments which went undetected. The Belgian Punch, Tchantche, fought so bravely for Belgian independence that a statue has now been erected to him in Liege. Right through the German occupation, he used every opportunity to criticise the Nazis in puppet plays. This was done so subtly that the Germans had not the slightest idea of what was going on.

In England puppets became popular in the seventeenth century, as the famous Pepys recorded: "12th Nov. 1661. My wife and I to 'Bartholomew Fayre', with puppets . . . ; but though I love the play as much as ever I did, yet I do not like the puppets at all, but think it to be a lessening to it." On the 9th May of the following year, we find him at Covent Garden—"to see an Italian puppet play that is within the rayles there—the best that ever I saw, and a great resort of gallants." In a fortnight he takes poor Mrs. Pepys to see the same play. A few months later he says—"Lord Sandwich is at Whitehall with the King, before whom puppet plays I saw this summer in Covent Garden, are acted this night." On the 30th August 1667, being with a merry party at Walthamstow, he left his wife to get home as well as she could—"I to Bartholomew Fayre to walk up and down, and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet play 'Patient Grizell' . . ." On the 5th September 1668, Pepys is again on the old ground . . . "to see the play 'Bartholomew Fayre' with puppets. And it is an excellent play, the more I see of it the more I love the wit of it."

Thus in England puppets have never really been forgotten. Punch and Judy have delighted millions of children, but it needed the medium of the television screen, which is an ideal setting for the puppet play to give the marionette a new lease of life. Incidentally, marionette, the French word for puppet, applied originally to only religious plays in which the Virgin Mary featured. Muffin the Mule who became alive in a "circus" part of a puppet play run by Jan Bussell and his wife Ann Hogarth, has taken the children's heart by storm. Other masters of the puppet show are Sheila Rein and Waldo Lanchester, perhaps our chief living puppet master, with his own marionette theatre at Malvern, and the American Bob Bromley, who introduced puppets to Hollywood.

Apart from amusements, puppets play their part in education and psychiatry. More and more puppetry is taught in schools, not only as part of the art and craft lesson, but to make history and geography "come alive" to children. The Educational Puppetry Association, promotes puppetry as an educational medium, and tries to develop its possibilities as a method in psycho- and occupational-therapy and speech training. Parents are fast realising the enormous value of encouraging children to work with puppets. Apart from stimulating the imagination, the craft of puppetry develops latent talent, and as dialogue is necessary in relation to the movement, the mental faculties are brought into play together with clear concise speech. Lastly there are the psychologist and psychotherapist who use marionettes in treating backward and abnormal children. In his fears and dislikes the child identifies himself with his puppets, a primitive impulse that goes back to the beginning of history. Primitive people thought it less dangerous to make an image of man or a god into which some of his qualities might enter, than to assume his personality himself. They thought it was much safer to give life to an image so that it could draw off the good or evil qualities of the god into themselves. The maladjusted child apparently seems to feel the same way, and the psychologist finds puppets an excellent medium of treatment. The link between past and present is complete. Between Muffin the Mule and the crude string-pulled wooden images of the ancients, there is a long chain of links which have not been broken, and which, in some form or other, will probably continue as long as man inhabits this planet.

MAX GORDON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

MR. STALIN AND PEACE

NOT for the first, nor probably for the last, time Mr. Stalin has said something about that remarkable thing (remarkable mainly because, despite the talk, there seems to be no such thing) which we know in the jargon of high diplomacy as "peace." With a grim persistence in endeavour an American journalist has again interviewed Mr. Stalin in this context. Through the medium of the Soviet Embassy in Washington Mr. James Reston of the *New York Times* on December 18th last, propounded four questions for Mr. Stalin to answer. On Christmas

Day, whether or no the day was chosen deliberately for effect in the West, Mr. Stalin decided to answer the questions. It is probably one's duty to read what he said, on the off-chance of detecting something new in it. He said that "war between the United States of America and the Soviet Union cannot be considered inevitable," thereby repeating in effect what he said on April 1st last in answer to a similar journalistic enterprise. He also said that "the U.S.S.R. is interested in ending the war in Korea"; this on the morrow of the U.S.S.R.'s rejection of the United Nations plan to end that war. And, need it be added? he took the occasion to diagnose the source of the tension in the world as being "everywhere and in everything wherever the aggressive actions of the policy of the 'cold war' against the Soviet Union find their expression." Finally, he regarded "favourably" the suggestion that diplomatic conversations might be held "looking towards the possibility of a meeting" with General Eisenhower "on easing world tension."

Those who, for their sins or for another reason, are bound to be perpetually studying the shallow sordidity of high diplomacy, and in particular the complicated mentality of Mr. Stalin's part in it, find it increasingly hard to whip up much interest in the subject. On the day that followed Mr. Stalin's answers to the questions that had been put to him, the *New York Times* made the jaded comment that "at first sight, and viewing Mr. Stalin's words in the light of the Soviet record, there is little reason to hope that they represent anything more than just another psychological warfare manoeuvre in the phoney Soviet 'peace offensive' and another attempt to deceive the world."

There is, however, perhaps one aspect of this chronic deadlock that provokes some slight attention. What normal sane people throughout the world, including the millions who have fallen victim to the tyranny of the Kremlin, do not cease to wonder about is the danger of another world war. Speech may be controlled or punished. Thought is free. It may therefore be assumed that human beings in general are at this time concerned, openly or secretly, about the issue of peace or war in the international field. The iron curtain constitutes a substantial barrier between the two halves of the political world because on the communist side of it the authorities are in full control of information, and the peoples are regularly deceived. They are told only what the Kremlin decides they shall be told about what takes place in the west, and they are told a good deal about concocted events that do not take place. When one considers the implication of the word "peace"—that "tranquillity of order" and reward of good principle faithfully translated into practice—it becomes clear that peace cannot be built on a foundation of lies. The Kremlin method of deliberate deception is therefore in itself an almost decisive barrier to peace in the true sense of the word.

But it is not the only barrier. For longer than a generation the ruling strategists of the Soviet Union have used a propagated distrust of the foreigner as a lever in their tyranny. By all the means at their disposal, by the spoken or the printed word, by the medium of monstrous public trials of "traitors," both Lenin and Stalin always represented the outside world as an enemy to the subject peoples of the Soviet Union, thereby bidding for those peoples' support in their own supposed interest of self-

preservation. Whenever the time came for the liquidation of bolshevist leaders who had fallen foul of the dictator-in-chief, they were put on public trial as spies or agents who had betrayed their country to some foreign hostile government (formerly the British government, latterly as a rule the United States Government); and by the methods that are now well enough known in all their incredible brutality, the accused persons were regularly induced to confess their guilt in that sense. Whether any human beings can be thus effectively or lastingly bemused, as the Russian strategists apparently still believe to be possible, may be doubted, even when the apparatus of deception is so complete; but the real problem to those of us who fortunately live on the right side of that iron curtain is this: how is it possible to go on talking about international peace when we know that the Russian leaders depend for their own continued existence upon the absence of real peace? An acknowledged sense of security and a consequent throwing down of the iron curtain would be the shortest cut to the liberation of the peoples held down by the Kremlin: and the Kremlin leaders know it.

There may not be as a matter of fact any practical prospect of open war on the large scale; indeed no one today could even imagine any *casus belli* if he were challenged to detect one; but the obstinate, devilish fact remains that Stalin's own position is judged by himself to depend upon the artificial continuance of a supposed danger of war. If the people of the Soviet Union were allowed to believe that there was little danger of a third world war, or if they were presented with any such cheerful facts as an end to the war in Korea, it would be the more difficult for Stalin to keep them down. His most potent instrument of subjection is the cultivated fear of the foreign "imperialist" Powers whose purpose is represented, in season and out, as that of attacking the innocent Soviet Union and its associates. The war in Korea—which has consistently been represented to the people of Russia by a total violation of the facts as an American imperialist aggression—is something like a personal necessity to Stalin. No one who is in the least conversant with what is taking place in the world has been surprised by the fact that cease-fire negotiations have taken place in Panmunjom for nearly two years without any danger being incurred—danger from Stalin's point of view—of a cease-fire being in fact agreed upon; nor by the fact that in the United Nations the Indian proposal for an end of the war in Korea was promptly and uncompromisingly blocked by Russia and her dragooned satellites.

Stalin is afraid of peace. It is not merely that his Kremlin headquarters calculate that western resources in men and material are being dissipated on the blood-soaked hills of Korea, the while no corresponding loss is suffered on Russia's part; the more relevant factor is the ideological pretence aforesaid. It is wholly in keeping with that pretence, which is cardinal to Stalin's *mainmise* over his dupes, that when he is interviewed on such a subject as peace, he must introduce such unpeaceful lies as that about a cold war being waged by the United States upon the Soviet Union. Always the keynote is an alleged foreign attack or a hostile intent, against the Soviet Union. It is hardly necessary to quote instances, because the theme is continuous. At all costs, according to Stalin's reading of his own necessities, the truth must be kept out of Russia, and the fear kept in.

In the early part of last year (see this section of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June 1952, pp. 372 *et seqq*) a party of fifty American editors who were making a fact-finding tour of Western Europe and the Middle East sent several telegrams to Mr. Stalin asking if they might visit him in Moscow so that they could make "a complete and honest report to the people of the United States on your views concerning the international situation." The reason why they sent several telegrams was that none of them was answered. The one thing that Stalin could not risk was the presence in Russia, and contact with the Russian people, of fifty American newspaper editors, capable of disillusioning the said people about the lies on which they were habitually fed.

But when in despair they finally sent him a telegram (March 24th, 1952) asking him, not if they might go and see him, but if he would telegraph an answer to certain questions there and then put to him, he did condescend to give them an answer at the safe distance. Indeed he seems to like answering foreign questions at a distance because his answers, all of them incorporating the propaganda that is the breath of his nostrils, are then gratuitously propagated in the columns of the *New York Times* (on for instance the most recent occasion) or of fifty American newspapers (on the occasion of nine months earlier), and are then reproduced in the newspapers of all the western countries.

Sometimes he seems to sense the need for an inoculation of propaganda into his own people in a routine therapy of keeping up their *moral*, as when, on February 16th, 1951, he answered a series of questions, put by himself to himself, in the columns of *Pravda*. The point of that particular interview of himself by himself was the stressing of the fact that Mr. Attlee, who was then the Prime Minister in Britain, was deceiving the British people about Russia. It seems to be one of the odd features of warped human nature that when a man engages regularly upon a course of deception, he becomes obsessed with the idea that it is somebody else who is lying, and lying against himself. The probable explanation is that as he himself lies so easily and fluently, he assumes that every other human being possesses and exercises the like facility. What Stalin said in *Pravda* on February 16th, 1951 was this: "Mr. Attlee needs a lie against the Soviet Union, and it is essential for him to depict the peaceful policy of the Soviet Union as an aggressive one, and the aggressive policy of the British Government as a peaceful one, in order to mislead the British people and draw them by means of deceit to the new world war being organised by the ruling circles of the United States." There is something almost autobiographical, *mutatis quibusdam mutandis*, as well as automatic in that particular performance on the part of Mr. Stalin.

The factor here elaborated of the present unhealthy situation is perfectly well known. The real problem for western ingenuity is to call Mr. Stalin's bluff in circumstances where Mr. Stalin's henchmen are in full control of the production and distribution of "news" throughout the Russian lands. The technique of what is called propaganda in its modern extravagances is of a formidable potentiality. When the Kremlin can and does decide absolutely what is read or otherwise imbibed by the half of the world it controls, it is obvious that there can be no progress

towards "peace" in any realistic sense of the word.

But that fact is not the end of the matter. It happens also that the very expansion of the Kremlin's empire is its greatest source of weakness. The swollen frog looks big; the bigger it becomes, the greater the danger: to itself. We have had contemporary experience of such a circumstance in the international field. When in 1940 Hitler (whose intelligence was undermined by his own megalomania) danced for joy on the Atlantic coast of France and his panzers roamed without opposition over the continent of Europe, he did not see that thereby he had reached, not the zenith of his ambition, but the point of greatest danger to himself. It was not merely that his lines of communication were dangerously stretched, and involved a drain upon his oil supplies such as set a mathematical limit to his exuberance. The more important thing was that he had incorporated foreign and hostile elements within his lines which by all the known facts of human nature were bound to be his undoing. It is one of the facts of life that human beings cannot be held down by force. An overlordship depends in the long run upon the voluntary loyalty of the subject. In the alternative—ask any Irishman, any Pole, any Czech—there is no limit to the length of resistance that will be put up by the enslaved peoples, upon whom the slavery acts as an unending provocation, nor to the ingenuity with which resistance is engineered and prosecuted. In our time we have had experience of such resistance movements. Czechoslovakia provides an interesting example. Despite the inherent advantages of a territorial and religious combination which the Habsburgs offered to Czechs, Slovaks, Serbs, Croats and Slovenes before the first world war of the present century, the short-sighted selfishness of the Germans and the Magyars who controlled it acted as a spur and a provocation to the subject peoples which in the end inevitably disrupted the empire and thereby earned for it the historic epithet "ramshackle." All empire is ramshackle that does not win consent; for the human spirit is a creation of Almighty God and is therefore proof against man's folly.

Today the Kremlin repeats on a far worse scale the blunders committed half a century ago by the Habsburgs. The recent Slansky trial in Prague—which in the words of the Archbishop of York "outraged the conscience of the civilised world"—was a mere rumble of the earthquake. Even the corpses of the so-called traitors continue to inspire fear in the Kremlin, with the result that a continuing and even increasing wave of abuse is still directed against the dead Slansky and his "gang of traitors"—that gang which so lately was constituted by the blue-eyed boys who bore aloft the torch of the Kremlin's authority. These savage liquidations of former henchmen are an eloquent proof of the fear inspired by events, not in the subject people, but in the overlords.

The experienced student of affairs in Europe keeps his eyes on Czechoslovakia. The country stands as it were at the junction of east and west, of Slav and Teuton, of atheist and Christian, of enslaved and free. Its people are tough. They are past masters in the tricks of escape from oppressors. Caught as it were in the pincers of east and west they have in our time suffered from both sides. Thomas Masaryk led them out of the tyranny imposed upon them by Vienna and Budapest only for Edward Benesh to lead them through a combination of fate and miscalculation,

into a worse tyranny than Vienna or Budapest ever dreamt of. It was a cruel decision that Benesh had to take; and it cost him his life. Calculating after Munich in 1938 that the west could no longer be counted reliable as a protection for Czechoslovakia against Germany, he turned to Russia instead. He discovered too late that his new defender was a far worse enemy than anything ever emerging from the Kaiser's or Hitler's Germany, from the Germans of Vienna, or the Magyars of Budapest. The last state of Czechoslovakia is worse than the first. But the Kremlin has made no greater a blunder than to excite the resistance of such a people as the Czechs, who are even more unconquerable than the Poles, the Lithuanians, or the Irish. The Slansky trial is probably not the last indication we shall be given of Russian panic over threatened Czechoslovak defection.

The subsidiary importance of Prague in the general situation obviously derives from the probability that a successful revolt against bolshevik tyranny in that capital would unleash the waiting revolt in Warsaw, in Budapest, Bucharest, Sofia, Kaunas. It is not surprising that the dozen plotters of the Kremlin are afraid; nor that they try to keep aflame the fear of the United States that they so unremittingly kindle in Russian and in satellite breasts.

This modern tyranny, bolstered by the cultivated fear of a supposed enemy beyond the border, living on its nerves, dependent upon a continued artificial fear of war, afraid of actual peace, will inevitably go the way of all ramshackle empires. Seldom in history was any empire so ramshackle as this. The whole world seems to be involved in the issue that is presented to the Kremlin: namely, are Stalin and his men to go on buttressing their own tyranny by the deliberate cultivation of the fear of war among their victims? That tactic runs the risk of precipitating war even though such an upshot would be the last thing they want, because the consistent policy pursued by Moscow's representatives, whether in the United Nations or in Panmunjom, of refusing to register any agreement about anything with the western Powers encourages another sort of fear in the west: the plain straightforward fear of world war. The gigantic process of western rearmament, a symptom of that western fear, is claimed in the west to be a safeguard; and it may indeed dissuade the Moscow planners from pushing their own propaganda too far. None the less it makes no contribution to general security that the two halves of a broken world should thus madly be piling up armaments against each other. The problem is an obviously psychological one. How can this nightmare of diplomatic shadow-fighting be dissipated? On the last day of December last President Auriol suggested, not for the first time, that the heads of the Great Powers in the west should meet Mr. Stalin for talks on the exclusive subject of peace, of easing the tension, of working out a *modus vivendi*. On the same day Mr. Churchill sailed from Southampton for the United States en route for a holiday in Jamaica, intending to break his journey for talks with General Eisenhower and President Truman on precisely—could there be any other topic?—this question of international accommodation.

In our time we have reached the pass where the swollen power of governments swamps every other influence in public life, and works on

so egregiously low a level that its leaders are exercised about the elementary project of avoiding a third world war. After two such wars in half a century, faced with the unmistakable horror of what would be involved in a third, not knowing what possible reason could be given for the waging of another such war, these political leaders none the less solemnly talk about the possibility of meeting each other to discuss the avoidance by themselves of an unnecessary and gratuitous catastrophe. The analogy would be, if a comparable level could be imagined in ordinary human intercourse, that half a dozen men in different walks of life should seek a conference with each other in order exclusively to discuss ways and means of refraining from murdering each other. The answer obviously is that international political intercourse has broken loose from the restraints of commonsense. It is not governed by ordinary human reason or faith.

From that fact emerges the clue to an understanding of what is wrong, and therefore to the solution. What is wrong is that the sanction in human relationships of individual good sense has been lost in an uncharted sea of political power: of power, that is, without bearings, without direction, without control, exposed helplessly to the elements of chance. It is obvious to any mind that has chosen to pay a moment's attention to the matter, that the only sovereign directive in the chaos that otherwise is life is the individual human soul guided by the grace of God. It is a notorious fact that a political government as such is necessarily "soulless" in a literal sense, because it acts on the theoretic sanction of a nation at large and the true relation between act and responsibility is lost in a sea of people, millions of them, all different, none of them consciously contributing to the collective responsibility. An uncharted sea seems to be the not unfair analogy. Now individuals tend in contact with each other to behave sensibly and charitably, because the channel from God to man runs through the individual. That is why the notion of half a dozen individuals holding conference to safeguard themselves from the danger of murdering each other is in its essence unrealistic and even comic; whereas the notion of half a dozen Prime Ministers acting as the representatives of nations meeting for the like purpose on a collective scale is both realistic and commonplace, and falls within the solemn range of practical politics. So far from being comic, it is tragic in its actual evil consequence. Peace, which after all is the ideal of high diplomacy, is unattained and unattainable until a solution be found to the problem of enthroning the goodness of the individual in the sphere of collective enterprise. Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers are in fact individuals when they are off duty; but when acting as officials they tend to become dehumanised robots bereft of commonsense, decency and charity alike. In the United Nations it is a common spectacle for the Russian representative to accuse the United States of brutality, aggression, deceit and what not and then to retire with the United States delegate for a drink or a luncheon together in the friendliest spirit. The problem in international relationships is to carry over into the public sphere the sort of human charity that rules in the private sphere. Such a thing is impossible without the grace of God, as are all human projects.

The peculiar difficulty in this case is that the Russian robots not only

do not receive, they reject and ideologically deny, the grace of God, and claim to be "atheists." They therefore contrive to deceive themselves, because no human being, unless he deceive himself, can even imagine himself to be an atheist, any more than a pot, if it could think, could deny the existence of the potter. Who made Mr. Stalin? The bolshevik argument, even on the ground of the unaided intellect, is a woe-begone form of bankruptcy. For a man to claim that he cannot believe or accept (and this is what the materialist "philosophers" actually say) anything which is not palpable to his brains, ignores the inevitable question: Who made the brains? Self-convicted, however, as are the materialists even on their own ground, the melancholy fact remains that they are hoist with their own petard, and they happen to have recruited in their support a host of deluded human beings who help to spread the resultant distress throughout the world. It is arguable that, though general fear of the atomic bomb may, and probably will, save mankind from the irreparable climax of a third world war, yet there can be no "peace" in any true sense until the materialists (who are not confined to one side of the iron curtain) open their eyes to the basic spiritual truth that sustains and accounts for human life.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

January 11th, 1953.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER PRIME MINISTERS

No one could be better qualified than Mr. Algernon Cecil to deal with the subject of Queen Victoria and her ten Prime Ministers. In the first place he is an experienced writer with many admirable books to his credit. In the second place, he is extremely well versed in the literature and in the traditional lore of the Victorian Age. And thirdly, however much individual critics may differ from his speculative opinions, it seems that on the matters which are the subject of this volume he has a sound judgment and a fine appreciation of the truth. At times he is discursive, and even remarkably so, but the nature of his subject involves an occasional departure from the matter in hand. Six of the Prime Ministers in question, Melbourne, Peel, Russell, Derby, Aberdeen and Palmerston had long and distinguished careers before Queen Victoria came to the throne, so that it was indispensable for Mr. Cecil to take these into the scope of his work. Two others, Salisbury and Rosebery, survived her, thus furnishing a justification for his grand summing up of the period. There is another reason why our author is inclined to be somewhat discursive. This is due to strong conviction and emotions, which very honourably he entertains in regard to the religious and secular problems of the Victorian and of our own age.

No one can rise from the perusal of this volume without a sense of profound admiration for Queen Victoria as well as for the series of Prime Ministers who served the State during her reign. As Lord Salisbury pointed out in his speech in the House of Lords on 25th January, 1901, on the occasion of her death: "She showed a wonderful power on the one hand of observing with the most absolute strictness the limits of her action which the Constitution draws,

and, on the other hand, of maintaining a steady and persistent influence on the action of her Ministers in the course of legislation and government." Mr. Cecil, however, does not hesitate to point out the several occasions on which she may be considered to have overstepped the bounds of constitutional propriety, in the case particularly of Gladstone. The Queen, no doubt, detested him both personally and also on account of his policy in Ireland and elsewhere, and she was no doubt influenced against him by Lord Beaconsfield. Yet no one was a more faithful and loyal servant of the Crown and the Constitution. There are times when our admiration for her good judgment and courage can be given a free rein. This was particularly the case throughout the Schleswig-Holstein crisis, when she felt convinced that "those two dreadful old men," Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, would entangle us in a war with which we had no concern. As she wrote in February, 1864, "Lord Russell knows that she will *never*, if she can prevent it, allow this country to be involved in a war in which *no English interests* are concerned." A signal instance of the delicacy and tact with which Mr. Cecil has handled the relation of Queen Victoria and her Ministers is afforded by his account of that between the Queen and Lord Melbourne. "Fatherly and filial were in fact the operative words in defining it; and neither party, we may feel sure, despite the critics, ever dreamed of or desired any other. For two idyllic years, until Albert appeared, they were both able to gratify a sentiment which neither had previously experienced—a sentiment devoid of passion, but rich in all age can ever offer to youth, or youth give back to age."

It is proper that we should quote the exact words in which Mr. Cecil defines his purpose. "It was to study the relations of the Queen with her ten Prime Ministers, their influence upon the Queen, and, most important of all, the influence of the Queen and her Prime Ministers in their collaboration on the politics and the social and intellectual climate of their day." We are enabled to trace the various interpretations which the statesmen in question placed upon their duty towards the sovereign. In the case of Melbourne, as already mentioned, there is the attitude of fatherly instruction. Palmerston and Russell, as befits their Whiggery, exhibit their independence, and even their indifference to the Crown. Lord Beaconsfield runs to the opposite extreme, and even stoops to an unctious flattery which was perhaps taken more seriously by the Queen than by himself. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, according to her own account, treated her too much like a public meeting. Finally, if we may interpret Mr. Cecil's own conclusion, the most perfect Prime Ministers in this respect were Sir Robert Peel and Lord Salisbury. These two statesmen were, he considers, fundamentally of the same school, and in their relations with the Queen conducted themselves with that mixture of deference and independence which was, and is, most suitable to the theory and practice of the Constitution. It was assuredly much to the credit of Her Majesty that she responded in full to this attitude, and accorded them her loyalty and unwavering trust.

THE HON. GEORGE PEEL.

Queen Victoria and Her Prime Ministers. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.

HITLER

Mr. Bullock is to be congratulated and thanked for this biography. After working his way through its 700 odd pages, the reader feels as if he had wandered through an inferno. He cannot help admiring the self-denying energy of its author, who spent years in exploring and recounting the acts and crimes of "the most hateful character in the forefront of history since Machiavelli reduced to a code the wickedness of public men." These are the words with which

Lord Acton characterised Robespierre. But how harmless seems the French Jacobin compared to the German tyrant! The "Reign of Terror" of 1793 was abominable, but its victims are numbered in thousands, those of Hitler in millions. Robespierre, at any rate, had a certain idealism, while Hitler's principal aim, as Mr. Bullock rightly points out, was lust of power, of a power utterly personal and without any bounds, and his principal *motif* was infernal hatred. There is no reason to tone down this indictment on account of his capabilities, but Mr. Bullock is too conscientious not to emphasise and define these qualities without which his enormous successes would have been inexplicable miracles. He has mastered the complicated party struggles of the Weimar Republic, and records with a wealth of detail Hitler's astonishing rise to power in ten short years from his despicable rebuff in 1923 to his triumphant entrance into the Chancellery in 1933.

Mr. Bullock rightly emphasised that Hitler had a genius for agitation, for he is the greatest demagogue who ever appealed to the passions of the masses. He was helped by the psychical instability of the German people after the defeat of 1918, by the inflation which had destroyed the property-owning educated middle-class, by the infamous "stab-in-the-back" legend, invented by the defeated Generals Ludendorff and Hindenburg in the interest of their own glory, by the foolish and disloyal protection of the Bavarian particularists, by the weakness of the senile Reichspräsident, and by the political blindness of the so-called Conservatives like Papen and Hugenberg. But his strongest asset was his absolute want of any moral scruples, which permitted him to commit every crime, every deception, every lie. That was one of his greatest helps, too, in his sensational international successes from 1933 to 1939, combined with the fact that he wanted war, while all responsible Western statesmen hated it, and considered the maintenance of peace as their highest and self-evident duty. We may laugh now about Neville Chamberlain returning from Munich with "Peace in our time." But how could an English politician, taught and used to consider his opponents more or less as gentlemen, understand a man who never dreamed of being bound by his spoken or written word, and who was angry about the Munich agreement, although it had brought him complete success, because it had deprived him of a pretext for war?

Hitler's successes gave him an overwhelming ascendancy over the German people, and made even some non-Germans consider him a great statesman. But one indispensable quality of the statesman is the ability to calculate the consequences of his acts, and here he failed catastrophically. His professed principal aim was to erect a strong united Pan-German Empire, but he left a Germany, divided for the first time since 1870 and deprived of territories which had been German since the Middle Ages. He wanted to strike down the Bolsheviks, but he made them stronger, more powerful, and more dangerous than ever before. For a century the Russians' respect for the German army had been so great that they never dared to attack, but Hitler succeeded in destroying this respect. In one aim only did he succeed—in the destruction of German Jewry. But that required only brutal cruelty. In his memorable Belsen speech, Theodor Heuss characterised the Hitler movement as the "breaking through of the biological naturalism of the *Halbbildung*." This "Halbbildung," or semi-education, allowed him to be a gross materialist without any religious faith, and nevertheless to believe in a Providence whose only function was to protect him personally. Mr. Bullock has amassed and mastered a vast material, of which the Nuremberg documents are particularly important. He writes with the scholarly detachment of the true historian, but is never afraid to express his opinion in clear and outspoken words.

DR. ERICH EYCK.

Alan Bullock: *Hitler, a Study in Tyranny*. Odhams Press, 25s.

SIR DAVID KELLY'S REMINISCENCES AND REFLECTIONS

The secret of British diplomacy is the agility with which it climbs out of pits into which it should never have fallen. In other words, it is for the *diplomat de carrière* to rectify by his adroitness, as it is for the officer by his courage and skill, the blunder and weakness resulting from the interplay between the electorate, the House of Commons and Cabinet Government; and one of the heaviest follies of diplomacy is public opinion misguided. Those who guide opinion wisely hold the reins of power. They are "the ruling few."

Sir David Kelly combines shrewdness, insight, zest, an appreciation of atmosphere, a love of freedom and a knowledge of history. He never misses *la nuance de la vérité*. So here is a book of precisely outlined facts, telling points, tasty paradoxes, and friendly sympathies from a highly successful diplomat whose special gift has been to recognise that public opinion can be guided, that through friendship and sympathy one exerts power, and that if a diplomat adds to study the seeing eye, he can learn everything, like a king or a queen. He was actually in the Foreign Office when, in the interests of strategy, Sir Maurice Peterson worked out with M. de St. Quentin of the Quai d'Orsay that essential adjustment of ticklish diplomacy which, when published to the world as the Hoare-Laval agreement, was rejected because public opinion did not understand that the Foreign Office was working against Hitler in order to preserve the strategy of the Mediterranean. Following Peterson in Egypt (as he afterwards followed him in Pera and Moscow) the author has shown more clearly just how awkward were the results, but so urbanely that a Foreign Secretary, no matter how short-sighted, could never be affronted.

Never was a greater blunder made in history than when Red Russia (now combining with Red China to control eight hundred millions) was handed the keys of both Asia and Europe. And such are the ironies of fate that Sir David, who knew as well as any what was happening, was impelled as the ultimate recognition of his success into the Moscow Embassy. But even though constrained to dwell with Mersech, *fort surveillé*, in those tents of Kedar which Sir Maurice Peterson had thankfully vacated, he found magnificent opportunities to see what was happening in them at the present moment. If he could do nothing to affect Russian opinion (except through Lady Kelly extending to Russian works of art the interest to which we owed her *Turkish Delights*), Sir David has learnt just what to put before British opinion and just how to put it. Here, in the schoolboy's phrase, is the "low-down" on Bolshevism, and no student of affairs dare ignore it, as no student of life will fail to relish the book as a whole.

On the many sidelights on contemporary controversies, one which will shake some recent contributions to history is that Chamberlain went to Hitler in 1938, at the insistent request of the French Premier, who had already decided not to fight. When we compare this evidence from a source so reliable and so distinguished as that of the last British Ambassador to Moscow with Volume V. of *Documents of Foreign Policy*, we find that the Military Attaché in Paris wired that Lindbergh had reported the German Air Force to be overwhelming and the French dared not fight. But this report is dated 24th September, 1938, which was after Chamberlain's visit to Berchtesgaden and before that to Godesberg. On September 24th Sir Eric Phipps, the Ambassador, reported "all that is best in France is against war almost at any price." But Sir David Kelly shows that these views had reached the Foreign Office on September 14th, and insists that here his excellent memory has the added support of a date. But there is no Grindelwald Pass in Switzerland, and coming back from Schuls Tarasp it would be the Fluela, or possibly the Julier, and between

the author's first and third visits to Russia were 37 years, not as he says three times 27. Chamberlain had, in fact, spoken of going to see Hitler before Daladier begged him to intercede, and by going he saved London and Paris from a worse situation than in 1939 or 1940.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

The Ruling Few. By Sir David Kelly, G.C.M.G., M.C. Hollis & Carter, 25s.

CHADWICK AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH

By a coincidence two books dealing with the hitherto somewhat neglected career of Edwin Chadwick have appeared within a short time of each other. Professor Finer's *Life and Times* covers the whole of Chadwick's long life of ninety years (1800-1890), while Mr. Lewis confines himself to the public health movement, which owed so much to his hero's enthusiasm. Both works, combining exhaustive research with vivid presentation, make important contributions of great merit to our knowledge of the subject. It is common knowledge today that the sanitary conditions formerly prevailing in towns and villages were directly responsible for much of that vast mass of human misery and epidemic disease which less scientific ages had been inclined to ascribe to the inscrutable acts of God. The Sanitary and Interment Reports of 1842 and 1843, however, which exposed the malignant evils of defective drainage, polluted and intermittent water supply, and the full horrors of the overcrowding of churchyards and burial grounds, came as a shocking revelation at the time. The moving spirit behind these epoch-making reports, with their revolutionary recommendations, was Edwin Chadwick, whose interest in the problem of the elimination of disease through good sanitation and drastic burial reform amounted to a consuming passion. Previously, he had played a highly controversial part in the administration of the Poor Law, itself also largely due to his inspiration, and this is fully expounded by Professor Finer. For his work for public health we have both authorities.

After exasperating struggles and delays, Chadwick's efforts were crowned with success when the Public Health Act was passed in 1848, but this was only the beginning of a most unhappy story, which Mr. Lewis, especially, unfolds with consummate skill. The intricate details of the Board's administrative machinery and its tense human relationships are analysed with masterly lucidity, and as each section is dovetailed into its place, it is seen to be necessary to the completed picture as a whole. That the Board of Health was Chadwick, and that Chadwick meant to be the Board of Health, was at once its great strength and its fatal weakness—its strength because of his colossal energy and mountain-moving faith, but its weakness because of the tragic limitations of his undoubtedly offensive disposition. His case was in the main so strong (but only in the main, for he was equally dogmatic in contentions that have proved both wrong and mischievous), and his opponents were tainted so often by prejudice, self-interest and privilege, that his self-righteousness and arrogance as a colleague amounted to a national disaster. Not content to be the guardian of a noble cause, he must always play the master, maddening opponents and saddening friends of his cause. The nineteenth century seems to have been peculiarly prolific in such difficult benefactors of mankind, men who failed to understand that if the object of all reform is that men may live happily together, rude and overbearing manners can be as potent a source of mental ill-health and human misery as bad sanitary conditions are of physical disease. A perfectly sanitary world, run by officials selected by competitive examination, paid strictly by results, and domineered over by the Chadwicks, Lowes, Lingens and Ayrtons might be Utopia, but it would certainly be unbearable. Both writers are too sound as historians to glaze over Chadwick's inveterate tendency to dramatise himself

as a hero in a world of fools and knaves, but their admiration of his work leads them to judge him by a more lenient standard than is applied to those who found him impossible. It is particularly hard to accept some of Professor Finer's estimates of character.

With the fall of the Board of Health Mr. Lewis brings his story to a close, but the other study takes us to the end of Chadwick's long life, to which is appended an impressive bibliography of his voluminous writings, and a chronological list of his innumerable activities. As a life of the eminent sanitary reformer it is complete and fully documented, but the picture of his "times" is far too narrow and one-sided to be taken as an adequate account of that extremely complicated and interesting age we call the nineteenth century.

DR. WINIFRED TAFFS.

Edwin Chadwick and the Public Health Movement, 1832-1854. By R. A. Lewis. Longmans, Green & Co., 24s.

The Life and Times of Sir Edwin Chadwick. By S. E. Finer. Methuen & Co., 42s.

THE GOETHE-YEAR

The editor of this Year-book, the first four parts of which were published more than a year ago, clearly aimed at presenting as many aspects as possible of Goethe's personality. The first volume dealt with his conception of personality, his idea of "acceptance," the psychologist, the educationist, the man of action. The present volume gives in outline a new appraisal of his *Weltanschauung*. Its chapters show an identical pattern: after a short "Homage," more or less indicating what we are to expect, there follow a number of quotations (in verse and prose) which may be regarded as a musical introduction to the analytical articles dealing with a special aspect of his philosophy. In most chapters, though not all, the conclusions reached by the numerous contributors tally with what he says in his "musical" introductions. Some articles are irrelevant, and some show once more that certain problems cannot be adequately dealt with in a few pages. An important essay seems to be missing: one might have expected to find an inquiry as to how deeply Goethe has influenced his own people, or whether Nietzsche's statement that he had been an event without consequences in German history was perhaps true. Several quotations from his conversations seem to confirm that view; for instance: "When we Germans do not look beyond the compass of our surroundings, we fall into pedantic presumption." Another time he said: "If one could only teach the Germans, after the example of the English, a little less philosophy and a little more energy, less theory and more practice, a good deal of salvation would become ours." Considering German history between 1870 and 1945, one is inclined to wish—and so might Goethe if he had been able to look into the future—that the Germans had for ever remained metaphysicians and never become an "energetic" nation. During the last century they had become "*ein Volk der Richter und Henker*," as the great poet and satirist, Karl Kraus, once said, while they had been before, "*ein Volk der Dichter und Denker*," as Lord Lytton has put it. Goethe once said to Eckermann that one finds hatred of other nations "only at the lowest levels of civilisation." One very interesting article deals with the "demonic" in Goethe's personality, and how he conquered or rather integrated it, while his romantic contemporaries and, in our days, the National Socialists, realised that demonism to the limit.

After the famous passages in *Wilhelm Meister* about the three forms of awe needful to man have been quoted, we read analyses of Goethe's religion. While one contributor asserts that "for Goethe there cannot be a division of God and World, Goethe is fundamentally a pantheist," another denies that he was. Both assertions are one-sided, for he stated himself: "I, for one, with the mani-

fold tendencies of my nature, cannot be content with one way of thinking. As a poet and artist I am a polytheist; a pantheist, however, as a scientist, and the one as decidedly as the other. If I require one God for my morality, this too has been provided for." He praised the sublime ethics of the Gospels, but it is certainly going too far to point out that his *leitmotif* was "the idea of merciful grace and love," as does the well-known philosopher, Spranger, who even tries to make him an "existentialist." A few contributors try to summarise the idea of his life and work in a single monumental sentence, Martin Buber, for instance, repeating Goethe's own statement that "the meaning and significance of his writings was the triumph of the purely human." That he was right in stating this we cannot deduce from the fact that a Mohammedan contributor to this book asserts that he was an "Oriental," and that an Indian contributor says: "There is a close affinity between our culture and the German culture as represented by Goethe." In the most interesting of all the contributions, that of the Swiss Professor Robert Faesi, we find the most comprehensive and adequate formula: "Goethe presents the last picture and symbol of man's creative power of making a cosmos out of his inner world."

DR. J. LESSER.

The Goethe-Year. An International Bi-lingual Publication in 12 parts. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Unger. Parts V-XII. The Orpheus Publications Co.

FORMOSA

Brightly written, though with occasional lapses into journalese, Mr. Maclear Bate's book deserves to be widely read. Formosa is a country of which most British readers know very little—about as little as we knew of Korea three years ago. The book supplies us with abundant historical and economic information, and also with lively pictures of the Formosan scene. Economically Formosa depends almost entirely on sugar production; lately this has been kept going only by American aid for the purchase of fertilisers. Other potential but undeveloped economic assets are the dockyard at Keelung and the oil refinery at Kaohsiung. Strategically the island, with its nearness to South China and the Philippines, is of great importance. Its present political interest lies in the fact that Chiang Kai-shek's forces are concentrated there. The most interesting chapter in the book is the author's account of an interview with the Generalissimo—the first that he had granted to a British newspaperman for three years. The author does not come to any firm conclusions about this baffling personality. "Only in the light of history can this be done, and then he must be judged according to the lights of his people at the time in which he lived." But Mr. Bate wisely points out that, when it suited them, the Western Powers acclaimed him as a great Christian hero. "Can yesterday's hero really be the villain of today?" he pertinently asks. From Mr. Bate's portrait, Chiang impresses us as a man of great courage and resilience. He is personally honest and lives a simple life; but Mr. Bate shows that there is truth in the allegations that many of his most powerful supporters have used their positions to make private fortunes out of "graft." Nor does he conceal the fact that his power is maintained by ruthless secret police methods reminiscent of other dictatorships. His elder son, Chiang Cheng-kuo, who is in charge of these activities, studied police methods in Russia. The Nationalist forces include 25,000 "political officers." Mr. Bate gives an amusing example of how traditional Chinese courtesy softens the new toughness. "I was advised by foreign friends to leave my luggage unlocked in my rooms. This would, it was hinted, enable any 'check-up' on the contents by the hard-working secret agents to be effected without undue embarrassment or inconvenience to either them or me."

DAVID WEST.

Report from Formosa. By H. Maclear Bate. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 16s.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

MARCH, 1953

THE OVERTURN IN WASHINGTON

NO event in American history can be compared, in character and consequence, with the return of the Republicans to power and the installation of President Eisenhower. January 20, 1953, is a date that means far more than a transfer of party rule. It marks the close of an epoch, comprising two presidencies that have carried the United States from a singularly undefined status among the Great Powers to a position of world dominance that could not have been envisaged by, let us say, the first Roosevelt or Woodrow Wilson. Nor could the domestic developments of these two decades have been foreseen by even the most prescient of political analysts. The outbreak of the Second World War made probable, if not inevitable, a third term for Franklin Roosevelt. But that the twelve years of so masterful a President should be followed by eight for his successor of the same party—this made a sequence certainly not possible within any electoral system other than that of the United States. Down until 1932 the Democrats were in a permanent minority, excluded from office so long as their opponents were undivided. The altered balance of voting strength shown by Roosevelt's four victories was sufficiently remarkable. The fact that the world power of the Republic attained during Roosevelt's long reign was consolidated, without interruption, under Harry S. Truman as Chief Executive, must stand in the annals of our century as a marvel of political democracy.

There has been something approaching full agreement as to the governing reasons for the Eisenhower triumph. Mr. Stevenson's election campaign was a brilliant achievement. His poll of over 26,000,000 was an unprecedented personal tribute. But the handicap of power held for twenty years was insuperable. No Democrat could have held the Presidency. But it is important to note that the party did not suffer a general disaster anything like that of 1928, when the Roman Catholic Al Smith went down before Herbert Hoover. The Senate, nominally, is exactly divided, the Republican majority in the House is trifling. Nevertheless the November results amounted to a resounding declaration that it was time for a change at the centre. The political and social atmosphere during the three-months interval, together with the January scenes in Washington, could be read only as proof of an immense upsurge of popular emotion, an unbounded feeling of release and hope, all of it centred in the President himself. For ten years General Eisenhower was the national hero, idolised by the whole people. Indeed, he is the one and only American within living memory about whom words such as these could be used. And there is no mistake about it: the American nation looks to its new President as to a worker of miracles.

He is in possession of at least one great initial asset. He succeeds a President whose prestige had fallen to a low level. Mr. Truman's second term of office proved to be a sad decline from the position he had attained by the victory of 1948. No one doubted that the surprise of that election was due to the President's energy in the campaign and the striking effect of his appeal to the multitude. He began the second four years upheld by a great fund of goodwill, while he was aware that his undramatic personality did not arouse the violent antagonism that Roosevelt provoked at every stage after his glowing start. The President for once was not the central object of attack and vilification. Mr. Truman was firmly set in the liberalism of his predecessor. He announced new measures of the Fair Deal, and year by year, in the teeth of a hostile Congress, he re-stated the points of his civil-rights programme, insisting upon equal status for the Negro before the law and in the labour market. Mr. Truman here was faithful to his principles. And he went on without thought of surrender, well knowing that the coalition of Southern diehards and Northern Tories would not allow his term of office to be crowned by so notable a departure from the doctrine of White supremacy.

In terms of domestic reform, particularly as to a rounding-off of the New Deal, Mr. Truman's second term was a disappointment. Congress was implacably against him, and there was evidence enough that the public in general, lulled by the experience of unexampled prosperity, was calling for a halt in controls and social experiment. In any case, however, the Truman period was not, and could not be, noteworthy for advances in home policy. It was momentous by reason of events and decisions in world affairs.

Mr. Truman was well advised to emphasise this in his farewell to the American people, broadcast on January 15. The style of this message was unmistakably his own. Its language recalled that of the shrewd and humble man who entered the White House in 1945. The greater part of the President's job, he reminded his hearers, lay in the making of decisions. During his eight years these had included a number that were of enormous significance, and in his conviction they had been unavoidable. Hence he could look back upon them without regret. The list opened with the use of the atomic bomb for a swift end of the war with Japan. Then came the decision to hold the West against the menace of Soviet Russia (the Truman Doctrine), which, he argued, set the course for winning the cold war and avoiding a third world conflict; a firm stand in Iraq, and, in 1947, the defence of Greece and Turkey; the Marshall Plan and the Berlin air-lift; the North Atlantic Pact, and perhaps most important of all, the decision for action in Korea through the United Nations. When confronted with the actuality of North Korean aggression, Mr. Truman explained, his mind went over the failures of the League of Nations during the 1930s—Manchuria, Ethiopia, the Rhineland, Austria, Munich. If they had let the republic of Korea go under, he said, "the courage and confidence of the free world would be ebbing away."

Mr. Truman's recital covered an impressive array of decisions—concerning movements of incalculable consequence, and surpassing in gravity everything that was to be found in the record of preceding Presi-

dents. Nor can we fail to observe that the central figure in this drama of seven years is a man who, through a tragic incident, was lifted by a formal constitutional rule from political obscurity to the highest elective office on earth.

There is, of course, no parallel to be drawn between a Washington farewell and the succeeding inaugural. Considering President Eisenhower's background as a professional soldier and the limitless confusion of the election contest from which he had emerged, it was assumed that his address after the swearing-in would be, almost of necessity, a moral discourse, touching cautiously if at all upon matters of policy. Mr. Eisenhower, however, did not follow tradition. After a reference to destiny's having laid upon the United States "the responsibility of the free world's leadership," he affirmed that the Government's "labour for world peace" would be guided by certain fixed principles. Nine of these were enumerated, and may be thus summarised:

Maximum strength for the avoidance of war and to deter the forces of aggression; no placating of an aggressor; American strength not to be employed for imposing "upon another people our own cherished political and economic institutions"; the encouragement of productivity and trade, since the impoverishment of any one people in an inter-dependent world "means danger to the wellbeing of all"; support for regional groupings within the framework of U.N.; and in Europe "a new vigour" towards making the unity of the nations a reality; the rejection of any theory that "one race or another, one people or another, is in any sense inferior or expendable. And finally, the U.S. would strive to make the United Nations not merely an eloquent symbol, but an effective force" and in the quest of honourable peace the U.S. would "neither compromise nor tire, nor ever cease."

The internationalist tone of the Nine was sufficiently clear, and the isolationists were at once on the alert, led by the *Chicago Tribune*. There was, to be sure, nothing in this forecast to reassure the supporters of Senator Taft, who were further disturbed by the President's address to a joint session of the Houses of Congress (February 2) on the state of the Union. This, although avowedly tentative, was more specific. It contained, first, an announcement of the crucial change as regards Formosa. The U.S. Seventh Fleet would cease to protect the mainland from raids by Chiang Kai-shek's forces. In view of the Peking Government's massive attacks upon South Korea, there was "no logic or sense in a condition that required the U.S. Navy to assume defensive responsibilities on behalf of Communist China." The President announced his intention of asking Congress to join in a resolution declaring that the U.S. could not recognise commitments of any kind based upon "secret undertakings of the past" with foreign Governments—a condemnation of Yalta. Next came a statement as to the need for Western European unity, which unity could "only be created from within." Turning to world trade, Mr. Eisenhower underlined America's growing need of markets and a flow of capital into foreign investment, as also of expanding imports and the freer entry of raw materials. Meanwhile, there was to be no renewal of wage and price controls, the Taft-Hartley labour law was due for amendment, and the vexations of the McCarran Security Act would have to be removed.

There are two things in particular to be said concerning this manifesto. First, that in respect of economic policy it is a plain announcement that the new Administration is to be independent of the Taft forces which, before their defeat in the nominating convention, were able to make a formidable display of strength in the Republican party. And secondly, that in the clauses dealing with foreign policy the hand of the new Secretary of State is undeniable. In style, no less than in method, Mr. Dulles is a sharp contrast to Mr. Dean Acheson.

One main thrust by the Democrats in last year's campaign took shape in a continuous warning that the Republicans were the party of the great financial and industrial interests, and, therefore, in the event of a change, the American people would be in danger of losing part, and possibly a large part, of the social gains of the recent past. It can be argued that President Eisenhower met the warning directly, even defiantly, by his Cabinet appointments. As a group they appear to support this view, for they belong, almost entirely, to the powers in question. Between an Eisenhower and a Roosevelt Cabinet there could be no ground of comparison; but it is recalled that, in times when Big Business was regarded as actually, if not rightly, the governing authority in the Republic, neither Coolidge nor Hoover went as far as Mr. Eisenhower has gone towards putting representatives of the great combines in the seats of the mighty. "Eight millionaires and a plumber" is the telling phrase that was coined by a Washington correspondent, who watched it slip into the currency; the plumber being the modest trade unionist, who, against a harsh protest from Senator Taft, becomes Secretary of Labour. The Cabinet is of proved capacity; but its members are alike in being devoid of political and administrative experience. The President was unlucky in that a strange oversight should have delayed the Senate ratification of Mr. Charles Wilson as Secretary of Defence, the most important post in the Cabinet after the Secretaryship of State. Mr. Wilson was president of General Motors, first among the giant corporations. He was seemingly not aware that the sacrifices demanded from him in accepting high office in Washington must, according to law, include the surrender of his immense holding of G.M. shares.

The Cabinet, as formed, is secure, and a new President has no reason to anticipate difficulties with his official family. It is otherwise with the Houses of Congress.

There is no compact party majority for him to rely upon. He must appeal, like his predecessors, to a shifting coalition, especially for everything in his international programme. The coolness with which his outline of domestic measures was received on the Republican side was undeniable; but the party now in power is well aware of the permanent results of the Roosevelt-Truman record. The main provisions of the New Deal are embodied in the national structure. Party leaders know what any assault upon the principles would mean in the Congressional elections of 1954. As for the urgent claims of international trade, it is significant that even Senator Taft has now joined in the call for lower tariffs and expanded imports. A new American President can, as a rule, count upon a period of goodwill at the outset of his term, although this indulgence may not be of much service to him in winning

the support of Congress for his legislative measures. In this respect Mr. Eisenhower occupies a position that is wholly without precedent.

His world renown as Supreme War Commander sets him apart from all others, past or present. No American had ever been chosen for the headship of the nation on the basis of military achievement overseas. His popularity is unapproached; he stands upon a pinnacle of personal authority. But he is not the political leader of the Republican host. Between their elected representatives and himself there is a gap that has to be bridged. The main question that may be answered within his first year of office is that of his individual power and its extent: Can the hero-president, coming fresh to his great task, become the Chief Executive in deed and truth?

All thoughtful citizens of the United States, we may be assured, are conscious of the ominous crisis at which the Republic stands, as the page of history is turned with the close of the epoch that cannot fail to be linked with the name of Roosevelt. The impressive majority that was accorded to the Republican candidate in November last proclaimed, above all, the American people's desire and hope that a transfer of governing power in Washington might prove to be the decisive factor for settlement in the Far East and the opening of a new and creative chapter in Europe. Dwight Eisenhower, in a word, is our age's man of destiny. We are compelled, it would seem, to believe that the future of the civilised world hangs upon his leadership of the West.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

POTENTIAL DANGERS IN GERMANY

THE arrest of seven former leading Nazis may not have improved Anglo-German understanding, or German relations with the West, but it indicates a somewhat belated recognition on the part of the Allies of an ever-present potential danger. It does not so much consist in the activities of these men as in the presence in Germany of 27,477 Nazi leaders who had been interned by the British, and 45,020 by the U.S.A. By April 30th, 1947, 1,785,507 officials in important public and private positions had been screened, and 320,017 of them had been removed or excluded from office. One may assume that those convicted deserved their punishment and their fines, but only a starry-eyed American schoolmarm can have believed that these men emerging from detention camps or prisons had become devoted, peace-loving democrats when restored to full civic rights. The more their social status had been lowered, the stronger would be their craving for a return of the golden age they enjoyed under Hitler. A few, of course, may regret their folly and repent. But as long as numerous, thoroughly impregnated Nazis are at large in the country, there will always be a potential danger. It was, of course, impossible, and not even desirable, to exterminate or to exile them to places where they could do no harm; but they will remain a potential danger until most of them have been removed by death. Yet

in a fairly contented prosperous Germany, the majority of whose inhabitants have seen the reverse side of that golden age, they will not become an actual danger, provided the Nazi old-stagers are barred from spreading the Hitler gospel to the young, especially in the universities. This menace has not always been dealt with satisfactorily. Nazi professors who have not been particularly offensive have been removed but are entitled to draw pensions. These pensions burden the Länder budgets. With the blessing of cheese-paring Finance Ministers, who want to save these pensions, their colleagues attempt to get them re-installed in their chairs, which otherwise would have to be filled by new appointees. They thus manage to block the careers of non-compromised younger men, and restore power over the students to men who should not be trusted.

One must not overlook, moreover, that in Western Germany all those conditions are present which make for radical aggressive nationalist movements, such as partition, armies of occupation, foreign intervention, and last, but not least, an influx of millions of refugees. Fortunately the chaos confronting the German people in 1945 called for superhuman efforts. The so-called economic miracle of the come-back absorbed the energies of all those who had something to contribute; they had little time and inclination to listen to the tales of woe from those who had been responsible for the disaster. But either a severe set-back or even a relaxation of economic pressure might give people time to hearken to romancing propagandists. The German people are always at their best when rolling upwards the rock of Sisyphus; they are apt to get above themselves when they have almost reached the summit, and let it slip again from their hands.

When the U.S.A. over two years ago called for a German military contribution within a federalised Europe, Russia evidently got frightened. She countered the Allies' plans by proposing the speedy reunion of a non-militarised Germany, and started a passionate campaign for it in the Eastern zone; she pressed, moreover, for a four-power conference. The Western Allies, being chary of Russian methods, participated in a preliminary conference which failed. They made their acceptance of a top-level conference depend on the previous acceptance by Russia of free elections in the Eastern Zone. Russia, being always mistrustful, evidently suspected the Allies of wanting to postpone a meeting until their rearmament plans within a European federation had been sufficiently advanced to present the conference with an accomplished fact, which they would be unwilling to barter away. Since Russia's main object was to keep Western Germany from joining the North Atlantic Pact military organisation, this prospect did not please her. She intensified her pacifist anti-imperialist campaign, and held out hopes for speedy reunion if rearmament were dropped at a conference. The West remained unresponsive. Once Russia recognised that the Western Allies were not prepared to go to a conference without previous proofs of her sincerity, she hastened to create a few accomplished facts of her own. She turned the five governments of the Eastern Zone into a centralised unitarian state, fused East Berlin with it, and more or less sovietised the economic structure of her zone. There had been no iron curtain between East

and West Germany, only a kind of wire netting with very wide meshes, and coming and going between East and West Berlin had been easy. Now an iron curtain is being let down. Spy hunts and purges are the order of the day, mass flights from the Eastern zone and Berlin are setting in at the rate of 1,200 to 1,300 daily arrivals in West Berlin. The U.S.A. policy of containing Russia has succeeded in so far as no Russian attack has occurred; but it may have been paid for by speeding up the loss of Eastern Germany, and implicitly of all Europe east of the British-American zone of occupation. A potential danger to Western Germany has drawn nearer.

The present German coalition government was formed in 1949 as a government of the Right; the Social Democrats, the second strongest party, were not asked to join. It was not realised at that time that a national bi-partisan policy was essential during the long period during which Western Germany would have to try to regain her sovereignty. From this initial mistake—I pointed this out to the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW three years ago—the German political situation has never recovered. The struggle of her two strong men, Dr. Adenauer and the late Dr. Schumacher, slowly turned into a struggle over foreign policy and a struggle for power. Both sides desire German reunion. Dr. Adenauer is convinced that it must be reached by the previous integration of Germany in the West; yet he finds it difficult to show how a Franco-German union—for this is the core of his policy—can bring about the reunion of the two Germanies, which France can hardly desire. The Social Democrats, on their part, insist that the chances of German reunion schemes must not be prejudiced by Western Germany's prematurely entering a Continental Union. Yet they cannot indicate a road to reunion beyond entertaining the pious hope that Russia might be made to accept it at a four-power conference on mutually acceptable terms, and they can hardly believe that this will happen. But they clearly recognise that the German masses, and especially those closely connected with the East, must not get the impression that reunion and their own interest in it has been sacrificed lightheartedly in return for a somewhat precarious security of the West. They are opposing the contract with Germany and the European Defence Community mainly for this reason, though there are some paragraphs in these documents which justify their criticism. They claim that these treaties imply a change in the constitution, and must therefore be ratified by a two-thirds majority. It cannot be found in the present House, and the Social Democrats demand a new election from which they hope to emerge as the strongest party. A discreditable wrangle about the approach to the Constitutional Court, which has to decide the issue, has occurred, in which the Government has even involved the President. By these manipulations ratification has hitherto been postponed, which neither suits the Government, which is in a hurry, nor the Social Democrats, who want new elections. The Government will not dissolve the House since it has not been defeated, and the constitution does not admit a dissolution in these circumstances. So the Social Democrats argue that decisions by a House so near the end of its natural term (four years) are not binding on its successor.

In any case, new elections cannot be long postponed; the Social

Democrats will fight them as the patriotic party who tried hard to save the East through reunion, and the Government parties will have to play the part of the good European who is saving European civilisation in order to secure German reunion later on. In this campaign the nationalist note will be very strident. There is a large floating vote—an odd two million votes were given in Lander elections after 1949 to the Refugee Party (B.H.E.), now called the German Bloc, which by its very composition is nationalist and a fit receptacle for ex-Nazis who dare not start on their own. While by no means all refugees belong to it, the less fortunate ones are naturally attracted to it. The Social Democrats had hoped to draw many refugees into their camp; in Lower Saxony they have of late governed with their help. But Social Democratic nationalism may not be fervent enough for many members of the German Bloc, and certainly not for former Nazis, who can now become articulate. These people drift instinctively toward the Right, perhaps to the German Party, an acknowledged rightist party, whose 17 members support Dr. Adenauer's government, and which naturally would like to increase its following. More seriously, the right wing of the Free Democratic Party (with its 52 members, it is the second in strength in the present coalition) has fallen under the influence of industrialists who politically have learned little, and have forgotten a good deal. It has been angling for the vote of important ex-Nazis. The arrest of the seven Nazis has fortunately compromised this group, and will probably prevent its getting control of the party; but every "foreign intervention" is arousing national passions, and the election campaign will feed them.

So do developments in France. It is an open question whether the Schuman Pact was needed for raising Europe's output, for her steel production had rapidly gone ahead before it has become effective. Has it fulfilled its main object and improved the political relations between Germany and France? The French will not sign the European Defence Community Pact before the Germans have consented to a permanent economic dis-association of the Saar from Germany. They insist on modifications, some of them quite reasonable, before they will ratify it, but they expect the Germans to sign it as it stands. They have thus given the Germans grounds for complaining of being put under duress and of being denied equality of treatment. On the top of it the U.S.A., by clamouring for a European Union patterned on misconceived analogies from U.S.A. experience, are fanning the flames, and are arousing strong anti-American sentiments, which unfortunately make Europeans forget U.S.A.'s most generous and in many ways wise help. The U.S.A. are clearly justified in making their help contingent on Europe's adequate military contribution. Mr. Dulles' insistence on rapid ratification of the European Defence Community may speed up its acceptance in Germany and France, notwithstanding deep-rooted objections to it. But even though their governments may have egged him on to it, it will be treated as an example of ruthless Imperialist pressure, and it will feed nationalist passions.

This flaring up of a widespread nationalism represents a far greater potential danger to Western Germany than the machinations of former Nazi leaders, whose activities can easily be watched and if necessary stopped. What makes the situation particularly depressing is the hard

fact that, while the German mind is boiling up to fever heat, in the coming election, the battle for which her politicians are girding their loins may already be lost. Eastern Germany is well on the way to a German-speaking Soviet Republic, the frontiers of which are not, as people usually imagine, the Elbe, but are jutting deep into western regions. So far not a single West German soldier has been added to the defence of the West. But the Eastern zone is already being militarised, and a maelstrom of refugees is pouring from it into the West which may assume catastrophic dimensions.

M. J. BONN.

THE VISIT OF MARSHAL TITO

MANY voices have been raised in approval and in disapproval of Marshall Tito's projected visit, for there are those who decline to accept the simple argument that Mr. Eden's sojourn last year in Belgrade involves the courtesy of a return. My qualifications for taking part in this controversy are a somewhat intimate acquaintance over a number of years with Yugoslav affairs and the men who have been in control of them, although in discussing this particular question it will suffice if I refer only to events in two provinces of that country, Serbia and Croatia, with a glance at Bosnia. One of the results of the first world war was that, after being separated for many centuries, the Eastern-Orthodox Slavs of Serbia joined up with their kindred, the Roman Catholic Slavs of Croatia. It was a time of honeymoon and all seemed to be for the best in the best of worlds. It did not in the least matter that in the middle of Croatia, in the Lika district, there existed an island of Serbs. In fact one of them, Svetozar Pribiechevic, became Yugoslavia's first Minister of the Interior. Little did these Croatian Serbs dream that a day would come when thousands of them would be forcibly converted to Catholicism, during which process many lives would be lost, but in compensation they were often assured that their souls would be saved.

The leading Croat politician between the two world-wars was Stephen Radic, the adored chief of the Croat Peasant Party, to which practically all the Croat M.P.'s belonged; a minute number were in the anti-Serb Party of Dr. Ante Pavelic. If Radic were now alive he would be an ardent supporter of Tito, if only because of the policy regarding the excessive areas of monastic lands on which very inadequate taxes were paid. This wrong was being rectified by King Alexander. But after Pavelic had organised the King's assassination in Marseilles—for which a French court condemned him *in absentia* to death, a penalty which he escaped through being given sanctuary by Mussolini—the Regency in Yugoslavia turned the clock back and restored these lands to the monasteries. So incensed were the peasants that when the German army was approaching in 1941 they declared that Hitler could not be worse than the Regent and that they would not oppose him. However they did put up a gallant resistance until the chaos that resulted when it became known that Stepinac, the Archbishop of Zagreb, had publicly welcomed the Germans,

had called on Pavelic as soon as that criminal quisling flew in from Italy, and, a few days later, issued a Pastoral Letter to his clergy that they should work for an independent Croatia, of course under the aegis of Germany and Italy. An Italian Prince was appointed King of Croatia, but he was prudent enough to remain in Italy; no doubt he had heard that the Axis troops were received everywhere in icy silence, broken only by the applause of the adherents of Pavelic and Stepinac. Some critics of Tito complain of his treatment of Archbishop Stepinac, whose subversive activities while the Yugoslav army was still fighting in Bosnia were flagrant examples of high treason. With extraordinary leniency he requested this prelate to leave the country and, when he refused, he suffered not the usual punishment of traitors, but merely internment.

As soon as the Axis troops were in occupation of Croatia it was possible for Pavelic to carry out his anti-Serb programme of forcible conversions. And unfortunately for the credit of Stepinac he was photographed wearing a high decoration bestowed on him by Pavelic, on whose name-day he every year preached a sermon in his honour; it is not known that he ever rebuked those of his clergy who played a prominent part in these conversions, though he must have thought now and then that they were going a little too far. Thus Dr. Simrak, Bishop of Krizevci, published in his official "Bishopric News" No. 2, 1942 a Directive wherein he wrote that "Special offices must be created immediately for those to be converted. . . . We have done very little until now as far as conversion is concerned, simply because we were undetermined and afraid of small obstacles and complaints from people. Every great work has someone opposing it, but we must not allow our spirits to be lowered." Another prelate interested in mass conversions—Archbishop Stepinac reported to the Pope on May 18th, 1944, that 240,000 Serbs had been converted—was Bishop Aksimovic of Djakovo. Two of his clergy, his chaplain Dr. Djuka Maric and Stjepan Bogutovac, thought that these conversions were not in the spirit of Christian teaching, but the Bishop obliged them to fall into line. Dr. Saric, Archbishop of Sarajevo, did not himself take part in the massacres of Serbs, but he appointed to the presidency of his Spiritual Board the curate Bozidar Brale, the chief organiser in Sarajevo of these atrocities. The Archbishop contented himself with composing a poem in honour of the quisling Pavelic. It begins:

In the Basilica of St. Peter

In the eternal city the poet saw you,

Your embrace was dear to me. . . .

Of course the two objecting clergy under Bishop Aksimovic were far from being the sole righteous ones. Those who are good citizens—thus fulfilling Tito's not unreasonable request—are gladly welcomed into official functions, such as the priest Dr. Smiljanic who is a Vice-President of the Serbian Parliament or Mgr. Riccig, a Vice-President of Croatia.

Church and State in Yugoslavia are now, as in France, separated; this does not mean that the State gives to the Churches no material aid. The Serbian Patriarch issued a statement to the Press last September that there is today full understanding, the State paying all social insurances for the priests, children's allowances, old age pensions, funeral expenses and so

forth. The Catholic Church in Croatia has received even greater sums than the Serbian Church, because so many of their buildings were ruined when Pavelic's terrorist troops installed machine-guns in many a church tower, which then had to be attacked. Tito has been denounced by more than one British Catholic for the reason that a young man has now to be at least fifteen years of age before he can enter a seminary. Ought he not to be congratulated for approaching our system under which a prospective clergyman enters a theological college after the university, instead of, as in some countries, entering a seminary at the tender age of ten or twelve? He is also criticised because in as many hospitals as possible the unqualified and somewhat ignorant nuns have been replaced by qualified nurses, some of them White Russians who have been made very welcome in Yugoslavia.

Tito is criticised for having obliged the Archbishop of Zagreb to live in his native village when that prelate, guilty of high treason—"I am afraid that the indictment for high treason stands," says Mr. C. F. Melville, himself a Catholic, in *Time and Tide*—refused to leave the country, which was probably the most lenient penalty ever meted out to a traitor. Stepinac did not himself take part in the mass exterminations, the forcible conversions, or the terror in the concentration camps. A full admission of these misdeeds is to be found in official statements and publications of the Ustachi regime, in both official and religious journals, but he did nothing to stop them. Dr. Prvislav Grisogno, a Catholic Croat and former Minister of the Royal Yugoslav Government, sent him a letter of protest: "In our country not one Bishop has decried the fate of the innocent Christian Serbs who have suffered more than the Jews in Germany. . . . I write you this to save my soul and I leave it to you to find a way to save yours." Stepinac made no reply. Some of his friends in this country have been, one cannot help thinking, somewhat rash in endeavouring to whitewash him. For instance Mr. Michael Derrick in *The Tablet* says that the Archbishop wrote a letter to Pavelic on November 20th, 1941 strongly denouncing the forcible conversions. As the massacres and the forcible conversions continued after that date and as Stepinac continued to give Pavelic his full support, this does not redound to Stepinac's credit. His friends can no longer plead that in his association with Pavelic he knew nothing of the atrocities.

Any stick seems to be considered good enough to beat Tito. Thus Mr. Juraj Krnjevic, who came to this country some years ago after being Secretary-General of the Croat Peasant Party, tries to prove that he has brutally thwarted Radic's widow from publishing his very popular paper, *Dom*, (*The Home*). What happened was that this lady fell under the influence of the lawyer Macek who became more and more reactionary. Her paper was advocating open rebellion, so that it was not strange when the Government forbade it. One day a bomb appeared in Mrs. Radic's shop window, and if Mr. Krnjevic had then been in Zagreb he would have noticed that noisier than the bomb—which hurt no one—was the laughter of the citizens who told each other how Mrs. Radic, in her desire to play the martyr, had planted it. The paper of my old friend Radic, now entitled *Slobodne Dom* (*Free Home*) is being carried on by people loyal to his ideals.

Talking of brutal things, Mr. Krnjevic asserts that Stepinac "is now by brutal force prevented from defending himself against such allegations as those of Mr. Henry Baerlein." The Archbishop is perfectly free to give interviews to journalists and at these interviews to talk quite freely. He was photographed with Dr. Clovis Maksoud, a Lebanese journalist, both of them looking very happy; and on December 5th, 1952, he gave an interview to a representative of the British United Press. He does not seem to have explained at this interview how it was that the 240,000 Serbs, concerning whom he wrote to the Pope, had suddenly, after centuries in their own Church, migrated to that of Rome. Nor did he mention a leaflet distributed for the official Diocesan journal of Djakovo entitled "A Friendly Suggestion," which told the people to "report as soon as possible for rechristening into the Catholic Church. As Catholics you will be allowed to remain in your homes." Some of the converters did not beat about the bush. "You Serbs," declared the Priest Ambrozije Novak in the village of Mostanica in 1941, "are condemned to death and you can only escape that sentence by accepting Catholicism." In the course of a sermon Priest Srecko Peric of the Gorica monastery near Livno advocated the slaying of all Serbs, beginning with his sister who had married one of them. "When you finish this work," said he, "come to me here in the church and I will confess you and free you from sin." It is perfectly true, as the Archbishop of Canterbury says, that some of the clergy are in prison. How fortunate they are! What of Gomiero Simplician of Pola who admitted that during six months in 1947 he had transmitted 111 reports to the Italian Secret Service? What of the Priest Ante Klaric in the village Tramosnica where he led Ustachi units in attacks on Serbian villages? "You are old women," said he from the pulpit, "and you should put on skirts; you have not yet killed a single Serb."

There are clerics and others who look back with longing to the time when in the provinces of Croatia and Slovenia, under the Habsburgs, the Roman Church controlled all religious instruction in schools and, through nursing nuns, controlled the hospitals and doctors. Under King Alexander this stranglehold came to an end. The Protestants and Old Catholics in Slovenia were then enabled to have a church of their own; they shared a Protestant churchyard. This was in accord with Serbian tolerance, an instance of which was the appointment of Dr. Spaho, a Muslim from Bosnia, as Minister of Religion, though the Muslim are only about ten per cent. of the population of Yugoslavia. King Alexander used to play bridge two or three times a week with Dr. Alkalay, the Chief Rabbi, for the simple reason that he was a very good player.

It is impossible here to refer to all the statesmanlike acts of our guest. Let us merely point to what he is doing in Bosnia, where his task is by no means ended, and in Macedonia, where it has by and large been achieved. Converts are notorious for their fanaticism; and the modernisms which Ataturk introduced so beneficently to Turkey a generation ago have been meeting with a good deal of opposition in Bosnia, regardless of the fact that the Muslim of that province are Serb-speaking Slavs whose ancestors, some centuries ago, were earlier examples of forcible conversions. Tito is endeavouring to make the Bosniaks adopt new

regulations concerning hygiene, education, the equality of women before the law, and the encouragement of women to take part in public and political life, all of which run counter to the strictest interpretation of the Koran.

His success has been more rapid in Macedonia, which province was for so long the apple of discord between Serb and Bulgar, with sanguinary episodes and some that were amusing, as when in the church at Prilep I saw that the tomb of a man who had died and been buried as Ivan Ivanoff was given the name of Ivanovic a few years later when Macedonia became a part of Yugoslavia. Tito has persuaded the Macedonians to cease from worrying as to whether in their veins there flows more Serbian or Bulgarian blood; they now proudly declare that they are Macedonians and in their parliament and local newspapers they use the Macedonian dialect. In it they sing his praise and no doubt in time his hostile critics in this country will follow their example. Some of them, dissatisfied with him for one thing or another, would prefer that Britain should have nothing to do with him and his colleagues. More numerous, happily, are those who are wise enough to understand that, quite apart from political expediency, you can only hope to have some influence on a totalitarian regime if between you and it there are some bridges.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

AFRICAN IMPRESSIONS

I KNEW as my plane came down at Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, that I liked Africa. This was a good start for the understanding of problems. I liked the physical landscape, I liked the stage; my eyes would be glued to the tragedy or the comedy. I had always thought of Africa as densely wooded country, so it was pleasant, as I already loved the spirit of Canada and of New Zealand, to find great open spaces. Often I was reminded of the parts of the Empire I already knew—in the shapes of buildings and the types of fencing; in the dirt roads and the style of bridges; and in the pattern of the stars at night. Here was land that I might have settled on, instead of going to the Canterbury Province of New Zealand or fruit farming behind Vancouver. Was it not all part of the Empire? Yet I realised at once, in Africa, that we had let ourselves in for a special problem, as we swam in the sea of the black majority. Let us be frank. The average settler has not gone to Northern Rhodesia or Nyasaland knowing fully what trusteeship or partnership is. He is not a politician. He is a settler. I wonder if the settlers would take a different attitude to the Africans if they were the minority placed beside a European majority? Perhaps—because, as people were always drumming into me in the Rhodesias, and in the Union—"Always remember—fear of the African." On the other hand, the attitude of Europeans towards the natives seems such an ingrained one, seems to embody such a compulsive certainty of superiority that one cannot see that it can easily be changed by a change of ratio. The fear might be removed; the conceit and concept would remain. Because nothing is more obvious to anyone arriving in Southern or Eastern Africa for the first time than this curious (from a

London point of view) viewing of the other race as something quite separate from us, something inferior, almost part of the inanimate wealth of the country like the minerals themselves. This can work all right when people are really primitive, and need the fatherly attitude, and do not notice how they are being looked at, and when also the "fathers" are generous, and not at some desperate advanced stage of the industrial revolution as we are now.

But everything moves in the world, and what the African would stand, and even welcome, fifty years ago, he will not accept now. He is coming on. The chiefs no longer represent the spearhead; the younger people, who know towns and have perhaps been abroad, are taking over and bringing a more intellectual approach. And in that new intellectuality they have pondered Western democracy, and also observed with a new eye the increasing self-study and self-interest of settlers. The two things have come about together—worse British behaviour, and more African consciousness of it. To the European it is now often a simple matter of survival in a new or strange land, the thought of the children in twenty years time, what may be their lot—and not, as with some earlier people, a question of religion and mission, a job like in a boy's club in the East End. Equally, the fine consciousness of civil servants has come down from a high level, and the waters of awareness are becoming muddled. Of this new African type are the leaders of the African National Congress in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. It is their exasperation with the British attitude towards them and their people, plus their indignation at the British Government's apparent persistence with Federation, that have produced the present violent nationalism. It is an unpleasant thing, but what other form could one expect this reaction to take? After all, it is their nation as much as ours. They are actually there by superior right, because it is *their* Continent as the indigenous people; we are the newcomers, with a country somewhere else also. We are greedy, in African eyes, having two countries. "You have your Britains and your Belgiums and your Hollands: why come here?" Such, in exasperation, becomes the attitude: a combination of invasion and bad treatment cannot be stood for. Except by acute nationalism they cannot make their point. They cannot bring up their point in the legislature, the intelligent ones, for they are not there.

One of my most vivid impressions of Northern and Southern Rhodesia (but to a lesser extent Nyasaland) is that they are vividly expanding countries. Towns like Lusaka and Ndola and Salisbury grow every day. There is the sense of things coming, a sense of expectancy. It is perhaps, in one aspect, like the Middle West of America or the Prairie Provinces of Canada seventy years ago. Lusaka, for instance, in appearance is almost a "saddled town," you expect horses to be tethered at street corners, but there are only fast cars and powerful trucks. It is a privilege to see the main street and its mood; short of going to Lusaka, you can only resort to a film and a film-set of the Middle West. Such is the capital of Northern Rhodesia, though the Government Offices are away "on the hill." Here you may hear refreshing talk of the planned route, and the difficulties foreseen, of a new railway direct to Salisbury, avoiding the tremendous present detour via Livingstone and Bulawayo. "Federation

would secure this," you hear people say. "Federation, and the capital that this new stabler, larger unit will attract, will make so many things possible that are necessary." Here will be a great new British block and impetus, a new British power in Southern Africa, a new Dominion even, a new gem in the crown of the self-governing nations of the Commonwealth. People on the spot say with emphasis, when you suggest that unbridled capital as a force is an archaic factor in the world today, that "It ought not to be the case here."

Nothing wrong with this sense of purpose, this almost pioneer mood in a modern context. Nothing wrong with it in itself—except that there are Africans in these countries, too, and through their recognised leaders they say they would rather have freedom than wealth, that the wealth from federation would not be distributed to them. In a different situation, they might think differently about industrial advance; nevertheless even that is not certain; they have not fallen for the technical age quite so unreservedly as we have; they will work in a plant for a year and go back happily into the bush. Is this opinion to be resisted? Is the great advance of the new tide of commercialism and industry in Africa to proceed with the Africans standing watching at the fringe and being left behind? Or else being forced into the advance, to the extent that they have not yet organised their full rebellion? It is highly dangerous, I think, to go ahead with Federation. The new structures will crash around those who make them. The foundations are entirely insecure because they are not founded on goodwill but on actual hostility to the main obvious source of labour, and for that matter of technical skill, as the African makes use of his chances for advance. Do we ever want an African engineer on the Kariba Gorge scheme for hydro-electric power, or a high-grade surveyor for a stretch of that new railway?

The settlers recoil against it. They are jealous. In their self-interest they will not make opportunities. Yet in their own self-interest they must, or they will be carried away in that other tide, the Africans' own "explosive fecundity" (to use a phrase from a "leader" in the *Pretoria News*). What terrible misfortune to be a majority!—feared therefore suppressed; despised therefore given no generosity; regarded as cattle, because they are not, by any stretch of imagination, the *same* as the Europeans; given no quarter, because, as things are, they are merely part of the machinery of the country, and if they got proper wages the country could not work, could not balance its budget in the ordinary European sense! Possibly somewhere, secretly, the residents of Southern Africa know the African is an ordinary human being; but it does not suit the context. It would explode the context. It would have atomic force. Mineraally, so much atom wealth lies in Southern Africa. Why not socially? There is no stopping this new tide, and very little hope of persuading the settler to change his attitude either. So the irresistible force appears to approach towards the immovable object. Well might Africans use two lines of Shakespeare, given to Shylock: "Thou called'st me dog before thou had'st a cause, But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs." And some Englishmen, with natural sympathies, may be quoting from a lecture of William Morris:

"If I were an African, I should spend my spare time, I hope, in political agitation, but, I fear, in drink."

Such is the crisis which the vast land of Africa endures. The crisis of an indigenous race meeting an invading race, when the indigenous people are at a new birth, a new awareness, and the invading race, beginning to get frightened, beginning to consolidate. When I think of Lusaka now, or the fringes of a hundred towns, or the open bush, the voice that especially comes back to me is that of the small cricket, the cicada, who with his constant and pleasant chirring through night and day is the real, tiny king of Africa's consciousness. What storms brewing does this innocent sound echo? What really is one to think about it all, as one stands near this dry sound on the dry day? Over there is the native compound of round thatched houses. Over there, through the trees, you can see the sharp-corner angles of maroon European buildings, the *Boma* or local European headquarters. And there up on the hill are the tidy white suburban homes. Away beyond, up the dusty roads, start the lonely European farms. And everywhere in the majority, sneaking in, the Africans, sneaking into a picture whose outline has been painted by us, but they have longer knowledge of these stones and this red earth.

Here, when I think of these things, my consciousness is in Northern Rhodesia, where there are not too many European people yet, not too many industries. Here, in the same pattern that spreads down into the Union of South Africa and up into Kenya, one can think better about it all and about trends. It is easier to see here that the basic issue is race, the one we tend to hide our heads in the sand about, because we are so guilty. The rough grasses are already on fire and the turmoil is rapidly moving towards the huts. Frail as huts are our mental defences against people with higher moral right. The way we are behaving in Africa, the African has more moral translucency than ourselves. It is easiest to see all things when we are nearest nature. I stand in this bush listening to the cricket sing, as he sings in the Union and as he sings in Kenya. Here is a country big enough for all races, where the African has much to teach us and we much to teach him. He respects our lead—so long as we do not look at him as a dog. And just how forward are we with our chaos of wars? So from Lusaka airport, when I had wandered my few days, loafing like Walt Whitman, taking in the scene, instinctively loving the land, meeting all as if I did not belong, a *Viking* aircraft whisks me away to Southern Rhodesia, its engines blanketing sensitivity. The roar that drags forward the fixed cabin suspends one in a mood of less questioning for an hour.

NOEL-BUXTON.

TURKISH SNAPSHOTS

TRAVELLERS arriving by land at Istanbul are unfavourably impressed by the unpainted wooden houses and tumble-down buildings that engirdle the railway line. They harmonise with the ruins of the Byzantine walls that still strut defiantly along the shores of the Marmara, revealing through their yawning crevices glimpses of that sea and a vista of the Asiatic shore. Doubts begin to arise in one's mind

as to the effective results of Ataturk's vaunted reforms when the environment attests a state of immutability. Such forebodings, however, are dispelled on exit from the terminal station of Sirkedji. A large square, filled with the latest types of buses and cars, as colourful as may be imagined, reflecting a whole gamut of colour, ranging from romantic pastel greens and blues, gleaming cream to more sober shades of purple and brown, greets one's eyes. Passengers are speeded over the modernised bridge spanning the Golden Horn, through the narrow and tortuous streets of Galata and Beyoglu—formerly Pera—to Taxim, where stands the statue of the founder of the Turkish republic, a dwarf statue in proportion to the now enlarged square. Visitors are hurried into a modern hotel commanding an enchanting view on the southern entrance of the Bosphorus, the Seraglio Point and the distant Princes islands. If Istanbul, Galata and Beyoglu retain most of their ancient aspect except where fires have cleared the ground and permitted the erection of some modern buildings—some 18,957 were constructed during the last ten years—the area to the north-east of Taxim, formerly mostly empty or encumbered with old barracks, has been entirely transformed. Vast parks, avenues and modern buildings have been planned and erected which contrast strikingly with the rest of the city and reveal the hitherto unknown artistic capacities of Turkish architects. No doubt that the enterprising and popular Vali and Mayor of Istanbul, Dr. Gökalp, must have set his hand to this job, as he has had in putting a curb to the activities of drug-addicts and drunkards. At the 24th anti-alcoholic congress held in Paris late in September last year, he did not hesitate to lecture the French on their excessive indulgence in spirits. (The consumption of pure alcohol in France is as high as 27 litres per cap. as per only 4½ in Great Britain) and proposed that the French should apply his methods in combating the evil. The Congress, however, decided that such drastic handling of inebriates was incompatible with human dignity—as if drunkenness was compatible with it—and proposed methods more in harmony with "republican legality."

Though cases of stabbing and rape are frequently reported in the local press, they are less frequent than in France, and may be partly ascribed to the undiscerning adoption of the Swiss criminal code which deals too leniently with criminals. Possibly Turkish legislators had not heard of Bagehot's weighty pronouncement that strict rigid, concise law is an indispensable pre-requisite for backward communities. There is another side of the life of the city which impresses strangers and that is the manner in which the problem of circulation has been solved. Most of the 14,907 cars in Istanbul ply in all directions and pick up passengers at random so that on payment of a modest fee of one shilling one is conveyed rapidly across the city. One cannot but admire the extreme dexterity of the Turkish chauffeurs in manoeuvring through the congested, narrow and winding streets and in avoiding collisions. In 1951 only 1583 accidents were reported which is a testimonial of their unrivalled skill. Though deprived of its rank as capital, Istanbul retains its ascendancy. Its university, writers and journalists shape the ideas which are disseminated slowly throughout the rest of the country. A dozen Turkish papers are daily published, while Ankara, can boast of only three. It maintains its

commercial importance though its port has lost most of its activity owing to the cessation of traffic with the Danube and Black Sea ports other than the Turkish. Its population is about four times that of Ankara, which numbers nearly 300,000. It is a pleasure to record that the city has been endowed with three commodious reading-rooms by France, Great Britain and the U.S.A. in which the literature of these nations is available. They attract large numbers of students who consult mainly technical books and periodicals. Historical and literary works are neglected. The most convenient installation as to site and comfort is the American, but if the British Council's premises were to be transferred to the former British Embassy at Galata Serai, now housing our consulate, it would be an improvement on its present site and would effect some saving in rent.

The present rulers of Turkey are deservedly popular and are endeavouring to undo the harmful policy of their predecessors in office. Though some of their supporters occasionally express rather retrograde opinions as when they voice regret at the emancipation of women, these views have been at once denounced by the leaders of the party. The policy of extreme centralisation and nationalisation of industry and commerce imposed by the former government is to be discontinued. The party in power stands for decentralisation, restriction of state operated enterprises and their limitation to those which private capital cannot conduct profitably. The Minister for Trade has recently announced that no new State factories will be built and that some will be turned over to private interests. The National Assembly has also promulgated a law by which foreign loans contracted by local firms will be guaranteed by the State and that both capital and interest will be allowed to be refunded abroad. It is regrettable that this measure is not to be applied retroactively so that former investors might re-employ their funds which have been frozen for years. Very few countries have made use of Marshall aid so judiciously as Turkey. The network of roads suitable for trucks which did not exceed 11,000 km. in 1948 now comprises 23,000 km. of state highways, 27,000 km. provincial ones and an inter-village system of 50,000 km. A first class highway traverses the country from Adrianople to Ankara, Adana to the port of Alexandretta and the frontier of the Lebanon, and another joins Alexandretta to Erzeroum. The construction of this vast mileage of all-weather roads has opened under-exploited areas allowing buses and lorries to ply and move ideas, passengers and goods. It has also facilitated the introduction of tractors some 28,000 of which and 3,000 harvesters and combines are now in operation, while tractors continue to be imported at the rate of 1,000 monthly. Towns not connected by rail are now linked by a network of airways, a mode of locomotion in striking contrast with the slow moving buffalo carts, remnants of a past age, but still largely in use.

Mechanisation has brought some one million hectares of derelict land under the plough since 1951, while the policy of endowing landless peasants with farms has given a further impetus to agriculture. Some 65,000 ht. in 1950 and 150,000 ht. in 1951 were distributed to the peasantry. They have nothing to pay until the sixth year, then 20 yearly instalments without interest have to be met, they are granted a 5 per cent. discount for every child raised to the school-going age of seven. Hydro-electric works are being constructed in various places, the most important being a dam on

the Sakarya river which will furnish sufficient electric power to satisfy the requirements of Istanbul, Ankara and Brusa, while the one on the river Seyhan will serve to irrigate some 144,000 ht. in the plain of Adana. As a result of these activities there has been a three-fold increase in the production of cereals; this year's crop is expected to amount to 10,000,000 tons. Cotton production has increased by 17 per cent. in two years and now exceeds 700,000 bales annually. There is still room for expansion of the area under cultivation for only 17 per cent. of the arable area has been brought under the plough, though four-fifths of the population depend on land. In the south-eastern provinces 35 per cent. of the area is arable but only 5 per cent. is under cultivation.

Exports for the first eight months of the year 1952 have attained the value of £tg.607.8* millions, cereals, cotton and tobacco being the principal articles exported. Germany and France were the principal buyers, while imports amounted to £tg.1006.1 millions. Germany heads the list with 163.2 million Turkish pounds and Great Britain comes second with £tg.84 millions. The resulting deficit was expected to be made good by the end of the year thanks to the bumper crop of cereals grown last summer. Local prices, however, are higher than those ruling abroad and this is hindering exports. Tobacco, which was largely exported to Germany prior to the war, is no longer sought after by German buyers as their customers have been accustomed to smoke American cigarettes since the cessation of hostilities. Great Britain, which has a large excess of exports to Turkey over imports from that country, might perhaps help to close the gap by increasing her purchases as we import only 159,195 lbs. of tobacco from Turkey as against 212,067,701 lbs. from the U.S.A. Cereals too could be bought even at a higher price than those ruling in the U.S., all the more so, since a precedent has been created by paying for Russian maize £2 rs. 4d. per cwt. instead of £1 6s. 1d. for American.

Expenditure, according to the state budget for the year 1951-2, amounts to £tg.1,800 millions and revenue is likely to exceed this figure. A third of the outlay is devoted to the upkeep of the army which absorbs also a part of American aid. It is estimated that next year's budget will exceed the 2,000 million figure owing to the proposed increases on military and public works expenditure, but no new taxes are to be imposed. On the whole, Turkish finances seem to be on a sound footing judging by the balance sheet of the state bank published last September and which disclosed that against a fiduciary circulation of £tg.1,233,805,723 there was a gold covering valued at £tg.419,293,191. The mineral resources of the country are being developed apace and the following increases in output are reported in 1951 on the previous year: coal 8 per cent., copper 22 per cent., lignite 12 per cent. There are possibilities of much greater expansion in coal production, since the output per eight hour shift per man day is half a ton while in the U.S.A. it is as high as 5 tons. The newly opened copper mine of Murgal, near Hopa, is expected to reach an output of 10,000 tons annually.

Foremost in the thoughts of the government is the military reinforcement of the country. At Lisbon the Turkish delegation made it clear that they could not hold out for more than a few months against an

*The Turkish pound has an approximate value of 2s.

eventual aggression, if not timely supplied with the requisite quantity of equipment estimated at 2 million tons. Apparently their wishes are being complied with and an American mission, some 1,300 strong, is helping to train the army in the use of the latest weapons. Hundreds of young Turks have been sent to the U.S. and to the American zone in Germany, and some 20,000 have completed their training and returned. As a result of these efforts Turkey possesses a trained standing army of 400,000 men, which on mobilisation may be increased to 2 millions. It is the most numerous one of the NATO nations and the one most likely to resist a potential invader with the greatest determination. Such an attitude is indispensable for Turkey is an isolated bastion, threatened on two sides by formidable enemy forces. There are 18 picked Russian divisions in the Caucasus, while in Europe the Russians have converted the Dobrudja into an entrenched camp with numerous aerodromes, built naval bases at Constantza, Varna, Burgas and Sozopol, a strategic railway between Varna and Burgas, adapted the railway lines through Rumania to Varna to their broad gauge system, disclosing thereby their intentions to launch eventually, with the help of the Bulgarian army, now officered mainly by Russians, a formidable attack in view of securing control of the Straits. The accusations and threats levelled against Turkey at the recent congress of the Communist party in Moscow should intensify our apprehension on the subject. Turkey can only reckon on her own strength to meet such a menace except for the dubious support of the American fleet—the American forces will have their hands full in Europe. Greece is too weak to help. General Papagos declared last July that Greece's frontiers could not be defended without foreign aid. As for Tito, he is not likely to budge if not attacked. His regime will subsist for as long as a balance of forces is maintained between East and West. In case of an Allied victory communists in neighbouring countries would be massacred by the long-suffering peasantry, an example which would be followed by both the Serbian and Croat peasants.

It is encouraging to note that Turkey now possesses a completely democratic parliamentary system. The police play no political role, private individuals win cases against the government, and the press is free to criticise. This is in striking contrast with the attitude of the former government presided over by Ismet İnönü, as Turkish journals continue to show. The *Hizmet* and *Yeni Sabah* were writing in the following style last September: "It is difficult to understand a man at the head of a party who when in office used to execute citizens without trial, who imprisoned men against whom party bosses had grievances, who abolished courts in order to remove judges showing impartiality, that such a man should now accuse the present government of the Democratic party of exerting pressure on the judiciary, a system that was in operation for a series of years while his party was in office."

In fact the former government was characterised by an intense chauvinism, by a ruthless persecution of the minorities, by widespread spoliation, and by a systematic exploitation of the resources of the country for the exclusive benefit of the party and its bosses. Private initiative was strangled, state organisations appropriated and ran the more lucrative trades such as the importation of tea and coffee. It is known that the

Sumer Bank used to buy from private owned mills textiles to resell to the public with a 100 per cent. profit. As for the way it wasted the country's resources by its inconsiderate attempt to gather everything within its covetous grasp, the Karabug iron foundry stands a lasting monument of its purblindness and incapacity. A huge industrial superstructure, at a ruinous cost, was created on an inadequate supply of raw materials and has been rightly designated by American experts as an "economic monstrosity." As for its conduct towards minorities, this was reminiscent of the methods employed by the Sultan Abdul Hamid. In 1942-3 a capital levy, the notorious, *Varlık Vergisi*, was imposed mainly on the minorities from whom some £tg.200 millions were filched in Istanbul alone. They were assessed beyond ability to pay and when their fortunes did not attain the figures fixed by the ruthless assessors, were sentenced to forced labour until the balance was paid. A known merchant was sentenced to pay £tg.120,000. He had only three-quarters of this sum available. This did not satisfy the rapacious officials. His business was sold up as well as his home, and his family turned into the streets and he himself sent to labour in the eastern provinces. The case of an Armenian seamstress earning \$3 a day, is likewise cited, who was asked to disburse at once \$2,000. As a result thousands of merchants were ruined. The main commercial streets lined with shops bearing name-plates Christian or Jewish were overnight taken down and replaced by sign-posts bearing the Moslem names of the new owners. The aim of İnönü to ruin the minorities was thus achieved, the infidels had been ousted. His hatred could no longer be aroused at the sight of non-Turkish name-plates when driving through the streets of Istanbul. Such was the terror inspired that even to-day minoritarians prefer to trade under neutral sign-posts such as Camelia, or California, rather than display their names. No wonder that at the elections of 1950, the long pent up resentment swept the government from office despite numerous cases of intimidation of opposition voters and of its party spokesmen, some even of a violent character. The people demanded justice, the end of spoliation and freedom for private initiative and competition. The government is now preparing a law aiming at the restitution of goods unduly acquired by the party formerly in office and an examination of the methods by which its leading members had acquired them. Ismet İnönü and his acolytes seem to have been actuated by the old Turkish adage: "The goods of the State are as boundless as the sea and he who does not taste of them is no better than a pig." A precept which they will no doubt invoke in their defence when on trial.

During the last years of the life of Atatürk, İnönü fell into disgrace and was removed from all participation in public affairs. Atatürk was endeavouring to conciliate the minorities while İnönü was doing his best to estrange them. It is widely believed that the relations between the two men became so embittered that shortly before his death Atatürk ordered the "liquidation" of his former lieutenant, and in provision of this he added a codicil to his will allotting a certain sum to the children of İnönü to provide for their education as in that case they would have been orphaned. This unlooked-for legacy lends credence to this report.

The great handicap to progress is illiteracy, though great efforts are

being made to remove it. There is also a lack of teachers. It is said that some 1,000,000 children live in communities without schools and when the authorities know that some teachers will be available, villagers are ordered to build schools in advance so that teachers and children may be timely housed. The administrative machinery is still staffed by old-trained officials many of whom are appointees or relatives of former powerful political bosses and who, naturally, block the advent of the young. On the whole the military and government officials, as well as the peasantry, may be relied upon. A middle class is lacking but its role is partially and usefully filled by the minorities, and it is disheartening to observe that until recently little had been done to attach them to the country. The Turks are proud and supersensitive and recoil at the slightest touch on sensitive points. Many incidents have occurred at athletic contests when an unlucky umpire appeared to favour a rival team. Unwanted and disliked persons have often been charged with the uncouth crime of *lèse-Turkism*, punishable by banishment or prison.

The ideologue of the Turkish revolution from whose philosophy Atatürk drew his inspiration was a certain Ziya Gökalp, who in his numerous writings promulgated the view that the state is not the servant of the people, but its leader and instructor. He aimed at creating a unitary state comprising solely Moslem Turks. Gökalp was originally a disciple of Alfred Fouillée and had he remained faithful to him, he would have imparted a more liberal trend to Turkish reformism. Gökalp, unfortunately, came later under the influence of Durkheim's materialistic philosophy, whence his efforts to combine what he styled as *Turkism* with Westernism. The former term stands for racialism and chauvinism, the latter represents liberalism. This would appear to be an irreconcilable problem. This is one of the reasons probably why many of the well-to-do class of Turks have such a hazy and perverted notion of Western civilisation. To them it consists in a lavish display of wealth, luxurious living, dissipation and the abandonment of the traditional virtues of their people. Even Turkish music which has a peculiar charm of its own has been displaced in the fashionable restaurants, etc., by the discordant strains of Negro music—an abomination to European musically trained ears. Had the Turkish reformers studied Plato they would have come across a passage in the *Republic* (424 cd.) warning those in charge of the state against the infringement of musical rules. "Never in fact may a change in the forms of music be effected without impairing the most important laws of the state."

It is to be hoped that the public-spirited President Celal-Bayar and his equally liberal-minded associates, Menderes and Prof. Koprulu may long remain in power and succeed in imposing a belief in the virtues of austerity on some of their countrymen before they reach the stage of effeminacy through their extreme indulgence. They are the best politicians the country possesses and as long as they remain in office we may feel confident that they will do their duty and secure for Turkey progress, prosperity and relative security, provided of course that her allies do their share in a timely strengthening of this exposed bastion of our common civilisation.

G. C. LOGIO.

PROSPECTS IN IRAK

THE disorders in Baghdad, the Iraqi capital, in November last, resulted in the overthrow of the Government, and the imposition of martial law. A new Cabinet under Premier Nuseddin Mahmud, formerly chief of the Army Staff, was appointed. The change, however, was quite constitutional, and not the result of a military coup d'état. The new Government can act only in a "caretaker" capacity, for elections are pending. These normally take 61 days, and are completed in two stages. Electoral reform, together with a demand for fairness in the conduct of the elections themselves, has been strongly advocated by the Umma Societia Party, representing a strong proportion of the people, who desire the direct system as in Britain. This has been one of the chief causes of the upheaval. Irak became an independent kingdom in 1932, when Britain relinquished the Mandate which followed the conquest of the country from the Turks in World War I. Faisal II, King of Irak since 1939, is a minor, and the present sovereign power is vested in a Regent, Armin Abdul Illah. The Organic Law, passed by the Constituent Assembly in 1924, proclaimed a Limited Monarchy and responsible Government, consisting of an elected Chamber of Deputies, and a much smaller Senate. This law was modified in 1944, giving the King power to dismiss the Government. The Electoral Law itself was altered in 1946, to enable any Iraqi to be nominated for election to Parliament.

Corruption in the financial administration has been strongly alleged and is now under investigation. This is not surprising, considering that the country has the tradition of the centuries of Turkish neglect and misrule. Political parties in opposition demanded reform, and their leaders incited their followers to violence. Communists brought the matter to a head. The extreme Nationalist Party, which is strongly anti-British, had been carefully watching events in Persia and Egypt. Four-fifths of Irak's 5,000,000 people are poor and illiterate, and three-fifths are Moslems with the intensity of independent feeling of all the Arab States. Nationalism is awakening, assisted by a sense of importance following membership of UNO and NATO and the development of the Iraqi oil supplies. Russia, in broadcasts, has encouraged the Iraqis to avoid Western imperialism and capitalism, to assert their own nationalism, and to use their growing oil resources, developed by Western finance, technical skill, and perseverance, for their own benefit.

A further problem exists in the intense anti-Jewish feeling in the country, now combined with bitterness against the United States who has been supporting Israel. Nearly all the Jews have now left Irak. So great is the animosity at present, that America has warned all the Arab states that she will not tolerate any fresh outbreak of war with Israel, stating that the present tension "sows the seeds of still more disastrous conflicts in the Middle East" and opens the door to Russia. This is a threat, of course, to withdraw all economic aid, but the main responsibility rests with UNO.

The history of Irak, formerly Mesopotamia, the "Land of the Two Rivers," goes back to the very earliest times. The Garden of Eden

has a reputed site on the lower Tigris near Kurna. Ur of the Chaldees and Babylon on the Euphrates remain as ancient ruins. Baghdad, on the highway to the East, was an early Moslem capital, famous in the days of Haroun al Raschid and "The Arabian Nights." Under the Turks, the country was neglected, the irrigation schemes ruined, and the land became almost entirely an arid desert. Those who, like the writer, served in the Mesopotamian campaign of World War I, will retain lasting memories of the desolate aspect, the almost intolerable heat, and the many endemic diseases. Politically, Britain has now a 20 years' treaty of alliance with Irak, entitling her to give active military assistance in case of war. This was put into effect in World War II, when a small British army invaded the country to quell the rebellion of Raschid Ali, who was trafficking with the Germans. Before this, in 1937, Irak had joined Persia, Afghanistan and Turkey in the Saadabad Pact, though this was not too popular with the Irakis, and appears to have had little significance.

Apart from the value of the new oil supplies, enhanced by the defection of Persia, the importance of Irak lies in its strategic position at the head of the Persian Gulf and on the direct overland route from Europe via Istanbul and Asiatic Turkey, or from the Eastern Mediterranean across the Syrian Desert. Kaiser Wilhelm II had dreams of a Berlin-Baghdad railway, and this was almost completed before the days of the first World War. The same route entered into Hitler's plan for a "Drag nach Osten," giving a possibility of reaching the Persian Gulf and uniting with the Japanese in the Indian Ocean. Today, it is possible to reach Basra, at the head of the Gulf, from Istanbul all the way by train. Modern air services proceeding to the East usually cross Iraki territory, which is generally approached from Israel across the Syrian desert.

Irak, nearly as large as the British Isles, now includes, in addition to the plains of the basins of the Tigris and Euphrates, the Syrian Desert to the west, Assyria and Kurdistan in the north. It is over 600 miles from the Gulf to the Turkish frontier. To the east lies the Persian plateau, approached from Baghdad by a railway, and then by a mountain road over the Pytak pass. This route was developed by the British Army which entered North Persia in 1918, and gives access by a good motor road to the fertile littoral of the Caspian, now practically a Russian lake. A British force also used this way of entering Persia when that country was invaded in 1941 to curb the Nazi influence with the former Shah Reza Khan. In ancient times, Alexander the Great invaded Persia this way, and the little township of Erbil in Irak commemorates his great victory over the Persians at Arbela. Entrance to Persia is also made from the eastern side of the Gulf from Koramshah and other ports, Abadan, the site of the Anglo Persian Oil Company's great refineries, being on the Shatt-el-Arab, formed by the confluence of the two great rivers.

The western side of the Gulf is controlled by Saudi Arabia, and contains the important oil bearing regions of Kuwait and Bahrein island. The chief Iraki supply is at Kirkuk in the north-east of the country, and is controlled by the internationally owned Iraki Petroleum Company. It produces some 13,000,000 tons annually, which is transferred to the Eastern Mediterranean by pipe lines. Originally, the termini were Haifa and Tripoli (Syria), but recently a new pipe line has been constructed

to Banias on the Syrian coast. West of the Tigris, and north of 33°N. more oil has been discovered. Here the British Oil Development Company (Mosul Petroleum Company) holds a concession from the Iraki Government to drill for high grade oil. A similar concession is held by the Basra Petroleum Company in the south. Near the Persian frontier in the east, the Khanaqin Oil Company, a subsidiary of the Anglo Persian, works a field for the needs of Irak. All the Iraki oil fields are now coming under a Government Development Board, which is engaged in co-ordinating the resources, 50 per cent of the value of the production is planned to go to the Board for the benefit of Irak.

Other resources are small. The land south of Baghdad has great potentialities. It is very flat, composed of rich alluvial clay, and in ancient days was a great granary. It lacks essential irrigation, in a climate of intense heat in summer. Already a small area near Hillah on the Euphrates has been brought under grain cultivation by the Hindiyah Barrage Scheme. Further schemes on a large scale have been planned but at present lack the necessary finance. 80 per cent of the world's dates are grown along the banks of the Tigris. Northern Irak is hilly and cooler, producing horses and mules, sheep and wool. Local industries are in the embryo stage. The United Kingdom is the chief supplier to Iraq, exporting to the value of £15,000,000 annually, and buying more than that of the country's produce. Plans for Irak include new projects on the Tigris to prevent the annual spring flooding, and new hydraulic schemes for the Zab and Diala rivers to reclaim desert land for settlement, and the provision of new roads, hospitals, and schools. Communications have been greatly improved. The Tigris has always been navigable by shallow draft vessels as far as Baghdad, though impeded by the spring floods. Little navigation is possible on the shallow and swampy Euphrates. A metre gauge railway from Basra following the course of the latter river via Ur, Kish, and Babylon brings Baghdad within 24 hours, and there crosses the Tigris en route for Kirkuk. In addition to the eastern line from the capital to the Persian frontier, a standard gauge railway on the right bank of the Tigris, now goes north of Baghdad via Mosul to Tel Kotchek on the Syrian frontier, linking with Asiatic Turkey, Egypt via Aleppo, and Istanbul by way of Adana. A new central station at Baghdad is being built. Nearly 5,000 miles of roads exist, but only one third of them are surfaced.

The new Prime Minister has the difficult task of steering the country through the critical months ahead and during the time of the forthcoming elections. His policy so far has been of a placatory nature, following the restoration of law and order in the Baghdad area. Most of the demands of the political parties in opposition leading to the disturbances have been conceded, including the reform of the Electoral Laws. Communists who fomented them, have been brought within the scope of military law. The Iraki Nationalist leader has been placed under arrest. Investigation is being made into the integrity of the officials of the Finance Department. The existing 12½ per cent. tax on fruit and vegetables is to be abolished and customs duties reduced on sugar, tea, tyres and tubes, cheap textiles and building materials. But stiff problems remain. It will certainly take time to effect the new control of the Oil Development Board. To

what extent can Irak afford to do without the financial and technical aid of the West? How far is a modification of the Anglo-Iraki Treaty of Defence justified and what consideration is likely to be given to it? Is the country prepared to adopt a more tolerant attitude towards Israel or to risk American or even United Nations Organisation action; Irak is still a poor country, unable to defend itself, easily open to Russian aggression through North Persia.

G. M. COOMBS.

CATHERINE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

WHILE Catherine delighted in French culture, she had no cause to envy the political practice of France. Dynastic absolutism, she realised no less fully than Frederick and Joseph, must justify itself or take the consequences. That France had been in financial trouble ever since the later wars of Louis XIV was no secret, but it was not till Turgot and Necker had tried and failed that forecasts of revolution began to circulate. The former was evicted after two years of office, the latter after five, and henceforth no real attempt was made to avert the rush of the avalanche. Both were men of outstanding ability and lofty character, but their virtues increased the number of their foes. Necker's comprehensive *Compte Rendu*, published on the eve of his fall in 1781, was read all over Europe, and Catherine, to whom Grimm forwarded a copy, was unstinted in her praise. "Please thank him," she wrote, "and tell him of my infinite admiration of his book and above all of his talents. I do not doubt that heaven has destined him to rescue France from her financial embarrassments, but that, I know from experience, is not the task of a day or a year."

Unhappy France, like the Rome of Tacitus, could bear neither her ills nor their remedies, and two months after the Empress had despatched her eulogy Necker lost his post. Grimm felt that he, like Turgot, had tried to do too much. "Your Majesty will have learned of the fall of this celebrated man," he wrote on June 6th, 1781. "This may have come as a surprise at a distance, but those on the spot have seen this misfortune slowly approaching for months and felt it to be inevitable. M. Necker was marvellous in his control of the finances, but in trying to go too fast he came to grief. If he had gone slower he would certainly have reached his goal. He decided to rush to his ruin, and perhaps he will have dragged France down too. I regard him as finished: he will not recover from this great catastrophe. He is born for great affairs. He was only well when in office, and unless he has an empire to govern I see no future for him. The danger remains that everything will topple back into disorder and that all the old abuses will insensibly return. Then he will have the grief of seeing his Ministry as one of the luminous meteors which dazzle for a moment but whose passage is too rapid to leave a lasting impression." Catherine was no less distressed and equally pessimistic. "So Necker is gone; it was just a beautiful dream for France and a great victory for his enemies. The character of this exceptional man is to be

admired in his two works, for the *Memorandum* is as good as the *Compte Rendu*. He displayed the height of disinterestedness, for he resisted the claims of his friends."

During the six years following the fall of Necker, France staggered towards the abyss: not till the Assembly of Notables met in 1787 was there any attempt to grapple with the growing deficit. Catherine's correspondence with Grimm now becomes predominantly political. Though she had little hope of success, she did not think a great revolution was at hand. "Though it does honour to the good intentions of the King," she wrote in April, 1787, "so far we do not think much of it here. The idea is excellent. What makes my assembly of deputies a success is that I say: Here are my principles. Tell me your grievances. Where does the shoe pinch? Put things right. I have no system. I desire the common good, which is also mine. Get to work, make plans! So they started looking about, collecting material, talking, dreaming, disputing, and your humble servant listens and is indifferent to everything except the common good." When the news arrived of the fall of Calonne she commented: "What will these Notables do? The floor is slippery, for everybody slips. Gott segne die armen Leute." Two months later she let herself go. "Away with your Notables! Neither your M. de Calonne nor anyone else in France impresses me. Keep them for yourselves. They know ten times more than I and do ten times more harm than myself and my employés who do not indulge in such fine phrases." Nowhere could she discover a pilot to weather the storm. "What you say of the Marquis Lafayette does not surprise me. He seems to like revolutions."

The fall of the Bastille was not merely a shock but a surprise. "How times are changed!" she wrote to Grimm in November, 1789. "Henri IV and Louis XIV called themselves the first gentlemen of their kingdom and thought themselves invincible at the head of their nobility. The Bishops and preachers chose texts which affirmed the royal authority. The splendour of the reign of Louis XIV survived abroad till our days. I confess I do not like "justice" without justice. These barbarous lamppost executions! I cannot believe in the superior talents of the cobblers and shoemakers for government and legislation." She describes the deputies as Pugatcheffs, adding that if a few of them were to be strung up the others would reform. Necker's recall to office had come too late. At the close of Ségur's mission in the autumn of 1789 the Empress charged him with friendly messages for the King. "I regret your departure," she added. "You would do better to stay with me and not expose yourself to the tempests which may rage more fiercely than you anticipate. Your *penchant* for the new philosophy and for liberty will probably lead you to support the popular cause. I shall be sorry. I shall remain an aristocrat: that is my *metier*. Remember, you will find France with a temperature and very sick." That the bourgeoisie and the peasants were reinforced by a section of the *Noblesse* and were determined to end both the political and social institutions of the *ancien regime* was beyond her grasp. "Colonel," remarked Potemkin to Langeron, a French officer of Royalist sympathies, "I should only need my grooms to deal with your Jacobins." "Prince," was the reply, "I doubt if you could succeed with the whole of your army."

"I sincerely desire that the misfortunes of France should end and that

she should count in Europe again," wrote Catherine, who was growing more and more anxious, in June, 1790. "Above all I hope that the situation of the Queen will match my lively interest in her. Great courage triumphs in great perils. I see you share my opinion of M. de Lafayette. As for M. Necker, I have long ceased to hold him in regard, and I think it would have been better for France had he never meddled in her affairs." Grimm's view, which was much the same, was expressed after the financial wizard's third and final resignation. "This unhappy country draws nearer every day to destruction and one sees no sign of salvation. M. Necker has closed his ministerial career, and his reputation is buried in the ruins of the Monarchy. I fear the same fate awaits M. de Lafayette. I discern only people who set in motion a machine which they lack the talent and skill to control, have been carried away themselves, and are at any rate the innocent cause of the fall of France. France is the prey of a crowd of lawyers, fools masquerading as philosophers, rascals, young prigs, destitute of common sense, puppets of a few bandits who do not even deserve the title of illustrious criminals."

The more Grimm reflected on the mounting catastrophe the less he thought of Necker. "It was his unpardonable error," he wrote in December, 1790, "not to double the representation of the Tiers État, which was quite right and which he could not prevent, but to have imagined that a Minister could convoke the States-General without troubling about their composition, guiding the elections, and arranging for a preponderating influence. The King could have demanded two essentials in a deputy: a minimum age of forty, since reason and reflection develop later in France than elsewhere, and the possession of property. These two conditions would have saved the Monarchy from falling into the hands of lawyers and clowns. When I recall the occasions on which this nation has aspired to govern itself, I am tempted to believe that its doom was settled when the name of the States-General was pronounced. It has manifested the same character of passion, ferocity, extravagance and puerility as on all occasions since it began to exist. We were wrong to believe that a brilliant reign of success, pride and glory had eradicated its primitive character. When, in the winter before the States-General, I detected amidst the effervescence the first germs of public madness, I used to tell them sometimes in jest: I see you wish to surpass the English and Americans; try not to fall behind the Poles! Then I thought I was making a joke. Now I would not insult a Polish Diet by comparing it to the National Assembly." Though Grimm had never admired Mirabeau, he was shocked by his sudden death in April, 1791. "It is generally regarded as a public misfortune," he reported. "Despite all the mischief he caused, the people hoped that he would preserve us from those who the Jacobins hoped would give the Monarchy its *coup de grâce*. We shall see if heaven sends some other monster as successor to save it. As for some great man, some hero to whom France might owe her salvation, I fear there is no chance. Nothing proves the madness of the nation more than the incredible honours rendered to a man generally despised during his life and who indeed could be regarded as a gaol-bird."

Catherine was deeply grieved by the plight of Marie Antoinette. "No one feels her sufferings more than myself," she confided to Grimm in

June, 1790. "I love her as the dear sister of my best friend Joseph II, and I admire her courage." Three months later she added: "Your news of the unhappy situation of the Queen of France confirms what I knew. Much prudence is all we can advise at present. She may be sure that if I can ever be of use to her I shall do my duty. The friend and faithful ally of her brothers could have no other thought." She knew too little of her brothers to understand that prudence had never been one of the Queen's virtues and that she had helped to dig the grave of the French Monarchy. "I read and re-read the *Henriade* during these troubles in France," she added, "and I advise the French to read it too so that these ragamuffins may learn to think."

The Empress, like other European autocrats, never realised that the *ancien régime* had lost its hold on the people and forfeited its claim to survive. She made no difference between the moderate reformers of 1789—ordinary men confronted by an extraordinary task, as Acton put it—and the fanatics of 1792. For her as for Burke the whole drama was a brutal assault on the continuity of civilisation, a monstrous rebellion against law and order, an outbreak of anarchy, the Chamber a hydra with seven hundred heads. All that was needed, she believed, was a strong hand at the helm: until the man of destiny emerged there was little hope for France. The flabbiness of the King, revealed above all in his acceptance of the Constitution of 1791, filled her with dismay. While *Régner ou Mourir* was her watchword, Louis XVI knew how to die but not how to rule. "One never knows if you are alive in the midst of murders and carnage," she wrote to Grimm in January, 1791, "now that brigands have seized power in France and are making it like Gaul in the time of Caesar. But Caesar subdued them. When will this Caesar come? Oh! he will come, you may be sure. If I were M. d'Artois or M. de Condé I would utilise these 300,000 French knights: they would save the country or I would die. All these reflections are only for your ear, for I do not want them to injure the King and Queen, whom I pity with all my heart." The writer was a better prophet than interpreter, for as early as 1791, while France was still governed by the Constituent Assembly with its monarchist majority, she sensed the coming of Napoleon. She was equally correct in a further expectation. "Do you know what will happen in France if they have a republic?" she wrote in April, 1791. "Everyone will desire the return of the Monarchy. Believe me, no one likes a Court more than republicans. From what I know of France I regard her as demented, but her nimbleness of mind will throw off this malady quicker than in any other country. It seems to attack them every 200 years." If only Henri IV could come to life again!

Catherine's friendly interest in Grimm extended to his adopted family, above all to Mme de Bueil, daughter of Mme d'Épinay. "I see she is profoundly distressed by the misfortunes of her country. Tell her, please, that no one desires more than myself that France should regain her place in Europe; that I am tenderly attached to the King, the Queen and their fortunes; that by my calling and my duty I am royalist; that I have never seen a National Assembly or Diet do anything except make mistakes, and it certainly does little honour to human nature *en masse*. Your Gauls must have hearts of stone. How can it be that this Queen,

with tears in her eyes, dares speak to no one; that this royal prisoner is forced to utter indignities which degrade him and his nation in the eyes of Europe; that there are no more liberators, no hearts moved to deliver them? Some people suggest that through Count Fersen some consoling words could be sent to the Queen, but you must judge if it would be wise.' The Empress, like many others, expected an attempt by the caged birds to escape. "Though we have never for a moment trembled about ourselves," she wrote on June 1st, 1791, "we trembled every day for almost three years for our great friend Louis XVI, for the Queen, and for the dear children whom we would like to see out of Paris. Tell me how it is that they are left there exposed to every misfortune. They must get away, for it is unbearable. Not even Charles I, I think, was exposed to such humiliation."

The ink was hardly dry when the news of the flight to Varennes reached St. Petersburg. "The ingratitude of the nation or rather of the French populace towards the King is the most striking part of the story," commented the Empress. "Instinctively I feel the greatest contempt for all popular movements, and I believe that a couple of hovels seized by anyone you care to name would send all these sheep flying, and that the maddest of them would be the first to submit. I fear that the greatest obstacle to the escape of the King is in himself. Knowing her husband the Queen does not leave him, and she is right, but it complicates the problem. I have never regarded his cause as a matter of indifference to crowned heads and indeed to all established governments. You should remove your pupil and her children and husband if you can from this gulf of hell called France. To all the Frenchmen I meet I preach reunion on this one point—perfect fidelity to the King and the Monarchy, to live or die for it. Here are my parting words: I will befriend and support all who share my view." After his acceptance of the Constitution three representatives of France were in the Russian capital at the same time—Genet, the voice of the new Constitutional Monarchy, the Marquis de Bombelles representing the Court, Count Esterhazy speaking for the *Émigrés*. The first, after being insulted, boycotted and spied upon, was expelled after the invasion of the Tuileries by the mob, and Bombelles was coldly treated as representing a captive King. Russian travellers in France were recalled, and French residents in Russia had to swear hatred of the Revolution and fidelity to the King. Catherine's policy, however was to preach a crusade without the slightest intention of joining the crusaders.

Her diagnosis of the agony of a great nation and her prescription for its cure were set forth in an elaborate Memorandum in the early part of 1792, first published in its entirety in 1895. The cause of the King of France, she began, was the cause of all rulers. It was in the interest of Europe to see France resume her position as a great kingdom. Ten thousand men would suffice to march from one end of the country to the other. The modest sum it would cost could be borrowed in Genoa and repaid after the victory. The best recruiting ground for this corps would be the Rhineland, and Swiss mercenaries were easy to obtain. The expatriated knights would co-operate, and perhaps troops of some German princes might help. This corps would deliver France from bandits,

restore the Monarchy, eject the impostors, punish some of the criminals, deliver the kingdom from oppression, and issue an amnesty for all who submitted. Moderation and the *juste milieu* must be observed. A fortified place, however small, might be needed as a *point d'appui*. The property of the clergy should be restored to them, the *noblesse* regain their privileges. Force should only be used in case of resistance. Many Deputies would probably come out on the side of authority and justice. Oaths imposed by force would be declared null and void as infringing the pledge of fidelity to the King. The Bishops and the Pope would relieve the kingdom from the excommunication incurred by unauthorised oaths. The authority of the Pope should be carefully respected. Foreign troops would be best to start with, though many French nobles, sword in hand, would form a squadron called *Maison du Roi*. Did not Henri IV and Louis XIV, after the gravest misfortunes, restore the national prestige? A hero prince at the head of an army easily commanded obedience. Complete anarchy never lasted long. The only solution was the restoration of the Monarchy which had existed since Clovis and which the *Cahiers* of 1789 had desired to preserve. The first and most difficult task was the liberation of the Royal Family: one shuddered to think of their plight. When the troops entered France there would be danger in the capital, which would be the last city to surrender: the war would have to be won in the provinces. The *Émigré* Princes were weary and disheartened, but the Powers must make a treaty with them. A noble and assured countenance was essential to victory. The whole of France was sick with discouragement. The restored Monarchy would revive the Parlements and the Church. The slogan of Liberty was a force to which concessions must be made, but class differences must remain. The Memorandum revealed Catherine's incorrigible ignorance of the new France: that the familiar landmarks—Crown, the *Noblesse* and the Church—had lost their prestige she was unable to believe. Ageing in mind and body, she could no longer assimilate new ideas. Montesquieu was forgotten, and Burke reigned in his place.

The letters to Grimm during the last convulsions of the Monarchy are lost, but Catherine's actions speak for themselves. She broke off official relations and ordered six weeks mourning at Court when the King perished on the scaffold, and she received the Comte d'Artois a few weeks later. For old acquaintances like Prince Henry of Prussia who refused to condemn the revolution root and branch she expressed her anger and contempt. Her invective invited retaliation and the Semiramis became for the *Moniteur* "the Messalina of the North." Yet while proclaiming the need of an organised counter-revolution and promising financial support, she took good care to limit her commitments to words, welcoming the opportunity of carving up Poland again while Austria and Prussia were fighting the Jacobins in the West. Though she closed her ports to the tricolour flag and subsidised the *Émigrés*, she never ordered a soldier to the front. She was playing a double game with consummate skill. "I rack my brains," she frankly confessed to her private secretary Krapovitsky, "to engage the Courts of Vienna and Berlin in the affairs of France in order to have my hands free." The publication of her correspondence with her Ministers and Generals has revealed that her main attention was

focused on Poland, Sweden and Turkey, and, at the end of her reign, on Persia. For all her loud talk about combating revolution in Western Europe, she found a more rewarding outlet for her energies by extending her dominions in the East. The more she saw of the French *Émigrés* the more she despised their quarrels and their incapacity. A vague plan for combining with Sweden to land troops in Normandy, never very seriously entertained, was abandoned when Gustavus III was murdered early in 1792. Her detestation of the Jacobins was perfectly genuine, but Warsaw and Constantinople were nearer than Paris. Not till her son mounted the throne did Russia despatch troops to the West.

The regime during Catherine's closing years was as repressive as any in Europe, and the few Russian Intellectuals fared badly. Never again did she speak of her *âme républicaine*. Novikoff, Russia's leading publicist, the founder of the popular press and the outstanding figure among Russian Freemasons, was arrested and imprisoned. Raditchef, author of the celebrated *Voyage de St. Pétersbourg à Moscou* which complained that there was no liberty in Russia and forecast an insurrection, was banished to Siberia. Only La Harpe, the Swiss tutor of her grandsons, was spared for a time, despite the efforts of the *Émigrés* to dislodge him. Though she called him M. Le Jacobin, she believed that he would do no harm. But he too was soon packed off with a gift of 10,000 roubles and a decoration. It required an effort to remember that she had ever sat at the feet of the *Philosophes*.

The withdrawal of Prussia from the unprofitable conflict with the new France of the *Marseillaise* infuriated her no less than Burke. "Here is the King of Prussia about to conclude an infamous peace with the regicides," she wrote bitterly in April, 1795. "If he does, one may say that next to Jesus Christ no one has made a greater sacrifice, for he loses reputation, honour, good faith, perhaps his repose, and will become the first dupe in Europe." Her only comfort was that the republican experiment could not possibly endure. "I maintain that only absolute power will please the French people, and that any other kind of government could not end the troubles. France is sick of republicanism which has done her so much harm. And then a republic always ends up in monarchy." A few days later came the expected news of the great surrender. "A courier brings a letter from the King of Prussia announcing peace with the regicide bandits and the scum of the human race. The great Henry has pushed his nephew into breaking his treaties with the Emperor, England and myself." She was scarcely less incensed with the Princes and the *Émigrés* whom she accused of wasting her subsidies. The Comte de Provence was a pedant, Artois a mere stage hero, Calonne a windbag. Her last letter to Grimm, dated October 20th, 1796, only a few weeks before her death, was as full as ever of vigour and vituperation. The King of Prussia, whom she had disliked and despised ever since his visit in 1780, is denounced as the friend of the regicides. "I preach and shall continue to preach common cause among all kings against the destroyers of thrones and society, despite all the adherents of the miserable rival system, and we shall see which side wins."

Catherine lived and died in the conviction that the best form of government was enlightened autocracy as practised by Frederick, Joseph

and herself. In the middle of her reign she had drawn up what she deemed a suitable inscription for her grave. "In 1744 she went to Russia to marry Peter III. Eighteen years of tedium and solitude caused her to read many books. When she came to the throne she wished to do good and strove to introduce happiness, freedom and prosperity." It was the truth but not the whole truth. Never for a moment was she assailed by doubts as to the excellence of her work or by apprehensions that it might not endure. She could never have enough compliments, but she felt they were fully deserved. She was the only human being ever flattered by Frederick the Great, but he rated her political judgment far above that of the impulsive Joseph II. Looking back on her eventful career she might well feel that she had been a success, a sentiment widely shared beyond the frontiers of her realm. "Obviously the country has changed out of all recognition since the beginning of the century," wrote the Emperor Joseph II on his first visit in 1780. "It has so to speak been reborn. It is rich in territory and resources, and its situation is impregnable." Yet like most of her contemporaries she could not see far ahead. She expected the emergence of a Caesar in France and the ultimate restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, but her vision was too circumscribed to anticipate a political and social earthquake in her own land. No one need blame her for accepting the prevailing ideology of her time, and she deserves a place among the rulers who honestly tried to play the exacting part of *le premier domestique de l'état*. What she overlooked was the extreme improbability of their respective countries throwing up a never-failing supply of such gifted persons as themselves, and the dire results of the concentration of authority if power should fall into unworthy hands. With her death the era of "Enlightened Autocracy" passed into history and the era of the common man came within sight.

G. P. GOOCH.

CHARLES READE AND CHARLES KINGSLEY

WE need not engage in any critical estimate of Reade and Kingsley; we are but too well aware of their defects and failures. Both men were inclined to regard human life as a successive series of crises, a constant diorama of situations. They could descend to blue fire and demoniac incoherences. Modes in literary fashions have altered immensely since their days. Our literature today has many characteristics; but its central note is the dominant influence of Sociology—enthusiasm for social truths as an instrument of social reform. It is scientific, subjective, introspective, historical, and archaeological; full of vitality, versatility, and diligence; intensely personal, defiant of all law, of standards, of convention; laborious and exact, but often indifferent to grace, symmetry, or colour; learned, critical, cultured, but, with all its ambition and feeling, unsympathetic to the highest forms of the imagination, and quite alien to the drama of action.

Charles Reade was born in 1814. After graduating at Oxford he became Dean of Arts at Magdalen College in 1845, and Vice-president of his college in 1851. He was called to the Bar in 1843. Though the Law had no attraction for him as a profession, his legal training served him in

many lawsuits in which through a hasty and imperious temper he became involved. As a dramatist he made his first essay with *The Ladies' Battle*; this was followed by *Masks and Faces*, written in collaboration with Tom Taylor. He turned the incidents of this play into a novel, *Peg Woffington*, and wrote *Christie Johnstone*; as novels they were successful, but £30 was all they brought to the author. Small pay did not deter him from the pursuit of writing. For the first eighteen years as a writer, he says, up to 1851; "I received, in all, one hundred and five pounds. That is to say, about half a crown a week—but enough to pay for pens, ink, and paper, leaving copying and shoe leather out of the question. Had it not been for the fellowship and a mother's generous help, I must have been in the workhouse or breaking stones on the highway."

In 1855 the trial of the Governor of Birmingham Gaol for cruelties to the prisoners under his charge attracted Reade's attention. After studying the gaols of Durham, Oxford and Reading, his indignation was aroused, and he wrote *It's Never Too Late To Mend* (1856). In 1859 came *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *Hard Cash* in 1863, and *Griffith Gaunt*, 1865. For the latter he received his largest payment—£1,500 for the serial rights—from Mrs. Henry Wood, founder of *The Argosy*, and the author of *East Lynne*. As a man Reade was contradictory, irascible, kind-hearted and extremely generous, always ready to listen to anyone with a grievance, and especially interested in those who had fallen on difficult times and "come down" in the world. A great lover of animals, he kept a menagerie at his home in Knightsbridge, where he stayed from 1868 to 1880. He died in 1884.

Charles Kingsley came from a long line of cultured men and soldiers. Born at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, in 1819, he passed his boyhood among the fens of Nottingham. Educated at Clifton during the period of the Bristol Riots, the horrors witnessed at that time awakened in him an unwonted courage. Twenty-seven years later, when giving a lecture there, he said: "It was in this very City of Bristol that I received my first lesson in what is now called 'social science,' and yet, alas, ten years elapsed ere I could even spell out that lesson, though it has been written for me (as well as for all England) in letters of flame, from one end of the country to the other. It is good for a man to be brought once at least in his life face to face with fact, ultimate fact, however horrible it may be; and to have to confess to himself shuddering what things are possible upon God's earth."

He was a striking example of that which is so characteristic of recent English literature—its practical, social, and ethical bent. He was novelist, poet, essayist, historian, as well as a preacher. He is not wholly satisfactory as an essayist, any more than in any other of his manifold activities.

Andrew Lang said of him that, like Stevenson, he was always at heart a boy; and the inference which he draws that no one who has read him after the age of sixteen can be a fair critic of him is also sound. But it must not be applied to Stevenson. There is a subtle difference in the boyishness which makes it possible for the man of sixty to appreciate Stevenson, while he will be only tolerant of Kingsley. As critical essayist his merits are vigour, rapidity and decision; in the descriptive essays, the

combination of the heart of a poet with the high spirits of a sportsman. He is seen at his best in *Chalk Stream Studies*. The description of the climb to the mountain lake to fish is as fresh as the mountain breeze itself. "The pleasure lies not in the prize itself, but in the pains which it has cost; in the upward climb through the dark plantations, beside the rock-walled stream; the tramp over the upland pastures, one gay flower-bed of purple butter-wort; the steady breathless climb up the crags, which looked but one mile from where you started, so clear against the sky, stood out every knoll and slab; the first stars of the white saxifrage, golden-eyed, blood-bedrupt, as if a fairy had pricked her finger in the cup, which shine upon some green cushion of wet moss, in a dripping crack of the cliff; the first gray tufts of the Alpine club-moss, the first shrub of cranberry, or sea-green rose-root, with its strange fleshy stems and leaves, which mark the two-thousand-feet line and the beginning of the Alpine world."

If Kingsley had often reached or long remained on this level, his place would have been a high one. But the *Prose Idylls* from which the passage is taken are, like everything he wrote, only half satisfactory, and few men of today have read them before they were sixteen. However, we should estimate his merits by taking him at his best and try to forget his worst. At his best he left some fine and abiding influences and achieved some brilliant things. He belonged temperamentally to the Romantic school, and to that particular side of which followed in the wake of Scott. If from the standpoint of the literary artist his humanitarian fictions are inferior to his romances, they certainly exhibit his fine social sympathies, and both *Yeast* and *Alton Locke* are excellent sermons.

Both Reade and Kingsley were preachers at heart, and there is the same vigorous morality in their writings. Both not only attacked injustices but proposed remedies. Artistically, Reade has the greater power to fuse his social purpose and dramatic imagination; as a humanitarian force, though no more strenuous than Kingsley, he is more varied, more impressive. Lacking Kingsley's lyric faculty, he is none the less a poet at heart. No one without the poet's soul could have written *The Cloister and the Hearth*. In its pages we find the true "Renaissance of Wonder." Both men were realists in the best sense of the word. Kingsley's poem of love is but the prelude to the glorification of happy home life; and Reade is never so happy as when he is showing that, even in the most degraded breast, simple home affection may still be lurking. Like practically all the major novelists of the Victorian heyday, they depicted the past with intention to make it minister something more than thrills and amusement to the present. The Victorians were nothing if not serious-minded; and their novelists, by choosing a past to restate the present in other and simpler terms, achieved something like the effect of a parable or allegory. But for that very reason and for others they, like Scott, maintained the distance and difference of the past.

As the nineteenth century waned, so did the taste for the double-purpose historical novel. As if in direct revulsion from it came the historical novel which concentrated on the interest of the past for its own sake without stressing the thrills and romance, the contrasts to the present, or the significance for it. It is the aim of this kind, not to show us the past at a romantic distance, but to carry us bodily back into it and

make us live there. It was rather the *histoire moralisée* of Carlyle in *The French Revolution* (1837) and *Past and Present* (1843) which turned the Victorians to historical fiction for edification, instruction, social criticism, partisanship, and propaganda. The effect of Carlyle's example can be seen on such typical novels of the period as Kingsley's anti-papal *Hypatia* (1853) with its provocative sub-title *New Foes With an Old Face*, and Newman's Roman Catholic counterblast *Callista, A Sketch of the Third Century* (1856). Kingsley's works are full of vigour, beauty, and ardent conception; and it is wonderful that so much art and fancy could be thrown into what is in substance polemical pamphleteering.

Of all his books *Hypatia* is the best known and the best conceived. It was written in the prime of his manhood and on the face of it a controversial work. Its preface elaborates the moral and spiritual ideas that it teaches; the very titles of the chapters bear biblical phrases and classical moralising as their style. But the life, realism, and pictorial brilliancy of the scenes give it a power rare in an historical novel. It has not the full knowledge of *Romola*, much less the consummate style and setting of *Esmond*; but it has a vividness, a rapidity, a definiteness which enthrall the imagination. It is that rare thing, an historical romance which does not drag. The stately beauty of *Hypatia*, the seductive fascination of Pelagia, the childlike nature of Philammon, the subtle cynicism of Raphael Aben-Ezra, the mighty audacity of the Goths, the fanaticism of Cyril, and the strange clash of the three elements of civilisation—Græco-Roman, Christian, Teutonic—leave a permanent imprint on our thoughts. It lives, moves, and speaks to us; and, in its vitality and interest, is among the very few successes in historical romance in Victorian literature. *Westward Ho!* shares with it the merit of being a successful historical romance, is more mature, and more carefully written.

There is upon us a social ferment that goes deeper than any mere constitutional struggle. It is the vague, profound, multiform, and mysterious upheaval that is loosely called Socialism—not Socialism in any definite formula, but the universal yearning of the millions for power, consideration, material improvement, social equality. Kingsley and Reade propounded the doctrine of Socialism in their books. The very vagueness, universality, and unbounded scope of the claim they make constitute its power. All orders and classes are concerned in it; all minds are affected by it; every political, social, or industrial axiom has to be reconsidered in the light of it; it enters into life at every corner. The spell of a new order holds us undecided and expectant. There is something in the air, and that something is a vague and indescribable sense that a new time is coming. Men felt it in France, and indeed all over Europe at the close of the eighteenth century. It was an uncertain and rather pleasing state of expectancy. It did not check activity, nor enjoyment, nor science, but it diverted the profounder minds from the higher forms of imaginative work. Kingsley and Reade had laboured at a time almost under similar influences, and any estimate of their performances should be judged, not by our standards today, but by the period when they wrote. There is no reason to assume that Socialism or its ideals are at all hostile to literature or even to imaginative poetry, provided they are not too close, not actually causing direct agitation. But when men

are debating "Bills" in stormy meetings, they do not see these things in the halo of romance.

Romance, as we understand it today, is the essence of variety, contrast, individuality, the eccentric, the unconventional. Level up society, place 99 out of every 100 persons on fairly equal terms, popularise literature, and you destroy by the roots all romantic types of life. Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared a generation before the Revolution, at a time when franchise and agrarian politics had hardly begun. The poetry and romance of a great social reformation are never visible to men in the midst of it, who are ready to tear each other's eyes out in the name of State Control, Fair Shares, and Nationalisation. The *mise-en-scène* of external life is less rich in colour and in contrast. Magnificence, squalor, oddity, historic survivals, and picturesque personalities grow rarer year by year. Our own age is against the romance of colour, movement, and passion, but it is full of the romance of subtle and decorous psychology. It is not the highest art; it is a very limited art. But it is true art, wholesome, cheerful and sound. Kingsley's life was a hard struggle between his passions and his ideals, between the natural man and the ethical man. Much superfluous energy he worked off in characteristic fashion, and it should be easy to understand why he became an excellent parish priest in a rough country village. His romances are dramas, and his best poems are dramas. Even in that charming fancy *Water Babies* the dramatic element is not lacking.

Turning from Kingsley to Reade, we find the same predominance of the dramatic element—with a difference, not of attitude but of presentment. A critic would expound this difference by pointing out that while no less interested than Kingsley in the normal element of drama, Reade is more emphatic about its physical constituents. Kingsley is absorbed by his story because it deals with a conflict, Reade because it deals with a picturesque and thrilling conflict. He is more self-conscious, more of the deliberate artist, and often he frankly delights in his situations. It was the dream of his life to write a successful play, and he devoted eighteen years to the study of art, preferring the drama to the novel. He had a knowledge of stage technique that Kingsley lacked, and this makes him superior in dramatic intensity, though Kingsley at his best is more spontaneous and less mannered. For sheer manipulation of thrilling situations Reade has no superior in English fiction, though his contemporary, Wilkie Collins, excelled him at times in subtlety of method in achieving his effects. Despite their rich romantic equipment, both Reade and Kingsley are essentially realists in method. Reade is nearly always clear and convincing. He is less prone than Kingsley to stop and moralise; and if he is inordinately long at times in *The Cloister and The Hearth*, this is not because he wants to preach, but because he is over generous with his sensations. His realism, however, deals with things rather than with people. His heroes, heroines and villains are mostly mere abstractions, useful puppets for furthering his ingenious purposes as a storyteller but unconvincing as vital portraits of real men and women.

An age of colour, movement, variety, and romantic beauty will come again one day, we know not how. There will be then a romance of passion and incident, of strenuous ambition and mad merriment. But

not today nor tomorrow. Let us accept what the centuries have given without murmuring and repining for what they could not have given and should not seek to bestow. Critics continue to praise them, friends utter rhapsodies, good judges enjoy them; but their fame is partial, local, sectional, compared to that of Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray. For we have over-trained our taste, we are over-done with criticism, there is far too much moderate literature and far too fastidious a standard in literature.

J. B. PRICE.

ATOMIC ENERGY FOR INDUSTRY

THE British Minister of Supply, who is directly responsible to Parliament for the development of atomic energy, recently stated that "it might not be long before atomic energy became a practical proposition as an alternative source of industrial power." And very shortly before this Sir John Cockcroft, Director of the Government's Atomic Experimental Establishment at Harwell, declared in New Zealand "We are going ahead with a low-power *breeder* reactor and are making plans for a high-power unit." A day or two later in Auckland he was even more explicit. "We are studying an improved type of (experimental pile) in which the reactor core is smaller and is enclosed in a pressure shell, so that we can transfer the heat to a steam generator by a gas under pressure." The Americans have already erected a small experimental unit which gave 250 kilowatts of electricity. But unless the American scientists have also solved the problem of "breeding," this does not seem to mean any notable advance on the earlier use of heat from a pile to provide central heating for the administrative office block at Harwell. A "breeder reactor," or "breeder pile," is by definition an atomic-energy plant which generates electricity by supplying heat to boilers, but *at the same time gives us ("breeds") more atomic fuel than it uses up.* As the difficulties of developing a successful "breeding" technique have for some time been the main obstacle to the utilisation of atomic energy for industry, Sir John Cockcroft's remarks in New Zealand may be a strong hint that he and his associates at Harwell—and now at Aldermaston as well—have taken an important step forward towards overcoming the difficulties.*

Uranium ore, at present the main source of atomic fuel, is fairly plentiful throughout the continents. It tends, however, to be found in well defined areas on each continent. Tito's Yugoslavia may, incidentally, prove to be the richest European source. Unfortunately, refined uranium has hitherto shown one serious drawback: it contains several *isotopes*—slightly variant forms of the same chemical element. The two main uranium isotopes are Uranium 235 and Uranium 238, but the slight differences between the two are vitally important for the future of nuclear physics as applied to human needs. Like every other chemical element, uranium is composed of uranium *atoms*, each atom containing a "shell" or "cloud" of *electrons* whirling around a *nucleus* of particles called *protons* and *neutrons*. A glance at the Periodic Table of Elements tells us that uranium has the

* The more recent statement by the Minister of Supply in the House of Commons has amply confirmed the supposition.

Atomic Number 92, which means that the uranium atom has 92 electrons in the outer shell and 92 protons in the nucleus. The Nucleonic Numbers 235 and 238 of the two uranium isotopes indicate the number of protons *plus* neutrons in the respective nucleus.

The best natural atomic fuel available today is still the U235 isotope. This is highly "fissile"—its atoms each readily give off from one to three neutrons. These bombard more atoms, which again give off neutrons to bombard still more atoms. And so on. Under appropriate conditions—the *amount* of fuel ("critical mass") used being the most important single factor—the reaction develops like an unstoppable "chain-letter" scheme. In an atomic bomb the reaction is specifically designed to reach vast proportions in a tiny fraction of a second, releasing enormous quantities of heat energy in the process. Whether we have an atomic bomb or an electricity plant is, fundamentally, just a question of whether we let the chain reaction run wild, or whether we control it, "damp it down," by means of "variable moderators" which absorb "excess neutrons," thus preventing a monster explosion. In contrast to U235, the U238 isotope (containing three more neutrons in its nucleus) is unsuitable for use as an atomic fuel as it stands, since it does not lend itself to the chain-reaction technique without further treatment. It happens, however, to make up about 99.3 per cent. of refined natural uranium. It is thus not difficult to perceive that the other isotope, U235, is a very expensive fuel, for—apart from "wasting" the U238 constituent—the separation of the two isotopes is a very intricate chemical engineering process. Of course, if we could use U238 as fuel, our reserves of atomic fuel would be increased a hundredfold at one smack. And the cost of atomic fuel would come tumbling down in proportion. In short, electricity from the atomic pile then becomes an attractive economic proposition.

Let us now return to our imaginary pile. Here an "atomic bomb" is allowed to go off slowly under the control of damping devices. Vast heat is generated and has to be got rid of as quickly as possible by means of a steady flow of cooling substance ("coolant," in the current jargon). At first "coolants" were regarded only as dangerous substances, to be got rid of somewhere without delay on account of radiation dangers to human beings. The disposal of such materials is still a major problem of atomic engineering. A year or so ago, however, we were told that some of the waste heat was being used to good purpose at Harwell in providing a small amount of central heating. This clearly represents a great advance, since it shows that the danger of stray radioactivity has been overcome. In such an experiment, we learn, the coolant does not directly circulate through the central heating system. The latter is kept, on account of the radiation danger, in a closed circuit of its own. Some of the piping system from the pile itself can be immersed in the form of a long coil in an insulated tank containing suitable gas or liquid (molten metal). At the opposite end of the tank a similar coil of piping belonging to the central heating system proper is immersed. The gas or molten mass in the tank thus transfers heat from the first coil to the second.

An installation of this kind is called a "heat exchanger." We shall hear a lot more about such installations from now on. The amount of heat

transferred in this way obviously depends critically on the heat-absorbing capacity of the medium used in the tank and in the coils. Helium gas is said to be a good one; so is the metal sodium, with its relatively low melting point and its low absorption of radioactive particles from the pile. In the pile itself, however, the fission of our lump of uranium fuel, probably about as big as a football, is not going on as well as one could wish. An astronomically large number of neutrons are escaping from the reactor core without doing any useful work. If the Uranium 238 isotope could be efficiently packed around the reactor core and were then irradiated long enough by fissile Uranium 235, its atoms would gradually take up an additional neutron each, thus becoming nucleus 239. But—239 is the Nucleonic Number of the Plutonium nucleus, and plutonium is an excellent atomic fuel. It is, indeed, by exploiting this technique that plutonium has been obtained in large quantities for atom bombs in the United States. For generating electricity for industry, however, a much higher conversion efficiency is required to make the technique worthwhile, so the problem now centres on finding a suitable engineering technique for "packing" the atomic pile, or reactor, with U238 so well as to allow hardly a single neutron to escape scot-free. When an adequate technique has been worked out, we shall "breed" more atomic fuel (Plutonium 239) from our inactive U238 than the amount of U235 used up in the process. Moreover, we shall be using a part of the heat generated to make electricity. If the scientists have solved the problem of "breeding," the news is even better than so far indicated. Not only does the relatively plentiful U238 (about 140 times as plentiful as U235) then enormously cheapen the cost of making electricity from atomic energy: one can also do the same thing with an even more plentiful raw material, Thorium (Th232), by irradiating it in the pile until it becomes Uranium 233, another fissile isotope.

The Economic Commission for Europe, a United Nations agency, has recently completed an important survey of "Prospects Opened Up by Technical Advances in Electrical Power Production." This report comes to the conclusion that, although the initial cost of building atomic power stations is very high, these are in the long-term view still a better proposition than coal-fired power stations, even at the present inefficient stage of atomic-energy engineering. In a recent address to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, incidentally, Sir John Cockcroft has said that an atomic installation might cost twice as much as one of orthodox design. According to the ECE experts, a kilogram of pure uranium is, by present standards, theoretically equivalent to between 2,500 and 3,000 tons of coal. As uranium costs only about £15 per kilogram (1950), we thus get a theoretical equivalent of two tons for threepence. Even if the cost of refined uranium increased a hundred times, its use for generating electricity would still be a very attractive proposition—if, of course, we could use both U235 and U238. Probably ten tons of refined uranium would then suffice to meet the entire annual power needs of Great Britain, with a generous margin for safety.

A more recent report by the Monsanto Chemical Company, a leading American concern with offshoots in this country, has received wide publicity in the world press. The general conclusion of this semi-private report is that Britain would probably benefit more than the United States

by the industrial exploitation of atomic energy in the immediate future. In the United States, it is pointed out, industrial coal costs nineteen shillings per ton. In Great Britain it costs fifty-seven shillings a ton, just three times as much. Even if—as Dr. A. J. Brown, Professor of Economics at Leeds University and a specialist in energy economics, has shown in a recent paper—the cost of fuel plays a much smaller part in the production process than commonly assumed, it seems obvious that with highly finished products which from their beginnings as raw materials have been subjected to numerous processes directly or indirectly consuming heat energy, the cumulative effect of the fuel consumed on the ultimate costing of the finished article cannot be so low as to justify ignoring the three-to-one difference between the cost of industrial coal in the two countries. Britain's economic future, we are often told by those in authority, largely depends on the production of highly processed articles at competitive prices. The immediate critical factor for the British economy seems, however, to be not the cost of industrial energy, but the inadequacy of the total supply. The relatively high cost of coal in Britain is thus likely to give the development of atomic energy for industry a powerful fillip. In the words of the Monsanto Report—"the cost of generating power from coal in England is a lot nearer to the cost of generating power by atomic energy than it is in the United States."

Whether the Harwell physicists and technologists have solved the fundamental problem of "breeding" is still an official secret at the time of writing. Yet a combination of signs—the recent technical parley between the Harwellites and their opposite numbers in Canada; the optimistic hints of Sir John Cockcroft and others supposedly "in the know"; the confidence of reports appearing in otherwise very staid newspapers; the tenor of the ECE Report; and the ghost of a smirk which plays round the lips of "atomic officialdom"—together these seem to justify the expectation of atomic power stations operating in Britain well before the end of the '50's.

ALAN HUET OWEN.

A comprehensive American study of the location and development of atomic power stations has just been published in this country—*Atomic Power: An Economic and Social Analysis*, by Walter Isard and Vincent Whitney. Allen & Unwin, 37/6. Despite certain shortcomings from the British point of view it should be read carefully by everyone who feels the future industrial welfare of Britain to be his personal concern, all the more as there seems to be a disquieting reluctance on the part of the big industrial undertakings to join the Government in the development of atomic power.

FROM DELHI TO PEKING

"STRONG winds are blowing Asia," said Mr. Nehru at the Asian Relations Conference in Delhi in March, 1947. The winds are still blowing strongly. During the intervening period they have swept away many empires from the Asiatic continent, and many cobwebs from the Asian mind. Asians are mostly free peoples now. No other quinquennium in history has seen so many social and political upheavals of such magnitude and on so vast a scale. The winds are still blowing strongly but they are not the same winds which blew towards Delhi six

years ago. Far different and far more tempestuous winds are converging on Peking where an Asian Peace Conference has been held. Asian freedom was the theme-song at Delhi; Asian peace was the war-cry in Peking. There is as much difference between these two ideals as between Gandhi, who gave his message personally to the Delhi Conference, and Mao Tse-tung who impersonally guided the destinies of the Peking Congress. But somehow in many minds these two meetings are inter-related. The echoes of the flood of oratory in Delhi yet apparently ring louder than the roll of thunder from Peking. A new "Asian sense" was said to have been born in Delhi. For all practical purposes it has been lying dormant during the last five years. The trumpet-blast at Delhi finally brought down the crumbling walls of European imperialism, and made most Asian nations free. Asian freedom, however, has not been a co-operative pursuit. Asians are face to face each with his own problems which vary from country to country and have to be solved in different ways. Even ideals differ all the way from the *Shariat* to *Das Kapital*. The Asian Relations Conference of 1947 thus marked the end of an epoch but not the beginning of another. It was a magnificent climax to Asia's struggle, but it laid no foundations nor even drew blue-prints for the houses of freedom Asia was soon called upon to build. The Asian Relations Organisation which was expected to continue its work is in a state of suspended animation—if it was ever formed at all. The second Asian Conference which was then scheduled to meet in China in 1949 was never held. Although the Peking Peace Conference could not even remotely trace its ancestry to Delhi, we were all treated again to stirring perorations on the "Asian sense" and the crying need of Asian solidarity.

What is this "Asian sense" and solidarity which we have been hearing so much about for so many years? Is it an historical legacy, a geographical compulsion, a political bond, a racial impulse? A religious kinship, a cultural affinity, an ideological identity? A complex, a mystique, a Weltanschauung? Was Asian unity merely a case of adversity making strange bedfellows? Of the sheep and the goat uniting to drive out the wolf from the fold? Of the victims of a rapacious colonialism making common cause? Or is the "Asian sense" only a delusion and a mirage, an eyewash and a snare? It is necessary to examine this issue at some length because this mythical "Asian sense" can both confound and mesmerise the unthinking and the unwary. I cannot better illustrate this danger than by giving samples of the "Asian sense" from two books—one published in 1947 on the morrow of the Delhi Conference, and another in 1952 on the eve of the Peking Conference. Here is Dr. Kalidas Nag, the distinguished Orientalist, describing the Delhi gathering. "Indian courtesy carried the day triumphantly everywhere. And this was conclusively proved when, in the hot afternoon of some plenary session, the charming Indian girl-volunteers served soft drinks to thirsty foreigners who dropped their foreign look automatically." *New Asia*. And there is Mr. R. K. Karanjia, the well-known publicist, describing his journey to Peking: "A strange feeling of kinship and satisfaction grows upon the Indian as he flies eastwards to Peking. Probably it is the Asian conscience, or maybe Karma, making amends to itself for neglect of what after all is its natural habitation and home. For man is bigger and more boundless

than family, nationality, even country: He is a Continent." *China Stands up*.

How magical this "Asian sense" must be which with the help of some soft drinks (not to mention soft hands) can make thirsty foreigners drop their foreign looks! No wonder with a little stronger potion it can make a man a continent! I for one have never felt like a continent. I am just an infinitesimal part of the Indian nation and of humanity. I am an Indian citizen and world citizen too. My internationalism does not stop with the Pacific and Indian Oceans. I, a brown Indian, do not feel any more affinity for a yellow Mongolian than for the black African or the white American. All men of all races and colours and continents are my brothers. My sympathies flow out to all the down trodden and oppressed and exploited everywhere. Even as a political concept I cannot view United Asia as something distinct and different from the United Nations. Not only that but I believe that unduly to emphasise the unity of Asia is to defeat the very purpose of the United Nations. United Asia is not even a half-way house. It may well prove the negation of the international spirit. Asia never was one in the sense that its champions and propagandists imagine, never will be one. A mere look at the map will show why. It is the biggest land-mass of the earth sprawling from the Pacific Ocean to the Mediterranean, from the Kara Sea to the Indian Ocean. It comprises more than half the people of the world—the poorer and more backward half. They differ in race, climate, civilisation, religion, environment, language as no peoples of other continents differ. We are at different stages of social, political and economic advancement. Asia was the first home of man, the cradle of civilisation, the cockpit of empires. The most primitive and the most civilised people belong to Asia. The shy retiring Ainus of Japan have probably as much in common with the sturdy and swaggering nomads of Arabia as with the people on the moon. To call Asia a single continent is true only geographically. In that sense even Europe appears as merely an adjunct of Western Asia, the tail which has been wagging the dog for a long time. And paradoxical as it may seem, it is this European tail which has made the Asian dog feel one, and created the "Asian sense" for the first time.

In a penetrating book *The Future of South-East Asia* Mr. K. M. Panikkar bluntly observed: "The idea of the European was responsible for the idea of the Asiatic. In no country of Asia was there ever an Asiatic feeling. A sense of Asiatic solidarity was never a part of the traditions of India, China or Japan. . . . It is the imperialist historians of Europe who brought the concept of an Asia into being." The "Asian sense" was thus born on the plane of European thought and culture. Nationalism and democracy, which were the driving force behind our struggles for freedom, were Western concepts. We were all one there—and all Europeanised—because we drew our inspiration, not from Manu and Mohamed, Tao and Confucius, but from Rousseau and Mill, Mazzini and Karl Marx. And I for one am not going to disown this spiritual parentage in a false accession of the "Asian sense."

An historical nemesis has overtaken European imperialism in Asia: it was hoist by its own petard. But are we going to hug this delusion to our bosom? How illusory is this "Asian sense" was brought home to every

critical observer of the "Asian Relations Conference" in Delhi by the ostentatious non-co-operation of Indian Muslims. Pakistan was not born then, but the idea of separatism had firmly gripped the Muslim mind. While we were welcoming the Tajiks, Turkmenians and the Kirghizes in Delhi, our Muslim brothers had rigorously boycotted the whole show. Our former political differences have been petrified into national hostility. Those who wax eloquently on United Asia seem to have no remedy for the festering Indo-Pakistan sores except Jihad or Akhand Hindusthan. The "Asian sense," unlike charity, does not apparently begin at home. It starts with Kamchatka. India's other neighbour, Ceylon, is deeply suspicious of "Indian imperialism." Burma is so busy fighting Red rebels that it has not time to bother about anything else. If any nation has reason to be grateful to the Delhi Conference, and to India in particular, for her freedom, it is Indonesia. It presumably is so even now, but of late it has certainly soft-pedalled the expression of its gratitude. For Indonesia cannot forget that it is a Muslim country and as such must not displease Pakistan by a too effusive assertion of friendship for India. It cannot forget its ancient Hindu influences either. There certainly once was an "Asian sense" about Indonesia as about Indo-China, only then it was called "Greater India"—which has an altogether different flavour.

Such is a cursory picture of the Asian sense and solidarity in the Far East. Nor is the rest of Asia exactly bubbling over with an upsurge of unity. Take Japan and Turkey; both belong to the same continent, but they might be living in different worlds for all that. Turkey, since the revolution, has considered itself a European nation, and has washed its hands of the Oriental as of the Ottoman past. Japan before the war had developed a keen sense of Asian unity and had mapped out a co-prosperity sphere for all just as the tiger maps out a place for its victims inside its capacious belly. The experiment backfired and now Japan herself has passed into the American ambit—an honourable leaping-board for Uncle Sam. Leaving aside the Arab League, which is scarcely conscious of the rest of Asia, let us look at China, the very heartland of Asia. It is a giant awakened, and like all awakened giants it is vigorously throwing its weight about from Korea to Tibet. It is all to the good that Asia has a giant. Even a dwarf may live in peace with a giant—which is the creed of the United Nations. But alas, China is not a member of the United Nations for which the blame belongs entirely to the latter. China has developed an ideology which is bigger than itself. It cuts athwart by its very nature that ideology is dynamic, expansionist, ruthless. Between Soviet Asia and China three-fourths of Asia is now painted Red. Will this huge mass allow the remaining one-fourth to retain its variegated hues, to go each its own way? This is the crucial question which the champions of United Asia may well ponder. They are apparently still paddling their canoes in the backwash of the Delhi Conference unmindful of the Communist floodtide which has swept over Asia.

Editor of the Sunday Standard, Bombay.

N. G. Jog.

THE TROUBLES OF ALBANIA

ALTHOUGH Albania is Soviet Russia's most advanced strategic outpost in the Mediterranean (Adriatic) area, it occupies, curiously enough, an anomalous position in its relationship to the Kremlin. It is not a member of the Cominform, yet it has been taking direct orders from this body, and it is, at the same time, the most exploited nation behind the Iron Curtain. Owing to geographical isolation of Albania from the Cominform bloc as a result of Tito's break with Stalin, we have been hearing frequent reports that the Soviet masters are more or less ready to let Albania solve her own internal difficulties. Actually, however, the evidence of Soviet continued interest in developing Albania as an aggressive base for its designs has been impressive. In spite of the weaknesses of the pro-Communist regime and the growing resistance, Premier Hoxha has remained in power and there is strong indication that naval and airfield bases are being transformed into Soviet arsenals. During 1952 Soviet Russia has been building a powerful new radio station whose broadcasts will be heard not only in Italy but in the whole of the Balkans, Central Europe and the Middle East. Its objective is obvious—another attempt to counteract the Voice of America and other Western programmes beamed on countries behind the Iron Curtain, and to step up Communist propaganda especially in Italy, Yugoslavia and Greece.

Soviet Russia's interest in Albania is more in its geopolitical location than the ideological sense, for Albania is a neighbour of Yugoslavia. This fact is important not only to Russia and Yugoslavia, but also to Greece and Italy, both of which form the "underbelly" defences of Western Europe against Soviet Russia's intentions to expand into the Mediterranean. Since Albania (like Yugoslavia) sits just across the Adriatic from Italy, Italians have always sought to dominate this tiny but significant country. This was expressed by the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors on Italy's special position in Albania following the early days of the League. The decision of the Conference to grant to one member of the League a special sphere of influence and political predominance in the country of a co-member of the same League demonstrated the vital interests of Italy in Albania. It exceeded in kind the discrepancy between the virtual protectorate subsequently established by Italy over Albania and the overt annexation of the country after Italy's nominee as King of Albania had proved less pliable than his sponsor had expected.

Lying along the mountainous Adriatic coast, Albania served as a wedge between Yugoslavia and Greece, dominating the narrow water gate between the Adriatic and the Ionian seas. It was used by Fascist Italy to attack both Yugoslavia and Greece with such disastrous results, however, that the Italian conquest had to be "saved" by the Nazis. The historical fact remains that all countries interested in Albania were moved *only* by geopolitical considerations. Historically a part of Illyria and later of the Roman Empire, it was ruled by the Byzantine Empire until A.D. 1204. It served as a direct route to the east for the Roman legions, who sailed from Brindisi to Durazzo and trudged inland to reach Greece over the Via Egnatia, a Roman road still used in the 20th century. As part of the

Roman Empire, Albania learned early the significance of being the country close to the heel of Italy. At the mouth of the Adriatic the two lands were separated by only 47 miles of the Strait of Otranto. To Tirana from Brindisi, southern Italian port at which Italy's troops concentrated just before invading Albania in 1939, is a distance of 105 miles.

Acquiring its independence in 1912 after more than five centuries under Turkish rule, Albania tried to survive as an independent state. Invaded during World War I by the Austro-Hungarian and German armies, it succeeded in having its membership in the League of Nations recognised (with the help of President Wilson) in 1920 as an independent state. Yet Italy immediately began to interfere in its internal life, economically and politically, and had this fact recognised by the League, as we have pointed out. Then Mussolini launched his Fascist hordes in 1939. During World War II, the country served as an important source of supplies for the Axis nations, and at the same time aided the Allies by its guerrilla warfare in the mountains against the Nazis. After the war, the fortunes of war favoured the formation of Enver Hoxha's government under Soviet auspices, unfortunately.

Wild, rugged and mountainous, Albania offers only a difficult and precarious livelihood to its 1,210,000 natives. There is little for the great majority of them to do other than farm and raise stock. Alluvial plains are topped with fertile soil suitable for corn, rice, wheat, barley, tobacco, and cotton. In the mountainous areas lower slopes are utilised for vineyards and tree crops, and much excellent pasturage lies at elevations above those devoted to tended farm lands. Methods of agriculture however, remain primitive. Rivers are unreliable, drying up in summer and raging torrents in winter and spring. The coastal plains have large swampy areas handicapped by malaria. There are a few valuable mineral resources, but their development is retarded by transportation difficulties. The small ports of Valona in the south and Durrazzo in the central part are not of much value. Yet under Hoxha there have been significant developments, due mainly to the determination of the Kremlin to utilise to the fullest possible extent the strategic location and to swallow whatever Albania can offer in terms of its meagre resources and products. The Soviet propaganda has been broadcasting reports about the benefits that the people have gained from its pro-Communist regime. Unfortunately, Soviet domination has impoverished the country whose destiny has been to suffer all the historical misfortunes of a small nation lying in the way of the imperialistic ambitions of the neighbouring states.

Today, in spite of these glowing reports broadcast systematically from Tirana, the country is practically in economic ruin. Large numbers of peasants are so poor that they have neither good seeds for planting nor a beast of burden or other implements for heavy work, and there are shortages in all methods of production. Albania's critical position is due principally to the voracious demands of the Kremlin on the country's scanty food supplies; not only do the Albanians have to supply a horde of Soviet technical and military personnel, but aid must be paid for by exports. It is estimated that there are about 4,000 Soviet so-called specialists running the country who usually arrive by plane from Bulgaria. The attractive suburb of New Tirana is almost entirely

occupied by Soviet families, favoured with the same rationing cards as the diplomatic corps. The continued deterioration has resulted in mass arrests and executions; but the situation is so bad that even the threat of machine guns does not halt the swelling of anti-communist ranks. Tirana was temporarily forced to hold up the collectivisation programme at the turn of 1951-1952 because of peasant resistance, and a new campaign to collectivise the peasants had to begin.

An effort to paint a brighter future was made by the official reports on the new Five-Year Plan (1952) making this document a major departure for the Albanian regime which hitherto had been the most secretive of Soviet satellites. The report of Premier Hoxha to the XIth Plenum of the Central Committee of the Albanian Workers' Party on the directives for the First Five Year Plan, based on the results of the original Two Year Plan, was naturally enthusiastic about the Soviet help and the grandiose scheme. According to Hoxha the USSR had given Albania all help, and the People's Democracies, including Eastern Germany, had granted "satisfactory and favourable credits." Albania, claimed Hoxha, possessed oil, chromium, copper, bitumen, cotton, sugarbeet, tobacco, wheat, maize, olives, oranges, lemons, cereals, and trees; mining, textile and leather industries were to be considerably developed. Valona was to have an iron and steel foundry and a cement factory; Elbasan a timber works, Scutari a tobacco factory, as well as cotton thread, woollen cloth and other factories. Several electrical power plants were to be constructed and transport developed. New collective farms are to be formed "voluntarily" after long preparation and state farms modernised. Selected seeds, machinery, and experience would be provided by the USSR. In spite of these wishful plans it does not seem possible that they would accomplish very much since only 2 per cent of the population is engaged in industry. But the claims of Tirana's officials are that oil production had increased to 350,000 tons annually, the bulk of which naturally, is going to the Soviet Union.

Since the Soviets have liquidated and no doubt will continue to liquidate their stooges periodically regardless of previous fanatical allegiance to Stalin, Hoxha's position as Premier seems to be only temporary. Several events in Tirana appeared to be symptomatic of an important development since the liquidation of the pro-Yugoslav wing of the Albanian Communist Party. In fact, between late 1948 and April, 1952, the Albanian Labour (Communist) Party had purged more than 12,000 members, more than 25 per cent. of its membership, for political unreliability. Hoxha's position is made even more difficult by Mehmet Shehu, the ruthless Minister of the Interior, always ready to challenge his position, and who is the really favoured exponent of the Kremlin. Furthermore, Hoxha appears to all Albanians as the real scapegoat for all the troubles that are facing them, since he must enforce all the commands of his Soviet superiors. His regime has survived only because of the military and police props headed by the Soviet commanders.

While in the past Albania had always been a country over which innumerable waves of foreign invaders had rolled, an unwitting pawn in the game of power politics of Europe, today it is but a spearhead of Communist aggressive plans in the Balkan area. Hoxha's regime is

committed to use Albania as a base for espionage and for subversive and sabotage activities against Yugoslavia. While Tito was helping the Greek guerrillas to fight the government of Athens, Albania served not only as a base of offensive operations against Greece but also as a place of refuge for the guerrillas who escaped the Greek army. When Yugoslavia ceased helping the Greek guerrillas after her break with Moscow, Albania, next to Bulgaria, became the main base for such activities against Greece as well as against Yugoslavia. In 1952, for instance, Hoxha appealed to the Albanian minority living in the Kosmet regions of Yugoslavia to revolt against the authority of Belgrade. While hating the Western camp, Albania has continued to launch endless protests against the alleged frontier provocations by Yugoslavia and Greece, and especially against alleged violations by Italian warplanes. Yet, in July, 1952, Albania again asked to be admitted to the United Nations. Today Albania, in spite of the instinctive opposition of most of its people, is but another exponent of Stalin's "grand design" to conquer the globe. To make the symbolic aspect of this dependence more definite, and to please the Kremlin, November 20th, 1951, the anniversary of Albania's liberation by partisans in 1944, replaced the traditional National Day (November 28th), the anniversary of Albania's liberation from the Turks in 1912.

DITO GURI.

PARLIAMENT'S PRINTERS

LUKE HANSARD, who was born two hundred years ago last July started his business career in the proper manner by arriving in London as a lad in his 'teens with only a guinea in his pocket.* His father had died some time before, and young Luke, having served his apprenticeship with an eccentric Norwich printer, went to London to seek his fortune. He was a versatile youth, practical rather than academic. He had been to the Grammar School at Boston in Lincolnshire, near the home of a relative who was a farmer, but he confessed in later life that he had been "more in the grazing fields and sheepwalks than at school exercises." His father, an affable and respectable Norwich businessman, apparently got into financial difficulties, and Luke was taken away from school. On the night of his return home, Luke records, "the conversation was, how I was again to be got rid of." Young Hansard had at one time been destined for the Church, but his mother, the daughter of a parson, could never forget the poverty of her father's curate and opposed the plan. This led to a disagreement in the family. "My Father," wrote Luke, ". . . objected to my being anything connected with the manufactures of the City, whilst my Mother, on the other hand, would not consent to my being a common mechanick." He was for a time apprenticed to an apothecary, but his ignorance of Latin was a serious handicap and he soon gave this up.

In the end he was apprenticed to Stephen White, at the Bible and Crown, Magdalen Street, Norwich, "printer, bookseller and stationer, engraver

* Since this article was written and accepted for publication, an authoritative work on the Hansard family has been published: E. M. King and J. C. Trewin, *Printer to the House*. Methuen, 22s. 6d.

and copper-plate printer, medicine vendor, painter, boat-builder and general artist." Stephen White was a remarkable character—an "eccentric genius" was how Luke described him. White spent little time attending to his business but "was either engraving, or painting, or wood-cutting, or fishing, or pigeon and rabbit shooting, or boat-building and rowing and sailing; anything but the office. . . . He was excellent company, and could sing admirably. He had also a good and correct taste for the stage, and had been in a travelling company of Comedians." Luke, though an apprentice, received little instruction from his master. He was, however, an enterprising youth and soon became "compositor and pressman, corrector and manager, copperplate printer and shopman, book-keeper and accountant to this chequered business." The firm did a certain amount of book printing "besides a class of humbler authors and Poets; astronomical fortune tellers; authors of Scriptural tracts and Hymns for places of Worship; dabsters in Jest Books, Joe Miller's of the day, and ballads for country fairs and the husbandmen's coarse and illiterate merriment." Luke inherited his mother's Tory convictions—his father had come from a Whig family—and took an active part in the 1768 election. Whenever he had to print a Whig song, he would compose a reply in the Tory interest and print the two together.

When the time of his apprenticeship was concluded, Luke Hansard decided to try his luck in London. But in spite of letters of introduction from Stephen White and other acquaintances, he had difficulty in finding employment in the metropolis. His guinea cannot have lasted long, and how he made ends meet we do not know. Eventually he was taken on as a compositor by the printing firm of Hughs in Great Turnstile. This firm had printed certain parliamentary papers since 1763. Hansard soon impressed his employer as a reliable and conscientious worker. He was given much more responsibility than was usually accorded to a man of his age, and, when still in his early twenties, had gained a considerable reputation among authors who wanted accurate printing. He was to supervise the printing of some of the early editions of Edmund Burke's essays *On the Sublime and Beautiful*, and of the second and third volumes of Robert Orme's *History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan from 1745*. From his work in connection with the latter he gained a remarkable insight into Indian affairs, and this was later put to good use by Burke, who was a member of the Parliamentary Committee which investigated the East India Company. Hansard printed Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, Dr. Johnson's *Taxation no Tyranny*, Dean Tucker's *Cui Bono?*, Robert Dodsley's *Annual Register*, and Fanny Burney's *Evelina* ("corrected" and "improved" by Dr. Johnson, according to Hansard).

Richard Porson described Hansard as "the most accurate of Greek printers." His knowledge of Greek dated from an occasion during his apprenticeship. He was asked to print a bookseller's catalogue, and as he was unable to follow the Greek characters, he sought the help of a local clergyman. "It whetted my desire to become acquainted with the Greek Characters, so that when I came to London, I was found so expert in them, that I had not been two months in the office before I was put upon the Eton Greek Grammar."

When Hansard celebrated his thirtieth birthday in 1782, he was well established in business and had been introduced by Henry Hughs into the proper circles. He had quickly realised the importance of his firm's connection with Parliament, and made a point of cultivating the friendship of Members and Peers. He made the acquaintance of John Hatsell, the Clerk of the House of Commons, "and thence has followed a train of most honourable friends and patrons." He became, he says, "more intimately acquainted with the principal and leading Gentlemen in Parliament; better known to the principal Booksellers; and equally so to the honourable and noble Gentlemen in His Majesty's administration." When Parliament was sitting Hansard was invariably busy. "The personal labour to me," he writes, "was prodigious . . . twice a day and perhaps twice in the night at Westminster . . . and sometimes at Mr. Pitt's house, till 12, or 1, or 2 o'clock in the morning . . . back to the office before six again." Hughs disliked dealing with the almost illegible manuscripts which—in the days before typewriters—emerged from the Palace of Westminster, so he left the parliamentary work to Hansard. William Pitt, Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, had a particularly execrable hand. On one occasion he wanted a secret document printed very quickly. He sent for Hansard and showed him the almost illegible manuscript. Hansard at once read it aloud to Pitt, then copied it out in his own hand, and next morning presented the astonished Mr. Pitt with a complete set of proofs.

Hughs was taking less and less interest in the business, and decided to take Hansard into partnership. Eventually Hansard assumed complete control of the business. His three sons—Thomas Curson, James, and Luke Graves—all entered the printing business in Great Turnstile. Thomas Curson was a great disappointment to his father. "He enacted the gentleman," his work was unsatisfactory, he married a wife whom Luke considered unsuitable, and his political views were on the radical side. Eventually he left the family firm and set up as a printer on his own account. In this way he came into contact with William Cobbett, who had conceived the idea of publishing a full report of the proceedings of Parliament.

The House of Commons had for many centuries maintained a tradition of secrecy. As early as 1376 they had decided "that it would be well at the outset for them to be sworn to each other to keep counsel regarding what was spoken and decided among them." Their *deliberations* were private, only their *decisions* being known. The Journals of the House were originally personal records kept by the Clerks, and included anything which impressed the compilers as unusual or important. Thus in 1606 there is an entry: "*A Dog Comes in.*" A strange spanyell of mouse colour, came into the House." Eventually the Clerks were instructed to confine their entries to the acts of the House. These Journals were printed by Hughs and later by Luke Hansard. Cobbett, however, had proposed to print a full report of the debates, though this was (and, indeed, still is) forbidden by Resolution of the House. The intention of the Resolution had, however, been circumvented by Dr. Johnson and others, who wrote reports of the proceedings, thinly disguised as fiction.

Cobbett's volumes of the parliamentary debates were printed by Thomas

Curson Hansard. In 1808 Cobbett was prosecuted for libel and sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a heavy fine; T. C. Hansard, as Cobbett's printer, received three months' imprisonment. Luke was naturally much distressed by such a "heartrending disgrace" falling on his own son, and he feared it would bring his own firm into disrepute. In 1811 T. C. Hansard purchased from Cobbett the business of publishing the debates, and the volumes were henceforth known as *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*. This venture had no direct connection with Luke Hansard, as is sometimes erroneously stated, and we may presume that Luke strongly disapproved of his son's connection with Cobbett. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates* passed through many vicissitudes and were for a time managed by Horatio Bottomley. In 1909 publication was taken over by H. M. Stationery Office, and in 1943 the word "Hansard" was restored to the title-page. Luke's other two sons, James and Luke Graves, took over increasing responsibility for the family printing business, but old man Luke remained active until the year of his death. In 1828, for the first time, his health began to decline. He was 77 years of age and had led an active life. When the parliamentary recess came in July he formally took leave of his senior employees; he died on October 29, 1828.

The Hansard family have the distinction of adding a new word to the English language. *Hansard* is the popular name not only of the official report of the two Houses of the Westminster Parliament, but also of the reports of many of the legislatures of the Commonwealth and Colonies. For a time there was a verb, *to hansardize*, to confront a Member of Parliament with his former utterances in order to prove that he once expressed a different opinion. It is a pity that this excellent word has passed into disuse. More recently there has come into existence a Hansard Society, whose object is to promote knowledge of and interest in parliamentary government. This society has no direct connection with the reports of debates which are now produced under Mr. Speaker's direction and published by H. M. Stationery Office. Hansard symbolises an essential element of freedom as enshrined in the system of parliamentary government. "It seems to us impossible to doubt," said Chief Justice Cockburn in a famous case, "that it is of paramount public and national importance that the proceedings of the Houses of Parliament shall be communicated to the public, who have the deepest interest in knowing what passes within their walls, seeing that on what is there said and done the welfare of the community depends. . . . Can any man doubt that the publicity given in modern times to what passes in Parliament is essential to the maintenance of the relations between the Government, the Legislature, and the country at large?"

SYDNEY D. BAILEY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"FEAR IS AN ENEMY . . ."

DURING the course of his office as President of the United States throughout the post-war years, Mr. Truman said many wise things, none wiser than the phrase he used in his valedictory message on the State of the Union (January 7th last) about the effects of fear. "Fear,"

he said, "is an enemy within ourselves, and if we do not root it out, it may destroy the very way of life we are so anxious to protect." The word "fear" in the international context is almost synonymous with the word "war"; or, at least, has been the almost exclusive cause of these modern wars. It is the property of fear, as of war, to breed upon itself. It produces more fear, more war. Milton's reflection, "For what can war but endless war still breed?" has been profusely, but so far, it would seem, fruitlessly illustrated in the present century.

It was mutual fear that was mainly responsible for driving Britain and Germany into war in 1914. Though that war ran its course into mutual exhaustion and frustration, mocked by a paper victory for one side and a paper peace treaty theoretically for both sides, there was neither peace nor even respite from the insane inroads of conflict into the body politic. At the very moment when the Treaty of Versailles was being signed in Paris (June 28th, 1919) Allied forces were still fighting in Russia in what ostensibly was a civil war, and the sporadic flames of war went on flickering elsewhere: as when Italy annexed Fiume (1919) and sent a fleet to occupy Corfu (1923); when the Poles were at war with the Ukrainians (1919) and with the Russians (1920), and annexed Vilna, the capital of Lithuania (1920); when Greece was at war with Turkey (1921), and French troops marched into Germany (1923), etc. When the major war itself was renewed in 1939 it went on beyond, and in despite of, the unconditional surrender of the one main party which was supposed to bring it to an end; and continued to be waged through the subsidiary channels of Indo-China, Malaya, Korea, etc.

Mr. Truman's diagnosis of the fear that defeats its own object, destroying what it thinks to protect, is today illustrated in the frantic economic and financial waste of an unprecedented competition in rearmament: a process which almost exactly presents the philosophic spectacle of economic suicide on the part of the nations concerned. The man whose constant fear of being drowned so preyed upon his mind that in his misery he went and drowned himself, could be taken as the symbolic epitaph to the international tragedy of our time.

There is to be observed a certain refinement of this particular tragedy as it affects contemporary Russia, and herein is to be detected one of the most majestic of the safeguards provided by an omnipotent God to the ultimate destiny of mankind. It is a notorious fact that evil (in whose range is pre-eminently to be included the general effects of fear, the enemy of faith) tends inexorably towards its own destruction. The more spectacularly the evil waxes, the more spectacularly and the more certainly it falls, like a rocket that is shot into the air. In the materialist order what goes up, comes down. Now Lenin and his successors claimed to be, tried to be, and in fact were and are, exclusively materialist in their motive and calculation. They think to defy miracle and mystery alike. In other words, they think to defy God; a curious experiment when considered in the context of a God Who happens to be omnipotent. Having chosen to put their faith in one part, the lesser part, of God's creation, namely the materialist, and to ignore the overriding spiritual sanction in its use, they committed the folly, among other follies, of opening wide their gates to fear; and moreover, by a gratuitous elaboration

of the technique they have tried to turn fear into an instrument of their own designs. There is nothing surprising in this violation of good sense, because intelligence and wisdom are free gifts from God, and they can be rejected. Intelligence in the full sense is not a derivative of that materialist intellect which the bolsheviks have set up as an idol, an idol of clay. It is a mainly spiritual thing. Thinking to be clever, these materialists of Moscow have for more than a generation used, or tried to use, the bogey of fear as a means of frightening their subjects into deeper subjection, whereby, according to the calculation, their own security was to be safeguarded and strengthened.

Let the logic of such a tactic be duly observed. Throughout the period of the communist ascendancy, the enslaved peoples have been taught that the outside world has constituted an aggressive menace to themselves. Therefore (such is the working of this political arithmetic) those peoples are dependent for their safety upon their rulers, and therefore those rulers deserve a total unswerving loyalty. Q.E.D. There must be no swerve, no deviation. In conformity with so over-simplified a conception of the tyrannical machinery, fear has become a regular instrument of government in Russia, and in the satellite lands. It has become the regular tactic to liquidate any subject suspected of deviationism or original thought, the liquidation being preceded by the victim's conviction, made more pointed by his confession of guilt, in public trial. The invariable crime of which he is accused is that of being an agent of the hostile foreign powers aforementioned: as an enemy therefore of the State and of the people. Such trials have not only been held in public, but have been advertised on a maximum scale, in print, and in the broadcast word, *pour encourager les autres*.

Now it would have been from the beginning obvious to any mind except to the ruling bolshevik mind, cut adrift as it is from God's saving gift of intelligence, that fear used in such a way as an instrument of power could never be controlled nor canalised to the postulated end. Fear is essentially uncontrollable. Having introduced it, like an unsuspected trojan horse, into their own domain, these intellectuals of the Kremlin have found too late that they have inadvertently introduced an enemy. "Fear is an enemy . . ." Its first cousin is suspicion; and that enemy, too, perhaps inevitably, has been given a run throughout the bolshevik experiment. Secret police were from the beginning organised to make reports to headquarters against suspects. It came to pass (inevitably) that unless such police duly discovered such suspects and duly reported them, they themselves fell under suspicion, as being lukewarm or unreliable. They therefore at all costs had to discover and report an increasing haul of suspects, if they were to save their own skins. They (again inevitably) began suspecting each other, spying upon each other, fearing each other, each of them being competitively anxious to get his neighbour liquidated before being liquidated by him. Slansky was thus recently liquidated by Gottwald. This practice of mutual tale-telling, of one man secretly blackballing his unsuspecting neighbour, of children denouncing (and being coached to denounce) their own parents, of friend intriguing against friend, and so on, was deliberately launched upon its fatal, uncontrollable course. *La révolution dévore ses enfants*.

Could the ravages of fear, which is a form of madness (being the opposite of faith, which is sanity) be more devastatingly illustrated? Its ravages inexorably became progressively more devastating. In the recent Prague purge, Rudolf Slansky and the other ten victims thereby liquidated had been the leaders in Czechoslovakia of the extremist communist group, the most zealous henchmen of the Kremlin, the most perfervid worshippers of Stalin. They had won their positions over the dead bodies, as it were, of "comrades" they had betrayed, only in their own turn to be betrayed. They had sought Moscow's favour by bending the whole output of Czechoslovak industry to the exclusive satisfaction of Russia's economic needs, thereby carrying out with a zeal that proved to be excessive, the very wishes of the Kremlin. They had blindly pushed their subservience into an enterprise which, on the face of it, did not make sense. And when the natural effects began to show themselves, in the form of a reduced Czechoslovak output, of food shortages, of discontent among Czech workpeople, of subterranean resistance, "deviationism" and virtual revolt, the time had obviously arrived for those zealots to be themselves liquidated, their excessive and stupid enthusiasm having defeated the Kremlin's own purpose. New orders therefore went out from the Kremlin to President Gottwald that those men be put on mass trial for treason, for being the spies and agents of the western enemy.

In an adroit attempt to improve the shining hour, the Kremlin, which happened concurrently to be carrying out a pro-Arab policy in the Middle East as a means of damaging British interests there, decided to introduce in the catalogue of crimes of which Slansky and the rest were accused, the simple fact that most of them were Jews. Thus was an anti-Jewish motive developed and advertised as a means of winning the goodwill of the Arab peoples, then at loggerheads with Israel: a motive which was soon to be made manifest on another high pinnacle of propaganda when a group of Russian doctors, mainly Jewish, were singled out for destruction. Those doctors were suddenly accused of having encompassed the death of Russian communist leaders by deliberate wrong therapeutics. The madness that now seethes, like a burning cauldron throughout the Russian domains, is clearly beyond the power of any Russian strategist to control. How long will it be before it destroys Russian communism itself?

In this point of view it seems worth while to recall the circumstances of that hysterical outburst of anti-Jewish propaganda which in the middle of January concentrated upon the persons of the doctors aforesaid. They were accused, of course, of being "paid agents" of the British and American governments, of deliberately causing the death of two Soviet leaders, and of planning further murders of the like kind. In the preliminary barrage that heralded the liquidation they were roundly stigmatised as "criminals, murderers, killers, terrorists, cheap monsters, wretched monsters, loathsome reptiles, and filthy hirelings bought for dollars and sterling." Such were some of the *epitheta ornantia* literally used in the official announcements. The jargon used by the Kremlin in such cases (which happen to be commonplace) has always been supercharged with abuse, as though it was thought impossible to impress the communist masses except by a sort of obscenity in the use of words.

It was on January 13th last that Tass, the official Russian news agency,

put out a sudden denunciation of the nine doctors. One of them was Professor V. N. Vinogradov, member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the U.S.S.R., who, less than a year before, had been the recipient of the highest distinction the Kremlin could offer. On February 27th, 1952, *Pravda* published this item of information: "For outstanding services in the field of practical medicine and development of Soviet medical science, Professor V. N. Vinogradov, member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the U.S.S.R., has on the occasion of his seventieth birthday been awarded the Order of Lenin." Before his seventy-first birthday he was destined to be cited, on the same authority, as a "villain." The Tass statement of January 13th of the present year was clearly intended for wide consumption, being transmitted abroad in an English translation. It began thus: "Some time ago the State security organs uncovered a terroristic group of physicians who set themselves the task of shortening the life of Soviet leaders by means of injurious treatment." There followed a list of the nine medical specialists. It appears in this case that the extortion of confession was made before the trial took place. "The documents" (continued the Tass statement), "investigations, the opinion of medical experts, and confessions of the arrested prove that the criminals, being secret enemies of the people, subjected their patients to injurious treatment and undermined their health." In conformity with the bolshevik practice, the statement launched out into long-winded details intended obviously to make the still faithful comrades wince and dither for their own safety: an odd way of encompassing loyalty.

Though apparently the blinded cowards of the Kremlin were in no state to appreciate the fact, such a tactic could have no other effect than to accelerate the crumbling of whatever foundations might remain of loyalty to themselves. The people of Russia do not differ from the people of any other country in their ability to see a thing that sticks out a mile. They see that men whom they were lately taught to reverence as staunch pillars of the communist State, are now denounced as scoundrels and, being thereby incited to resist any temptation to deviation on their own part, are by contrast persuaded that an extremity of zeal in the communist cause, far from being a guarantee of their own safety, may well prove to be their own undoing. Witness Slansky; witness Vinogradov. Fear is indeed an enemy of intelligence among the brainy and too clever men of the Kremlin. Fear always defeats its object. Being afraid of their own comrades, of their own followers, of their own doctors, in the due course no doubt of their own colleagues in the Kremlin itself, these men, harried by their fear, proceed to make their own ultimate destruction the more certain by their savage and increasingly indiscriminate liquidation of their fellows. One can readily imagine the feelings excited in the breasts of humdrum citizens of the Soviet Union when they read this sort of thing in the Tass statement: "As a result of investigation it was established that the members of the terrorist group, utilising their positions as physicians, and abusing the trust of the patients, deliberately and villainously undermined their health, purposely ignored the results of objective examination of the patients, made incorrect diagnoses which did not correspond to the actual nature of the illness, and then killed them through incorrect treatment."

Obscure citizens might, no doubt, thank God (in defiance of the atheism imposed on them) for their obscurity, as being unworthy of the apparently equivocal attention of distinguished physicians; but leading communists, for instance, Stalin, if they had to undergo a major operation might look with rather wondering and haggard eyes upon the countenance of, for instance, the anaesthetist who was to minister to them. In the Tass statement indeed the names of leading communists thus menaced or murdered were duly recorded: "The criminals confessed that, having availed themselves of Comrade A. A. Zhdanov's illness, they made an incorrect diagnosis of his disease and, concealing the myocardial infraction from which he suffered, prescribed a régime which was contraindicated for this serious illness, and thereby killed Comrade Zhdanov. It has been established through investigation that the criminals also shortened the life of Comrade A. S. Shcherbakov, incorrectly applied strong medicines for his treatment, introduced a detrimental régime, and thus caused his death. The criminal physicians tried first of all to undermine the health of Soviet leading military cadres, to disable them, and to weaken the defence of the country. They tried to disable Marshal A. M. Vassilevsky, Marshal L. A. Govorov, Marshal I. S. Koniev, Army General S. M. Shtemenko, Admiral G. I. Levchenko, and others. But the arrest thwarted their villainous plan, and the criminals failed to achieve their goal." Next came the kernel of the charge, linking it essentially with every other liquidation that has been carried out these past thirty odd years: these doctors were presented as the enemy of the people, the hirelings of the foreign foe. "It has been established (so ran the official statement) that all these physicians—murderers who became the fiends of the human race, trampled under foot the sacred banner of science, and desecrated the honour of scientists—were paid agents of foreign intelligence service."

To this usual *motif* was added the contemporary and special *motif* of an attack upon Jews in general for the purpose aforesaid of Arab confidence and support. The attack was directed against the Jewish organisation which goes by the name "Joint." (The full name is the Jewish Joint Distribution Agency, an organisation set up in 1914 for humanitarian relief purposes. In 1938 its officials were ordered by the Soviet Government to leave Soviet territory.) "Most of the participants (so ran the charge) in the terrorist group (M. S. Vovsi, B. B. Kogan, A. I. Feldman, A. M. Grinshtein, Y. G. Ettinger, and others) were connected with Joint, the international bourgeois nationalist organisation set up by the American intelligence service, allegedly for rendering material aid to Jews in other countries. But actually this organisation, under the guidance of the American intelligence service, conducts broad-scale espionage, terroristic, and other subversive activities in a number of countries, including the Soviet Union. Vovsi states during interrogation that he had received a directive to exterminate the leading cadres of the U.S.S.R. from the United States, from the Joint organisation, through a Moscow physician, Shimeliovich, and the well-known Jewish bourgeois nationalist Nikhoels. Other members of the terrorist group (V. N. Vinogradov, M. B. Kogan, P. I. Egorov) proved to be agents of the British intelligence of long standing."

If the last-made accusation were true, the Kremlin stood convicted out of its own mouth of having awarded the Order of Lenin itself to one who at the very moment of the award was a paid agent of the British Government. The lack of a sense of humour, though in general it be one of nature's most lamentable shortcomings, can in certain circumstances constitute a most merciful dispensation. The men of the Kremlin, not one of whom is blessed with even the shadow of a sense of humour, could hardly appreciate the irony of a situation wherein they had given their highest award to one who was a traitor. When one considers the matter, it becomes obvious that no honest, convinced, sincere communist can possibly have a sense of humour. No one with a sense of humour could claim to be anything so nonsensical as an atheist. The communist who declared, "I don't believe there's any such thing as God, and I don't care if God hears me say it," was no doubt typical of the mental bankruptcy that afflicts all communists, including those high-ups who on principle suspect everybody of duplicity, and then single out the biggest swindler of them all (according to their own later estimate) and decorate him for probity.

On the day (January 13th) when Tass started the attack on the doctors, the newspaper *Pravda* indulged in some highly coloured observations about "professional spies and terrorists" and about "the dirty face of this organisation of Zionist spies, hidden in the guise of a charity organisation"; made the routine accusation about Britain and the United States making "war preparations"; warned the people of Russia against the "complacency" that the successes of the U.S.S.R. tended to encourage in them, a complacency which "serves as a breeding ground for criminal sabotage"; and then plunged into a broadside attack—perhaps the forerunner of still more liquidations—upon the "State security organs" which had been remiss enough not to discover the terrorist organisation betimes. "The fact" (it wrote) "that the group of cheap monsters recruited among 'scientists' was able to go about unpunished shows that some of our Soviet authorities and their heads have forgotten about vigilance. The leading personalities of the Ministry of Health were also not up to standard. They overlooked the terrorist activity of the wretched monsters." *Pravda* is technically known as the organ of the Soviet communist party, but the distinction is meaningless, inasmuch as there are no other parties, and the party is the same thing as the government. Yet the other chief newspaper, *Izvestia*, is given the distinctive description as the organ of the government. It was *Izvestia* that on the same day made the picturesque announcement that the Soviet people, indignant and enraged, would "squash as loathsome, reptile, and filthy the hirelings bought for dollars and sterling." The radio even specified the amount of money spent by the United States as this sort of thing: "The American Government openly granted 100,000,000 dollars for the purposes of espionage and diversion and sabotage in the U.S.S.R. and other democratic countries. The unmasking of this band of poisoners is a reminder for us to increase many times our revolutionary vigilance."

Incidental purges in the satellite countries continue without pause. It was announced in Berlin on January 15th (a day heavy with such news) that Herr Georg Dertinger, the East German Foreign Minister,

had been arrested for "hostile activity against the German Democratic Republic carried out on behalf of imperialistic spying servitors." He had been Foreign Minister since the provisional East German Government was formed in September, 1949. On January 1st of this year he illustrated his usual communist zeal (in spite of not being a formal member of the communist party, the Socialist Unity party, but belonging to the East German Christian Democratic Union) by publishing in a "spirit of brotherhood and love," a review of East German achievements in the year 1952. A fortnight later he was arrested. The Kremlin, it must be deduced, had decided that East Germany must now become a full communist satellite, the pretence of men from other parties being admitted into the government being now abandoned. It is by now proved that in the eyes of the Kremlin East Germany is linked with Czechoslovakia as having reached a state of crisis. Slansky and Dertinger are the twin victims.

On January 18th the official Bulgarian news agency reported that on the very following day there would begin in Sofia the trial of ten persons (this being the first intimation of the matter) accused "of having worked for a foreign imperialist centre to organise a counter-revolution in Bulgaria with the help of foreign armed intervention," adding that the security authorities had discovered "a group of spies working in the Bulgarian people's republic directed by an American espionage centre in Turkey." Similar news came thick and fast at that time. On January 17th the Hungarian communist newspaper *Svabad Nep* announced that the president of the Jewish community in Hungary, Mr. L. Stoeckler, had been arrested, and was said to be in possession of a large amount of dollars and Swiss francs. The same newspaper went on to attack "Joint" as an agency of American sabotage, as did also the newspapers of Roumania and other satellite countries. On January 18th the Polish newspapers reported that the Polish Government had sent a note to the United States protesting against aggressive spying and sabotage in Poland by American agents. And so on. The pot seems to be boiling over. One has come to expect an unending series of such incidents in Soviet lands. The fear, in short, is running amok: the fear which is an enemy to those who are afflicted by it, which makes them dangerous to others and still more dangerous—in the end, fatal—to themselves.

February 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A MAN AND HIS IDEAL*

Mr. Crankshaw sets out to prove two theses. The first is that Alfred Viscount Milner was an upright man, an able administrator, devoid of petty bitterness and imbued by patriotism. This he succeeds in establishing—if, indeed, it was ever in dispute. As to his second thesis—that Milner's policy in South Africa was a wise one—he is entirely unconvincing. What was the kernel of that policy? Mr. Crankshaw tells us quite unashamedly that he was "keen on a show-down with the Boer Republic." The purpose of this show-down was to establish once and for all British ascendancy throughout the whole of South Africa—by peaceful means if possible, but if these failed, then by war.

"Oom Paul," the Transvaal President, was equally determined to resist encroachment on Boer sovereignty in the Transvaal. He and his burghers were stiffnecked and would, no doubt, have been glad to get rid of the British and their ideas from the whole of South Africa. But there is no evidence that they contemplated an aggressive war to bring this about; and had they attempted one they would have encountered fierce opposition from the Dutch as well as the British element in the rest of the country. But sentiment in England supported Milner, and he had his way. British troops were landed in ever-increasing numbers. At last when it was quite plain that force was to be employed, Kruger issued an ultimatum and declared war. The show-down had begun. A much bloodier struggle ensued than had been anticipated; and it was not until large numbers of Boer women and children had been herded into concentration camps that it was brought to an end by the Treaty of Vereeniging, which gave more generous terms to the vanquished than Milner liked. But as soon as it was signed he put his back into the great administrative job of reconstruction.

One of his principal decisions, however, was to import Chinese indentured labourers to work the Rand gold mines. This brought down on his head criticisms from many quarters; and at the next general election in Britain the Milner policy suffered a severe defeat. The Chinese were sent home, and self-government was restored to the Boer republics. Later they were federated with Natal and the Cape in the Union of South Africa. Botha and Smuts, two former Boer generals, rallied their compatriots in support of the settlement and of the British connection. But today racial animosities are being revived; and it is not the British-descended citizens who are top dogs in South Africa, nor is it their point of view which is in the ascendant. Mr. Crankshaw admits this, but claims that it is not the fault of the Milner policy because that was reversed before it was complete. In the nature of things there can be no proof or disproof of this view, but most people will regard it as contrary to common sense. The military domination of South Africa could not in any case have lasted for ever; when it was lifted racial feeling was bound to reassert itself, and the longer this had been delayed the more bitter would have been the opposition of the Afrikaner element. On the other hand, if there had been no war, the evidence is that outside the Transvaal the two white races were inter-marrying and becoming one people. The fact is that Milner, clever and single-minded though he was, failed because he did not understand human psychology. He thought that the proud Afrikaners could be cowed by military defeat. He thought that the British would remain sentimentally attached to his imperialistic policy. He never calculated that they would be ashamed of the concentration camps, disgusted with Chinese labour, and not ungenerous to a beaten but gallant foe.

LORD PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

*A Study of Viscount Milner—*The Forsaken Idea*. By Edward Crankshaw. Longmans. 15s.

THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY

Certain questions arise in the mind of any student of the history of the Hapsburg Monarchy against the background of our common Western Christian civilisation. What was this Monarchy whose disappearance thirty-five years ago is today largely a matter for regret? What was its mission in Europe? What were its services to its peoples? Why has its break-up left a vacuum in Central Europe which the Succession States have been unable wholly to fill? Why is it that an aesthetic, intellectual, and civilising quality, almost undefinable yet none the less very real, has vanished with the Monarchy from European

civilisation? Such questions were certainly present in Professor May's mind throughout both his exhaustive preliminary studies and the actual writing of this very able, impartial, well-informed and eminently readable history and analysis of the Hapsburg Monarchy during the last half-century of its existence. He modestly disclaims that he has solved "every puzzle in the realm of the Hapsburgs," and rightly reminds us that "many problems remain obscure, awaiting the patient toil of dedicated historical spadeworkers." Yet, if only by his detached attitude, he has illumined many problems and also in their proper proportions within the vast complex of Austro-Hungarian ethnological, economic, national, industrial and political factors. Its special value lies in the veracious and absorbingly interesting description of the many races inhabiting the Hapsburg lands with their divergent cultures, religions, traditions and national ideals. He has also found time to glance at the industrial and economic development of the Dual Monarchy and to set forth at least some among the many problems notably labour, housing, welfare, to which it gave rise.

Professor May begins with a description of the Hapsburg realm and its diversified governments and adds a brief survey of its historical growth. Taking the *Ausgleich* of 1867 as his starting-point he follows its fortunes, and more frequently the misfortunes, from 1867 to 1914. Occasionally he interpolates delightfully written essays on such subjects as "The Hapsburgs and the Austrian Aristocracy," "Austria: *Kultur und Sturm*, 1893-1899," "Magyar Culture and the Minorities," "The Social and Economic Structure of Royal Hungary," and "The Austrian 'Other Half'"—a brilliant description of life and living conditions among the peasantry and middle-classes. Every page of these essays, as of his historical narrative proper, displays the same mastery of his subject, sympathetic understanding, and judicious appraisal of men and events. In foreign as in domestic affairs he surefootedly treads his way midst controversial pitfalls. His account of the Bosnian Crisis and of Austria-Hungary's foreign policy during the years immediately preceding the First World War could hardly be improved upon for fairness and lucidity. An Epilogue comments on some of the "Schemes for Reformation and Sources of Strength" of the Hapsburg Monarchy, and draws up a balance-sheet of the Monarchy's successes and failures, strength and weakness, that largely answers the questions set out above. A critical Bibliography, serviceable Notes, and a good Index enhance the value of a volume that in its *format* and printing may justly be a cause of pride to publisher and printer alike. A politico-ethnographical map would have assisted the reader to keep in mind racial distribution and political divisions.

After the First World War the notion was widespread that the Hapsburg Monarchy had been foredoomed to dissolution and that, like an ancient building, it had crumbled to pieces during the war years. But had it collapsed internally before being assailed by wartime external pressures? Today doubts are being voiced of the truth of this notion and consequently of the political, and even more the economic, wisdom of the Allies' abstention from making any attempt, if not to restore the Monarchy with a reformed constitution, then at least to fill up the vacuum left by its disappearance with a federative organisation of the Succession States. Many informed minds are looking backwards at conditions in Central Europe under Hapsburg rule for the purpose of comparing the past with the present, often with results unfavourable for the latter. Lord Acton, who combined massive historical knowledge with political wisdom and a sincere belief in the beneficence of Western Christian civilisation, declared that "the Dual Monarchy was the perfect example of Christian policy because it bound together a large number of distinctive nationalities by common attachment to Church and Crown."

Professor May's able analysis of the "Schemes for Reformation" of the Hapsburg Monarchy leads to the following result. "Even before the experiment with dualism had begun, active groups and individuals had pleaded and worked for the organisation of the Monarchy on federal principles. Responsible leaders of smaller nationalities were consistent exponents of a federalistic reordering of the government; from Palacky through Rieger to Masaryk the line of Czech political thinking, for example, ran straight. And many forward-looking, statesmanlike Austro-Germans, from Adolf Fischhof to Joseph Baernreither and Professor Joseph Redlich, believed that federalism would go far to allay the convulsive nationalistic antagonisms that imperiled the Hapsburg structure." Nor were the Socialists—not even such a Left Wing Marxian as Otto Bauer—missing from the ranks of these supporters of federalism. Karl Renner, first President of the Austrian Republic who was again President after the Second World War, was "firmly convinced that it was desirable for all concerned that the Danube Monarchy should be preserved, and equally persuaded that fundamental revision of the constitution was the only method of salvation." Professor May's balance-sheet clearly reveals that the unifying factors—Church, Crown, Army and Navy, Civil Service were at least as powerful as the disruptive nationalisms and racial antagonisms; most important of all the unifying forces was the Monarchy's economy. "Across the generations of political unity," writes Professor May, "the economy of the Hapsburg peoples and provinces had become integrated, and the material advantages of the Hapsburg union were pretty generally recognised, save in extreme secessionist circles. Representative Czech, Magyar, Slovak, and Slovene spokesmen acknowledged that their nationalities were too small to form viable independent states in an age of mass production demanding broad markets."

Viribus Unitis—Francis Joseph's motto—fittingly expresses the Hapsburg Monarchy's justification and purpose. Professor May convincingly shows that the so-called unworkable anachronism "possessed elements of toughness and vitality which the clashing national disharmonies tended to conceal or smother" and which it took four years of disastrous warfare finally to overcome. "After the collapse a wise wit likened the Danube Monarchy to a beautiful old vase whose value was depreciated until it fell to the floor and shattered into fragments." Is it merely fanciful to hear in those words an echo of Palacky's immortal saying "If the Austrian Monarchy did not exist, it would be necessary to create it quickly, in the interest of Europe and of humanity"?

IAN F. D. MORROW.

The Hapsburg Monarchy, 1867-1914. By Arthur J. May. Harvard University Press.

* * * * *

Two recent studies on the government of France both contribute to an understanding of the French political system, and are of value generally to the student of political institutions. The shorter, but more comprehensive, volume, *The Fourth Republic of France*, has been written by Mr. O. R. Taylor under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. The successful aim of this factual study is "to provide the student of French politics with a simple, concise description of the origins and nature of the present constitution of France, and with a guide to post-war French political parties." The other volume, *The Parliament of France*, by Mr. D. W. S. Liddardale, and published by the Hansard Society, provides a more detailed description and analysis of "the rules and customs according to which the Parliament of the Fourth French Republic is organised and conducts its business." It also deals with the historical background and making of the new Constitution of 27th October, 1946, and compares it with the pre-war Constitution. Both books are also very properly

concerned with actual political practice. As M. Herriot says in his Introduction to Mr. Lidderdale's book, "It is futile—as the working of the Constitution of 1875 has clearly shown—to judge a political system only by the texts in which it is given legal definition." It is, as yet, too early to give any final view, but at least the present tendency is for political practice to fall more and more into line with the pre-war traditions. For example, as both authors agree, the Second Chamber is growing in influence in spite of its greatly reduced legal powers. Furthermore, the new constitutional provisions relating to votes of censure and dissolution have failed in their main purpose of promoting stable ministries. Both volumes can be strongly recommended, although it is unfortunate that neither contains the text of the new Constitution.

The Fourth Republic of France, Constitution and Political Parties. By O. R. Taylor. Royal Institute of International Affairs; Oxford University Press, 15s. net.

The Parliament of France. By D. W. S. Lidderdale. The Hansard Society. 18s. net.

In the second edition of David Thomson's *Democracy in France* (Oxford University Press, 16s.), the closing chapter on the Fourth Republic has been completely rewritten, and the narrative is continued to the indecisive elections of June, 1951. The bibliography, which has also been revised, is most valuable and extraordinarily full. The book ends on a note of tempered optimism. "The Fourth Republic was the record of an uphill struggle to re-establish republican parliamentary institutions without relapsing to the latter-day defects of the Third. It certainly had by no means succeeded by 1952; yet its record, like that of the Third, showed that it had certain hidden sources of strength." The moral of the story is that it is unwise to expect either too much or too little of the regime in a land where weak coalitions come and go like waves on a sloping beach.

The Year Book of World Affairs, 1952, published under the auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs, maintains the high standard of earlier volumes in providing objective and well-informed contributions upon various aspects of international affairs. The twelve articles in the current volume include an account by Mr. G. G. Fitzmaurice, of the Foreign Office, of the British Government's attitude to Chinese representation in the United Nations. Mr. L. C. Green outlines the history of the Japanese Peace Treaty. Dr. J. Frankel's article upon the Anglo-Iranian dispute is useful, but inevitably incomplete. Professor Max Sorensen, of Aarhus University, discusses the Council of Europe from a Continental angle. Other contributions include informative articles upon the Refugee Problem by Professor Louise W. Holborn, of Connecticut College, and upon the Rights of an Occupying Power, with particular relation to the 1949 Geneva Convention for the Protection of Civilians in Time of War, by Miss Joyce A.C. Gutteridge, of the Foreign Office. For these and other articles, the volume is of considerable permanent value.

Stevens & Sons, Ltd., 35s. net.

TRADITION IN MODERN POETRY

It is suggestive that a period in which poetry is suffering a decline in popularity should yet produce a remarkable number of remarkable books dealing entirely with it and its place in cultural, social and religious history; illustrating the variations of outward form and inward content through which it has passed in the course of time, or, as happens to be rather the case with this present work, its unchangeable and timeless elements; in other words, its loyalty to the tradition which underlies its innumerable experiments and eccentricities.

Mr. Sergeant has obviously no doubt that tradition is the chief controlling force, the chief guiding light, in the progress of poetry and poets down the ages. As he expresses it, the most revolutionary experimental poet can do no more than "restore and revivify the existing tradition and extend its validity to his own times." Also, as a matter of course, to his own individuality, for Mr. Sergeant (himself an experimental poet!) is careful to remind us that without definite individuality no versemaker can attain any real poetic stature.

This brief survey as a whole is often too epitomised by lack of space to permit a detailed description of modern poets as individuals. In a volume which contains only half a dozen chapters, three deal with poetic groups and "schools," for instance, the so-called "Georgian Poetry" and the curious Anglo-American movement known as *Imagism*, and illustrated by the work of such protagonists as Amy Lowell, T. S. Eliot, Richard Aldington, and, above all, Ezra Pound. Our author's admiration of Ezra Pound seems rather excessive, since the latter's influence for good on every contemporary poet, not excluding W. B. Yeats, is open to some doubt; the practical effect is to make a few of Mr. Sergeant's able criticisms appear unbalanced. But perhaps this complaint is ungrateful, for the book accomplishes a well-nigh impossible task with considerable success. We shall look forward with interest to the two further volumes which are to complete this *Trilogy of Tradition*, and which will deal with the contributions of War Poetry and of American and Colonial trends of thought.

It may require considerable visual faith in the continuity of the poetic spirit to perceive it still present and still powerful throughout all the changes and chances of its immortal life. But the task loses some of its difficulty when we reflect on the true nature of the tradition of poetry, and how every revolution in its history has virtually been an effort to remove the muse from her ivory tower and to set her again in the assemblage of men, to put back into her mouth the language of the common man, and to show that, however familiar she may be with other and stranger tongues, she is familiar also with this. Even the deplored lack of beauty and lyricism in modernist verse and the impossibility of committing it to memory may be attempts to even its status with the half-inarticulate, unceremonious utterances of ordinary people. So, in effect, Wordsworth taught, or so, in their own time and their own manner, the Imagists, with their freedom for metre and manner, may be said to do. We may not entirely enjoy these revolutions; but, at least, we can recognise them for the sign of an undying progress and vitality—"Forward! Over the graves!"

G. M. HORT.

Tradition in the Making of Modern Poetry. By Howard Sergeant. Vol. I. Britannicus Liber. 12s. 6d.

NEWMAN'S WAY

So disarming, indeed, is this book that through its sheer readability the critic, out of gratefulness, may find his flair for taking exception momentarily suspended. And in these days of pedestrian writing, to cavil with an author who shows such a sense of easy pleasant syntax and original diction seems a pernicky thing to do. Yet do it I must, in this instance; the more so, as hitherto *Newman's Way* has received perhaps too indiscriminate a press.

My first quarrel with Mr. O'Faolain is over the distribution of his matter, the space allotted to items of his study. Briefly, I feel, with the title he has chosen, that Newman should be bang in the centre of the page, and other actors in the drama of his life should be heard, as it were, largely off-stage. Instead of which we have the motley *personae* of family relations and female hangers-on crowding out a margin on either side, which tends to encroach more and more upon the field appointed for the hero in his full sufficient interest. One feels

that rather than so many pages devoted to his sisters Harriet and Jemima, and his amusing but irrelevant brother Charles, it would have been better to sketch in more completely the characters of Keble, Pusey, and Ward (the last only perfunctorily mentioned), and develop at some length the background and nature of his best friend, the romantic impetuous Hurrell Froude.

My second criticism of Mr. O'Faolain concerns an unresolved contradiction which I detect in his words upon Newman. Comparing him with his brother Frank Newman, he says that whereas the first was an intelligent man dominated by his emotions, John Henry was an emotional man dominated by his intelligence. Set this against the following theme, reiterated throughout the work, that "John Newman . . . could act, and did act, not on clearly perceived ideas but on obscure intuitions and shadowy feelings," and that "his intellectual post-mortems attempt to rationalise, post factum, decisions prompted not by his intelligence but by his instinct."

Here, I venture, is the clue to Newman's whole odyssey; for if, in this second passage, Mr. O'Faolain is right, then all the usual talk about Newman's conversion proceeding stringently from his sense of logical and historical inevitability is quite beside the point. Newman was led to Rome by his instinct—by certain affections of the heart which craved the halter of total authority.

But having (inadvertently?) dropped this clue, Mr. O'Faolain apparently foregoes it, and examines Newman's course in the set Roman manner: as a step-by-step discarding of "Protestant errors" until reason brought him to the goal of all "right reason."

Mr. O'Faolain, himself a Roman Catholic, does not take his story beyond this stage, save for a slight though picturesque postscript.

A clever, entertaining, unsatisfactory study.

Newman's Way. By Sean O'Faolain. Longmans, 25s.

DEREK STANFORD.

* * *

Von Rundstedt, the Soldier and the Man, by his Chief of Staff, Guenther Blumentritt, (Odhams Press, 16s.) provides an admiring account of one of the most respected of modern German Generals. We have learned from similar biographies that the Army chiefs were not consulted about the momentous decisions which led to hostilities and were often overridden by the intuitions of the Führer. It was in vain that Rundstedt advised against the invasion of Russia, and the so-called Rundstedt Offensive, the last flicker of success, was staged without consulting him and, when instructions reached him, in spite of his disapproval. It is hardly too much to say that Hitler not only made the war but lost it, compelling his countrymen to drink the poisoned cup to the dregs by ordering the commanders to hold their ground while their chances of escape diminished from day to day. Like other megalomaniacs he hated to be told bad news and sometimes even refused to listen. Rundstedt carried out his duties without hatred and without illusions. As early as July, 1944, shortly after our landing in Normandy, Keitel telephoned the question "What shall we do?" Rundstedt replied, "You should end the war." Only once did he blame the Führer for doing too little, and that was his decision to spare the British forces caught in a trap at Dunkirk. Only the successful realisation of a supreme political objective could have made up for the lost military opportunity; and the dream of separating England from her allies could only occur to a man who knew nothing either of the toughness or the loyalty of the island race. The reader can sympathise with Fritsch, Rundstedt, Rommel and other competent soldiers in having to fight under the orders of one of the greatest political and military blunderers as well as one of the most atrocious criminals in history.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

• APRIL, 1953

AFTER PINAY

ONCE upon a time there was a song in France about a soldier in the Foreign Legion. It was made immensely popular by that brilliant musical comedy actress, Marie Dubas. One scrap of it ran:

Il était grand, il était beau,
Il sentait bon le sable chaud,
Mon Légionnaire!

When M. Pinay fell after nine months' remarkable tenure in the post of Prime Minister that has been so often a shuttlecock between French political parties—or rather just before the nine months were up, so that, according to a naughty wit, no one could have a sight of the baby—a Montmartre *chansonnier* sang:

N'était pas grand, n'était pas beau,
Il sentait bon les cuirs et peaux,
L'Démissionnaire!

For when M. Pinay, tanner by trade (thence the quip about his skins and leathers), small of stature but quick of mind and straight of purpose, left his post, he did not indeed fall, but resigned before his massed enemies could rush on him for the final attack. To resign in French is *démisionner*: M. Pinay became *le Démissionnaire*. Perhaps, too, the singer had in mind the legendary courage of the Legionaries. Certainly few men in public life have shown greater determination to put in practice Sir John Chandos's famous motto: *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra* than M. Pinay in his unpretentious devotion to common sense and business method while all around him in Parliament looked on aghast at so revolutionary a procedure, and most longed for the moment when they should dare to put him out.

That moment, foreseen by many observers as probable in October last, was postponed till Christmas partly by M. Pinay's unperturbed management of affairs, but also by the fear of his opponents that the popularity won for him in the country by his reasonable, steadfast leadership would call down a torrent of electoral wrath upon their heads too fierce to be risked. The moment came at last when M. Pinay, bent on balancing his year's budget, took measures to ensure a more visible payment of taxes from the rich agricultural section of the nation than anyone before him had dared to envisage, and, at the same time, proposed to levy heavier taxation on the distillery trade. The former brought him into collision with the still youthful Peasants or Independents Party, to which M. Pinay himself belonged; the latter spurred into action the powerful interests controlled by the proprietors, less of spirits than of apéritifs, a word that has now passed into our language, whose sale has

multiplied by many times since the war, and is accused by some of having a serious part in the increase of alcoholism in France. M. Francois Mauriac, the well-known French Academician, and one of the leading writers on current events, openly stated that it was this trade that had overthrown M. Pinay.

Public opinion did not desert M. Pinay, not even that of his own party, which, in abetting his fall, perhaps hardly knew what it did. That the general confidence won by him continued after that event was shown by three things. First, the stability of prices achieved by the "Pinay experience," as it was called, that is, the sound economic policy adopted by its author, did not vanish or even wilt on his retirement. Prices have not gone up since then; some have indeed fallen, and the experiment proved to many business men that the only means for France to regain a solid footing is for French prices to be brought down by degrees to a level at which they can successfully compete in the world's markets. Eloquent evidence of this is afforded in the increase in partial or total "redundancy" of workmen. Coolly regarded, the formula is surely devoid of magic. Yet, as our country, too, has good reason to know, it appears hard to apprehend, and even harder to adopt as a practical rule. The French *Sécurité Sociale*, like our own Welfare State, however shining as an ideal, is being found a luxury that may turn into an Old Man of the Sea. Second, it is common knowledge that among possible candidates for this year's election of a new President of the French Republic, a hot popular favourite is M. Pinay. Whether he will agree to his name being put forward on the decisive day is another story. Third, the return after M. Pinay's departure to a more conventional, if less long-sighted, approach to national policy has not been accompanied by any recrudescence in the strength of the Communist party. Contrary to Mark Antony's celebrated axiom, the good that his namesake, M. Antoine Pinay did, lives after him. No one would attribute the decline of Communism in France, even chiefly, to the late Prime Minister's action. But the fact remains that last year's stability, which did derive directly from it, quite clearly gave furiously to think among the ranks of sober-minded French workingmen, who began to realise that continued agitation for higher wages could only result in an equivalent rise in prices, leaving them no better or even worse off than before. Other causes intervened. Violent personal quarrels have split the French Communist leaders, some of whom, particularly in the influential sector of Limoges, resented the stranglehold claimed as its right by Moscow. André Marty, the notorious "Black Sea Fleet traitor" of 1917, later amnestied, a prominent figure in Parliament, was ejected from the party, and a dissident Communist committee formed in Normandy to support him. Then the protracted absence in Russia of Thorez, the party's nominal boss, and the often renewed rumours of his death there, besides the failure of the attempted revolutionary strike in Paris and of the plot against the safety of the State at Toulon, lowered the party's energy and impaired its confidence. Nevertheless, the comparative ease of life, amounting at the least computation to a valuable breathing space achieved by last year's regularity, was a definite factor in the unbroken decline of Communist power in France. A striking demonstration of this decline is

afforded by the recent history of the French Communist press. In 1946 this possessed 34 daily papers. Last year the number had dropped to 17. In 1952 the powerful *Voix de la Patrie*, published at Montpellier, ceased to appear, and this year *Le Soir*, the party's important Paris evening paper, closed its doors. In 1946 the Communist press had a total circulation of 3,300,000 per day, or 24½ per cent. of the whole newspaper circulation in France. In 1952 the figure had dropped to 1,095,000, or just over 12 per cent. By attempting to make capital out of the amnesty of Alsations condemned for their forced share in the S.S. massacre at Oradour, the Communists, who have always pretended that Alsace is an oppressed minority (read: oppressed by France), have only increased the contempt felt for them by honest men.

A word may be said here of the Drummond case. Sir Jack and Lady Drummond and their daughter, as will be remembered, were murdered while camping at Lurs near Sisteron (Basses Alpes). The murderer was never found. The only explanation that would seem to fit the facts is that the murderer was a Communist of note, fleeing by night from a charge of complicity in the Toulon plot, that he stumbled by chance on the small encampment, in panic killed the three persons there, and that in the hardbitten Communist district where the crime took place, orders went forth from the party that those who could hardly avoid having knowledge of it should keep their mouths shut and abet the murderer's escape.

When we turn to larger issues, the French scene is dominated by questions arising out of the European Defence Community project. By the time these lines are in print, those international questions may be nearing answers, satisfactory or not. The Coal and Steel "Pool," devised by M. Monnet and put through by his exertions and those of M. Robert Schuman, for so long noteworthy as France's Foreign Minister, may be said to have come effectively to birth with the beginning of activity in February of the High Authority, its board of directors. The Pool was designed not only to regulate the European market, but also and even more as a potent means of choking off any likelihood of renewed war in the future between Germany and France. Its success in this should be serious. But it does not directly touch the problem of the unification of European defence against a possible onslaught from Eastern Communism. The notion of European political federation and economic free trade is dear to Americans, who have forgotten that they paid for their own federation by four years of the bloodiest civil war in history, and for the success of their internal free trade by the most rigid known barrier of protective tariffs against imported goods. The project of a supranational constitution for Western Europe, complete with Legislature, international court of justice, executive commission or cabinet, and some sort of Prime Minister, now being worked out in a *gradiouse* treaty to be submitted to the Strasbourg Assembly, might indeed come to fruition at some future date, should those two formidable hurdles be jumped. But plainly, no degree of success can be hoped unless and until the European defence problem can be solved. The United States' interest in the matter is simple. Americans want to reduce the large grants made in aid of European economy. This could be effected if American

tariffs were correspondingly reduced, so that Europe might export across the Atlantic. But they will not be reduced, since that would impair the whole system on which American internal prosperity depends. On the military side, Americans would like to withdraw or at least greatly diminish the forces they must now keep in Europe, owing largely to the errors committed by American policy at Yalta and elsewhere during the latter part of the war. They are thus forced into the invidious position of pressing the European nations to adopt measures that the latter do not genuinely want, or for which at least they are not ready. The harsh comments of Marshal Juin made earlier this year on the resulting complication were salutary. They may have been indiscreet, but indiscretion is sometimes the best policy.

France's special difficulties on the defence question were touched upon in a previous article in this *Review*. French policy cannot embark on a scheme for one European army without feeling clear that it will not lead to German military preponderance, which to the French would present nearly or perhaps quite as great a danger as the Soviet menace; the French cannot consent to the separation of her metropolitan from her colonial army, which now absorbs in Indo-China an outstanding proportion of France's military effort; and no French government can fail to take into account French repugnance to joining forces with the recent enemy, whose army trampled exultingly on France, and whose special troops and police massacred or tortured French citizens, men and women. Americans should recognise the existence of these factors in the situation, and do all they can to mitigate them. But they do not. It was an ill turn that Mr. Henry Luce, whose wife has been proposed as an American ambassador in Europe, did to the cause of European co-operation when he published in a magazine read by millions an article casting almost vituperative ridicule on French institutions. Nor did he make things better by explaining that the article was meant as a bit of pleasantry.

The French case against the projected European army was forcibly put by General de Gaulle on February 26th. Now, however small affection many people, both French and English, may have for him, it is undeniable that he has in the most vital crises given proof of a clearness of vision justified by events. It was he who described in advance the character and means of modern warfare; it was he who, in the moment of France's direst necessity, proclaimed her future share in a victory in which few but stubborn Britons then believed; it was he who created Free France, without which victory would have been a dream. It is therefore imperative to listen to him now, the more so since his anxiety in the present juncture is in essence shared by M. Jules Moch, the former strongly patriotic Socialist Minister of the Interior. General de Gaulle recognises fully the necessity of Europe's forming a system of defence against Soviet aggression. But in his view the system now proposed is vicious and futile. It would further, he maintains, absolutely subordinate European defence and its forces to American strategy. His alternative is to form an European Confederation in a close alliance between the nations, directed by a council, composed of heads of governments and acting through a Combined General Staff. This, he says, has been done before; it presents no insuperable difficulty, and cuts out the problem of

the surrender of national sovereignty. Both Great Britain, which refuses to join fully in the European army scheme, and Germany, whose participation in it is feared by the French, would be perfectly free to join in such an alliance and would feel at ease in it. The confederation thus adumbrated might further lead to large political and economic developments of a most encouraging sort. No doubt can exist that, whatever may be the result of the check suffered in the National Assembly by General de Gaulle's party, his words find an echo in innumerable French hearts, and his arguments appeal to very many serious French minds. Nor can doubt exist that, unless satisfaction be given to the French in the management of their own share, in a possible European army, there is danger of the whole scheme being rejected if and when it comes up for ratification by the National Assembly.

Alsace was put in a state of fury by the condemnation at Bordeaux, jointly with German soldiers, of Alsatians compelled to participate in the horror of Oradour committed by the "Das Reich" S.S. corps in which they forcibly served. That fury has been calmed by the subsequent amnesty enacted by Parliament. But since then another French province, that of the Basque country, has been distracted by the embroglio of what is known as the *affaire Finaly*. A certain Dr. Finaly, a Viennese Jew, took refuge in France after the Nazi subjection of Austria. He settled at Grenoble and there had two sons, aged two and one years, in 1944, when he was arrested by the Gestapo, and with his wife deported. Both parents died in deportation. Before his arrest Dr. Finaly confided the children to Sister Brun of "Les Dames de Sion," a charitable institution specialising at that date in the rescue of children persecuted by Nazi hatred. At the risk of her life and that of her assistants, Sister Brun took over the infants, obtained false papers for them, had them baptised, an indispensable step, nursed them through dangerous debility, and educated them. They are now aged eight and nine. Recently various Finaly relatives, two aunts, an uncle, and a cousin, have sought, though apparently by no means wholly in agreement among themselves, and residing in such different places as New Zealand, Austria, Israel, and, it is said, England, to get possession of the boys. The court of Grenoble, that had appointed Sister Brun guardian, reversed its order, naming an aunt called Rosmer resident in Israel in her place. Les Dames de Sion, unwilling to surrender the boys for whom they had risked deportation and death, thereupon sent them to another religious institution in Bayonne, whence it would seem they were sent, it would also seem with their own consent, clandestinely over the Spanish frontier to an unknown destination among the Basques of Spain. Sister Brun was flung into prison at Grenoble. A number of Basque priests were arrested and imprisoned at Bayonne and other places in the Basque country; worse still, one of them is a famous player of *pelote basque*, as it might be, the Denis Compton of the country's national game. In its rage the Basque population virtually declared spiritual warfare on French justice. Great public interest, and even indignation, was aroused beyond the localities involved. On the one hand, the Jews are wrathful that two Jewish boys should be kept from their father's community; on the other, many Frenchmen consider as an outrage that their country's justice should deliver up two

French citizens—for the boys, being born in France, have French nationality—to be sent to Israel, especially as their whole educational and moral development has been French, and they owe their lives to French devotion.

What may be the outcome it is hard at the moment to say. But it seems likely that much delay will be encountered before the Spanish Government, to whom the French authorities have applied for restitution of the children, can or will undertake to deliver them up. In the first place, their whereabouts are so far unknown, and it may be easy for this ignorance to be protracted; secondly, the prejudice existing among the French Basques, profoundly Catholic, may well be found still more acute among their Spanish brethren; thirdly, the Spanish Government will not look with a favouring eye on a request to hand over probably willing refugees, minors though they be. Moreover, Spanish requests for the extradition of Spanish Communists in France, who from France have made armed and criminal incursions into Spain, have met with a rebuff. Whether the French now regret this, in view of the fact that two of these gentry were later executed for murders committed in France, must be a matter for conjecture. But it is an angle to the *affaire Finally* that will not have been forgotten in Spain. Viewed from any standpoint, it must be thought regrettable that French justice should have succeeded in driving two of France's fairest provinces into unrest, and even something like revolt. The whole sorry business is one more illustration of Lord Acton's dictum that the force of religion even in our own days is largely underrated.

The tourist season is on us, and as the old French ditty has it:

La semaine, comme le dimanche,
Les Anglais passent la Manche;
Ils quittent leur ciel gris,
Pour venir à Paris.

To Paris and to unnumbered other places in France thousands of Britons will soon wing forth from our shores, few of them, happily, owners of millionaire yachts, but mostly quiet, law-abiding holiday-makers, by car, rail, and air bent on decent enjoyment. If they find French prices high, they know, or should presume, that no discrimination is made between them and French travellers. Some little things they do not like; but they will reflect that a service charge is merely the equivalent of a tip, quite as obligatory at home. If they find that a good meal at a modest restaurant costs eight shillings, wine, coffee, and service included, they will reflect that in many place at home the cost would be barely less, and the quality certainly poorer. Both prices and quality vary greatly in different parts of France, as French people themselves are sometimes surprised to find. An attraction hardly to be expected in "the Queen of the Mediterranean," the city of Nice, is that food there is definitely cheaper, as well as better, than in corresponding eating-houses in Paris. English people are popular in France, partly from reasons born of the late war, partly because most of us are well-conducted and sincerely desirous to please as well as to appreciate. This is a comfortable fact to report, and, beyond that, provokes the thought that it may be of consequence in making easier relations between two countries who must stand together if Europe and civilisation are to stand.

JOHN POLLOCK.

THE OUTLOOK IN THE FAR EAST

STALIN'S death may affect the outlook in the Far East for better or worse, or it may leave matters where they were when it occurred. Until we know more about his successor, Mr. Malenkov, and the deputy chairmen of the Council of Ministers, Beria, Bulgarin and Kaganovich in relation to him and one another, more particularly in matters of temperament (of Molotov we know a good deal already) little can be predicated about their policy. It seems likely, however, that Stalinism, for a time at least, will provide them with their theoretical stock-in-trade. Of this the best known outcome in relation to Far Eastern affairs has been Russo-Chinese co-operation, which has been not less close than that of Great Britain and the United States. Bilateral dualism, accordingly, will almost certainly continue to be a responsive, and at the same time a governing, factor in that part of the Far Eastern situation, for the time being the most important part, associated with the deadlock in the Korean war. What Washington and London, Moscow and Peking decide to do in order to break, or use, the deadlock cannot but be conditioned by what has already been done and, in some instances unfortunately, said.

Shortly before Stalin's death alarm had been occasioned in Britain and elsewhere by President Eisenhower's announcement that the Seventh Fleet was "no longer to be employed to shield Communist China," and by reports a few days later that a blockade of the Chinese coast was contemplated. The alarm arose as much from the apparent *tempo* as from the nature of these measures, the serious risks of which could not, it was thought, have been properly considered. All knew that the President had visited Korea in fulfilment of an election promise: his haste in redeeming it looked like a continuance of election fever. This impression was deepened when, three days before his State of the Union Message to Congress, the *New York Times* announced that the Seventh Fleet would be withdrawn in order "to permit the Chinese Nationalists to attack the mainland," though the Communists were to be prevented from taking retaliatory measures against Formosa. In actuality, the President's own announcement disclaimed "any aggressive intent." But it did not disclaim intention to cease shielding the Nationalists from attack or to stop supplying them with arms and technicians. So it confirmed the deduction that the United States meant to revive, and participate at all events indirectly in, civil war in China.

Mr. Eden's statement in the House of Commons on February 3 that, when informed of the decision about the Seventh Fleet, Her Majesty's Government "at once made known their concern at this decision which they feared would have unfortunate political repercussions without compensating military advantages" naturally increased alarm. This was intensified when, four days later, *The Times* published a telegram from Washington reporting that Admiral Radford, commander of the United States naval forces in the Pacific, had told the House of Representatives' armed services committee that he did not think a blockade would result in any great danger of enlarging the war. Meanwhile the text of a broadcast

by Mr. Dulles, the new Secretary of State, had reached London. It was reckless in its over-simplification of the international situation.

Alarm has greatly diminished, but nervousness continues, in the first place because the "unilateral" measure in respect of the Seventh Fleet to which the President has committed himself can achieve its purpose—the loosening of the deadlock in Korea—only in proportion as it assumes multilateral significance. In other words, the enemy's tactics in the field and his policy at Panmunjom will be affected only if Nationalist raids on the Chinese coast are conducted successfully, and on a sufficiently large scale to compel him to muster forces, withdrawn from Korea, at threatened points, while frightening him about the potentialities of counter-revolution. It is highly improbable that raids would have these effects unless actively supported by American forces, in which case Russian interest in the situation would be keenly engaged. What the result would be nobody can be sure, but the more truth there is in American assertions that China has all along been Russia's puppet, the more probable does it become that she would increase her support, already considerable, of Mao Tze-tung's regime. If she decided to do this the risk of enlarging the Korean war into a world war would be great.

The outlook which would be created by blockade of the Chinese coast would include the same risk. At the time of writing the indications are that the American Government will be content to keep this way of hastening an armistice "under constant review," as official jargon has it. One may hope, indeed, that when this is published they will have abandoned the project altogether. Nevertheless, as the reasons for discarding the project are identical with the dangers of employing it they are worth surveying. Before doing this, however, let it be made clear that there is no desire (*pace* Lord Vansittart) to invoke the risk of war as though it were a categorical imperative of peace. Much the largest part of China's foreign trade, seventy per cent. it is said, is now done with Russia and her satellites. Whether that figure can be employed correctly of Sino-Russian sea-borne trade is doubtful. But it is certainly the case that much of China's sea-borne trade is carried in Polish and Russian ships. These would either have to be stopped altogether, or, if the blockade applied only to certain classes of goods, stopped and searched, with varying degrees of friction. Dairen and Port Arthur would have to be blockaded either wholly or partly, possibly Vladivostok too.

The effect of blockade upon Hongkong, so large a part of whose trade is done with China, might at first sight appear capable of restriction to commercial loss and controllable friction between Britain and the United States. This view is a deceptive one. Communist China has hitherto shown no disposition to interfere with Hongkong for two main reasons, one that she has found the Colony commercially useful, the other that she has been given no reason to interfere with it. But the latter reason would disappear if Great Britain concurred in throwing Hongkong into the scale against her. All who believe in considering the present in the light of the past may be invited to remember how seriously Hongkong's trade was damaged by China's boycott of it in 1925–26. Yet in those days the nationalist movement was in its infancy. Abolition of the "unequal treaties" was the apex of its ambitions. Theoretically these

included the 99-year lease of territory on the mainland acquired by us in 1898. But the lease figured little, if at all, in the grievances which inspired anti-British feeling throughout most of China in 1925–27. Nor was there at the treaty ports or Hongkong hostility to British or other foreign commercial enterprise as such. Communists formed a relatively small, if active, part of nationalism's left wing: nationalism as a whole was all for developing China, provided that the Government acquired control of the process, on Western principles. In so far as the boycott damaged what was then regarded as China's own economic welfare it was regretted, and its termination was welcomed. To-day, needless to say, China's conceptions of economic and social welfare are wholly different. Far more money has been sacrificed at Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow, Canton and other ports than was represented last year by the value of China's exports to Hongkong, a little under £51,000,000. Given the necessary incentive and continuing Russian support, the present Chinese government would not hesitate to sacrifice that amount (which was nearly twenty-two per cent. of the value of the Colony's total imports) by stopping all exports from the mainland to Hongkong.

Even if such a measure were assessable in our own economic terms it would be much more upsetting to Hongkong than to China. For much of what the Colony imports from China she passes on, in one form or another, to several south-east Asian countries, whose demand would have to go unsatisfied. Add to that fact the dislocation caused to their export trade by depriving it, in whole or in part, of its market in China, reached so largely through Hongkong, and a situation very favourable to Communist leaders and propagandists throughout south-east Asia becomes clearly discernible. But the danger attendant upon putting Hongkong into the scale against China, would go beyond this. Let it be stated in the form of a question. What military force would be in a position to cope with an extension of the Korean war involving forcible termination, encouraged by Russia, of the lease of territory referred to above, the lease obtained in the heyday of imperialism in the Far East, which enlarged the area of British rule from twenty-nine square miles to 405, 286 on the mainland and 90 on the islands of the neighbourhood?

Yet the deadlock in Korea has somehow or other to be broken. Granted that the measures just reviewed are impracticable, what others does the outlook hold? It has been stated authoritatively and repeatedly that an offensive undertaken by the enemy from the positions which they held at the beginning of March is unlikely to get very far. Possibly that opinion will be tested this spring. Similarly it has been stated that an offensive undertaken by United Nations forces, unsupported by bombing across the Yalu river, would be too costly—and in regard to this it must not be forgotten that next year the whole of the House of Representatives and one third of the Senate have to face the polls. Bombing across the Yalu, if interpreted as the first stage of an invasion of China would—as General Bradley, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, made quite clear at Palm Beach on March 2—certainly be accompanied by the risk about which enough has already been said. Would that be the case if the bombing were preceded by a solemn declaration that there was no intention of invading China? The naivety of the question does not dispose

of it. What does dispose of it is the consideration that, if the declaration failed to impress, the risk it was designed to lessen would be greatly enhanced by the incredulity with which it would almost certainly be received.

The policy of "disengagement" adumbrated by President Eisenhower during the period of his election—the policy of saving American manpower by making increased use of south Koreans, a policy with which the integration of South Korean troops in British units (a new departure in the British Army's history) chimes—has no bearing upon the problem of breaking the Korean deadlock. But as it presents a sharp contrast with the idea of an "all-out" offensive, whether supported by bombing across the Yalu or not, it is convenient to consider it at this point. Militarily, the policy can only be appraised by results in the field. Judging from the length of line already held by the South Koreans the policy should prove satisfactory, always assuming that a good stiffening of other troops remained available. Politically its outcome is dubious. It has already been interpreted as part of an aggressive policy of setting Asians to fight Asians, whereas, say Communist propagandists, they are, or should be, brothers. (Two Sino-Japanese wars, Indian and Pakistan frictions and so on have illustrated their brotherhood). On this aspect of the policy all that can be said, perhaps, at this stage is that the State Department will certainly have difficulty in keeping free from misinterpretation the doctrine that Asians who desire liberty should be helped with money and arms to keep or win it.

A much more concrete matter, having direct bearing upon the problem of breaking the Korean deadlock, is the possibility of re-examining the question of exchanging prisoners, a possibility kept open by Mr. Nehru's readiness to renew the efforts which his country has made, and by Mr. Chou En-lai's call on February 4 for a resumption of negotiations at Panmunjom. Of a problem to which so many minds have given so much thought it may seem presumptuous to urge that if the third of the proposals made by Lt. Gen. Harrison on September 29 were put forward again, alone and completely dissociated from all reference to "previously expressed objections to repatriation" contained in the first proposal of the same date, and to "all prisoners objecting" contained in the second, it would have good chance of success. Space does not allow of a review of the process known as screening and the enemy's objections to it. Suffice it to say that the mistrust occasioned in his mind by the process, conducted as it was in extremely unsatisfactory conditions, has been one of the chief obstacles to a settlement of this matter. Moreover, the proposals drafted by India's representatives at the United Nations were so full of compromise conceived in a genuinely pacific spirit as *ipso facto* to arouse mistrust in a world so ridden by it, because, while very wisely omitting all mention of willing and unwilling prisoners, the procedure which they outlined was so elaborate—and seemed so cumbersome. Repatriation, though involving much thought and organisation in respect of details, as a concept is simple and straightforward. Complicated in this instance by the introduction of the principle of free choice and the psychological factors upon which free choice depends, it nevertheless calls for simple methods. Proposal 3 made on September 29 provided them. They

could, however, be made simpler still and yet maintain the proposal's safeguard of the principle of free choice. The only verbal changes needed would be such as brought the identification of prisoners and their declaration of choice more directly under the supervision of the high ranking officers of both sides than did the proposal as it stood on September 29.

As stated at the beginning of this article Stalin's death may change the whole outlook in the Far East for better or worse, or it may leave the prospects unaffected. Whichever of these three possibilities is realised direct and personal conversation between the heads of the American, British and Russian Governments, such as President Eisenhower and Mr. Churchill have both declared themselves conditionally willing to have, might provide by far the best chance of improving the outlook or preventing it from deteriorating, especially if Mao Tze-tung could be included in the talk, a suggestion made with consciousness of the additional complexity which would be involved. True, if conversation failed, hope would die. It can scarcely be described as robust now. If it succeeded the world's burdens would be immensely lightened. One thing is certain. Exchanges of the "you did", "I did'nt", order such as took place between Senator Lodge and Mr. Vyshinsky in the United Nations on February 25 and subsequently serve no useful purpose whatsoever.

E. M. GULL.

THE SUDAN TREATY

SO the Sudanese gain their self-governing constitution at last, and preparations for the elections are hurried along so that polling may take place before the rains. There is jubilation in Khartoum and Cairo; in London there are doubts and some disquiet. Perhaps there is less reason for the London doubts than for the Cairo jubilation, for the London view must surely be that the British administration in the Sudan has achieved, perhaps a little sooner than it bargained for, the constitution for which it has been working these 54 years. In Cairo, though the crowds still cheer the agreement, it must be seen that the Egyptians have given way for the time being at any rate. Until eight months ago they refused to negotiate on the Sudan except on the basis that it was a rebellious province of Egypt and that the King of Egypt was King of the Sudan. Suddenly General Neguib, dictator-prime minister of Egypt, himself half-Sudanese, agreed to negotiate on the basis of independence for the Sudan. Thus the Anglo-Egyptian agreement of February 12th was reached, providing a constitution for the Sudan differing only slightly from that drawn up by the Sudanese themselves in the latter half of 1951.

All this has come about in a manner rather different from the way we all expected. The plan of the old gang of Egyptian politicians appeared to be to give concessions to the Western Powers in the Canal Zone in return for control of the Sudan. They insisted on "Unity of the Nile Valley" and complete control of the life-giving Nile waters. Though they refused (at any rate, through their newspapers) to discuss the canal zone and the Sudan separately, there was always the suggestion that, under United States influence, Britain might be persuaded to concede the Sudan to Egypt—"sell her down the river," was the phrase—in return for an

acceptable treaty on the Canal Zone. Quite a number of British Members of Parliament spoke and wrote in favour of this solution. The arrival of General Neguib changed all this. After he had compelled King Farouk to abdicate, he indicated that foreign affairs could wait awhile until he had introduced urgent internal reforms aiming at making the life of the fellaheen a little less arduous and miserable. The Sudanese watched his activity with close interest and not a little pride, for they noted that his first reforms, particularly the control of land ownership, was such as the Sudanese themselves had enjoyed for more than half a century. The hearts of the Sudanese began to warm towards General Neguib, especially as it was remembered that he was educated in Khartoum, and this attitude undoubtedly paved the way for the astonishing series of agreements by which General Neguib was later able to combine the four major political parties of the Northern Sudan.

General Neguib completely changed the attitude of Egypt towards Britain. Instead of saying: "You give us the Sudan and we will talk about the Canal Zone," he said: "All right, let the Sudan have independence, but in return you must get out of the Canal Zone forthwith." Whether he ever intends to allow the Sudan to be completely independent is open to grave doubt. During the three-year period between self-government (which will begin when the elections are over) and self-determination, the British Governor-General will still be the supreme constitutional authority within the country, but he will have the "aid" of a five-member international commission with a Pakistani chairman. At any time within the three years the Sudanese may declare themselves ready for self-determination. A new Parliament will then be elected, and this may decide on one of two courses: to link the Sudan with Egypt in any form; or to attain independence.

Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, told the House of Commons that the second of these courses did not preclude the Sudanese from seeking membership of the British Commonwealth, whereupon General Neguib at once gave to the world an inkling of how his mind was working. He declared that if there was any possibility of the Sudan joining the British Commonwealth he would cancel the treaty. Mr. Eden stood his ground, and it was perhaps pointed out to General Neguib that he was showing his hand too soon; at any rate, his outburst was explained away in the Egyptian press as being the result of a misunderstanding. At the same time one of his representatives in the Sudan declared that there was nobody in the country who favoured membership of the British Commonwealth. This is, of course, not true. The Southern Sudan, with its 2,500,000 backward African tribes, undoubtedly favours continuance of British. Of the four Northern parties, two, the Umma and the Socialist Republicans, whose aims are independence, want a link of some kind with Britain. Abdallah Khalil, secretary-general of the Umma party, has said that the Sudan must maintain a link with some powerful nation or group of nations, and has hinted at a status resembling that of India. Ibrahim Bedri, leader of the Socialist Republicans, has also said that the country cannot stand alone. This party broke away from the Sudan Party, which openly stood for membership of the British Commonwealth.

This was the avowed policy of the Sudan Party when it was formed two years ago, but it was frowned upon by the British administration as an embarrassment in negotiations with Egypt.

It was on this issue that Ibrahim Bedri formed the breakaway Socialist Republican Party on the grounds that, though he agreed with membership of the British Commonwealth, he did not think he could build up a party and win an election with that in the programme, because of its unpopularity with the younger intelligentsia in the towns. It is generally thought that if the Socialist Republicans won a majority in the new Parliament, they would openly declare their support for the Commonwealth idea. When I put the point to Ibrahim Bedri a year ago, he smiled but made no comment. Some observers have said that 95 per cent. of the tribal society in the Northern Sudan, as distinct from the town politicians, would support membership of the British Commonwealth. They are the men with the long memories, memories of the strife and desolation throughout the country before the British went there.

During the transition period from self-government to self-determination General Neguib and his staff will try hard to break down this tribal appreciation of the British effort. They have already won over the support of the great religious leader, Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman el Mahdi, who commands the loyalty of more than half the population of the Northern Sudan. Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman was angry with the British when he left London after a visit last October. He felt that he was not treated with the "deference due." It is true that he announced the visit as being a private one for health reasons, but he was also pressing for British acceptance of the constitution (which was, in fact, granted later that month). The Foreign Office was in a difficulty about his visit. Efforts were being made to ensure that his great rival, Sayed Sir Ali Mirghani, would take part in the elections when the constitution was approved, and it was feared that he would be offended if too much fuss were made over Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman. There was substance in this fear, for during the past 25 years all life in the Northern Sudan has been dominated by the personal antipathy of these two men, and the parties owing allegiance to Sayed Sir Ali had so far boycotted all Government moves towards independence. Above all, the Foreign Office, ready to approve the new constitution, wished to avoid giving the impression that it had done so under pressure from Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman. Nevertheless, Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman gave me his firm assurance in London that General Neguib's "revolution" would make no difference to the relations between the Sudan and Egypt, or between the Sudan and Britain. He denied that he was contemplating leading his party, the Umma, into alliance with Egypt, after years of support of the British policy. "Agreement perhaps—alliance no," he said. Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman left London in a state approaching high dudgeon, and flew to Cairo. There he was met by General Neguib himself, and accommodated at Egyptian Government expense in a suite of rooms in a luxurious hotel. Elaborate compliments were exchanged, and it is reported that, after leaving Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman, General Neguib, knowing the remark would be passed on, observed: "There goes a fine old gentleman. He ought to be a king." It is well known that Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman,

posthumous son of the Mahdi, had had ambitions to be king of the Sudan, though he had many times "denied the soft impeachment." Now the seeds of something even grander were emplaced. Why should not he become king of the Sudan and Egypt?

The complex political situation in the Sudan changes so swiftly that it is difficult to forecast how the elections will go; but it will be surprising if the conflict becomes anything more than a sharper renewal of the old battle between the two Sayeds. The herdsmen and pastoral nomads of the North—the vast majority of the population—will follow the advice of one or other of these two leaders, and the declarations and ambitions of the politically-minded minorities in the towns will have no effect on them whatever.

Whichever of the Sayeds gains power—and there is a slight shade of odds in favour of Sayed Sir Abdal Rahman—will be wooed with all the extravagant fervour possible by General Neguib and his staff. There will be promises, gifts, and elaborate compliments. General Neguib sees almost in his grasp a rich prize. He can win it by cunning where all the bluster and ballyhoo of the Pashas failed.

JOHN HYSLOP.

BROADCASTING AND THE IRON CURTAIN

"I AND my friends in the 96th Guard Rifle Division," said the little man in the ill-fitting reach-me-down suit, "tuned in pretty regularly, but, of course, not till after midnight. Once we had found the station, we put the set under a wooden box, and covered our heads with blankets. We found this was the best way to listen." We were sitting in the "Steirer Hof" in Graz, in the British Zone of Austria, with drawn blinds, though it was still daylight, lest someone outside might loose off an automatic at the little man. He was Sergeant Bayukhin Vadim Demidovitch, of the Red Army in Austria. He had taken his boxed-in and blanketed radio so seriously that 24 hours earlier he had abandoned home and family to desert to the British. His first request was for a pencil and paper to write a broadcast talk against Stalinism. A couple of weeks later he was on the air as "Burin." "Burin's" defection was one infinitesimal yet tangible return for the thousands of pounds and millions of dollars spent every year to penetrate the Curtain. It is your money and mine which is being spent. Does it get us anywhere? To discover the answer is not easy—there is no Gallup poll behind the Curtain. But in Czechoslovakia there was once a very useful poll. Dr. David Rodnick, of the U.S. Social Research Council, managed to poll several thousand citizens just before the Communists seized power in February, 1948. He found that ordinarily 50, for special broadcasts 75 per cent. of radio-owners, tuned in to the B.B.C.

Intelligence kindly supplied by Stalin's counter-action shows that the psychological warfare arm is hitting him where it hurts. He is spending millions of dollars on jamming operations, which have not met with complete success, and never will. Nearly one-third of the broadcasts to Russia get through his 300 long-distance and his 1,000 local jamming

stations. A further 50 per cent. are disturbed, but understandable. The remaining 20 per cent. are inaudible. The long-distance jamming is done at the cost of his own propaganda, and advertises the Western broadcasts. It is the same when the dictator is foolish enough to lose his temper. Every time he snaps and snarls in print or over the ether, he re-awakens interest in these broadcasts. Because the "Voice of America" and the B.B.C. use wave-lengths which "cuddle up" to Russia's, her jamming renders unintelligible many of her broadcasts to the West. Jamming obliges the Communists to eat up their resources in a negative field. On jamming the Voice of America alone he is spending nearly as much as the United States on its whole world-wide broadcasting programme, an American expert, Mr. Wilson Compton, noted last year. Moscow has been trying to jam American broadcasts to Russia since 1948, the B.B.C.'s since 1949, broadcasts to Poland since 1951, to Finland and to Czechoslovakia since January, 1952. Last year broadcasts to Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Albania were added to the jamming list. Stations of which the Russians showed their fear by this attention include "Radio Free Europe," Belgrade, the Vatican, Paris, Canada, and RIAS (Western Germany). Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, of the State Department, estimates that the U.S.S.R. jamming stations employ between 12,000 and 15,000 persons.

Information as to reception conditions, times and subjects preferred, is collated by all Western broadcasting authorities from intelligence agents on the other side of the Curtain, letters received through clandestine channels, and occasional unsigned letters missed by the censorship. Broadcast interrogators are maintained at all camps for newly-arrived fugitives and deserters. In Poland the Communists are often betrayed into advertising Western broadcasts. A year ago Poland's radio slanging champion, Stefan Martyka, was assassinated by persons outraged by his slanders against Western stations. "The Voice of America is squandering its propaganda funds," spat out the Polish newspaper, *Geos Pracy* recently. "The poisoner of the ether, the 'Voice,' tireless in lying and hatred, is again on the go," snarled *Trybuna Ludu*. "I will tell you something," an informer at Zambrovo village told another Polish paper, *Wola Luda*. "From the apartment of the village burgomaster comes every evening the 'boom-boom-boom' of the Voice of America; is that what was intended when the village was presented with a radio?" The task of the West is easiest in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, where the former higher standard of living means that a greater percentage of the population was accustomed to foreign stations. Under Hitler they learned to do so clandestinely. Nominally it is not an offence (in Albania it has just been made one) to tune in to a Western station, except in the presence of a visitor. To mention what one has heard is a crime, punishable by up to twenty years' imprisonment. "What is the time?" a Hungarian, according to a current jest, asks a policeman. The latter looks around the square and says: "It is a few minutes before 8 p.m." "But where is the clock? I don't see one," says the citizen. "There isn't one," the policeman replies. "But all the windows are closing—that means the B.B.C. eight o'clock broadcast is about to start."

What is the Iron Curtain listeners' choice? Here are some typical

statements by recent refugees to reach Austria. With some of them I talked personally, others spoke to reliable sources whose quotations I have carefully verified. Rather than make a highly-coloured narrative, I am letting each blanketed listener speak for himself. Istvan of Budapest said that the Communist-built "Nepradio" (People's Radio) sets had no dial, only two buttons marked "Budapest I" and "Budapest II," the only stations procurable. The government pays high prices for normal sets, giving a new Nepradio in part exchange. But workers have enough good sets for details of foreign broadcasts to be spread around most factories. It was tremendously heartening, said Istvan, to hear how accurately and promptly the West learned details of local happenings. Their accuracy secured prompt credence for news of the outside world which could not be tested. Asked for suggestions for improving the broadcasts, he suggested tips about the prospects of and methods for escaping, and instructions as to how to avoid recapture in the Russian zones of Austria and Germany. Many wanted radio instruction on the safest methods of sabotage and "go slow." Erno, a former Hungarian Red Army officer, was one of many who were certain that communists listened to the West. Some were only "paper communists." Most were nervous, dispirited, and jumpy on account of the intense hatred of the population. They listened in the hope of getting warning in time when their régime was about to collapse. Many had collapsed on hearing themselves denounced and tried to re-insure by currying favour with their victims.

One thing which impressed radio listeners was the admission of difficulties in the West. Too many myths of how lovely everything was in the gardens of the East had been exploded by returning prisoners of war for that line of sales talk to carry conviction. Listeners should be told how things would be for Hungarians in the post-liberation world. He was emphatic that people wanted to be assured that the detested Communist system would never be replaced by the former unjust, corrupt and oppressive semi-feudalism of the great Hungarian landed families. Erno himself was a confirmed "Voice" fan, but he had friends who preferred Paris Radio, which talked more of Hungary's future. Radio Free Europe was gradually establishing a good reputation after initial exaggerations. "The one weapon you can put into our hands today," he said, "is the anti-régime joke. It spreads like wildfire around the country, and the whole population warms its hearts at the flames. Against it terrorism is powerless."

Emilia, a firm-minded Catholic school teacher from Czechoslovakia, no longer young, plumped for Radio Free Europe (which averages third place as the blanketed listener's choice). She tuned in also to the "Voice," Radio Diffusion Francaise, B.B.C., and Radio Vaticano. She was a fan of the Sunday morning broadcasts of that great Czech journalist, Ferdinand Peroutka (who has been hotly attacked by some émigré groups). I found that generally the B.B.C.'s broadcaster, Sir Bruce Lockhart, has the biggest following of any. Emilia had the courage of her prejudices. She disliked the Voice for what she called its "flattery of the workers, who had crawled to both Nazis and Communists." Paris was too long-winded. Hard-hitting Emilia detested the B.B.C. "for talking intermin-

ably about Britain, which interests no one. Its Czech news is scanty and stale, its broadcasters have lost psychological touch with the homeland." As for Sir Bruce, why, she asked primly, did he get himself so despised in "decent circles" by referring to Stalin as "a great man"? Britain, which had been and soon would again be Labour, was the nearest thing to Communism beyond the Curtain.

Boredom with the deadly earnestness of communists broadcasts, said Jan, a clerk from Pilsen, is often the first step which leads toward the deadly sin of listening to the West. Young people, he said, began by turning from heavy Marxism-Leninism to the escapist froth of Western dance music. He himself plumped for the Voice and the B.B.C. Factory workers enjoyed the more colourful "Free Europe." An eclectic listener, Jan also went in for Czech talks from Rome, and news in Hungarian from Ankara and Israel. Workers had their own technique. Those with radios told their colleagues at the machine with none: "Did you hear the latest stupid propaganda of Free Europe?" Or "Disgusting that lie of the Voice of America last night that . . ." Jan wanted more comparisons between everyday life behind the Curtain and in the West. Women in the People's Democracies were robbed of their children by being forced into factories. Worn-out workers had to attend meetings till after midnight. Families were broken up by the drafting of labour. Housewives had to queue up at 6 a.m. for milk, at 9 for another hour or so for bread, and again for fruit or vegetables—rarely available. Before usage coupled with isolation got all these miseries accepted as normal, insisted Jan, women behind the Curtain should be reminded constantly of the better daily life outside it. Vaclav, a Czech official, said that 80 per cent. of the population listened to the Voice. On communists it had a salutary effect. One party secretary who was denounced as an informer promptly broadcast an offer to give his motor-bicycle to anyone who could prove the charges. But belated denunciations, said Vaclav, made a bad impression; one informer was denounced four months after he had died.

Frantisek, a Slovak clerk, also wanted more news of the outside world to encourage people to hold out. He said that there was no demand for religious broadcasts. The Slovak religious broadcasts from Madrid, he added, were "surely enough to satisfy all the old women of Slovakia." Antonin, a journalist, said the favourite items were those giving news of Czech anti-communists—their escapes, arrests, or releases from prison, as these were suppressed in the country. He preferred the American stations, and called the B.B.C. "stuffy." Jaroslav, a clerk, gave the percentage of listeners to foreign news as 65. Unlike Emilia, he wanted more broadcasts to the workers. They were "not interested in capitalist chit-chat about Hollywood movie stars, but in average conditions outside as compared with their own." Alois, a schoolteacher, was one of the few to refer to the clandestine "White Legion" station which operated for over a year on Czechoslovak territory. Another Alois, a writer, said resistance to collectivisation, Sunday shifts and shock-worker competitions was stimulated by Western broadcasts. One Jonas, a prison warder, whom he knew, on being denounced on R.F.E. for cruelty to prisoners, was pulverised with fear. He "changed from a sunny sadist to a morose, mopy and ghost-haunted wreck who had aged by ten years."

There he was, enthused Alois, enjoying the daily torture of the despised outcasts of society, without courts to appeal to or lawyers to help, destined for the scrapheap as dead relics of a dead world. And then, one evening with a good meal of *knedlicki* distending his ample belly, he idly twiddles the knobs and hears: "We have noted for future action the name of Warder Jonas Cepicka, who has been guilty of revolting acts of cruelty to X. and Y. and Z., his defenceless prisoners. He will be held to account on the day of reckoning."

It is not for these Communists but for the average citizen that the West is spending its millions. I have known this East-European citizen since 1925—in Warsaw and Budapest, in Sofia, Bucharest and Tirana. Whatever the romance clinging to these names, he was just as dashing a fellow, as dull a dog, as decent a citizen as you or I. His wife and his children led just as humdrum or as jolly existences as our own. At first they hailed liberation from Hitler. Then bit by bit they realised their homes had become cells in the prison which was their country. I have been among them since, and have seen their despair. It began with a calculated gradualness which lulled them into an "it-can't-happen-here" inertia. Their national leaders—of one party after another—suddenly became traitors, or vanished for ever behind prison doors, or fled abroad. Their newspapers ceased to appear, or were replaced by mocking spectres with the familiar title page and make-up which failed to disguise their inner corruption. Foreign newspapers vanished. The world beyond the Curtain disintegrated as though by atomic force. No foreigners reached the country save those who served the new dictators. Then came the terror, the end of real elections, of open trials, independent judges, and defending counsel. There was no remedy, no life outside this drab enslavement, no hope for the future. Progress had come up against a blank wall, with one little postern door labelled "Death." When hope itself seemed dead, contact was re-established with the normal world in whose continued existence it had become so hard to believe. One turned a knob, and suddenly it was not true that there was only one God, Lenin, and that Stalin was his prophet.

Vienna.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

THE SEVENTH ASSEMBLY OF UNO

THE Seventh General Assembly of the United Nations was convened in New York on October 14th, 1952 and is still sitting as this article is written early in March. The Assembly adjourned on Christmas Eve to await the inauguration of President Eisenhower and an indication of the foreign policies of the new American administration. In the ten weeks before the adjournment, the delegates disposed more or less satisfactorily of all but ten items of their seventy-three point agenda. Reassembling on February 24th, for what was expected to be a four-week concluding period, they confronted a residual programme of varying importance and one major item of unfinished business—the war in Korea and ways and means of ending it by peaceful agreement.

Generalising about the United Nations and especially its Assemblies always has its dangers, and encouraging surprises are possible though not probable before the current meetings finally close. But by and large it can be said that the Seventh Assembly was more than usually difficult and frustrating. Despite new trends to which I shall refer later the role of the United States in the organisation is still so crucial that uncertainty as to the political future of that country before the Presidential election and uncertainty after the election as to the line the Republicans were to take in major problems affecting the United Nations, was bound to cramp the style of the Assembly and to give an air of unreality to many of its discussions. Add to this the failure—so far—to end the Korean war, the increasing number of questions, mostly touching the colour-colonial issue, ventilated but not resolved, and the wide-spread disquiet over the internal affairs of the U.N. secretariat and it is little wonder that most experienced delegates and observers found this Assembly, certainly in its pre-Christmas phase, one of the most exacting and exasperating of the series. To say this is not, of course, to deliver a balanced or final judgment on the United Nations, its achievements and its possibilities.

To these three matters—Korea, the colour-colonial problem and the internal affairs of the Secretariat, which dominated the Assembly in the period before Christmas when I was an eye-witness of its proceedings, I shall return in a moment. First let me mention certain general features of the Assembly, some perhaps transient, others indicative of new and significant trends which may vitally affect the future of the organisation.

This has been in no sense a European or Western-dominated Assembly. On the contrary it was an Asian country, India, which played the leading role in the Assembly's consideration of the Korean problem; it was an Indian-initiated resolution which raised the question of the threat to world peace implicit in the racial policies of the Union of South Africa and secured the appointment of a U.N. Commission to study the implications of racialism wherever it might appear. Furthermore it was the Arab-Asian group of countries which emerged as perhaps the most cohesive and stable of the various combinations within the Assembly. Supported by most of the Latin-American states and several of the more independently minded European countries, this group was able on more than one occasion to muster a substantial majority for its proposals. Even a confident American administration will not find it easy to regain for itself and the West an initiative which for the present at least would seem to have passed to the countries of Asia and the Middle East.

The conflict between the Communist and non-Communist great powers is still the major problem confronting the United Nations. Their propaganda battle still wastes an inordinate amount of time in the Assembly. The tensions between them and the arms competition those tensions engender, still gravely hamper the constructive work of the organisation; an ultimate failure to resolve this conflict peacefully would as certainly destroy the United Nations as the second world war destroyed its predecessor. But the organisation has never been free of this problem since its inception and it is now more or less taken for granted. A new and equally momentous cleavage is developing, however, in the Assembly and was a notable feature of its deliberations this time. Here the line-up

is not between "East" and "West" but between the colony-holding countries—all of them save the Union of South Africa, Western European—and the ex-colonial countries whose crusade against colonialism is supported as is natural by national independence movements in Africa and elsewhere and for more dubious motives by the newer states of the Middle East and by the Soviet bloc. In the longer term this division may be hardly less decisive for the future of the United Nations than the East-West conflict itself.

Two other developments in the 1952 Assembly should be noted. There were signs this time of a Moslem coalition uniting loosely but unmistakably the Arab states with Pakistan and with the North African independence movements having unofficial delegations in New York. It may be too soon to speak of this as a conscious and continuing movement but as a step towards a religious stratification in the United Nations its significance is not to be minimised. No less serious, and in a sense related to this development, was the marked friendliness of the Soviet Union to the Arab states themselves and as a corollary an equally marked Soviet hostility to Israel. It was the Soviet bloc which helped the Arab states to defeat a Middle Eastern peace offer submitted by Israel.

To turn to the specific and major problems before the Assembly which I have already listed I would refer first to the group of questions raising in one form or another what may be loosely described as the colour-colonial issue. A decision to postpone to the eighth regular session of the Assembly any further consideration of the status of the former German South-West Africa and the international responsibilities of the Union of South Africa in respect of this territory, removed from this year's agenda a problem which has long burdened the Assembly and defied any positive solution. But the no less intractable problem of the treatment of Indians and other non-Europeans in South Africa, was taken up again and this year the general issue of racialism was raised on the resolution initiated by India and already referred to, which stigmatised the racial policies of the Union Government as "a threat to world peace". Beyond this, the sympathy of the Arab-Asian states for all aspirations towards national independence ensured debates on the situations in Tunisia and Morocco and the responsibilities of France as the metropolitan power.

All these questions raise the colour-colonial problem in one form or another and most of them relate to the Continent of Africa. They reflect, that is, the revolt against racial discrimination and even the most enlightened colonialism which is sweeping that Continent from the Mediterranean coast to the Cape of Good Hope. And every time these problems are brought before the Assembly the prior issue of the competence of the United Nations to deal with them is raised either by the metropolitan country whose policy is being indicted or by some other country sympathetic to its refusal to recognise that this is the U.N.'s business at all. Sometimes the attitude of "no-competence" is carried to the point of complete abstention from the debate as in the case of France over Tunisia and Morocco. Sometimes as in the case of the Union of South Africa this year the delegation stays in, argues the case for "no-competence" and refuses to debate the substance of the problem at all.

This is a matter on which all who are concerned about the efficacy of the

U.N.—and even its survival—have to reflect carefully and unemotionally. It is idle to suppose that the United Nations can remain indifferent to these explosive issues of national freedom and racial discrimination and pretend that they are something outside its concern and jurisdiction. There is a revolutionary ferment at work in the world and the United Nations can only disregard this ferment at its peril. But if the right and even the duty of the U.N. to take cognizance of these issues are accepted, the question remains as to how the organisation can best act in regard to them if it is to serve its purpose of promoting solutions, of narrowing differences instead of widening them. Article 2(7) of the Charter says that the U.N. shall not "intervene" in matters "of essentially domestic jurisdiction" but the framers of the Charter were presumably not suggesting that discussion of the matter in the U.N. was or would be "intervention". Ventilation of the problem in the Assembly seems the least that the world organisation can concede to the force and gravity of these nationalistic and racial questions and to their inherent danger to the common peace.

But if it is to be ventilation to any useful end it must be ventilation with a constructive and reconciling purpose in view. For these questions are only too often raised and the debates upon them conducted, in a temper which reveals self-interested motives and serves next to no constructive purpose at all. The effect indeed, is simply to discredit the U.N. itself. In assessing these problems, therefore, and the part the U.N. could and should play in them it is essential not to be carried away by mere emotion and enthusiasm. An excess of zeal on the one hand can be as harmful as a too rigid legalism on the other. The right of the U.N. to deal with such questions should be sustained but the necessity for restraint in the presentation of the problem is no less fundamental. Moreover experience shows that the Assembly is best advised to limit its action to a full debate on the question, to an encouragement of the parties concerned to pursue agreed solutions and to stop short of committing itself to actions on its own part or anyone else's which manifestly cannot be implemented immediately or in the early future.

Detailed discussion of the internal problems of the Secretariat at the United Nations was deferred to the later session which has now begun. But all who were working at the Assembly in the Autumn were made acutely conscious of the effect on the morale and efficiency of the staff of unbridled American attacks on the U.N., of the methods employed by the Senate sub-committee on internal security, and of the workings of the internal Walters Committee which is reviewing the position of the many employees who have no permanent contract and has been dismissing quite a number of them.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the disturbing if not the demoralising effect which these happenings are having on the people who work in what the Hearst Press calls the Tombstone by the East River but what some of us prefer to regard, even if cautiously, as a Temple of Hope. Some review of an overhastily recruited Secretariat is right and inevitable and probably overdue if the efficiency of the organisation is to be maintained. That has nothing to do with the Senate sub-committee or the Federal Grand Jury or Senator McCarthy. The United States as the host country is, no doubt, entitled to insist that the United Nations does not

harbour people—if there are such—who are actively disloyal to the United States and engaged in subversive activities against its government. But vital considerations for the future of the U.N. as a world organisation and as an international civil service committed to the collective interest of all its members are implicit in these events. It is idle to wish now that the U.N. was located in a country that is not a great power, which is where it should ideally have been put. But it is certainly not idle to guard zealously the independence of the U.N. and to make it as immune as possible from national hysterias and the arbitrary claims of governments, some of which may be here today and gone tomorrow.

But if there is disappointment about this recent session of the United Nations, it will be largely because—as now seems probable—it did not achieve peace or even a military armistice in Korea. I shall suggest that perhaps it was too much to hope that it could achieve an armistice on the narrow basis on which the negotiations have so far been conducted. Nevertheless there is no question that to bring the Korean war to an end was the major assignment of the seventh Assembly. It was widely accepted that the U.N. itself could afford as little as the world at large to allow this war to drag on indefinitely, not only because of the continuing death and destruction it involves or because a Korean peace would seem the indispensable first step to any general relaxation of East-West tensions but because the war is dangerously sapping the spiritual resources of the U.N. itself.

The story of the effort of India to find a compromise formula on the prisoner-of-war question as ostensibly the one remaining obstacle to an armistice agreement is part of history now and it is not necessary to recall it in detail. The effort failed of its immediate purpose, but whatever the outcome, there were a number of notable things about the whole episode. First, it was not a great power in the accepted definition that took the initiative. Secondly, the complicated negotiations that this leadership involved were in the hands of a relatively obscure Indian, neither a foreign minister, nor a regular diplomat, and a person with little international experience as far as the U.N. is concerned. Thirdly, once the Indian proposal was mooted, little or nothing more was heard or is perhaps likely to be heard of the twenty-one power resolution initiated by the Americans which was intended to be the keystone of U.N. action on Korea this time and which foreshadowed at best a continuance of the stalemate and at worst an intensification of the fighting. Fourthly, the Indian resolution drew to itself not merely the support of the smaller states customarily sympathetic to any Asian proposal, but the support also of most of the twenty-one countries committed to the American plan, so that the U.S. delegation found itself for once almost isolated.

This was a memorable, perhaps historic, effort at conciliation and we should not yield to the temptation of suggesting that it was in vain, or that what India attempted should not have been undertaken. No sincere effort at conciliation is ever in vain even if the issues are complicated and unclear. And even though it failed of its immediate purpose it is too soon yet to write off the Indian initiative and to assess just what its influence has been and may be in the ultimate settlement of this problem.

The initial speeches on Korea in the resumed session further diminished

the chances of the present Assembly achieving a peaceful solution and the death of Stalin has probably destroyed them altogether. If the impending American election justified a lull in the discussions a much more momentous uncertainty is introduced by the changes in Moscow. Whatever these changes are to signify for the prospects of a Korean peace the United Nations is not likely to find it profitable or even possible to take further initiatives towards a settlement until the implications of the change of leadership in the Soviet Union are clearer than they can be at this moment.

The dilemma of the United Nations in facing this problem is that while its deepest interests are involved in the peaceful outcome of the Korean war, the decisive responsibility in the matter rests with the United States, with the Soviet Union, with Communist China, and though perhaps to a lesser extent, with the United Kingdom. Moreover the failure of this Assembly to end the war underlines the conviction of many observers that if a peaceful solution is to be found at all it will be found not on the relatively narrow basis of the armistice negotiations already conducted at Panmunjon nor in an agreement on the repatriation of prisoners of war but in the context of a wider and more radical Far Eastern settlement where the high policy of the great powers is primarily involved.

It is arguable from the recent experience of the United Nations in handling this problem that whatever the attitude of the Russians may be, the Chinese Communists are not likely to consent, save under the strongest military duress, to end the fighting in Korea by agreement unless at least some of their major political aims are assured in the process. There is justification for not letting Communist China "shoot her way"—as the Americans put it—into the U.N. but there seems little justification for the view that the war can be ended by peaceful arrangement save as part of a wider settlement which envisages not only the independence and rehabilitation of Korea but also an agreed determination of the future of Formosa and the admission of the Peoples' Republic of China to membership of the world organisation. Whatever may be said about the disengagement of Western troops so as to leave "Asians to fight Asians," the central alternatives are still an intensification of the war with the declared purpose of enforcing peace and all the disastrous risks of that course, or a bold bid for an over-all settlement which faces fearlessly new factors and new situations in the Far East—new situations that as sure as anything can be in human experience, have come to stay. The war is being fought in the name of the United Nations and the United Nations urgently needs to find a way of peacefully and honorably bringing it to an end. But if the estimate that the problem is insoluble on a restricted basis of negotiation is correct, then the major decision rests with the great powers and pre-eminently with the United States.

It may be that in concentrating on the conflict-situations confronting the Assembly and the frustrations and disappointments they created, this article has drawn a somewhat one-sided picture of the United Nations, its purposes and prospects. This emphasis is justified because on the capacity of the organisation to resolve these major conflicts must depend its future. But though there has been no mention of these other matters this report is not intended to disparage or discount the steady if limited

progress the United Nations is making in solving refugee problems, in defining and seeking to safeguard human rights, in promoting world economic development and in making technical and economic assistance available to needy countries and peoples. This is of the essence of true peacemaking and its importance cannot be disregarded. Nor in recognising the failures and frustrations of the organisation is this writer even remotely suggesting that we should be better off without the United Nations. If it did not exist in our shrinking world, it would be imperative to create it.

GERALD BAILEY.

CAMBODIA

CAMBODIA, one of the five states comprising the French Empire of Indo-China, lies on the great southern plains of Indo-China, and marches with the eastern frontier of Siam. With the exception of rough ranges of jungle-clad hills in the south-west, and a few scattered hills in the northern districts, the entire country is little more than a few feet above sea-level. The mighty Mekong River, which means "The Western Tribute," runs through the length of the state from the north to its delta just south of Saigon. Saigon is built on the site of the ancient Annamese capital which marked the southern boundary of the Chinese invasion some two thousand years ago down the old "Mandarin Road" which followed the invaders and finally stopped short at Saigon. The capital is Phnom-Penh, a well-laid-out city on the French colonial plan, with straight streets shaded with trees. It has been called the "Little Bangkok," and the inhabitants who wander endlessly up and down have much in common with the Siamese. The royal palace is a storehouse of priceless treasures, among which the figure of the Buddha, encrusted with wondrous jewels, must be one of the wonders of the Eastern world. The immense floor of one of the halls is composed entirely of solid silver tiles half an inch thick. No guard is necessary, for no Cambodian would ever dream of profaning the sacred majesty of the king by stealing his treasures.

In former days the western portion of Cambodia was part of the kingdom of Siam, and in 1941 the French had to concede to Siam all that part of Laos west of the Mekong, as well as the Cambodian provinces of Battambang and Sisophon, together with other parts of the country. Battambang and Sisophon are near the north-western border of Cambodia, between the Gulf of Siam and the great Tonlé Sap lake. Now, however, the frontier has been readjusted, and the western districts are included in the state of Cambodia. In 1863 King Norodom of Cambodia, when pressed by his more warlike neighbours, placed his country under the protection of the French. Recently the state has been granted its independence within the orbit of the French Empire of Indo-China. External affairs, defence and customs are controlled by the French, but otherwise the state is entirely independent. While interfering as little as possible in the existing order of affairs in Cambodia, the French have done a great deal in improving the health of the people, especially in their uphill fight against small-pox. In former times men and women who were not

marked with the disease were regarded as being "not yet born to existence." To such lengths was this custom carried that a girl could not be married, nor could a boy claim the rights of a grown man, until they could show the marks on their faces that they had had the disease.

Although the French have given the Cambodians security from external foes, they have not been successful in putting a stop to piracy and robbery and occasional murders, which still flourish. Chinese merchants of Cambodia still pay insurance against piracy and the pirates that infest the creeks and inlets of the much-broken-up coast-line. Justice in Cambodia is of the usual Oriental description, where, as is the usual custom in the East, the man with the longest purse wins the case. This means, of course, that for the ordinary person there is little or no justice in the European meaning of the word. Witnesses are unwilling to come forward to testify against a criminal for fear of reprisals, which means that they or their relatives will be "liquidated" on the earliest opportunity. In the French courts, where the French officials are unable to speak or to understand the language, the interpreter can say what he likes, or, as is often the case, what he has been bribed to say. The French officials are moved so often from one district to another that it would be sheer waste of time to study any particular language or dialect, and they are thus forced to depend on the court interpreter.

Cambodians are not townspeople—they prefer the woods in which they make clearings, where they build their houses and grow their crops. Houses, as a rule, are built on high wooden piles as a security measure against snakes and tigers, of which the people are very much afraid, and with good reason. Like the Burmese, both sexes wear the "sarong," a cloth twisted round the waist in the form of a skirt. The women wear a cloth across the breasts, but when working at home or in the fields this is often discarded. They are a quiet, gentle people compared with the Chinese or Annamese, by whom they are often victimised in the matter of trade. They belong to the Tai race, and are closely akin to the Siamese. They are distinguished by their innate sense of dignity, and have not that universal Chinese curiosity. They appear to like the French, but, as a rule, are very reserved towards Europeans until they get to know them. This, however, may be due to nothing more than shyness, and wears off when they feel confident that their friendship will not be abused. They are a strong and sturdy race, and exhibit none of the excitement so often displayed by the Annamese.

While other races in Indo-China have mixed with inter-marriages, the Cambodians have largely kept to themselves, and there are far fewer temporary arrangements with Europeans than exist among the people of the other states of Viet Nam. Their language is entirely different from the other languages of Viet Nam, being on one tone like English. The writing is the same as the Siamese. Their dancing and dancers are exact copies of the Siamese, and their dancing consists of posturing and intricate movements of the hands and limbs, which in reality interprets the classical epics of the history of the people. I have seen these dances in Siam, when the dancers with dead-white faces devoid of the slightest expression, and clad from throat to feet in the old traditional dress with their heads crowned with the towering head-dresses, move through the

complicated postures of the dance, their fingers, from long practice since they were children, bent backwards till they almost touch their forearm.

The Cambodians are Buddhists of the Ceylon School, whose language is Pali. Their clergy enjoy considerable privileges, and are regarded with great respect. They exist on what they can collect from the faithful, and every morning, as in Burma, I used to see long lines of yellow-clad monks issuing from their monasteries, with their begging bowls, going round the shops for contributions to the daily sustenance of the monks and students. Not every youth who wears the yellow robe is destined to be a monk. The monasteries take the place of the English public school, and a boy stays there as long as his father considers it necessary for his education. Some, of course, do stay on and become monks, but this is not obligatory. As a Cambodian regards his house as sacred, he does not like a stranger to enter it. Dak bungalows are accordingly maintained for the accommodation of travellers, somewhat on the Indian plan, where food and accommodation for the night can be had at a very moderate cost. Cambodians believe in reincarnation, and, like the Hindoos, they believe that it is possible for an evildoer to be born again in the body of some repulsive animal form. They are careful, therefore, to abstain from suicide, which would entail reincarnation in the lowest form of animal life. They cremate their dead like the Hindoos, but have not adopted the Hindoo custom of suttee—i.e., the cremation of the living widow. Under their feudal Hindoo civilisation all land in theory belongs to the king. Any land neglected and uncultivated for three years may be claimed by anyone who wishes to cultivate it. Taxes are levied only on the produce of the land.

Until the arrival of the French, communications through Cambodia were somewhat scanty. The only means of travel was by canal and river, or by elephant transport through the almost impenetrable forests. They have spent large sums in improving existing and opening fresh means of communications in all directions. Railways have been constructed, and motor roads have been driven both to the north and to the Siamese border beyond Sisophon. A road open for motor traffic all the year round follows the railway from Saigon to the Siamese frontier, and a second motor road follows the Mekong due north into the Laos country. These roads are connected with the Mandarin Road on the east, and with the interior of the country by a network of secondary roads, which are provided with wooden bridges calling for care and an experienced driver. They are generally open most of the year except when the bridges are washed away in floods. Cambodia boasts two main lines of railway, the Trans-Indo-Chinese railway from Saigon northwards to Hanoi, and the main north-western line to Phnom-Penh and Battambang, Sisophon and the Siamese frontier, where it connects with the line to Bangkok. Trains do not travel at night, therefore sleeping accommodation is not provided. Passengers are put up at hotels on the route for the night. The last car on the train is divided into first, second, and third-class compartments; the rest of the train is composed of fourth-class springless box carriages, fitted with long wooden benches running fore and aft down the length of the compartment. There is a primitive kitchen at the rear of the carriage, where fourth-class passengers can obtain a rough and ready cooked meal.

There are no colour restrictions, except that Caucasians are not allowed to travel fourth-class. There seems to be no limit to the amount of baggage that may be carried, and I have seen a conglomeration of live pigs, babies and rickshaws piled indiscriminately into the carriage, with the owners shrieking and laughing, scrambling in on top, and sorting themselves out as best they can. The mere fact of travelling in the White Man's "fire carriage" is so overwhelming that no idea of discomfort or inconvenience appears to trouble the intrepid travellers. They treat the whole affair as an immense joke and laugh uproariously. They are a friendly, cheery people, and it takes a great deal to disturb their sense of humour.

As one journeys through the low-lying plains of Cambodia, one sees long lines of bullock-carts plodding along the roads, each with its pair of patient little oxen, piled high with rice and other goods under the roof of matting. They closely resemble the ox-carts of Burma, which obstruct the traffic on the high roads between the paddy fields. The flat country of Cambodia seems to consist largely of paddy fields, especially along the rivers and creeks, where long lines of women and girls are busy planting out the tender rice plants and later, the men drive the buffaloes round and round, churning up the liquid mud ready for the crop. The principal export of Cambodia is rice, which has earned the country the sobriquet of "The Rice Bowl of Asia." The Mekong River affords a main line of communication to the north, and the French have done a great deal in improving the banks of the river and its tributaries, both for the purpose of assisting agriculture and for river traffic. The riverside people seem to spend most of their time in or on the water, much as they do in Siam, either bathing or washing their clothes. Small children in fragile canoes dart about like dragon-flies, perfectly at home on the water. Buffaloes, submerged except for their nose, spend their time off duty in the water, where they form splendid springboards for the hosts of children who splash and play in the warm streams.

Angkor Vat, the great city of the ancient Khmer people, lies far in the interior of Cambodia near the head of the Tonlé Sap Lake. The ruins cover an enormous area, and speak eloquently of the vivid imagination and wealth of design displayed by their architects and builders. The Khmer people are supposed to have reached Cambodia from the direction of India some centuries before the Christian era, and to have settled along the Mekong River. Popular tradition credits them as being "men with little eyes who worshipped serpents." They brought their Indian mythology with them, and the great epic of the Ramayana, which I have seen painted in bright colours round the cloisters of the palace enclosure at Bangkok. Their capital city, Angkor Thom, "Angkor the Great," reached the height of its glory about the eighth century A.D. In the course of time the Khmer Empire fell under the influence of Buddhist missionaries, and the temples of the Hindoo dieties were transformed into Buddhist shrines, where the gentle Buddhist philosophy superseded the former worship, with its savage demands for human sacrifice, as exemplified by the sacrifices offered to the Goddess Kali. About the thirteenth century the Khmer Empire fell into decay, and the people fled before the Siamese to found a new capital nearer to the delta of the Mekong. Cambodia of today is the last survival of this great Empire of the Khmers. About

1500 Angkor was part of the Siamese Empire, and the Siamese changed the name and established a king of their own to rule the country. These newcomers had apparently no reverence for the former glories of Angkor Vat and allowed the magnificent palaces and temples to fall into decay. The jungle rapidly encroached and forced apart the massive stones which the Khmer builders had erected to the great heights of the magnificent temple structures. The French have cut back the jungle and restored the more important buildings. Perhaps the most impressive ruin at Angkor is the great temple which rises about a hundred feet. The stairways leading to the summit are guarded by lions, cobras, and other animals. The temple is especially imposing by moonlight, when the brilliance of the tropical night floods the great stones with an added glory.

The future of Cambodia, as of the other states of Indo-China, rests with the French influence in the country. Were it weakened or relaxed, the occupation of Indo-China by the Communist forces from China would be a foregone conclusion. One more satellite state would be added to the orbit of Russian expansion in Asia. The "Rice Bowl," already held out as a bait to the Chinese forces massed along the northern boundary of the country, would be the lodestar guiding the forces of Communism to that rich prize. Fortified with unlimited supplies for their troops, there would be nothing to prevent the irruption of the Communists through South-East Asia. Siam, together with Burma, the latter already disrupted with internecine strife, would fall like ripe apples; Malaya would be in even greater danger than at present. India, where Communist activities are at the present day a serious menace to the stability of the country, would be seriously threatened. On French resistance to Communism, encouraged and strengthened by her Western Allies, rests the sole hope of calling a check to Communist aggression in South-East Asia. It is to be hoped that this serious aspect of the situation may be realised before it is too late.

LIEUT.-COL. H. E. CROCKER.

TOTALITARIANISM AND COWARDICE

SOcialism is not a political but a moral principle. Its task is essentially the granting of equal chances for all, the providing of adequate security for the individual, against adversities, old age, etc., and guarantees against the exploitation by a few, or by monopolies; and it can be fulfilled, as far as human foibles permit, at least as perfectly under a "capitalist" as under a Marxist régime. In view of those human foibles, probably even much more perfectly; for the stimulus of personal, not necessarily and exclusively material, additional benefit of individual particular effort or gifts increases the "social product" in comparison with that of a levelled, regimented and directed society, and thereby the "distributable" wealth accessible to all.

Any doctrinaire doubts as to the truth of this assertion should be dispelled by a simple comparison of the figures shown as results of Soviet Russia's four Five-Year Plans, a quarter century's effort at proving the superiority of a planned Marxist economy, with those of the allegedly

TOTALITARIANISM AND COWARDICE

doomed and decaying capitalist countries. Such considerable progress as there is—bought at the expense of widespread misery, slave labour, human lives and happiness—lags far behind that of each and all of the nations addicted to free enterprise; not excluding those which have suffered the setback of World War II to the same or a greater degree than Soviet Russia. In fact, it seems that Socialism—as a political doctrine integrated with the rule of democracy—has by now fulfilled its true mission of awakening the obtuse, the irresponsible, and of inspiring the weaker partners of the economic and political process with the consciousness of their strength by union.

As with all human institutions, the contrast between the two schools of thought does not lie in their doctrine, their formulated theses, but in elementary trends of the human character they imperfectly represent. Mankind essentially consists of two categories, the adventurous and the apprehensive. The adventurer relies on his personal gifts and faculties, is inspired by faith, or strength, or adaptability, to take risks in order to win success, to overcome competition—in brief: to enjoy life. The other distrusts his own faculties, and, no less desirous of participating in what life has to give to mankind, wishes to receive his share from a higher authority securing it for him, even at the price of its limitation to an inextensible minimum. Our, the individualist's world (for that, not the "capitalistic" apparatus is its true and essential foundation) is based and developed upon the adventurer's exploits and example. All progress, discovery, invention, experiment, every sociological or political change, is the result of "adventure," of personal courage and risk, inspired and inspiring by virtue of its having faced obstacles, however often they may have proved unsurmountable. The reward, seldom if ever granted by the community, society, the State, the "nettle," grasped by the daring hand, is a material one only accessorially: the success itself, the accomplished, self-set task is the highest price of courage.

The Communist world is suppressing this essential human trend, denies its value, for the individual as well as for the common weal yet, not quite unconscious of its existence and its elementary power, perverts it into another facade of serfdom: by forcing it into the servile and abject activities of the spy, the provocateur, the Stakhanovist, the slave-driver, the Secret Police, and by granting to its performers, together with a party political "élite," spurious honours and carefully-dosed advantages. The result is the gradual disappearance of human courage—in its essential and elementary form, although its mere physical variant, bravery, may subsist, or, under the influence of coarsening and dulling regimentation, even increase. For it is not courage, as a moral quality, which makes human masses rush to their doom under orders and the menace of punishment, or which extracts superhuman efforts from their muscles and nerves; it is stupidity, or at best, stoicism nurtured by a deadening levelling of their brains, elimination of their self-responsibility and rousing of their animal instincts as against any former transcendent ethics or beliefs. There is no such thing as "blind courage": if blind, it is mere foolhardiness, as far removed from true, human courage as is faith from superstition.

With this fundamental difference between a world basing its order upon the value, and accordingly the voluntary effort of the individual,

and another mechanised and mechanistic one degrading the individual to a cog in the wheels of a gigantic machinery, and without value by itself, without hope of a transcendent future, and with a responsibility reaching no farther than the infinitesimal fraction allocated to it by authority, the question presents itself as to their respective values. Objectively, either of these fundamentally different concepts might be justified. It might be better to share the comparative security of being ordered to do this or that, to carry out a certain task within the huge productive machine, to live and to die according to plans and statistics, than to struggle on one's own, to run risks, and to have ups and downs according to one's own gifts and inclinations; it would certainly be better for an ox or a moron, both of whose chances of surmounting the obstacles of life are non-existent. But then oxen and morons are hardly contributing towards humanity's progress and productivity as can and, given the proper impulse, does nearly every human being striving towards success, or saddled with the responsibility for its dependants.

Neither the dialectics of Bolshevism nor the apologists of Western democracy seem to have paid attention to this question. They have, respectively, insisted upon the economic aspect of their alternate system; upon the validity or fallacy of the Marxian theories of exploitation, concentration, surplus value, collapse, etc.; they have hurled at each other the "service-motive" and the "profit-motive," the (allegedly) class-less and the class-society inviting ascent, the educational and moral values of property as against the pride of "proletarianism." But they have not examined the, so it seems, conclusive problem of the human quality as to which even between these two widely-separated camps there exists conformity of appreciation: courage, and the respective influence upon its development, of both their theses. *Fors juvat audaces.* The old wisdom that courage provokes success is no less valid within the Bolshevik than in the Western world; yet Bolshevism eradicates this essentially individual trait with every step, in every phase of its whole system.

Consciously and intentionally it does so, in order to prevent the rise of men sufficiently independent in their opinions to become critics of the totalitarian state, and potential rebels against its absolute rule; accessorially it produces the same result by squeezing 200 million people or more into the strait-jacket of a completely elaborated mechanism regulating their lives and activities from the cradle to the grave, and stunting their personal initiative to the point of blind obedience, and of branding as "deviationism," deadly sin within the curious code of Soviet justice, any attempt at holding a personal, non-conformist opinion. It afflicts its rulers as well as its subjects, since the eternal repetition of their claim of their doctrine's infallibility seems to blind them to the true nature of happenings in the outside world. Unable to see that a difference of opinion or of specific interests between persons, groups or nations, may go hand in hand with their respective esteem, and even friendship, they misconstrue such indications of healthy competition, result of self-reliance and courage, into indications of impending sanguinary internecine strife—as did Stalin and his pupil, Malenkov, during the latest Communist Party Congress. Finally, it stirs up all the inferior, disreputable motives within the human soul normally checked by the harsh and lofty exigences of courage,

together with love, the most potent of moral stimuli.

It is not a matter of national or racial qualities. Russians—to say nothing of Poles, Czechs, etc., who proved their indomitable courage by keeping alive the flame of their love of independence through centuries of oppression—have shown courage of the highest kind as Polar explorers and sailor-adventurers, as fighters against Tsarist misrule and cruelty, as poets and thinkers in opposition to an authority with the most severe stranglehold over body and mind, and often enough as its deliberate martyrs. Thus, the loss of that courage, the abject submission to a "monolithic" structure, moral, intellectual and material, is obviously the result of indoctrination enforced by, now, a lifetime of a lastly inhuman, ant-heap system of totalitarianism, with the hangman as the last instance for the solution of man's eternal question.

For that question is not a social or a material one, important as they are. Its answer cannot be replaced by the satisfaction, or the reproval, of a political authority, however powerful, the distribution of its decorations and premiums, and the infliction of its punishments. It means aping the remorse of human conscience when this "highest" authority forces its subjects at fault to make public confessions of guilt and error, to accept penalties up to the supreme one as a just retribution for their having infringed upon a dictated doctrine on paper. This, for the normal feelings of free men disgusting procedure, while depriving the victims and minions of a man-made, man-ruled universe, of the last trace of personality and self-respect, saps—and is meant to sap—from the whole of the people under Bolshevik discipline such sparks of humane, or divine, courage as even under that rule may still lurk in some half-forgotten corner of their innermost self. It is that which beats, by far, the strictest, most self-effacing discipline of what, for lack of a more striking example we used to call Prussianism; for even that left untouched the individual's conscience when exacting the implicit sacrifice of his personal actions.

The crowning ignominy of that procedure is—as with many other traits of Bolshevik totalitarianism—the application of our, the Greco-Roman, Christian, Western established terminology for exactly the inverse of its true meaning. As with "democracy" for a monomarchic or oligarchic dictatorship, "equality" for a scale of wages varying (apart from a far more wealthy élite) between about £12 and £250 a month in buying power, such extorted or drug-produced confessions in public are described as acts of courage, of a supreme, self-denying moral valour provoked, and provokable, only under the heartening influence of the Bolshevik credo. That human dignity is an inherent, inseparable corollary of courage, has been overlooked by the makers and apostles of that credo, and is, perhaps, the most fundamental and profound rift which separates their world from ours. For it separates our words from reaching each other, it forces us to see their ideology and the structure erected upon it, whatever its material accomplishments may be in the future, as the results of a philosophy of cowardice.

Cowardice of the individual forced to reject all personal responsibility and initiative upon the machine of the State, or the Party, to give up all thought and speculation of his own, and to confine his risks to that minute fraction entrusted to him by superiors. Cowardice of State and State-

running Party preventing their teeming millions from holding, or developing individual ideas or exercising their democratic birthrights, and dominating them, under the power over life and death held by one man, or a small group of accomplices, by way of spies, provocateurs, labour camps, etc., with an ever-menacing knout. Cowardice of the nation as such, forced by this very crack in its moral armour to fence its people in against the outside world, to prevent it from learning about other peoples' aspirations, creeds and accomplishments, and to misrepresent them systematically for fear of their example rekindling the flame of human courage among subjects of Bolshevism. And cowardice finally among the latter's prophets and rulers themselves, forced to surround their slavishly praised and admired persons with innumerable bodyguards, spies, armoured walls, unknown among those of free men—because, after destroying their most valuable human asset, courage, one may never know what robots might do.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

ANTIQUATED PRISONS

DURING 1953 the Prison Commission hope to start work on the building of two new training prisons and two new Borstal Institutions. This is a beginning of reform, but in fact in order to provide adequate accommodation at least seven new prisons, each holding 700 persons, are required. The present prison population of over 25,000 men and women is the highest figure for over sixty years. All these convicted persons have to spend their days and nights sleeping, eating, working for a short time, attending educational classes for the few, and idling for the many, in buildings which are for the most part antiquated. Some are well over a hundred years old, and are so obsolete in design and equipment that it is difficult, if not impossible, to carry out properly all the modern ideas of reforming criminals by corrective training, or safeguarding the community by sentences of preventive detention. These and other new methods are in theory now being applied in accordance with the provisions of the Criminal Justice Act of 1948. The main lines of this legislation were laid down by Sir Samuel Hoare, now Lord Templewood, at the Home Office in 1937 and 1938, but the war held up the best-laid plans, and in many directions set back prison reform. We have today a long way to go, for too many prisons, condemned over a period of years, are still occupied. In Scotland, for example, the recent report of the Select Committee on Estimates recommended the closing without delay of Duke Street Prison in Glasgow and Kirkwall Prison in the Orkneys.

In our present antiquated prisons it is almost impossible to train those who have committed a variety of offences so that they may become self-supporting citizens. In too many cases we are training men and women in habits of idleness. Not long ago in the local prison at Oxford I saw corridors outside the cells crowded with young men, many on remand, sitting with nothing to do, some smoking, some trying to read, but the majority obviously bored and uncomfortable. There is such over-

crowding that during the spring of 1953 some 4,500 male prisoners will be spending all night and a good part of the day, three together in a cell originally designed for only one person. Remembering the small size and the air space of a prison cell, and the probable conversation among three men who have to spend 13½ hours out of 24 without any work of any kind locked in their cells, it is obvious that our present system prison is often a training in idleness and not in industry.

Owing to lack of supervisory staff, and lack of appropriate employment, the average working week in our prisons is only 18 hours. At the time that the Criminal Justice Act of 1948 was passed into law, the present overcrowding was not so acute. Today there are over 2,000 more prisoners sleeping three in a cell than there were when the Franklin Committee on Punishments in Prisons and Borstals reported in June, 1951. Although penal servitude is abolished, and hard labour is a thing of the past, overcrowding has caused fresh evils. Persistent offenders are being sentenced to periods of "corrective training" or "preventive detention," but where they are all to go is a headache for the Prison Commissioners and for the governors who have to try and deal with them in prisons, many of which were built over a hundred years ago. Dartmoor, for example, dates from the time of the Napoleonic wars. Though, of course, much has been done to improve conditions, the sanitary and washing provisions leave much to be desired. Pentonville, when erected 110 years ago in a London suburb, was regarded as a model. It is now so overcrowded that many prisoners convicted in London have had to be sent to local prisons like Lewes. Most English prisons are copies of Pentonville. The plan is that of a giant starfish, with halls radiating out from the centre. In each hall are tiers of cells. The average size of a cell in a local prison is 13 ft. by 7 ft. by 9 ft. wide. There are slightly smaller cells in some convict prisons. On each landing there is a recess in which there is a sink and one or two water closets, which serve the needs of the occupants of twenty or more adjacent cells. Recently, after I lectured in an English prison, there was a lively discussion on the sanitary conditions in our prisons. Several men who had been prisoners of war in German, French or Italian prisons, strongly argued in favour of continental conditions.

In Spain, for example, the prison at Barcelona, which at one time was described in some British newspapers as if it was an inferno, is equipped in a way that cannot be found in any prison in the British Isles. In each cell there is running water and a w.c. I am told by a prison governor that in one of the Belgian prisons there are recesses in the cells with a basin with hot and cold water and a toilet. Many may think that the conditions in Spain and Belgium have swung too much to the extremes of humane treatment. However this may be, the Pentonville type of prison is badly planned, hopelessly antiquated to modern ideas, and is unsuitable for both exercise and industry. Last Christmas Day, after attending a moving service in the prison chapel, I saw the men going for fresh air and exercise in a procession round and round concrete paths. Many of the workshops in the older prisons were originally designed to house treadmills, and have only been adapted with much difficulty as places for making mail bags, mending shoes, and carpentry. Among reforms suggested on

the industrial side are improved methods of placing contracts, and the provision of modern machinery and equipment in the workshops. The Select Committee on Estimates, which recently examined conditions in prisons, mainly from the point of view of preventing waste of public money, has recommended the sewing of mail bags by hand should only be permitted when it is impossible to supply prisoners with more constructive work.

It has also to be remembered that under existing conditions officers are being set an almost hopeless task when convicted persons of all types, physically, mentally and morally, are mixed up together. Brave attempts are made at classification and segregation of the worst types, but to do this effectively for over 25,000 prisoners would need more buildings. An example of the need can be taken from the report of the Select Committee. This quoted the evidence given by Governors and Prison Commissioners that the removal at recurrent intervals of the trouble-makers in each prison would benefit discipline out of all proportion to the numbers involved. These trouble-makers are a recognised medical type known as "aggressive psychopaths." The Committee recommended that, as soon as building restrictions can be lifted, urgent consideration should be given to the advisability of providing a separate prison or prisons for psychopathic trouble-makers. We must, however, keep all these questions in proportion. The wave of crime in this country is not an affliction which has fallen upon the British Isles only in the world. In New York the rise in crime has been much steeper than in London. Nor would it be fair to attribute the increase in prison population to the Act of 1948, which indeed provides for much heavier punishment for hardened offenders than in the past. We live in a world that has had many moral values shattered by two world wars, and in almost every country temptations are offered to the dishonest owing to shortage of goods and high prices. The remedy cannot be found solely in the re-introduction of corporal punishment, for which the Judges are pressing, at any rate until adequate prisons and Borstals are available, nor would it be true to blame all crime upon bad homes. Most magistrates in Juvenile Courts have experience of extremely naughty children who come from well-to-do homes, where both parents have tried hard to do their duty. But, of course, the majority of cases come from unsatisfactory homes.

The arguments for or against corporal punishment are outside the scope of this article, which deals with prison slums, and it is certainly not possible in limited space to attempt to analyse the many causes of crime in its various forms. We can, however, with confidence realise that the main problems are fully understood by those in authority. Steps are already being taken to ease the present overcrowding, and to provide for more classification of offenders. There are now 18 Borstal institutions for young men, and two more "Secure" Boys' Borstals of 150 each are planned. The first of the new training prisons will be in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and should be completed by about 1957. A search is also being made for a suitable site for a second training prison, possibly in the North of England or Scotland. There are plans for taking over five ex-Service camps, each containing about 200 men. The success of the pioneer work at Wakefield Prison, which *The Times* described as "an

experimental laboratory with the unconfirmed criminal as its raw material," has encouraged the provision of more "open" prisons, in spite of the natural objections of the civil population in the districts chosen. I spent some time on a camp a few miles away from Wakefield, where some selected prisoners from the closed prison live in huts and work on about 200 acres of land. There the men learnt more personal responsibility than they could within prison walls. Lads at the North Sea Camp near Boston (of which I gave a full description in *Chamber's* before the war) are reclaiming some 600 acres of the salt marshes on the edge of the Wash. There in the bitterest winter weather they have carried out work of real value, and made themselves strong and fit. For selected men and lads an active life in a camp is better than an idle life in a cell. New institutions, too, are being provided for juveniles. One of these has already been opened near Oxford intended for boys from fourteen to sixteen years of age. Another centre will shortly be opened in Kent. Here is no soft treatment, for the lads are being kept hard at work all day, and there is no loosening up.

We are going through a difficult period. So many boys who were fourteen when bombing started in London are now men of twenty-seven, and many, who learnt commando methods in the war, have found that they can make money easily by applying violence in civilian life. This pressure has come at a time when we have not been able to build the new prisons and Borstals that were planned twenty years ago, and when the prison service is not attracting an adequate number of recruits in England and Wales. Curiously enough, there is no shortage of prison officers in Scotland. The provision of new buildings and of more staff will, of course, mean heavier public expenditure. But as Lord Templewood, Home Secretary in 1938, said recently, "the hard facts must be faced." The community, particularly if it is planning the Welfare State, must calculate the cost of crime both to the State and to the individual. Lord Templewood concluded: "If we are to cope with waves of crime such as that through which we are passing, we must find the money, the men, and the buildings that are necessary for the country's protection."

B. S. TOWNROE.

MY DISCOVERY OF FINLAND

THE startling proximity of Soviet Russia impinges upon the consciousness immediately one sets foot in Finland—indeed, sooner. The newcomer need not wait to see those coloured photographs of Moscow's latest ballet, or Leningrad's current opera, displayed with such objective impartiality in brightly-lit windows off the *Rautatientori*, or great Station Square, in Helsinki, nor the arrival of the weekly train from Leningrad. For even as the Stockholm steamer approaches the quayside at Turku, he will discern above the Customs shed, after the Finnish, Swedish, and English equivalents, the Russian sign "*Tamozka*." Once when travelling from Bucharest to Constanza before the war, I had been but a few hours distant from the then Soviet

frontier, but this single word brought a much vividder and more immediate realisation of the nearness of that measureless and menacing East with its teeming inarticulate millions which now looms with so sinister a portent before the consciousness of the world.

At Turku (the Swedish Åbo), too, one discovers that the train for Helsinki will travel for an hour and a half through the Soviet-controlled Porkkala province of some 140 square miles, distant only twelve miles from the capital, which journey the Finns have dubbed "the longest tunnel in Europe." Here a Russian driver, with a Russian engine, takes over, and Red Army guards seal the train and obscure the windows so that passengers can see nothing during transit across the fertile region that Finland was forced to lease for fifty years under the Armistice terms signed at Moscow on September 19th, 1944. And from lakeside summer homes here of Helsinki business men Soviet motor-boat patrols can be seen coasting along by a curtain of stakes beyond which yachts and canoes may not penetrate. "We don't know what is going on there," I was told as I gazed on the beautiful and seemingly peaceful scene one sunny afternoon in August, from the summit of a huge outcrop of primæval rock; "sometimes at night we hear them singing, and at other times deep explosions—but the forest hides everything." After leaving Mariehamn, in the Åland islands—last refuge of the ocean-going sailing ships—the s.s. *Regin* had steamed through the archipelago, with islands, many of them treeless and uninhabited, as in the Ice Age. The dawn had risen greyly, but presently, when our destination was in sight, the sun had broken through, and it was then that I witnessed an idyllic scene that remains fast in my memory. As we steamed past a substantial summer home on a rocky islet, some French windows opened and a young woman emerged, wearing a vivid blue dressing-gown or wrap, and accompanied by two flaxen-haired children, a boy and a girl. Where the slope of rock fell away to the sea, she discarded her wrap, and, drawing her nightgown over her head, stood poised for a moment against the grey stone, old as the earth, before plunging into the wine-dark water and splashing about in the now increasing distance with all her might. It was a Zorn come to life! Summer in the North has "so brief a date," only two and a half months, that prudery finds no place in the Scandinavian pantheistic worship of sun, sea and blue sky.

Turku, second largest town and the capital of Finland until 1821 and seat of the Archbishop, boasts one of the finest cathedrals in Scandinavia, founded two centuries later than Lund, but quite as imposing to my mind as that astonishing eleventh century essay in Northern Romanesque. As the bus skirted its massive red-brick tower, with the castle opposite in which the afflicted Eric IV of Sweden had died of poison administered by his guards, and tended by the devoted Catherine Mansdotter, his "White Queen," I meditated upon the First Crusade, as it is termed, of the other Swedish Eric, the Saint, who, with Bishop Henry, an Englishman, first brought Christianity to the Finnish; on their relapse into paganism, and the subsequent attempt by the Orthodox Church to implant its brand of Catholicism among the sturdy descendants of those legendary tribes which had come from the south a thousand years earlier hunting and fur-trading.

Today this struggle for a nation's soul is epitomised in the capital itself by the *Suurkirkko*, or Great Church, and the huge, onion-domed Upenski Cathedral, built a decade later, in 1868, which surmounts an enormous rock escarpment two hundred yards beyond, overlooking the main harbour. The sun was shining palely from a grey sky as I climbed the steep slope to the latter on the Sunday of my arrival, and, pushing through a curtained door, found myself inside a bright, indeed brilliant and spacious interior which momentarily evoked a recollection of St. Sophia. But here, in place of antique columns from Magna Graecia and an immense dome and apsis, there was merely space, space relieved by a few big icons flanked by flowers and burning candles, and, in front, a low flight of steps to the triform reredos characteristic not only of Greek Orthodox churches, but also of the Coptic church from which, possibly, it derives. People were beginning to trickle in as if for a service, and I had not been standing within for more than a few minutes when a young woman in pale blue costume and close-fitting grey hat with white veil, and carrying a large bouquet, entered with a young-looking soldier, and, gazing into my eyes, addressed an excited question to me in Finnish. "I am sorry," I said, not knowing if she would understand, "I'm English," to which she at once replied, with a quiet smile, "Oh, I'm sorry too," then placing a hand on her escort's arm, she drew him towards a lectern placed below the altar steps. Presently a priest wearing full canonicals emerged from a door and commenced chanting from a large missal, while the tuneful voice of a woman rose and fell in passionate, unaccompanied song. It was an Orthodox wedding, and I glanced around as relatives and friends grouped themselves at the back to follow the fateful ceremony. Nearby stood two smart Finnish soldiers with their wives or fiancées, gazing on with quiet mien and serious expression. They had the misty grey eyes and whiteish hair of the typical male inhabitant of *Suomi*, and a shy demeanour that belied their Teutonic aspect, for Finnish military uniforms bear a resemblance to the German. After the blessing, they walked with soldierly precision across the chairless and pewless floor to shake hands with their comrade and his blushing bride, who gave them the radiant smile she had turned upon me.

An hour later—a vastly different scene, inside the Great Lutheran Church, which rears above an immense flight of broad steps that bestow upon it something of the appearance of a Greek temple—the Concord Temple at Agrigento, for example—or of a symmetrical iceberg.* There were line upon line of long enclosed pews filled with worshippers, with occupied chairs right down the central aisle. The lofty white walls were innocent of sacred pictures, and their long windows, without a pane of stained glass. The whole crowded scene was reminiscent of some seventeenth century Dutch church "Interior" in the Rijks Museum or the Mauritshuis. However much the Reformation may be deplored in these days of spiritual and temporal disunity and disorder (and a cultured Swedish friend roundly declared to me in Stockholm that Luther "was the greatest disaster in European history"), no visitor finding himself

*"Scoresby himself actually witnessed a mass of ice, the size of a cathedral, thunder down into the sea from a height of 400 feet."—*Letters from High Latitudes*, Lord Dufferin; Everyman Edition, p. 183.

a part of so immense and devout a congregation could fail to be moved by their sincerity and singleness of worship. The multitude of voices rose in massed harmonies in the hymns, followed by a deep hush during prayers or the pastoral addresses, one of which lasted an hour! As once when listening to a Basque Franciscan in the parish church at Fuenterrabia, so now I could make out only a few words in the torrent of solemn Finnish—"Judas" I caught, and "Jerusalem"—but here too the impassioned eloquence of the speaker was indicative enough of his message, that David must not "sell out" to Goliath, but struggle with might and main to retain the free life of mind, body and spirit. ("We would rather die," solemnly declared to me later the wife of a Helsinki editor in the water-coach in which we were fellow-passengers to Vehoniemi—"we would rather die than submit.")

Except for a small boy standing between relatives, not one member left until the two-hours' service was over.

What splendid types they were, those men and women who had withstood without squealing or a moan, in proud self-confidence and noble fortitude the armed might of their terrible and relentless neighbour! And the cost?—10 per cent. of their territory taken, and 13 per cent. of the national resources; 85,000 dead on the field; 30,000 widows, 50,000 orphans, 50,000 men permanently disabled, out of a population of four millions. The cruel reparations ("they should really have paid us," whimsically declared a Finnish girl at a cocktail party to me recently in London) of 300 million dollars (at the international level of 1938) was paid,* and every other national and international debt nobly honoured.

Helsinki, although imposing and impressive, is architecturally restrained and quiet in aspect. Copenhagen bares her gay and friendly heart as soon as you step out of Central station, or disembark at Langelinie; Oslo deludes with a first impression of drabness and provinciality, which only closer acquaintance can banish; and Stockholm, amid her waters and forests, is superbly conscious of her lyrical beauty and natural charm. Helsinki, on the other hand, is stately, passionless, withdrawn, which doubtless was the object of C. L. Engel, who designed the classic heart of the old city. The Slav architectural trends render the first view of the President's Palace (formerly the Russian Governor's residence), the immense Swedish Legation (formerly the palace of the Swedish Governor), the Bank of Finland, and the University, most memorable to one previously wedded in affection to more exuberant Southern styles. In these wind from the steppes, the breath of the Neva and the Volga. Neither the Atheneum State Art Gallery, in the immense Station Square, with its noble Aaltona statue of Alexis Kivi, poet and novelist, who died in tragic poverty at 37, nor the National Museum situated on the broad and ceremonial Mannerheim Avenue, are noteworthy from an architectural point of view, although their contents are rewarding enough, for the former, which I toured under the guidance of the Director, Professor

*The delivery of a barge built at the Valmet shipyard in Helsinki and of the *Zarija*, a special anti-magnetic schooner, brought to an end the eight-year task of paying war reparations to the Soviet Union. Shipments in so-called "war reparations dollars" have been completed representing a sum of 700 million U.S. dollars.—*Finlandia Pictorial*, October, 1952.

Aarre Heinonen, himself a fine artist and present Rector of the State Academy Art School, contains the most representative collection of paintings and sculptures by Finnish artists, and many interesting examples of foreign schools (there is an exquisite Van Gogh), and in the latter some early church decoration and peasant interiors of great historical importance.

After the *Suurkirkko* the two buildings which command immediate attention are the magnificent railway station, the masterpiece of Finland's greatest architect, Eliel Saarinen, and the fine Parliament Building on the Mannerheimintie, which adorns the capital as the Royal Palace does Stockholm. This Helsinki terminus is one of the most remarkable structures in Europe, the sombre shade of the granite adding strikingly to the dramatic effect of the massive tower. In the Parliament Building there is an interesting return to classicism, with a wide flight of steps leading up to the fourteen high Doric columns masking the entrance, and interior flights of stairs and rooms and halls of a dazzling marble whiteness. The Diet itself, scene of momentous and critical parliamentary deliberations, is likewise of outstanding impressiveness, and I suppose is the only single Chamber in the world where the voting is recorded by each member pressing one of two electric buttons at his desk, signifying affirmation or dissent, the result being flashed a moment later on an illuminated glass panel above the tribune, beside five symbolical gilt statues by Waino Aaltonen. What a saving of time compared to filing into lobbies!

"Man's home reflects his personality," said the excellent little guide in English to the Mannerheim Museum in the now fashionable diplomatic quarter, the home for thirty years of Baron Gustaf Mannerheim, Marshal of Finland and President of the Republic 1944-46, who commanded the Finnish forces in the three wars, the War of Liberation in 1919, the Winter War of 1939-40, and the luckless Second Campaign. The house, reminiscent in a curious way of Marbacka, the former home of Selma Lagerlof in Swedish Varmland, is simple and unpretentious, far less imposing than the average country manor. But some of its contents are of international interest, such as the bedroom containing the narrow camp-bed Mannerheim used in his campaigns, and a black table from Peking bearing a collection of Buddhas, the largest of which he carried on the pommel of his saddle during his phenomenal Asian journeyings, when he covered no less than 8,750 miles on horseback! Almost opposite the museum stands the new Soviet Embassy, the grandiose "Palace of Marble" erected at Finnish expense to the designs of Russian architects—a vast square structure of fantastic dimensions, intended, I was informed, to house the entire Embassy staff and their families and servants.

It was in a car while proceeding round one of Finland's sixty thousand lakes that I was introduced to Senator O. V. Lonhivnoti, seventy-year-old Rector of a Technical College, and one of the original members of the Finnish Government which declared the country a republic in 1919. With the genial head of the Press Division of the Finnish Foreign Ministry, I visited the Senator's summer home, where his war-widowed daughter, a noted singer, graciously sang something of Sibelius. The family "sauna," that almost mystical Finnish rite, was being prepared in the

sauna-hut outside by a smiling servant, and I was sorry not to have had the opportunity of being "steamed" in sub-tropical heat for an hour with the children, and beaten with the legendary birch-leaf-whisk.*

The scene shifts to another summer home, built from logs from the surrounding woods, and situated not far from the ordinary white timber bridge across which it is thought Pontecorvo may have been driven with his family into the Soviet zone (a Finnish sentry patrols one end and a Red Army soldier the other). At this log-built home in that lonely countryside, where refugee Karelian farmers have been settled, I was the only foreign guest at the fortieth birthday anniversary of our host, a former staff captain, now secretary of a leading cellulose company. As we drank our *snaps* and wine and partook of the good fare provided by his charming wife, who had worked at the Finnish Legation in London, he retailed some war memories. "One day," he said, "I was in a forest dug-out with some of my ski-regiment when the radio announcement came that Britain had declared war on us. A peasant conscript, his face grimed with weariness and a three-days' beard, rose and moving towards the exit quietly remarked, 'Well, now that we are to fight gentlemen, I must have a shave'! . . . There was never any bitterness against Britain here.

"I saw thirty-six Russian divisions annihilated," he continued, "thirty-six!—the number of hours we were in negotiation with the Soviet Armistice delegates!" In 1943 he had been sent to Germany and the Danubian States, and upon returning had predicted the certain defeat of the Axis Powers.

The names of Hameenlinna, where Sibelius attended school, Aulanko, where there is a luxury hotel amid idyllic surroundings, and Vehoniemi, beautiful-sounding as a Polynesian name, had rung in my ears for days. To the first, two hours away by train, I proceeded one morning to board the capacious "water-coach" that cruises for five hours through lakes and canals, and by dense primaeval forests and modern cellulose mills to its destination, lovely Vehoniemi, situated amid deep woods of birch and *pihlaja*, mountain ash, then heavily weighted with their red berries, high above a typical landscape of forested islets. Sunshine was pouring down for a change as the compact little vessel edged out into the stream and glided towards Aulanko, the first stop, and the remainder of that memorable journey beneath blue sky and woolpack clouds passed for me in a delightful content as we crossed lake after lake, negotiated an occasional lock, and concluded the final stage of the "cruise" to the last landing-stage and the small hotel standing at the head of a steep flight of a hundred and fifty steps leading down to a silent lakeside.

"Musing there an hour alone," gazing across the placid waters to the floating islets of the Saima Lake district and the brooding forests of Kangasala and Roine, how well I seemed to fathom the haunting symphonies of the great Sibelius, those saga-like recitals in subdued harmonics of the Kalevala myths, and legendary origins of a beloved homeland. ("Once, when he was composing," the great Finnish sculptor Waina Aaltonen, who did the superb head in marble of the composer now in

*"The sauna was a place for the worship of the dead, who were supposed to return gladly, even after death, to so pleasant a place."—*Sauna, the Finnish Bath*, by H. J. Viherjuuri, Helsinki.

the Atheneum Gallery, said to me two days later in his Helsinki studio, "I observed Sibelius to be gravely disturbed and his ears reddening at the persistent singing of a bird—such is the degree of his aural sensitivity.")

Rain was falling in Tampere, "the Manchester of Finland," when I arrived there by road. Under the guidance of a friendly woman station executive who spoke some English, I made a round walk in the town before taking the fast morning train back to the capital. The church, a massive modern structure situated in some gardens, was closed, so I crossed the bridge flanked by Aaltonen's over-life-size bronze figures of workers, and strolled along the river to the great falls which provide the power for the famed Tammerfors industries. Bordering the path by the bright flower-filled gardens there was a line of gaunt, primordial rocks, whose hard stone had been holed or worn away into fantastic shapes by the operation of water through aeons of time. They seemed strangely familiar, why I could not fathom until, bending closer to inspect one holed and worn glacial specimen, a name suddenly flashed into my mind—Henry Moore. Yes, they were nature's "imitations" of Henry Moore's "Ice-Age" sculptures!

In the train restaurant-car I sat opposite a friendly "musiker" Jorma Ikavalko, whose home, he explained, had been in Vipuri, the Karelian town whose purely Finnish inhabitants had crossed the new frontier in a body when Russia collared it under the Armistice terms. Throughout the Winter War Ikavalko said he had fought as a ski-trooper machine-gunner. "Ya-ya," he exclaimed, in reply to my importunate questionings, "we mowed them down like grass, but they still came on, and still they fell—in long human swathes. It was horrible!" Then he wrote down some phrases he thought might be useful:

Tahti : Beer.

Hyvää päivää : Good-day.

Hyvää Iltaa : Goodafternoon.

Hyvää yötä : Goodnight.

Olkaahyvä : Please.

Kiitos paljou : Thank you.

Minne sinä menet? Where do you go?

Minämenen Helsinkiin : I go to Helsingfors.

adding the Finnish for "I love you," which, however, for discretion's sake I suppose, I see I have blacked out. Would I had not done it so thoroughly—I might want to use it some time, not so much for its obvious purpose, although the inspiration for that is not lacking, not at all, but to direct the phrase towards heroic, modest, exemplary, beautiful Finlandia! and to its stubborn, hardy, individualistic, enduring, independent, and freedom-loving people.

S. F. A. COLES.

WHITHER INDONESIA

THOUGH Indonesia was well known to the people of Holland before the days of their foremost Administrator there, Jan Pieterzoon Coen, in the year 1618 (the United East India Company was formed in 1602), it is even now, after a lapse of centuries, little known to the rest of the world. This is all the more remarkable because of the size of this

insular Empire, its strategic importance, and its immense wealth. The numerous questions I have been asked about Indonesia, both in Australia and here in England, since I left there at the end of 1945, confirm the opinion I formed during my thirty-four years residence in Sumatra, that few people know much about this archipelago, which is composed of thousands of tropical islands. I have heard them described as "3000 lush volcanic islands strewn along the equator"—a good description. Known as The Netherlands East Indies before their invasion by the Japanese, Indonesia comprises 734,000 square miles with an official pre-war population of 72,000,000. (80,000,000 is now given unofficially as the figure). Its islands stretch for 3,000 miles from West to East, across the Indian Ocean and the Southern Pacific, and 1265 miles from North to South. The group is a quarter of the size of the United States of America, and of Australia. Although by no means the largest island in Indonesia, Java is the most important, and the most densely populated. Fifty million people live in Java, whereas Sumatra, second in importance, and second largest of the Indonesian group, (Borneo being the largest) had a pre-war population of only seven million—the population of Sumatra is now given as nine million—but I prefer to stick to the official Dutch pre-war figure. The area of the island is 164,148 square miles (now given as 170,000 square miles). The fifty million in Java are sitting actually on a third of the area of vast Sumatra.

In an archipelago of such stupendous dimensions, the climate of individual islands differs, but broadly speaking, it is characterised by copious rains, high temperatures and great humidity. Temperature depends more on altitude than on seasons. In Java, the average rainfall is just over 80 inches. In Borneo and Sumatra it reaches an annual average of between 10 and 12 feet! The whole archipelago can be described as outstandingly beautiful, enormously rich, and strategically, economically and politically it is the linchpin of south east Asia. At the moment it lies wide open to an invader, because the means of defence are lacking. Perhaps the most extraordinary tribute to the former Netherlands East Indies (now known to the world as Indonesia) was paid by Lieut. General Rei Kichi Tada, Doctor of Engineering in the Imperial Japanese Army, in a report to his Government, which fell into Allied hands and which is dated Tokyo, 1943. I append here an excerpt:

"Dutch exploitation of the Netherlands Indies was extremely clever. Their scientific and technical skill widely expanded communications, public works, and hygiene. In particular their scientific irrigation, right up to the mountainous regions, was calculated to make the Indies self-supporting in the production of rice. Being blessed with a favourable climate and with scientific facilities in addition, the Netherlands Indies presented no problem for food or living. The natives passed their days happily under Dutch rule. Java with an area smaller than Japan and although mountainous, supported a population of 50,000,000. The Dutch looked after the Indonesian peoples remarkably well. 60,000,000 natives were ruled over by only 200,000 Netherlands. That is, 300 natives to every Dutchman. This is no ordinary Administration! The Dutch are for the natives; they make them self-supporting, so that they lack nothing. With the help of their first-class scientific knowledge, they have developed

the Netherlands Indies, promoted the people's welfare, supplying them with food, clothing and shelter. The result is that the place may be called a paradise with a world record for density of population."

Whilst I cannot endorse everything that is contained in this official Japanese report, (Sumatra, for example, did present a food problem, and was not self-supporting), an opinion of this nature coming from an enemy source, does impress an unbiased reader. It also makes clear the present Republican Government's task, in following in the footsteps of such an old and experienced Colonial power as Holland. The greatest problem the new Government of Indonesia has had to deal with is that arising out of subversive elements within. When you consider that the population of Indonesia is made up of Javanese, Madurese, Sundanese, Balinese, Maccassares, Minahassas, Bataks, Malays, Minankabaus and Achinese, added to which there are Chinese, Indians, and Arabs living there, it is not surprising that political agreement in such a heterogeneous society is difficult; especially so, if the master hand that guides the country's destiny is inexperienced.

If this vast island group under its new Republican administration is to be the most productive and the richest in the world—as it was, and still can be—foreign capital and foreign technical skill must be forthcoming. But, quite obviously, foreigners are not going to sink capital in countries where taxation is crippling and exchange regulations crushing. Certain guarantees for efficient spending and honest administration must be vouchsafed. With the recent events in Persia as a pointer towards the trend of "backward areas," even the spectre of Communism, as an alternative to financial and technical aid, will not persuade Americans or Europeans to throw good money after bad in Indonesia or anywhere else. Americans will not readily forget the £64,000,000 or their equivalent in dollars, they have sunk in Indonesia. Nor France and Belgium the £30,000,000 they have invested between them. Britain headed the list of foreign investors in the Indies with £75,000,000. That all of them have had little or nothing from these investments since 1941 is a very grim reality. What Holland's loss has been in their former Netherlands East Indies is of course incalculable. Although the Dutch, with their long experience of the former Netherlands East Indies, and their technical experts, are a natural first choice in the restoration of prosperity in the archipelago, Holland's recent conflict with the present Indonesian Republican Government may be too fresh in the memories of both parties to allow of mutual aid and co-operation. Yet, everyone who wishes Indonesia well, must hope for such a co-operation, before it is too late—for the Dutch know the Indies as no other occidental country does.

During the time of Dutch rule, prior to the Japanese invasion, Indonesia's contributions to world requirements were very impressive. In 1940, 7,937,000 tons of crude oil were produced, and a relative quantity of derivatives including a good percentage of high Octane Spirit. This put the then Netherlands East Indies into fifth place in oil producing countries. In 1940, the Netherlands East Indies were the second largest tin producers in the world. In 1940, bauxite was produced to a tonnage of 318,958 tons and valued at £321,000 sterling. In 1940, coal and iron ore, and to a small degree, gold and silver, came out of the archipelago. As a rubber growing

country Indonesia was famous. In 1939 £27,000,000 sterling worth of rubber was exported. Half of this sum went into the pockets of native growers. In 1939, tea was exported to a value of £7,500,000 sterling. In 1940, Cinchona bark and quinine were exported to a value of £3,379,375. Add to the foregoing, palm oil at 226,047 tons; tobacco from Java alone (without the great cigar "wrapper" leaf industry of Sumatra) amounting to 18,400,000 lbs. in cigarettes and cigars, and 7,120,000 lbs. of manufactured tobacco; sugar, coffee, copra, gambir (for leather tanning) and kapok. In 1940, 140,000,000 yards of woven fabrics constituted the combined output of native and modern looms. The Netherland Indies also produced electric bulbs, petrol lighters, cutlery, hardware, earthenware, furniture, sun-shades, leather goods, canned goods and beer. Mineral water, ice, chocolate, biscuits, glassware, precision tools, cement and engineering products were all made in Indonesia. Nor was the assembly of motor cars, manufacture of rubber tyres, munitions, even ship-building, beyond the scope of this extraordinary group of islands. "Nothing but the best" was the aim of all Netherlands Indies producers. The history of the sugar industry there, their oil palm cultivation, rubber growing, tea, coffee and cinchona, showed such a spirit of enterprise and doggedness, blended with scientific research, that it was no wonder that "Netherlands Indies produced" was the hallmark of quality. The words of the late Dr. G. H. C. Hart, former Director of Economics in Java, epitomize this spirit:

"One cannot gather coffee or tea or sugar or rubber by planting one's walking stick in the ground and sitting down to watch it blossom and bear fruit. Many decades of strenuous work, courageous and careful planning, of standing up against insuperable odds; literally, grimly, starkly: blood, sweat and tears have gone into the soil of the Indies; enormous capitals have been invested and lost, to make it the world's storehouse that it has become. It has been a man's job, not a curio collector's." That is the example that has been set the present rulers of Indonesia. It rests with them and their people whether they follow it or not. They stand at the cross roads. The one I have indicated leads to democratic liberty—the other, through factional conflict and the law of the jungle to Communism.

G. P. G. THOMSON.

SOME ASPECTS OF JANE AUSTEN

THE collecting and editing of Jane Austen's letters, chiefly her correspondence with her sister Cassandra, by Dr. R. W. Chapman, in 1932, has made it easier to estimate more certainly the character and temperament of the author than had before been possible to readers of the novels, as regards people in general and children in particular. It has seldom been observed by critics that her attitude to children as depicted in her correspondence is often at variance with that expressed in her books. In the latter half of her life, and previously at Southampton, she was in constant touch with the children of her family, by personal contact as well as by correspondence, to their evident mutual pleasure and satisfaction, and it is often difficult to reconcile the loving and beloved

aunt, the correspondent of Cassandra, with that attitude towards the young which many of her books display.

Jane Austen wrote six famous novels; we may exclude *Sanditon* (unfinished) and *Lady Susan*, and in all of them, with the exception of *Pride and Prejudice*, children play a prominent part. In her delineation of the character of people, in the succinct descriptions, harshly critical, intensely observant, both in her letters and her fiction, we find the same Jane Austen. Only when we try to equate her comments upon, and relations with, the children known to her, with those of her pen, do we recognise the discrepancies between them. This anomaly, usually ignored by critics, exists as one of the chief contrasts between the correspondence of Cassandra and the novelist, a contrast so marked that we are prone to wonder if the author of the novels was sometimes purposely disguising herself, as though unwilling to admit her love of and interest in the young, which she manifests so clearly in her private letters and often contradicts so firmly in her books. Most of her letters are addressed to a dearly-loved sister, with whom she was on lines of a profound intimacy; to whom complete freedom of speech was an unquestioned prerogative, so that she felt at liberty to express opinions and sentiments which, in her books, she might choose to disguise. If this is the case, it applies only to children. Her outlook upon life, her criticisms of people, are reflected in the novels; having read her letters, we are familiar with the material of which those books are composed. Although she denied that her characters were drawn from life, they are doubtless the result of her observation and reflection, however unconscious. Both the correspondence and the novels reveal certain characteristics of the author, a critical faculty, often expressing itself in unrelieved and biting sarcasm, with no glad suffering of fools; an acid wit. "Mrs. Hall of Sherborne was brought to bed yesterday of a dead baby," she writes to Cassandra, "some weeks before she expected, owing to a fright. I suppose she happened unawares to look at her husband."* Dr. Chapman would have us remember that "young people are thoughtless." Some may more readily agree with Mr. E. M. Forster that "we may hear in this remark the whinneying of harpies." We may recall in this connection Mrs. Musgrove's "large fat sighings over the destiny of a son whom nobody cared for."†

It seems that Jane Austen's wit sometimes eclipses her more charitable propensities. Her mind was vivid, her tongue caustic and unsparing. She has sometimes been described as gentle, passive, almost meek. Nothing that we know of her warrants such an assumption. If we read her letters we are faced with a woman of quick insight, a keen observer of men and things, with perception too penetrating for illusions, too shrewd for kindness. No detail of everyday life escaped her; she saw each facet clear-cut, unembellished, undisguised in its stark reality. Age to some degree tempered the causticity of her tongue, but she was, in reality, too much of a realist to disguise or ignore the shortcomings of others, and if these qualities of hers are often absent from her letters about, or to, her young relatives, it is probably, as Miss Margaret Kennedy surmises, that, as regards her own family, she was usually more sparing of fault-finding, more tolerant of shortcomings, more patient and loving,

*Letters. Vol. I, 10.

†Persuasion.

than to people in general. It is probable that the eulogies expressed by members of her family after her death indicate the same non-critical attitude towards one of themselves, particularly when no longer among them. Although Jane Austen was no sentimentalist, criticism entered but slightly into her relations with her own people. Mr. John Bailey reminds us that "she always had a Johnsonian contempt for false sentiment," but even her remarks regarding her relatives are sometimes flavoured with pungency.

Yet, as has been said, the letters help us to observe and assess the real Jane Austen to a degree impossible before their publication. They have only to be studied to take the evident delight in and sympathy with the young to and of whom she writes. "Our little visitor has just left us, and left us highly pleased with her," she writes to Cassandra of a small niece; "she is a nice, natural, open-hearted, affectionate girl . . . so unlike anything that I was myself at her age, that I am often all astonishment and shame."* "Aunt Jane" evidently was prone to admit to a prejudice in favour of good behaviour. Again, "I called at Keppel Street and saw them all, including dear Uncle Charles who is to come and dine quietly with us today. Little Harriet sat on my lap—and seemed as gentle and affectionate as ever, and as pretty. Fanny is a fine stout girl, talking incessantly, with an interesting degree of Lisp and Indistinctness, and very likely may be the handsomest in time. That puss Cassy did not show more pleasure in seeing me than her sisters, but I expected no better. She does not shine in the tender feelings."† In another letter she remarks: "I should be very happy in the idea of seeing little Cassy again too, did I not fear she would disappoint me by some immediate disagreeableness."‡ Here we encounter Jane Austen the realist, even when writing of her small relatives.

"Charles's little girls were with us about a month, and had so endeared themselves that we were quite sorry to have them go. We have the pleasure, however, of hearing that they are thought very much improved at home—Harriet in health, Cassy in manners—the latter ought to be a very nice child—nature has done enough for her—but method has been wanting.—She will really be a very pleasing child, if they (Papa and Mama) will only exert themselves a little.—Harriet is a truly sweet-tempered little Darling."§

It is interesting to note here, in view of our later assumption, that Jane Austen evidently attributes the blame for bad behaviour to the parents rather than to the child. I am inclined to believe that much of the characterisation in her books is founded on this premise, although never candidly expressed. That her affection was warm and spontaneous there is little doubt. "Pray tell my god-daughter that I am delighted to hear of her saying her lesson so well," she writes to Cassandra in 1808. Ready sympathy is expressed for the motherless children at Godmersham Park after the death of her brother Edward's wife. "Your account of Lizzy is very interesting, poor child! One must hope the impression (probably of her mother's death) will be strong, and yet one's heart aches for a dejected mind of eight years old."¶ Even allowing for

*Letters. Vol. I, 49.

§Letters. Vol. II, 81.

†Letters. Vol. II, 106.

Letters. Vol. I, 55.

‡Letters. Vol. II, 87.

¶Letters. Vol. II, 58.

the eulogistic style of the eighteenth century in describing departed relatives, the memories of his aunt described by Harry Austen after fifty years picture her as "the delight of all her nephews and nieces." "We valued her," he writes, "as one always kind, sympathetic and amusing." He also refers to the words of one of her nieces. "As a very little girl I was always creeping up to Aunt Jane and following her whenever I could. . . Her charm to children was great sweetness of manner. She seemed to love you, and you loved her in return." It is evident that the aspects of Jane Austen's character were varied, and that to those she loved and especially to children she presented a side of her nature, hidden, in the main, from the bulk of her friends and acquaintances. So complex was she that it is difficult to determine which was the real Jane Austen among so many conflicting features. Probably, as is often the case in regard to subtle and composite personalities, she had many sides, none of which was more real, more truly the woman herself, than another.

We have quoted from her letters at sufficient length to show her attitude towards her young relations. The problem in the novels in regard to Jane Austen's attitude to children is one of much interest. In her six chief books we find, as has been said, that children figure in all of them except *Pride and Prejudice*. In *Emma* and *Northanger Abbey* they are well-behaved, well-disciplined, with parents who themselves possess such characteristics. But when we turn to the other books, we are inclined to share Elinor Dashwood's opinion "that (when at Barton Park) I can never think of tame and quiet children with only abhorrence." In the same novel (*Sense and Sensibility*) we are introduced to Lady Middleton in her own house. "The cold insipidity of Lady Middleton was so particularly repulsive, and she seemed to be roused to enjoyment only by the entrance of her four noisy children after dinner, who pulled her about, tore her clothes, and put an end to every kind of discourse except what related to themselves." As the story develops, so do the misdemeanours of the spoilt children. "John is in such spirits today!" said she (Lady Middleton) on his taking Miss Steele's pocket handkerchief and throwing it out of the window—he is full of monkey-tricks." And soon after, on the second boy's violently pinching one of the same lady's fingers, she fondly observed, "How playful William is!" In *Mansfield Park* little Fanny is made miserable by the scornful looks and gibes of her cousins; "they thought her prodigiously stupid, and for the first two or three weeks were constantly bringing some fresh report of it into the drawing-room." In these scenes the effects of spoiling, flattering and general lack of discipline in their mother and aunt are reflected in the behaviour of the children themselves.

The woes of an incompetent and foolish mother are voiced by Mrs. Charles Musgrove to her sister Anne in *Persuasion*. "They (the children) are so unmanageable. Little Charles does not mind a word I say, and Walter is growing just as bad." Anne Elliott has to listen also to the complaints of the grandmother in regard to the misdemeanours of the same children. "Oh, Miss Anne, I cannot help wishing Mrs. Charles had a little more method with those children—in general they are so spoilt.—Bless me, how troublesome they are sometimes!"* And Fanny

**Persuasion*.

Price, returning to her old home, after an interval of eight years, realised on arrival that "though she had *seen* all the members of the family, she had not as yet *heard* all the noise they could make."* In the scenes in the house at Portsmouth we are made fully to realise the bewildering turmoil of an undisciplined home by undisciplined parents.*

All these creations of Jane Austen's mind were those of foolish, careless parents, Lady Middleton, Mrs. Charles Musgrove, Mrs. Price. We may ask if scenes of such behaviour as she describes were created solely by her imagination, or if they depict those with which she was familiar. It seems unlikely that the children of her family or acquaintance were like those she describes, at any rate not members of her own family. There is no suggestion in her books that this was her experience. More likely were they the outcome of her reflections upon the results of the behaviour and example of adults upon the characters of their children. In contrast to those we have described was the thoughtfulness of Mrs. John Knights, whose children, when staying at Hartfield, "were never allowed to disturb their elders, or the orderly ways of a well-regulated household."† Such discipline, we may judge, expresses Jane Austen's own view regarding the training of the young.

Dr. Chapman expresses surprise that "Jane Austen's enemies have never, to my knowledge, fastened on what may seem a grave weakness; the probability of heredity." Such seems a perfectly natural omission. In her day the fact of *inherited* characteristics was not known. That she was aware of the transmission of physical traits we have ample proof. During the visit of Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters to Lady Middleton, Jane Austen expresses the opinion that "on every formal visit a child ought to be of the party. In the present case it took up ten minutes to determine whether the boy was most like his father or mother, and in what particular he resembled either; for of course everybody differed and everybody was astonished at the opinion of the others."‡ And writing to Cassandra about her brother's child, she exclaims, "Poor little Love. I wish she were not so Palmery—but it seems stronger than ever.—I never knew a wife's family features have such undue influence."§ Dr. Chapman further remarks that "nineteenth century novelists were not much alive to the problem of heredity." I do not believe that it ever entered into the mind of Jane Austen, which was neither scientific nor philosophical. Rather, noting the resemblance in physical tastes between them, she evidently realised the effect of the character and behaviour of the parents upon the children, not because of inherited characteristics, unrealised until much later by the scientific world, but by the force of example. She noted these results and meditated upon them, and probably her observations are depicted in the characters of the children and parents which we have instanced as the results not of inheritance, but of example and precept.

**Mansfield Park*.

†*Emma*.

‡*Northanger Abbey*.

§*Letters*. Vol. II, 87.

E. V. CLARK.

CHARLES MORGAN'S 'THE RIVER LINE'

WHEN Mr. Charles Morgan's works come up for discussion they are often met with a knowing wink: this is not in the order of criticism, but of prejudice—and, though in the long run such prejudice makes no jot of difference to history's estimate of an author, his contemporaries at least may ask the meaning of the temporary eclipse. It may well prove revealing. Mr. Morgan, if not a prolific novelist in the nineteenth century sense, none the less remains a popular one: already he has ten novels to his credit, the first of which, *The Gunroom* (1919) was suppressed. His most famous, *Sparkenbroke* (1936), at the time of publication drew forth great praise, *The Times* ranking it an achievement which had won him "a permanent place among our writers of prose." Nor was that a critical swan-song; other equally enthusiastic reviews met *The Voyage* (1940). He has written also a short *Epitaph on George Moore* (1935), with whom he shares certain stylistic affinities, two volumes of literary and philosophical reflections, an *Ode to France* (1942), a book on *Liberties of the Mind* (1951), and two plays, the last of which is *The River Line**—recently acted in London. In this corpus there are several interlocking themes and an attempt is made to present a philosophy of life. For Mr. Morgan is an author with a high serious purpose whose accents—admittedly sometimes ponderous and hard to follow—are in the grand manner. That is his treason, the cause of the knowing wink. The grand manner is out of fashion. Yet in spite of the ponderous tone which on occasion becomes pompous and hard to follow, Mr. Morgan has been more sinned against than sinning. His work still deserves considerable attention. For long after the evening's last curtain call, *The River Line* stays in the memory, causing incidents from it to flood back at odd moments. Since the war, in terms of the contemporary English theatre, it is a play to be grouped with Bridget Boland's *Cockpit*, Peter Ustinov's *Moment of Truth*, Benn W. Levy's *Return to Tyassi*, and T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*: in fact, like *The Cocktail Party*, its premiere too was at the Edinburgh Festival.

The River Line is a study of the sick conscience of Europe and America, a case of we are dying, Egypt, dying. But when Mr. Morgan refers to Europe in his play he means the Allies. This is, in some respects, a vitiating flaw, since in thus narrowing his judgments he has taken away strength from a series of arguments which could have been made to have global implications. The Axis Powers, as they were once called, have as well suffered a schism in their souls. Absolution for the Allied West is not enough because "no man is an *Iland*, intire of itself; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine*." The flaw is due to mistiming. Mr. Morgan has veered towards writing a morality, then localised the conflict nationally, and, in this third act, failed to dovetail the general with the particular: his general conclusions are too particular to carry universal weight. In the opening act his characters stand for different attitudes: for instance, Marie Chassaigne (Mrs. Wyburton) for Integrity and Valerie Barton for Innocence—but not all of them can be

*The play was presented at the Lyric and Strand Theatres for a run of eight months; now it is on an extensive tour. The text, with a preface by the author, "On Transcending the Age of Violence," is published by Macmillan at 8s. 6d.

classed so simply. Philip Sturgess, the central figure, defies straightforward classification and one is perhaps nearest the mark with the looser phraseology of the Double Man or Divided Conscience. Certainly, with the exception of Mrs. Muriven, who is a harmless gossiping old trout, there is no one in the *dramatis personae* who fits the obvious caption of Mrs. Unexpected—a device which one can see Ben Jonson using were he given the same plot as Mr. Morgan. For if Mr. Morgan harks back to the simpleness of the early morality (as did Ibsen), he eschews the obvious embellishments of the late mediaeval semi-moralities. Indeed, he knows stage technique superbly well and, as he has confessed, the original appearance of *The River Line* as a novel in 1950 was simply because three years ago he had not conceived how technically it could be produced: he had always wanted it to be a play, but its structure as such had eluded him.

The structure he chooses depends upon the flashback—the whole of Act II. On the terrace of Stanning Farm in Gloucestershire two escaped officers from Occupied France have met and spent a few days together: the time is 1947. One, an American, is on the point of returning to his country; the other, now a retired naval man, has married and it is his French wife, now just in her thirties, who originally helped them both to escape from her father's granary at Blaise, near Toulouse, in 1943. Sturgess' stay with the Wyburtons has led him to becoming more and more introspective about the man in whose death they are all three involved. The flashback shows the events which led up to this killing in the granary, and dramatically is immensely exciting: this act's closing line, "Commander. Kill that man," is a brilliantly achieved theatrical coup. Then back in Gloucestershire the introspection and argument continue in Act III. The man killed—nicknamed "Heron" because of his long lanky legs—is found by Sturgess not to have been *un faux Anglais*, a German agent employed for spying out the escape "river lines" running through Belgium and France into Spain: instead, he is discovered to be Barton with whom Sturgess is in love.* The dilemma of the Double Man is, having gained this new knowledge, whether he should tell her or not. He thrashes the matter out with the Wyburtons, only to learn that each unbeknown to the other had found out the truth—Julian four years ago in London; Marie in Brussels before she was captured and sent to Ravensbruck. Sturgess' advent on the scene reconciles them to a sharing in turn, with this new shared knowledge, tell him that he can only marry Valerie and live in peace with her if he tells her the truth. Men can grow in stature solely by living the truth.

These, then, are the main lines of argument which the play advances: as themes they are not new in Mr. Morgan's work and, watching this play, I was reminded of two ideas or beliefs which are common to the whole of his canon. I quote them in other men's words because Mr. Morgan himself has resorted to this practice in his choice of epigraphs for his own novels. The first is from Meredith: "... she is what my heart first awaking whisper'd the world was"; the second is from Santayana:

*On the stage the story sounds quite plausible. In fact, I am told that it is based on a true story—though I have been unable to verify this.

It is not wisdom to be only wise
And on the inward vision close the eyes:
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.

Echoes of these sentiments are a constant factor in Mr. Morgan's play—as they were too in *The Flashing Stream*. But a new idea or belief has been added to these two and finds creatively in his work its first expression in *The River Line*: it relates to recent trials in Eastern Europe.

In previous centuries men might be tried, found guilty on some pretext or other, and be sent to the stake; but they were able to go through these trials and die at the stake still holding to their ideas and beliefs. The phrase, "the invincible spirit of man", was proudly handed down from generation to generation. However, the recent techniques of the Soviet, the development of third degree tactics to fresh levels and the use of drugs, has resulted in a state of affairs where men may still be martyrs, but in another sense to what was meant in the past. In accepting trial under these conditions in Eastern Europe, they do so nowadays knowing that even the conscious proclamation of their ideas and beliefs may be denied them at the end: their very wills may be psychologically tampered with and jibberings or seeming confessions or recantations may issue forth from their lips, making nonsense of the cause for which they are dying and, perhaps, making it appear some other quite unrelated cause. The whole concept of "the invincible spirit of man" is held in question, and death under such conditions becomes more than ever, as it were, a matter of "heroic virtue." (In litanies the praises of the saints and martyrs are often sung together and it seems history has now given another reason for this most apt coupling.) Anyway, watching Mr. Morgan's play I was reminded more than once of Cardinal Mindzenty's trial and it was with something of a shock when I borrowed *Liberties of the Mind* that I found that particular trial was one of the book's points of departure. Playwright and commentator had fused their ideas and beliefs. Also in *Liberties of the Mind* I found another problem stated, relating to the play: the resolving, or working out, of "felt disharmonies."

This is connected with one of Mr. Morgan's chief themes—the quest for "singleness of mind." His characters in his novels and plays are what might be called islands in society; they have to learn to resist the backwash of the world and, as totalitarianism spreads and violence threatens more and more, so the task of becoming an island in society grows more difficult in ratio. It is harder for Sturgess than Sparkenbroke or Edward Ferrers in *The Flashing Stream*. Indeed there has been something of an overhauling of Mr. Morgan's philosophy, so that his later work has become much more topical. Sparkenbroke as a man in retrospect seems somewhat precious and his belief that "all art has the same subject, all love is for the same being, all deaths are the same birth" is markedly pantheistic: one feels, re-reading his story, that it is all a little out of touch with reality; that words have been substituted for actions. Occasionally in *The River Line* a similar wooliness is noticeable; the words get in the way of the actors, and an *impasse* occurs in which nothing is communicated to the audience.

PHILIP: Then what does it mean to say: "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, *in earth*"?

VALERIE: What does it mean to say: "The Kingdom of God is within you"?

Even in cold print the argument of lines like these are hard to follow, and in the theatre, where there can be no lengthy pauses, they fleet by too quickly to be genuinely significant. For Mr. Morgan's last act (from which these lines are taken) is marred by prolixity; his arguments begin to lose definition so that, though in the course of it many fine things are said, the clear shape of the morality blurs; his case becomes partisan. Pantheism he has thrown off and Christian humanism he has embraced, but not fully understood. For the time, as in all the early works up to 1940, there is no attempt to give adultery a religious blessing. That phase seems over for in seeking to become islands in society, Mr. Morgan's new *dramatis personae*, unlike their predecessors, do not seek to free themselves from desire by giving way to physical desire, because, however lofty the language involved, that was what happened in *The Flashing Stream*. On the contrary, these temptations, which are really a writer's temptations to titillate his audience, are missing from *The River Line*. The high serious purpose of life has been heightened by outside events, since events such as the Soviet trials have caused Mr. Morgan to re-orientate his conception of "singleness of mind" in a world which now has it within its power to destroy the mind. If his interests and loyalties remain the same, they have to be approached from different angles; and that is what his latest work has shown.

Already Mr. Morgan has written sympathetically of Jacques Maritain, but it must be added that the two of them do not mean quite the same thing when they refer to Christian humanism. Mr. Morgan's limited understanding of the term is apparent in his play since his play, which is a case of we are dying, Egypt, dying, is also concerned with man's resurrection—a subject which naturally enough brings him to Christ's Resurrection; and it is precisely here that he flounders. When Christ lay dying on the Cross it was a Roman soldier's spear which pierced his side: that was a symbol. The soldier happened to be a Roman because Christ was born into a Roman-Hellenic world whose shores were the Mediterranean. Inevitably, therefore, his apostles sprang from that part of the world and, although they obeyed to the full the injunction to go out into all the world and teach the nations, their teaching was coloured by their culture: the history of the Church assumed a Mediterranean slant. But the soldier who pierced Christ's side was only a Roman on the temporal plane: he was intended as a symbol of all time because, though the Crucifixion occurred nearly two thousand years ago, it is taking place all the while—in Siberia now, as it was a decade back in Ravensbruck; in the Waterloo Road today as it is on Madison Square. The spear is a symbol of sin, just as the soldier is a symbol of all men—black or Latin, yellow or white. He still lives on, sometimes in the guise of a civilian, sometimes in the uniform of a modern crusader. He belongs to no nationality because his name is Everyman. Having begun magnificently, Mr. Morgan's flaw is that he has forgotten the universal lessons of the mediaeval morality—providing in lieu of them at the end merely Axis targets for his attention.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

TITOISM AND "SOCIALISM"

THE enigma of Yugoslavia and of her ultimate effect upon current problems in Europe and in the world at large, has not been made easier by recent events in Yugoslavia itself. Chief among those events was an announcement, made on February 11th, by the Yugoslav Government of its terms for allowing the practice of religion in the country; and secondly a statement by Marshal Tito, made in Belgrade on February 22nd, about the People's Front in Yugoslavia (which was then and there renamed the Socialist Alliance of the Working Class of Yugoslavia).

About the first of those events little comment is necessary. The old communist principle is maintained whereby the practice of religion is subject to State control, to be permitted or suppressed according to the willingness or unwillingness of the Church to toe a line drawn by the Government. Under the terms of the draft new law religious education is banned in the "public" schools, but is permitted in schools maintained for the purpose by religious groups; such groups are allowed to hold religious meetings in public without first notifying the government, provided always that such meetings be not "misused" for "political" purposes—the government of course being judge and jury in this matter; parents are allowed to have their children baptised; religious ceremonies are allowed for marriages, but only at a date later than the civil marriage, the latter constituting the exclusive validity of the marriage. In one word, if the Christian Church behaves as a good henchman of the government, it is allowed to practise its religion. The Christian Church has traditionally honoured its twin obligations to God and to the State, but has always placed God before State, whereby it must refuse to obey a law of the State if that law violate a law of God. In modern Yugoslavia by political edict the law of the State is given precedence over the law of God, in full conformity with the pretensions of communist materialism. The Church will not, cannot, surrender to such tyranny, because if it did it would cease to be the Christian Church, a Church, that is, founded by Christ for the exclusive purpose of canalising the grace of God to human beings for their true welfare, and therefore obedient to the commands of God. To the Christian mind Tito is not, cannot be, above God.

The second event above referred to took place when the People's Front of Yugoslavia opened its fourth congress. Marshal Tito made an appeal and a bid. His bid and his appeal were for something like an intended new ideology, for some form of international assertiveness on the part of what he called "socialism" to defeat the designs of Western reaction headed (he said) by the Vatican on the one hand and by Russian reaction on the other. He was making the opening speech at the Congress. He argued that the joining of forces by what he called all "progressive movements" in the world was the only way to preserve the peace of the world. It was he who announced the new name of the People's Front with the word "Socialist" in it, and with a promise of what he called a more "democratic" structure—it is interesting to notice how the modern tyrants and dictators all profess a democratic motive when their purpose is logically

to suppress democracy—and who declared that the Yugoslav movement would play an important role in the said cooperation of progressives. “I consider (he added) today’s international situation to be so alarming, not only where peace is directly concerned but even for future progressive development in general, as to make the cooperation of all progressive forces in the world indispensable.”

At the moment Tito is something of a “draw.” About 2,200 fraternal delegates and observers from the socialist parties of Britain, France, Norway, Sweden, western Germany and Burma were present in Belgrade for the occasion. The *Times* correspondent thus summarised what Marshal Tito said to them: he “argued that Socialists must prevent the ‘most reactionary circles’ in the West from organising a crusade against progressive movements under the cloak of a struggle against Communism. These circles ‘with the Vatican at their head’ wrongly identified what was progressive ‘with that Power in the East which is just as reactionary as they are, if not more so’. The victory of such ideas was precisely what the Russians wanted, for their influence would spread to ‘that progressive stratum which has not yet seen through the true character of the Soviet State’s capitalist bureaucratic system’. This would mean ultimate victory for the Kremlin.” The fact that more than 2,000 delegates or observers from Western socialist parties could listen sympathetically to such an argument—it was for instance as ridiculous and nonsensical on Marshal Tito’s part to talk about Western “reactionaries” who confuse “progressive movements” with communism as to put the Pope at the head of those non-existent people—is unfortunately typical of the moral and intellectual standard of our time which seems in some degree to have banished intelligence from the political arena.

Commonsense in that arena has become exceptional and therefore remarkable, as was apparently appreciated by the French socialist spokesman in Belgrade, M. Georges Brutelle, assistant secretary-general of his party. He had at any rate the sense to warn Marshal Tito that French socialists “had not yet made up their minds about Yugoslavia”, his caution contrasting rather markedly with the surrender to glamour on the part of the British socialist, Mr. Sam Watson, (a member of the executive council of the Labour party) who used such words as “epoch-making” and “beacon of light” about Yugoslavia, and announced unreservedly and enthusiastically that “there could be no more welcome visitor to the shores of Britain than Marshal Tito.” This, about a man engaged in an attempt to destroy democracy and Christianity alike. There may be conflicting opinions about the value of democracy as a political system, but one would hardly expect a socialist, whose ideology is essentially democratic, to be so bemused in mind as to express adulation of a communist, whose ideology is essentially anti-democratic. There could be little surprise when the chairman of the foreign affairs commission of the Yugoslav National Assembly, Mr. Dedijer, addressing the congress on February 24th, paid a warm tribute to Mr. Watson and through him to the British Labour party for their sympathy and understanding which contrasted, to Mr. Dedijer’s regret, with the refusal of the German and Swedish (he did not mention the French) socialists to “respond to

It is a consistently solemn spectacle in our contemporary experience that those “socialists” who are capable of being attracted by communist performances are equally incapable of detecting what is ridiculous in them. What the British socialist observer in Belgrade saw, and was apparently not deterred by, was (a) the instant and unanimous—100 per cent—approval of the list of communists submitted for election to the presidium of the congress, the list of course including the names, and no other names, of all the prominent communist leaders, and (b) the greeting of Marshal Tito by regimented rhythmic handclapping that lasted five minutes and an equally regimented chorus of “We are Tito’s, Tito is ours.” What British socialist in his own experience ever knew an election to produce a 100 per cent. vote? How could such a socialist approve a sentimental chorus addressed to a dictator? Among other things Mr. Watson said: “We in Great Britain wish Yugoslavia well and feel certain that the new political structure which is being introduced will lead to democracy in Yugoslavia and will be a beacon of light for all Balkan countries”.

Yet was anything essentially new being introduced in Yugoslavia? A year ago (March 15th 1952), addressing a group of University students in Zagreb, Marshal Tito made this statement: “Our party, since the detachment from Russia, has sought the cooperation of the Western world in the one interest of building up socialism and the position of our country. In these relations with the West we have not deviated by one hair’s breadth from the principles of Marx-Leninism. . . . We have not surrendered one inch of ground; we have conceded nothing at home or in foreign relations”.

The recent constitutional changes in Yugoslavia do not affect the continuity of that policy. The use of the word “socialism” by communists should not deceive true socialists of the Western type. Stalin always used it. M. Brutelle, by contrast with some of his fellows, warned the congress not to expect him to wax enthusiastic about Yugoslavia, or to praise its leaders to the skies. That sort of thing, he said, belonged to the Soviet world “which Yugoslavia had left”. It was at that point that he gave the warning about the socialists of France having not yet made up their minds about Yugoslavia, and declared that future relations would depend on the reality of the promised economic, political and social democracy in Yugoslavia.

This Yugoslav bid to establish a new bridgehead in the world—a sort of neo-communist capture of world socialism with Tito at its head—is interesting mainly because it adds another disturbance to the political shallows of our time. Politics have usurped so large a place in our public life, involving so many men, movements, ideologies and downright rackets that an ambitious upstart, if he is to gain a footing and a following must invent a new, or discredit an old, slogan. In revolutionary processes the normal development is for the established protagonists to be submerged and liquidated by new extremists who plunge further to the left. Kerensky the socialist was thus swamped by Lenin the communist, as Attlee the socialist is menaced by a Bevan who, while not mouthing the word communist, makes his appeal to the left wing of the party consisting of potential, virtual or even titular communists. As the wit of man cannot

conceive anything more extreme in the political scale than Marxist communism, it becomes necessary for the ambition of a Tito to challenge a Stalin or a Malenkov on a merely new veneer of communism. In Tito's actual case such a veneer takes the form of a bid for the ideological conversion of "socialism" into a sort of communism distinct from what he represents (with of course a modicum of truth) as the revolutionary imperialist communism of the Kremlin. From Belgrade therefore has been blazoned abroad a call for a "third force" (the actual slogan used).

Tito's exposition of February 22nd last was followed within twenty-four hours by a more detailed sloganisation on the part of his lieutenant, Mr. Kardelj, Vice-President of the Federal Council, who talked about a "non-Cominform" Labour movement. In this modern world we must needs be dragged through the sordidities and vulgarities of the slick politicians who hold the stage. We may be nauseated by them, but they are important because they may involve feelings or "movements" on the part of masses of people, and may therefore contrive to affect world order. Marshal Tito himself as long ago as last November raised the vague cry of freeing "Marxist Socialism" from "Stalinist deviations." Mr. Kardelj now particularised and elaborated the cry in a spate of special and tortuous pleading such as might well give a headache to good simple people who have no taste for the morbid or the artificial in their politics. He still insisted that the Yugoslav ideology was communist, but made his plea for a Yugoslav leadership of "Labour" movements throughout the world by inventing a "serious crisis" in those movements and prescribing as a solution "a broad and united Socialist front which will be sufficiently constructive, politically and ideologically, to shatter the pseudo-Socialist slogans of Cominformism."

The pot may call the kettle black, a Yugoslav communist may use the word "pseudo-socialist" about a Russian communist, though he himself uses the word "socialist" in the like sense, and they both claim to be Marx-Leninists, whom the British Socialist party (for instance) regards as its essential enemy. The wonder is that these modern revolutionaries do not choke with their own verbiage, their clichés, their extravagances, their long, ugly and meaningless words. Mr. Kardelj talked about "deep ideological disorientation". Yet his purpose was fairly clear. It was to gather together under a Yugoslav communist banner, with the world limelight playing heavily upon the postulatedly heroic figure of Tito, all the "socialists" of the world who happen to hate the trilogy of cominformist imperialist communism, Western monopolistic imperialism and colonialism, and the Roman Catholic Church. As these lines were written Marshal Tito was on his way to our country. It was to be a private visit because, as Mr. Eden explained in the House of Commons on February 23rd, "it would be inappropriate for a state visit to take place before the Coronation." Belgrade in February, London in March: Marshal Tito is certainly in the limelight.

WAR BY OTHER MEANS

In Korea we continue to experience what in effect looks like an elaboration of the Clausewitz dictum about war being politics by other means. The politics of the Korean war continue to be the supreme

arbiter, the physical fighting a farce: a tragic farce to boot. In his first Message to Congress on the State of the Union (February 2nd last) President Eisenhower raised a storm of Western controversy by announcing that instructions were being issued "that the [United States] Seventh Fleet no longer be employed to shield Communist China." He pointed out that the decision of June 1950, whereby the Seventh Fleet was directed both to prevent attack upon Formosa and to ensure that Formosa should not be used as a base for attack upon the Chinese mainland, had been followed by an invasion of Korea by Chinese Communists; and that those communists had rejected all the armistice proposals of the United Nations Command as well as those sponsored by India in the United Nations and approved by fifty-four member nations. He added that the order now given "implies no aggressive intent" on the part of the United States. Logic is a hard and sometimes a tiresome thing. The ostensible situation in Korea is one of war, resulting from a communist aggression upon South Korea which the United Nations took as a challenge and sent forces to resist.

The resultant muddles soon began to multiply. Russia, the virtual though vicarious aggressor, was a member of the United Nations. When the United Nations fought the aggressor in Korea, Russia continued to be a member of the United Nations, and theoretically therefore belonged to both sides in the war. It came to pass that when General MacArthur (October 1950) drove back the invader to the Manchurian border and was intent (of course) on following the retreating and disorganised enemy beyond that border so as to bring the war to an end through the only logical means known to the military technique, namely by the unequivocal defeat of the enemy, or his surrender, he was checkmated by the Western politicians themselves who forbade him to cross the border into Manchuria. The military is the agent of the political, machine and takes its orders therefrom. General MacArthur had to shake the dust from his feet and depart. The enemy was allowed to regroup and re-equip, to enrol new forces and choose its time for renewed invasion, being safeguarded (by the United Nations, its oddly belligerent enemy) from air attack while itself delivering such attack with impunity. The war went on, the United Nations were driven back (of course) to the 38th Parallel and beyond, and, though the tide again has turned, the end is no longer in sight. Russian weapons and aircraft are used against the United Nations, though Russia is not technically at war. China has joined in with the aggressors and is therefore at war with the United Nations, although many members of the United Nations, including Britain, but excluding the more logical United States, are on technically friendly diplomatic terms with her. And by the accident of China's having joined forces with the aggressor since the above-mentioned decision was reached by the United Nations in June 1950, and of the resultant function of the Seventh Fleet being prolonged through the policy of the United Nations itself, there resulted the situation which President Eisenhower has thought to amend: namely that the United Nations forces are being used to defend the enemy from attack.

It was in these odd circumstances that a new session of the United Nations Assembly opened on February 24th last. To the greater glee of

those who radiate their mischief from the Kremlin, the allies of the United States, her fellow members in the United Nations, defending Western freedom and Christianity against Russian tyranny and atheism, had become increasingly critical and ill-disposed towards her. The Asian-Arab bloc in the United Nations as well as left-wing opinion in the Western countries were obsessed with fear lest the President of the United States should be encompassing an extension of the Korean war, at the risk of a new world war, and lest communist feeling should be hurt if we withdrew our guarantee of immunity to the China coast. It was an unbusinesslike state of affairs, except from the enemy's point of view. The Western wish to keep the Korean war localised was natural enough; but the irony really did go beyond itself when the effect of that wish was logically to help the enemy and thus to prolong the war.

THE CHINA SEAS

As light relief from the controversy about the possibility, whether materialising or not, of an allied blockade of the Chinese mainland, it seems worth while to take notice of something that Mr. Eden let fall on February 16th last. In answer to a House of Commons question about interference with British shipping in the Chinese seas, he said that during the past 18 months there had been some 40 attempts at such interference; and "on three occasions the attackers were Chinese pirates".

It happens that in our time the Chinese pirates—the famous pirates of Bias Bay—have achieved the distinction of having carried on their lucrative trade with impunity and of having defied every effort of the British navy to answer the challenge. Between the first and the second world war they averaged one haul a month, and although they and their methods and their headquarters were known to the British navy, nothing could be done that had the smallest deterrent effect upon them. It now looks as if the changed conditions in the Far East, including the absorption of China into the empire of the Kremlin, whatever other results they have produced, have hardly altered the habitual practices of these astonishing pirates. Some account of their activities, which have maintained a bewildering and challenging consistency in technique throughout the half century, was given in this section of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for October 1927, pp. 522 *et seqq.* For the benefit of those who may not readily be able to consult those pages of the past, let the details be here recapitulated of one typical episode out of hundreds, to illustrate the abiding technique that was used. On September 1st 1927, a Chinese steamer flying the British flag was seized by twelve pirates, who had embarked as ordinary passengers and who, when the ship was passing Bias Bay, emerged in their true colours, shot the captain and the chief engineer and piloted the ship to a creek of the bay. They were there met by another band of pirates. The ship was then looted and allowed to continue its journey. Four British gunboats and an aircraft carrier promptly made for Bias Bay, and on the same day a landing party went ashore. The party was met by one of the senior residents who courteously pointed out to them the very houses where, he said, the pirates lived. Those houses, five in number, were thereupon burnt to the ground and the landing party re-embarked. And the piracy went on as before.

The houses burnt down (it was taken for granted), were heavily ensured, or housed the informant's pet enemies or rivals, and in any case the loss of a house weighed little in the balance by contrast with the valuable loot, often running into thousands of pounds sterling, resulting from the normal business of piracy.

Bias Bay extends some twenty miles into the Chinese mainland from a point forty-five miles north-east of Hongkong. On the west side of the Bay there are many small islands; and at the extreme north-east corner there is the Fan Lo Kang Creek, where small villages house some ten thousand people ostensibly engaged in farming. Their menfolk, as was always perfectly well known, were, and apparently are, the famous Bias Bay pirates whose exploits have filled schoolboys with glee. It was impossible to tell which of the peaceful farmers of one day had been the pirates of the day before, and as the passengers embarking at, say, Hongkong were mostly Chinese, it was impossible to detect which of them happened to be pirates. No part of the Chinese coast is remarkable for thinness of population, and the Bias Bay villages had so many thousands of "farmers" that endless changes could be rung on the pirate personnel. When the deed was done the pirates dispersed with the spoil and became as needles in the haystacks they proceeded to build. Their victims at sea were chosen with a fine impartiality from the ships of all nations, British ships being the favourites from the dual accident of their being the most numerous and the most valuable in their cargoes. On one occasion, when the Chinese secretary of the British Legation at Peking consulted with the Chinese authorities at Hankow about possible remedial measures, all he got was a suggestion that the British Navy should permanently station a battleship in Bias Bay. An impossible suggestion. Nor was any Chinese authority, in the chaotic condition of the civil war that had been virtually in progress since the fall of the Manchu dynasty in 1911, either capable or willing to maintain order in Bias Bay. The challenge went unanswered. A band of pirates could live in security on the Chinese mainland, could carry out their piracy with impunity in the neighbouring seas, although they and their work and the places they lived in were known to everyone concerned. Today, when those China seas are the arena of one of the residuary wars resulting from the second world war and are the subject of controversy between member-states of the United Nations on the question of a blockade of the Chinese coast, the pirates, it appears, can continue their lucrative craft, undismayed, undeterred, probably not interested in the whirligig of international conflict.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

March 11th, 1953.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

GOVERNOR DEWEY IN THE FAR EAST*

Mr. Dewey's visit to the Far East in 1951 was neither wholly official nor wholly unofficial. As one of the leading figures in the Republican party and on two occasions a candidate for the Presidency, the Governor of New York State wished to see for himself what was happening at the other side of the world. He was encouraged to do so by his close friend, Mr. Dulles, now

President Eisenhower's Secretary of State, who argued that a visit to Japan would emphasise the determination of both American parties to secure a treaty of reconciliation with the Island Empire which had launched the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbour. The actuality of a fascinating volume is enhanced by the fact that it was read by Mr. Dulles before publication, and we shall probably not go far wrong if we discover in its pages a pointer to the more "positive" policy of the new team in Washington.

The survey starts in Japan and Korea, and moves south to Okinawa, Formosa, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Indo-China, Malaya, and Indonesia. Since all doors were opened to him, and since the author possesses a keenly inquiring mind, his book contains a mass of useful information, not only about high politics, but about the life of the people, including the state of agriculture in every country, for he is a practical farmer himself. The general impression is depressing. If it would be too much to say that the author is obsessed by the Russian danger, he certainly takes it very seriously, and his main purpose may well have been to call the attention of his countrymen to the tremendous issues at stake in the Far East. The last page summarises the message of the whole work. "The crisis today is in South-East Asia. If it stands, the whole defence perimeter will doubtless stand—from Alaska down through Japan, Okinawa, Formosa, the Philippines, South-East Asia, and Indonesia, to Australia and New Zealand. We have taken strong action in creating mutual defences in the Americas through the Rio Treaty, and in Europe through the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. In the Pacific we have done only patch-work jobs, and that area is racked by five wars. It must be clear that for the sake of our own freedom we should take action in the Pacific similar to that which we have taken in the Americas and in Western Europe. The torch fell from our hands after the First World War: it must not fall again. If we act promptly in the Pacific we shall at least take command of events and no longer be leaving the initiative to Communist Imperialism. Accepting our Pacific neighbours as partners and friends, on terms of equality and mutual respect, we can build a mighty peace, not only material, but spiritual." While ex-President Hoover, the respected *doyen* of the Republican party, summons his countrymen to turn America into a Gibraltar, Mr. Dewey exhorts them to assume the leadership of the free world, with all its prizes and its risks.

The chief prize in the Far East is Japan, which can only be saved from vanishing behind the Iron Curtain if the whole of South-East Asia remains free; and how can South-East Asia remain free without substantial and continuous foreign help? For the moment Japan has had enough of militarism, and one of the most interesting episodes in the chapter on that country is the author's visit to Hiroshima, the crowded city which was blotted out by the first atom bomb. "We want the people of the world to see our Peace Memorial and to be warned of the awful consequences of war," declared the Mayor in his welcoming speech. The great majority of the Japanese, in the opinion of the author, have the will to be free; whether they will have the economic strength to survive largely depends on American policy and the future of South-East Asia. On the Korean war Mr. Dewey agrees with President Truman, who made the historic decision to accept the challenge. "I am deeply convinced that if we had not sent troops to defend Korea, American and United Nations prestige in the whole Pacific would have collapsed, and all South-East Asia would have gone Communist."

Now that President Eisenhower has given *carte blanche* to Chiang Kai Shek to launch attacks on the mainland, readers will turn with particular interest to the author's interview with the Generalissimo. The project of a peace treaty with Japan, in regard to which he was not consulted, filled him with uncontrollable anger. Why had he been abandoned, he asked, by those on whose

side he had fought so long and so hard when freedom hung in the balance? His visitor explained the case for a friendly settlement with Japan in view of the Communist menace throughout the Far East, "but I might as well have whistled in the face of a China Sea typhoon." Whatever we may think of Chiang as a soldier and a statesman, Mr. Dewey is convinced that "Free China and its stronghold Formosa are essential to Pacific defence. Even if Nationalist China were as bad as its enemies paint it, I would favour supporting it as one of the forces necessary to keep the Communists from overrunning the whole Pacific. Nationalist China is on our side; Communist China is our self-elected enemy." In the Philippines he found a similar bitterness towards the ruthless Japanese enemy who had ravaged the islands for years. The chapter on Indo-China is notable for its eloquent tribute to General de Lattre de Tassigny, "one of the most exciting personalities I ever met," who saved the situation at a critical moment. That the hard-pressed French are fighting our battle as well as their own and deserve all the help we can spare the author is profoundly convinced. The Emperor Bao Dai struck him as courageous and intelligent. The book ends with a chapter on Malaya, in which Mr. Malcolm Macdonald receives the highest praise, and another on Indonesia, where the Indonesians are striving to build up a civilised self-governing state after the enforced departure of the Dutch. Mr. Dewey understands and sympathises with the slogan "Asia for the Asiatics." So far as the Western Powers are concerned, the age of Imperialism is over. Today our task is to see that "Asia for the Asiatics" does not mean "Asia for the Russians."

G. P. GOOCH.

*Thomas E. Dewey. *Journey to the Far Pacific*. Odhams Press, 21s.

UNDERSTANDING EUROPE

Christopher Dawson, himself a distinguished student of the complicated problems of modern civilisation, in this book* joins the ranks of the many modern thinkers who are appalled by the intellectual and moral situation with which we are confronted. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that he was compelled to carry out his analysis of Western civilisation in order to save himself from despair. It has lately become fashionable, perhaps in a kind of conscious reaction to the sociological approach introduced by the Marxists into modern historiography, to stress the spiritual problems rather than material ones, and to attribute the ills of our time to a breakdown of spiritual values. Mr. Dawson is convinced that our moral crisis is the direct result of the secularisation of Western civilisation in general, and of the vulgarisation of our educational system in particular. Like many thoughtful people, he is puzzled and dismayed by the fact that the spiritual and moral decay of our civilisation has gone hand in hand with a tremendous extension of the educational system. He is convinced that the weakness of Western culture is due to its loss of faith in its own spiritual values, and he utters an almost passionate plea for an attempt to recover what he believes Europe possessed in the past: spiritual unity.

The reader will follow the author willingly when he employs his great learning and profound understanding of the humanist heritage of Europe in order to build up a picture of Europe's cultural unity, even if he doubts whether this unity has ever been real. In fact, he will accept this conception of a European community as a valuable and stimulating historical construction, because it will help him to understand many of the forces that have been operating in the past. Yet the whole conception becomes very doubtful if an attempt is made, as is done by Mr. Dawson, to see more in it than a mere auxiliary historical construction, and to turn it into an absolute historical fact. It can well be doubted

whether the spiritual unity ever comprised more than a small educated community, and it is certain that the forces which were responsible for this unity in the past will not be the same that might bring about such unity in future. It is true that European unity was based on the traditions of Christianity and Roman law, but we must not forget that this unity came to an end with the Reformation and the emergence of the modern national state. It seems, therefore, to say the least, a little optimistic to believe that it might be possible to re-establish a common culture by a process which the author, somewhat vaguely, describes in his last chapter. This is, of course, not to say that the religious revival of which the author dreams is impossible or unnecessary, but it will not come about by merely being fervently desired. No one who reads this stimulating book can fail to be impressed by the author's sincere devotion to the cause of European unity, and it must be hoped that it will be read widely on the Continent, where there are many people who believe that the ideal of European co-operation is not taken seriously in England. It will make a real contribution to Western unification, even if the unity of Europe will be brought about by present fears rather than by past hopes.

DR. R. ARIS.
**Understanding Europe*, by Christopher Dawson. Sheed and Marsh, 16s.

THE DECLINE OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA

Few periods of Russian history are more crowded with significant developments than that described by Professor Seton-Watson. The age ushered in by the death of Nicholas I and ending with the overthrow of the Imperial dynasty saw the rapid disintegration of a semi-feudal society; the early phases of a great industrial expansion; the attack of new social and political forces on the rigid bureaucratic state left behind by the "Iron Autocrat"; the slow and painful growth of self-governing institutions; and last but not least, the creative achievement of Russia's great novelists and composers. In the sphere of international relations the age witnessed the reduction of Russia's influence in Europe as a result first of Crimean defeat and later of Bismarckian diplomacy; her successful search for compensation in Asia, brought to an abrupt end by the victories of Japan; and finally her return to the European scene, leading to the war of 1914.

These developments, with the self-imposed but none the less regrettable exception of those in the sphere of culture form the subject of Professor Seton-Watson's survey. Arguing that the period between 1855 and 1881 "has received more and better treatment in Western Europe than the other two," Professor Seton-Watson devotes his main attention to the years after 1881. In fact, for the age of Alexander II the student will continue to turn to the pages of Kornilov and Platonov. The period between 1881 and 1904 receives fuller treatment, and almost half the book is devoted to the remaining years and to a brief "Epilogue." The author deserves the gratitude of those interested in the history of Russia under the last two Emperors for his comprehensive and scholarly survey. It is, however, to be regretted that an account which describes in some detail the last years of Imperial Russia should end in 1914. "In the military as in the political field," Professor Seton-Watson remarks, "Nicholas II dug Russia's grave." It is difficult to quarrel with this judgment, but if it is accepted the story cannot be broken off in 1914. The author's emphasis on the baneful influence of Nicholas II raises a fundamental question about the real nature of Imperial Russia's decline. What was it that was declining? In the economic field the age was one of expansion; in the military and diplomatic sphere Russia was probably stronger in 1914 than she had been in 1855. Is her "decline" then to be sought in the failure of a rigid bureaucratic system to adapt itself to new needs created by a great economic and social

transformation? Or did it consist merely in the unlucky accident of a Nicholas II, incapable of responding effectively to the challenge of his age? Might it not be argued that down to 1914 there had been little real decline? Even if with Professor Seton-Watson one rejects the view that the decline of Imperial Russia was, in the last resort, the result of the strain of war, the fact remains that the war of 1914, at the very least, greatly aggravated the weaknesses of the Imperial system. Professor Seton-Watson hardly examines these questions; he scrupulously sets down the facts; their interpretation he leaves in the hands of his readers.

DR. W. E. MOSSE.

The Decline of Imperial Russia 1855—1914. Hugh Seton-Watson. Methuen, 32s. 6d.

BYRON, SHELLEY AND THEIR PISAN CIRCLE

Professor Cline, of the University of Texas, has engaged in comprehensive research, in both America and Europe, on the circle at Pisa which gathered round the Shelleys, and was joined, after a time, by Byron. Some of the material which he prints is drawn from hitherto unpublished sources—correspondence, for instance, in the possession of Sir John Murray. Detailed references are given in Notes at the end of the book, and there is an admirable index.

The Pisan circle, as the Professor admits, has been often described, but its interest is perennial. Its members are fairly well known; among them Medwin, who loved Mary Shelley, and the flamboyant Trelawny, who delighted her; Jane Williams and her husband, who were perhaps the Shelleys' most intimate friends, and Claire Clairmont, whose intermittent visits were a frequent cause of friction. It was Byron's callous neglect of their daughter Allegra that estranged Shelley from him. Another figure of the circle, the Irish *littérateur*, John Taaffe, of whom the Professor has made a special study, is given new prominence. His execrable verses, specimens of which are quoted in an appendix, may be forgiven him for the sake of his enthusiastic appreciation of Shelley; his description of the poet, too long to quote here, is one of the most attractive passages in the book. This brief Pisan period (January, 1820, to May, 1822) and the few final weeks at Lerici were perhaps the happiest in Shelley's life; the tragic deaths of Williams and himself broke up the circle.

Unfortunately, in his desire to set out new material, Professor Cline has devoted a disproportionate amount of space—practically two chapters and an appendix—to the "Dragoon affair." This was a skirmish between an Italian dragoon named Masi, who was wounded in it, and Byron's servants. Several of the gentlemen were involved, Byron in particular, who dreaded possible repercussions of the affair in England, and whose friends the Gambas (family of the Countess Guiccioli) were exiled by the Tuscan authorities as a consequence of it. A facsimile is given of the Italian deposition made for the police, signed by Byron, Trelawny, Shelley, and Hay; this has its interest, but the reader wearies of other depositions, correspondence on possible legal action, and so forth. The incident was, no doubt, disturbing, especially until the dragoon's recovery was assured, but other recent writers have adequately disposed of it in a few paragraphs. There is a slip in applying to the dead Keats the words "ensanguined brow" from the *Adonais*; they occur in the description of one of his mourners, usually taken to be Shelley himself.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

Byron, Shelley and their Pisan Circle, by Professor C. L. Cline. John Murray, 25s.

Daniel Defoe, by Francis Watson (Longmans, 10s. 6d.), is a welcome addition to the excellent series of brief literary biographies which reminds elderly reviewers of the *English Men of Letters* edited by John Morley at the close of the last century. That far less attention has been paid to Defoe than to Swift and Pope is natural enough, not merely because he produced only one masterpiece, but because he was a less interesting and less well-connected a person. Though a good deal of information has come to light in recent decades, Mr. Watson has to confess that there are still phases in his chequered career of which very little is discoverable. That Swift was a publicist of the first rank is known to everybody, for is not *Gulliver's Travels* one of the glories of political satire? But how many people are aware that the author of *Robinson Crusoe* was also the editor of and almost sole contributor to a review, and also the author of hundreds of pamphlets on issues of the day? Mr. Watson does justice to the various aspects of a strenuous life: the man of business, political agent, journalist, pamphleteer, sociologist, imaginative writer, and creator of the realist novel. In politics he was a man of the centre. His nonconformist upbringing made him a Whig and an ardent champion of the Revolution of 1688, but in his middle years he had no objection to working with Harley, a moderate Tory. Of the earlier works the most striking are the vigorous defence of King William in the *Trueborn Englishman* and the *Essay on Projects*, while his travels are as revealing as Cobbett's *Rural Rides* a century later. The famous novels are the fruit of his later years, and though *Moll Flanders* and *Roxana* are unsuitable for Sunday School prizes, they cannot be ignored by the student of the English novel. If Swift, Pope and Addison are shining pearls, Defoe may be classified as a rough diamond. Mr. Watson has performed a difficult task with conspicuous success.

* * *

Nell Gwyn: Royal Mistress, by John Harold Wilson (Frederick Muller, 18s.) is a colourful portrait of the best known and least repulsive of the crowd of favourites of the Merry Monarch. How widely he has cast his net is revealed in the extensive bibliography, but he carries his learning lightly. With the aid of the raffish Pepys, the austere Evelyn, and official documents, he brings to life the loose theatrical world in which "pretty, witty Nell" grew up, and the shameless Court of which she became one of the brightest luminaries. The amazing story is told with gusto: squeamish readers may perhaps feel with a little too much gusto. Her illiteracy was no handicap in the ceaseless competition for royal favour, for she possessed qualifications of vivacity, warmth of heart and frank sensuality unapproached by her more greedy and sophisticated rivals such as Lady Castlemaine and Louise de Querouaille.

* * *

The Years with Mother, by Augustus Hare (Allen & Unwin, 25s.) is a skilful abridgment of the first three volumes of his immense autobiography, so familiar an object in country-house libraries at the turn of the century. Even in its shortened form, there is rather too much about the author's numberless relations, but the core of the book, with its travel pictures and its haunted houses, is sound. Here is an observant, art-loving, skilful recorder of the Victorian era at home and abroad; and his numerous volumes on the English counties, France, Italy, Sicily and Spain, found a host of readers, and are still worth consulting. Many of the author's sketches of romantic places are reproduced in this handsome and well-printed work. A brief introduction and useful notes by Malcolm Barnes help the reader to enjoy this entertaining "bedside" book.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

• MAY, 1953

AFTER STALIN

THE non-Communist world has naturally been wondering whether the death of Stalin will bring about a change in Russian foreign policy. It is of course part of orthodox Marxism that individuals play no role in determining the course of history, which follows a predestined course of Hegelian dialectics. Yet Communist philosophy has got into a dilemma. For the Russian version of Marxism postulates the Communist party machine and its leaders as the driving force of history, thereby admitting a subjective factor in an otherwise automatic process. Thus the Communist Party plays the decisive role in Russia, and its leaders have become the dominating factor in the course of events. As the Russian Revolution receded more and more from the idealism of the early phases and from the dictatorship of a class, it became more and more a dictatorship of an oligarchy that supposedly represented a class. The history of the Stalin-Trotsky conflict showed how personal rivalry played its part in the history of the Russian Revolution during the late 1920's. One may assume therefore that personalities do play some part in the foreign policy of Russia today.

For some years past the fate of Russia and the course of her foreign policy has been determined by one man, who had by cautious planning, intrigue and ruthlessness acquired the sole source of power. We know also that Malenkov has been trained by Stalin, who seemed to wish him to have a large say in the direction of things after him. Whether he wished him to have the sole direction is not easy for us to determine. But we are entitled to assume that, after a period of relative quiet, competition for the sole source of power is likely to commence again. This competition between Malenkov, Beria and others may not break out into open conflict, as the Stalin-Trotsky struggle did. On the other hand in a police state like Russia, with its tradition of conspiratorial politics from the earliest times, possibilities of this nature cannot be altogether excluded.

It is true to say that there never has been a time of completely friendly understanding between Russia and the West except for short exceptional periods. The only time when anything like this has occurred was when both Russia and the West were temporarily threatened by the same danger such as Napoleon, Hohenzollern and Hitler Germany. For it can truly be said that from the time of Peter the Great, when Russia first became a European Power, Russia has been *in* Europe but never *of* it. The causes are deep-seated and complex but can be traced originally to the acceptance by the Princes of Kiev of Eastern Christianity, thus shutting Russia off from the influences that came from the West through Roman Christianity. This was followed by 200 years of hegemony under the Tartars and later by the complete absence of the influence of the Reformation and Counter-

Reformation. It is fascinating to look at reports of travellers and diplomats from the West about Russia as far back as the 17th century. After the Napoleonic wars the Tsar Alexander I was constantly accused of "maintaining huge armies on the Western and Balkan fronts of his Empire, preaching unctuously the gospel of fraternity and mutual trust, while his agents carry on dark intrigues in every court in Europe." Is not that an exact parallel to what we accuse Russia of today? One may assume it to be axiomatic, therefore, that traditionally Russia feels herself at a disadvantage over against the West; and since her government always has been since the days of Ivan the Terrible a centralised and authoritarian one, it need cause no surprise that the Soviet Union has followed in the steps of the Tsars.

If one looks at events in perspective, one can hardly expect it to be otherwise, viz.: that Russia should always be ready to play a double game, pleading peaceful intentions, yet plotting subversive activities against her neighbours. First there is the subconscious inferiority complex towards the West, and secondly there is that Messianic urge, which Russia has always exhibited throughout the centuries, to lead the world to a salvation of her own imagination. It is true that this salvation can in fact turn out to be a system under which satellite states are expected to obey the orders of the Kremlin's secret police. After all, Ivan the Terrible did just the same with his "Oprichniks." And now the Communism of the Cominform has little to distinguish it from the Imperialism of Nicolas I, the "gendarme of Europe." In considering therefore how far it is possible today to come to an understanding with Russia one has to bear in mind the background of Russian history, the ingrained suspicion of the West, the doctrine of salvation for mankind through Russia; and all this today is reinforced by a rigid dogma laid down by Communist congresses at the beginning of the Revolution, which postulates the inevitable breakdown of the non-Communist world and the inevitable spread of Communism to take its place. One cannot under such circumstances expect a lasting understanding between the West and Russia.

On the other hand the rulers in the Kremlin are not only fanatics. They are a curious mixture of fanaticism and realism. Beginning with Lenin's famous retreat at Brest-Litovsk in January 1918, the Russian leaders have inserted into their philosophy the need to compromise temporarily with their antagonists, if they for the time being seem strong. Part of the Communist philosophy formulated from time to time by Stalin, embraces the idea of "tides of revolution" which ebb and flow. During the high tide every effort must be made to foster revolution abroad; during the ebb tide agreements can be made for a time, until the flow of the tide starts again. The question therefore is not whether we can make a lasting peace with Russia. It is a question whether we can utilise the situation caused by the death of Stalin, and whether we can profit by the growing strength of the West to get from Russia a temporary *modus vivendi*. We should deceive ourselves if we expected the Russian rulers to concede more than this. More would be contrary to the whole philosophy of Communism. Further we should not think that the death of Stalin will cause internal difficulties inside Russia which might herald the downfall of the whole Communist regime. All evidence from inside Russia, such as it is, does

not support such a thesis. The French journalist, Michel Gorday, in his *Visa to Moscow* written in 1950, one of the few independent writers who have been allowed inside Russia in recent years, gives one the impression of a completely indoctrinated people. The non-Communist element among the people, the majority in fact, are completely convinced that the world outside is preparing to attack Russia, yet is in process of mortal decay, that Communism is widespread in the West with the bulk of the people groaning under an "imperialist yoke"! This fantastic picture is universally believed and the burden of armaments accepted as a guarantee against Western aggression. On the other hand there seems definite proof that the mass of the Russian people are in terror of another war, and no regime in Russia can possibly ignore this terror. A totalitarian regime can pretty thoroughly regiment the thoughts of its citizens, though there is a point beyond which it cannot go. The population of one sixth of the world are living a looking-glass existence; yet indoctrination has not gone so far as to kill the healthy instinct of self-preservation which after all Russia's sufferings in two world wars and a great civil war makes the people urgently desirous that there shall be no repetition of the past. Nevertheless it is a tradition in Russia that the government can do no wrong. It is the Byzantine tradition that has come down from the past. But if the government fails to keep the peace and does not feed the people, and keep the factories running or the armed forces supplied, it can be replaced by revolution. The Romanov dynasty ended this way. The new Communist dynasty is not likely to run that risk again by forcing the pace of world revolution too hard. But if the Revolution in the West does not come, what then? We shall probably see changes of personnel in the top ranks in the Kremlin, heralding a change of tactical line. Just as Molotov replaced Litvinov in 1939 and so prepared the ground for the Soviet-German Treaty, so a change may come in the direction of foreign policy inaugurating the end of the cold war for a season at least.

The question is whether that moment has now come. That there is a definite change since Stalin's death cannot be denied. But we must beware of attributing more to it than is warranted by facts. Let us follow the rough outline as far as it can be traced of Russian foreign policy over the last few years. When the war ended there was reason to believe that Stalin was still wedded to the theory of "Socialism in one country" and the "coexistence of Russia with the capitalist world." The wartime psychology of cooperation against the common enemy was still alive. Russia had been terribly decimated. Most towns west of a line running from Leningrad to Rostov-on-Don were in ruins. World revolution seemed a long way off. The states of Eastern Europe west of Russia's frontiers might, it was thought, under Russia-friendly governments, not necessarily Communist, form a cushion to protect Russia against possible future attacks from the West. But about 1947 two things seem to have happened which caused Stalin to abandon this policy and adopt a more aggressive line. First it seems that he came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to rely on Russia-friendly governments in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and the Balkans, unless they were made 100 per cent. Communist. Secondly the financial and economic crises developing in the West with the petering out of the American loan to

Britain, the coal and production crisis in Western Europe and the universal spectre of inflation, seemed to indicate that the "tide of revolution" was indeed beginning to flow again. The cold war began about this time with the rejection of Marshall aid by the satellite states at the orders of Russia. Possibly Stalin took this line against his better judgment but felt himself overwhelmed by the course of events—the existence of Slav and Magyar states on Russia's western borders which could not be assimilated in her post-war scheme of things without first making them Communist.

But Stalin may have been much strengthened in this policy by Zdanov, the defender of Leningrad and chairman after the war of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Central Soviet. Zdanov on principle did not believe in compromise with the West. He belonged to the school that wanted intensified Communism at home and intensified support for Communist movements abroad. Though Stalin probably did not accept all his lieutenant's ideas, he found him useful at this juncture. Zdanov was allowed to carry on witch-hunts against authors, musicians and scientists for not writing sufficiently class-conscious books and music or not making scientific discoveries sufficiently in line with Marxism. Eugene Varga, the economist, who dared to suggest in a book that capitalism might temporarily overcome its crises by planning, was banned, bell, book and candle. At this time, however, we hear of Malenkov, another protégé of Stalin's on the Politburo, who held very different views. He despised the Communist parties of the West and had no faith in revolutions outside Russia unless they were powerfully backed by the Red Army. He doubted the wisdom of forcing the pace of Communism at home and abroad at the same time. But in 1947 with the decision of Stalin to oppose Marshall aid and to allow Zdanov to restart the Cominform, Malenkov's ideas were put in the shade and he fell from grace temporarily.

Malenkov's rise to influence under Stalin dates from late 1947. The failure of revolutionary strikes in France and later the revolt of Tito against Russian domination of the Balkans discredited Zdanov. The Berlin blockade and the Czechoslovak coup were the last two attempts of the Zdanov plan to advance in the West, though there were many cross-currents over the former. Malenkov, however, from the beginning saw the difficulty of the advance of Communism in Europe. Shrewd, calculating and ruthless, like his master, he turned towards Asia for the best ground for the success of Communism. To him must probably be attributed the influence which decided Stalin to launch the Korean war and full-scale support for Communist China. He rightly saw in South East Asia and the Far East the weak spot in the non-Communist world, with millions of poor peasants and no traditional Labour and Socialist movements which were the great hindrance to Communism in Europe.

The death of Stalin removes the figure which has for some years had the last word on any important issue of Russian policy. But it does not remove the whole ideology on which Russian policy is based. Malenkov must go slow for a time, because he has rivals and is not yet as powerful as Stalin. Being a realist he must take stock of the situation. We can feel reasonably sure that the Zdanov policy of aggression in Europe is

abandoned. We may even get peace in Korea, because Malenkov realises that stalemate will get him nowhere and continued intransigence will only antagonise the neutral Asiatics, like Nehru's Indians. But have we any right to expect more? I should say certainly not. The key to the immediate future of Russian policy is probably to be seen in the thesis which Stalin put out to the Russian Communist Party last autumn. It is all the more significant because he wrote it, and therefore it cannot be said to be a new line after his death. What is that line? War, it says, is inevitable, not between Russia and the capitalist world but within the capitalist world itself. The Western Powers, though tottering to their fall, will nevertheless be able to fight each other, and it is Russia's business to be the *tertius gaudens* and encourage divisions in the Western camp.

Although it was not openly stated last autumn at the Moscow Communist Conference, there are signs that this policy will include a determined effort to secure the sympathy of the neutral world of Southern Asia and the Middle East. Peace campaigns will be organised there. India may forget her rebuff at the U.N.O. last year, and Egypt will see in Russia a protagonist against "British imperialism." In the Arab world the bitterness against Israel can be exploited, while in South America the Argentine can be wooed against "American imperialism." In Germany offers of "unity" can be made to sow dissensions in France, break E.D.C., and embarrass N.A.T.O. There is plenty of ammunition about the world to serve the Soviets to promote the ideology that underlies the Russian Revolution. The death of Stalin and the growing strength of the West may cause tactics to change but not the general strategy or the ultimate objective.

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Recent events have confirmed the impression that there is a definite change of direction in Moscow. On the home front there is the release of some prisoners, a partial amnesty, a dropping of anti-Semitism, and a new Cabinet in Georgia. It looks as if more than a feeling of uncertainty has prompted all this. It seems that Malenkov and those associated with him definitely did not agree with some of Stalin's acts, and thought that a milder policy at home was called for. No doubt they felt the pulse of public opinion, not dead yet, which has been yearning for a milder police regime.

In foreign affairs, too, the Soviet press is adopting a milder tone, more reminiscent of the period when Litvinov was at the Foreign Office. It is satisfactory that President Eisenhower has sensed this feeling too, and in spite of the right wing of the Republicans, has responded to this new mood in Russia in a way which will hearten all liberal opinion throughout the world.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

THE SOVIET-JEWISH CONFLICT

THERE is naturally a tendency of Jewish spokesmen at the present moment to denounce Communism as the enemy of Judaism, not less than of Christianity, and to identify the virulent anti-Zionist campaign of the Soviet Union and the satellite governments with the

Communist Party and Communist doctrine. Yet in its origin as a religious movement Communism derives some of its fundamental ideas from the Hebraic teaching of the Old Testament. In its origin as a political movement of the last century it owed much to Jewish thinkers. In its development as a State system in this century a few Jews have played a prominent part. And its economic ideas deeply influenced the Jewish settlement in Israel. The author of the Communist manifesto of 1848, Karl Marx, was by origin a Jew and a descendant of rabbis; and several of his first adherents were Jews. The manifesto derived its moral force from the teaching of the Hebrew prophets. The 58th chapter of Isaiah, which is read in the Synagogue service of the Day of Atonement, the most solemn occasion of the Jewish year, is a striking expression of that passion for social justice. "Is not this the fact that I have chosen to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?" The early Christians, who were Hebrew Christians, "had all things common, and they sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need."

A modern teacher of Judaism, the late Dr. Judah Magnes, who was the first President of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, writing shortly after the Russian Revolution of 1917, stressed that:—"the Jews are the revolutionaries of Western civilisation. They should endeavour to maintain that role. Their earliest tradition, Mount Sinai and the Prophets, and their history during 2000 years, has forced them to this role. Their conception of the Messiah has a revolutionary basis. It is the day of the new heaven and the new earth, a better world of men than that in which we live . . . If they continue to exist, as they will, their tradition and their international position will continue to force them—much against the will of many of them—to be the disturbers of the world, the wakers of the sleepers, the yeast in the dough." Their age-long experience of persecution made the Jews more sensitive than others to the oppression of the working class, and made some of them passionate against the evils of capitalism. They had been forced to become capitalists in the Middle Ages. Both the Jewish and the non-Jewish biographers of Karl Marx have pointed out the Jewish influence on his revolutionary doctrine. Isaiah Berlin, in his book on Marx in the *Home University Library*, remarks that the grasp of moral ideas gave the Jew a peculiar force, and Professor Tawney that Marx was saturated with ethics as a Hebrew prophet. It is true that Karl Marx himself attacked the Jews, regarding them as capitalists. They were for him only an economic entity, not a religious body, and their economic emancipation would be part of the emancipation of the European society. But his personal rejection of Judaism does not affect the Jewish heritage which was part of his mind. A non-Jewish commentator, the American Edmund Wilson, brings out that influence. "The characteristic genius of the Jew has been especially a moral genius; . . . nobody but a Jew in that middle 19th century could have commanded the moral weapons to crack the fortress of bourgeois self-satisfaction. Nobody but a Jew could have fought so uncompromisingly and obstinately for the victory of the dispossessed classes . . . Marx substituted for the plight of the Jew the plight of the proletariat."

It was natural then that Marx's early followers included two German Jews, Moses Hess and Ferdinand Lassalle, who both were deeply concerned with the Jewish problem, and aspired to liberate their people from oppression and discrimination. Hess, indeed, in a famous book *Rome and Jerusalem*, was one of the eminent forerunners of Zionism and the Jewish State. It was to be expected also that Russian Jews, the victims of persecution and pogroms should take an active part in the revolutionary Russian movements of the 20th century, both in the Revolution of 1905 which failed, and the Revolution of 1917 which succeeded. Again, two of the most ardent comrades of Lenin were Jews, who had been his fellows in exile; Martov, whose name was originally Julius Cederbaum, and Leo Trotsky, whose name was originally Bornstein. And while the philosophical basis of the Communist Gospel was dialectical materialism, which outwardly seemed in complete conflict with the Hebraic idea of the universal God demanding a way of righteousness, it is notable that in the writings of Trotsky, more dramatically than in any other of the Communist theories, history and the iron law of history take the place of God and the law of God as supreme causes. The same American commentator, Edmund Wilson, remarks that Trotsky's doctrine makes no sense unless one substitutes for history and the dialectic of history the words 'providence' and 'God.'

The Communist idea of the equal society which has abolished capitalism was a deep influence on the early settlement of Jews in Palestine. The second wave of immigration, that came from the Czarist Empire in the early years of the 20th century included groups who had accepted wholeheartedly in Russia the idea of the collective society. And before the first world war they had established in Galilee the first of the collective settlements, the Kibbutzim. The most famous of these settlements was Dagan, which was planted in 1908, and is the parent of a movement that now embraces some hundreds of Kibbutzim and tens of thousands of members. The ideas of social justice and the classless society were combined in these groups with an ardent Jewish feeling and with a love of the Land of Israel. The materialist basis was a deviation from the Jewish universal God, and the nationalist ardour was a deviation from the orthodox Communist teaching. But the Jewish Communist brought from his religious heritage an equal intensity and practical energy, whether he was a cosmopolitan leader of the Bolshevik State of Russia or the humble pioneer in the Socialist Zionist communities. It was a common faith of the Jewish Communist in Russia or in Palestine that men must live for the sake of the community. What was particular in the faith of the Socialist Jew in Israel was that each man must be free to develop his individual genius. For each man was created in the image of God, and may not be treated as a means to an end or as a mere machine.

The collective and co-operative agricultural villages in Israel offer remarkable examples of a life where the individual lives for the well-being of the community, and subordinates his self-interest to the common good, but at the same time has freedom of expression, of thought and development. Moreover, the major industrial enterprises and marketing bodies in Israel are controlled by a vast Labour Federation which comprises in its membership more than half of the adult population. There is no

place for capitalist exploitation. Even where private enterprise controls an industry, the Labour Federation is so strong as to secure fair conditions of work for all the workers.

The present hostility of the Communist States in Eastern Europe against the Jewish State in Israel is not then the result of any inherent conflict between Communism and Judaism or Israel. The Jewish way of life as practised in Israel embodies a large part of the Communist ideal. The conflict is mainly political, not ideological. It arises essentially in the struggle of the two rival imperialisms between the Soviet Union and the Western Democracies. It is a blatant pretence that the Jewish State is founded on capitalism. Its offence is that it is economically linked, in the eyes of the masters of the Soviet Union, with the hated capitalist Western State.

The relations of the Soviet Union with the building of the Jewish National Home have been chequered since the British declaration in favour of the Jewish Home was issued in 1917, a few months after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution. At first the attitude was ambivalent. The Soviet State, in which Jewish Communists had a full part, was not sympathetic to the mass emigration of Russian Jews to Palestine, which was under British rule; and Zionism was suspect of being a tool of British Imperialism in the Middle East. On the other hand, it was possible for individual Russian Jews who had Zionist convictions to go out and settle in Palestine. The door was not shut. So the Habima, the famous Jewish dramatic company of Moscow, which had imbibed the Russian theatrical tradition but was resolved on making Hebrew the language of its theatre, was allowed to migrate. And in the early twenties some hundreds of Zionist Communists came out to form their collectives in the Land. The Socialist experiment of the Yishuv attracted the attention of writers and political leaders of the Soviet. A political and cultural counter-nationalism was, however, encouraged, on the one hand by the establishment of a Jewish Home within the Soviet Union in distant Mongolia, and on the other hand by making Yiddish a national language in regions with large Jewish populations. But the scheme for the Jewish republic of Biro-Bidjan, which should attract Jewish Socialists from all parts of Europe as well as of the Union, foundered on the fierce Russian xenophobia of the thirties. And only a small section of the three million Jews in the Union showed any enthusiasm for Yiddish.

During the second world war, after Russia was made the principal enemy of Nazi Germany, a renewed sympathy between Russian Jews and the Jews in Palestine and in the Western world was encouraged. War, as Aristotle wrote, is a forcible teacher; and the remnants of Polish and Eastern European Jewry, who escaped into the vast spaces of the Soviet Union, helped to revive the feeling of Jewish brotherhood. After the war, the Russian government for a time placed no impediment on the migration to Palestine of this rescued remnant, though it still refused the right of expatriation to its own Jews. When the Palestine question was placed by the British Government before the Assembly of the United Nations in 1947, the Soviet representative, surprisingly, spoke out as a friend of the Jewish demand for a State. The motive may have been to embarrass the United Kingdom and make it impossible for the British to

maintain their imperial hold. And at first the Russians inclined to the solution of an independent federated Palestine of Jewish and Arab autonomous regions. When however, the majority of the Commission of the United Nations on Palestine reported that that solution was not practical, Gromyko, the Soviet delegate, was an outspoken supporter of partition. The remarkable spectacle was offered of American and Soviet agreement. And the Soviet Union was second only to the United States in the immediate recognition of the State of Israel after the Jewish declaration of independence in May 1948, when the British Mandate ended.

It was natural perhaps that the Communist State was disappointed that Israel did not show her gratitude by orienting her foreign policy in line with the Peoples' Democracies. But for a time its general policy in the Middle East was tolerant towards the infant Hercules wrestling with great tasks. While at the General Assembly of the United Nations in the winter of 1949 it was strangely allied with the Latin American States, influenced by the Vatican, and with the Arab States, influenced by dynastic jealousies of the Kingdom of Jordan, in a demand for an international trusteeship for Jerusalem, in the following year it abandoned that policy, and was associated again with the United States, and now also with the United Kingdom, in accepting the division of Jerusalem between the Kingdom of Jordan and Israel.

It is startling, indeed, that, more than a century ago, Alexis de Tocqueville, writing his classic book on the American Democracy, prophesied the conflict between the Russian Empire and the United States. The Prime Minister of Israel quoted from that book in his survey of 'Israel among the Nations', which is a prelude to the Israel Government Year-Book of 1952. "The . . . American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided strength and common sense of the people; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting-point is different and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globes." The ubiquity of that conflict makes it the more difficult for Israel to hold to that policy of non-identification in her foreign relations, to which she, like India, aspired in the first years of the State. Apart from the material interests, ideological sympathies, carried over from the Liberal age of Europe, and the fact that the mass of the Jews live in the United States and the other English-speaking countries, bind Israel more closely to the Western Democracies. The Soviet Union requires all or nothing, and repels Israel's overtures for understanding.

The Soviet hostility is manifested not only to Israel but still more to the Jews within the people's democracies. The Jewish leaders are charged with being 'rootless cosmopolitans.' It is a cardinal sin that some Jews in the Soviet Union and the other Communist States still have attachment to their Jewish kith and kin in other countries, that a few are sentimentally interested in the creation of the State of Israel, and a few are concerned about the revival of Hebrew culture, in which Russian Jews of the last generation were the leaders. The Jew in that way does not fit into the rigid pattern of the Totalitarian State, in which only a single ideal and a

single loyalty is permitted. He is too independent in mind, too critical, bent on going back to the sources of doctrine and examining them. The Russian Communist demands a unity of ideas and sentiment as the Nazi German demanded the unity of race. Yet it would be rash to infer that anti-Semitism has become, or is likely to be, an instrument of national policy in the Communist-ridden States. Zionism may be attacked, and the Jewish influence, hitherto strong in the governments of the satellite States, is being rapidly removed. But what most hurts Jewish Socialists in all countries, and has strained to the breaking-point the loyalty of some Jewish and some non-Jewish Communists, is the realisation that anti-Jewish prejudice may be exploited for the sake of power politics by the Communist no less than by the Fascist or the National-Socialist totalitarianism. There are no moral rules in the conduct of the successor of the Byzantine and the Czarist Empires, no absolute except the power of the State and the submission of the individual to the State. Still the best hope for the Jews in Eastern Europe must be that neither circumstance nor the human mind is static, even in the totalitarian State. The death of Stalin is a dramatic change in circumstances; and it is remarkable that one Communist of Jewish origin, Mr. Kaganovich, remains in the Supreme Cabinet of the Soviets. The drive against the Jews in the Union may end as suddenly as it began.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

ITALY ON THE EVE OF THE ELECTIONS

ITALY is on the eve of the expiration of the mandate of the Parliament elected on April 18th, 1948; but at the moment of writing the new election law is still under discussion and leftists are trying to delay it and thus to delay the date of the elections.* Under the new law the party or group of parties which obtains 51 per cent. of the votes will be entitled to secure the largest number of representatives through a premium which, it is argued, would stabilise the democratic régime. Undoubtedly the political situation is rather cloudy. Communists have exploited the malaise through sabotaging in the Chamber and the Senate any serious proposals of the democratic parties; and the Neo-fascists have exploited the uneasiness created by the Communists and Communist agitation and strikes, as well as by the failure of the Government to obtain a satisfactory settlement of the Trieste problem. The democratic parties have therefore found themselves in danger of the restoration of a dictatorship and have introduced the new election law. However, the psychological moment to launch such a law has perhaps not been happily chosen as on the eve of the elections the proposal could not fail to arouse criticism. This has occurred not only among Communists, Neo-fascists and Monarchists, the opposition parties, but also among some representatives of the Independent Liberals. This weakens the Christian Democratic Government even if the country as a whole rejects communist principles. Yet it is unlikely that leftists will greatly alter the position secured at the 1948 elections.

*Since this article was written the electoral reform bill has become law.

The strengthening of the democratic regime is less connected with the number of votes to be secured by the leftists than with the question as to what share of the votes secured by the Christian Democrats at the elections of April 18th, 1948 is to be maintained by that party and what is to be lost to Neo-fascists and Monarchists in the fight against communism. The huge majority then secured by the Christian Democrats was above all the work of voters who were not members of the party. On the other hand at that time the question of Republic or Monarchy had not found a settlement, and consequently the success of the Christian Democrats was partly due to the hopes of the Monarchists.

The Christian Democrats have undoubtedly done much good if the present international position of the country is compared with that of the 1945-1948 period, and if we consider the great rebuilding in the main towns, the improvements in railways and port facilities, etc. Yet from an international point of view Italy has many unsettled problems, such as Trieste and admission to the United Nations. The economic situation is rather unsatisfactory, for the deficit in the Budget has greatly increased in the course of the past few years and has reached a point near inflation, while the balance of trade worsened during 1952. Under these circumstances voters may be rather doubtful about supporting the Christian Democrats at the next elections, with or without the new election law.

The minor democratic parties—the Democratic Socialists, the Republicans, and the Liberals—failed to inspire the voters, owing to their internal disputes and their inability to realise, for example, that the situation has changed in the last half century. Further, with few exceptions the leaders of these minority parties have not realised the importance of a definite choice between State-controlled economic policy and the full exploitation of private initiative which is the key to the settlement of the Italian economic situation.

In the first place the State budget is affected by the huge sums required to cover the losses of the State-controlled industries placed under the supervision of the Istituto Ricostruzione Industriale (I.R.I.) under a monopoly régime and in a discriminatory position in respect to privately owned production. Such industries have prevented an increase of unemployment, but this does not mean that much healthier results could not have been obtained by promoting private initiative and saving the huge sums needed for reorganising firms such as the Societa Ansaldo, etc. The State-controlled shipping, for example, has ordered from Ansaldo & Co. two liners of 30,000 tons each for the Genoa-New York run. Undoubtedly such orders have prevented an increase of unemployment, but their cost is about ten million pounds sterling each, while a similar ship built in British shipbuilding yards would not be more than seven millions. Thus the advantages of full employment have been neutralised by this heavier burden on the State. Possibly the same results in the employment of shipbuilding labour might have been obtained through the order of cargo liners requiring a smaller outlay.

In the second place, the old question of the reorganisation of bureaucracy drags on, with the result that the salaries of the State employees continue to absorb over sixty per cent of the State receipts, and bureaucracy continues to hinder private initiative. The Directors of the State-

controlled industries and the various Boards appointed to supervise foreign trade policy, the issue of import and export licences, the establishment of import quotas etc., include many Government officials who thus secure a supplementary remuneration to make up for their inadequate salary, and who, therefore, have no interest in denationalisation.

Thirdly, both the Christian Democrats and the minor democratic parties must fight the influence of the leftists among workers. The Government has taken initiatives which discourage private initiative, for instance, the agrarian reform which provides for the creation of a small property in opposition to the large estates controlled by certain industries who have invested huge sums in the purchase of agricultural equipment and machinery, the improvement of irrigation, the sowing systems, etc.

The situation is further complicated by the so-called "questione del Mezzogiorno" (the problem of Southern Italy) for which the Government has created the "Cassa del Mezzogiorno" to finance public works and new agricultural and industrial enterprises in the depressed zones. "The Cassa del Mezzogiorno" has worked out a ten year plan involving an investment of 1,280,000 million lire. Part has been borrowed from the International Reconstruction and Development Bank, but a large share has been or will be supplied by the Treasury. This burden means a reduction in the allocations to Northern Italy, with the consequent uneasiness in certain regions where prosperity is affected by delaying such public works as the construction of new railways, roads, public buildings, etc. Undoubtedly the economic reorganisation of Southern Italy under the auspices of the "Cassa del Mezzogiorno" benefits Northern Italy, since it means orders to the engineering and building industries of Turin, Milan, Bergamo, Venice, etc. Conditions in the North, however, have worsened also in consequence of the crisis of foreign trade affecting textile and chemical exports. Southern Italy will also greatly benefit in the next five years from the initiatives of the "Cassa del Mezzogiorno"; but at present the position is affected by the crisis in the export of agricultural products during 1952, since the labour employed on public works, new factories, farms, etc., represents only a small share of the available workers. This fact explains why Commander Achille Lauro, head of the Italian Monarchists and Mayor of Naples, bases his campaign against the Christian Democratic Government on the slogan: "The promises made at the 1948 elections as to economic policy have not been maintained," and why he is meeting with a certain success not only in the South.

The activity of the right parties such as the Monarchists and the Neo-fascists are worth attention. Though many remember what the Fascist dictatorship meant to the nation, there are also many people who would prefer to the present uncertain democratic administration an energetic Neo-fascist or Monarchist Government which in their opinion could speedily settle various problems, such as the housing shortage, war damages, the conversion of certain war industries, the building of roads, the reconstruction of merchant shipping, etc. Many also believe such a Government would have more success in the foreign policy field, including those engaged in oil dealings with Persia, Egypt, etc., who do not realise that any failure of Great Britain in those countries means a

failure of the whole of Europe. The danger of the situation is reflected in the activity of these parties since, should they secure the support of a large number of voters, even the fifty-one per cent. of votes at which the Christian Democrats and their allies aim may not be attained.

Savona.

ANTONIO GIORDANO.

IS THIS THE END OF KRUPPS?

"Krupp is the centre, the symbol and the beneficiary of those pernicious forces which threaten the peace of Europe . . ."—U.S. Prosecutor Jackson at the Nuremberg War Crimes trial.

NOW that all the hue and cry, the triumphant shouts and querulous complaints have died down, it is possible to allow for a more detached appraisal of the reborn Krupp empire. Indeed, it has been a sort of industrial reincarnation; and although the Krupps are far too deeply steeped in sober reality to believe in such things as rebirth, they must begin to recognise the brilliance of the lucky star which has been illuminating their progress on the not too immaculate path they have carved out for themselves. What exactly has happened? Will Krupps be able to climb back to their former pinnacle of power? Will this name which is identified with guns, sweat, blood and death, be turned into an instrument of benefit for the common weal? It is probably impossible to give clear-cut replies to any of these blunt questions. Alfried Krupp, the heir to a vast fortune, is a modern man, a little bitter perhaps, but no reactionary. He has bargained skilfully through his lawyers and kept retiringly in the background. But there are few men in the world today who command such immense wealth, and unless a man is very strong, the capital in his hands may be warped for purposes he never intended. On March 4, 1953, Alfried Krupp signed a historic agreement with the Allied High Commission disposing of the steel, iron and coal industries which have been used by his family to arm Germany in three great wars, two of which Germany lost. As part of this agreement, Krupp agreed to transfer assets in his 350,000,000-mark industries to trustees for sale to independent persons. Krupp will not emerge the loser from these deals, for the proceeds of the sales must be paid to him. Perhaps the gist of the agreement is Krupp's declaration, forced upon him by the Allies, to remain permanently separated from any connection with German steel, iron, or coal interests. In return, the Allies have surrendered to Krupp full control over the remainder of the vast Krupp industrial empire, with a total value estimated at 600,000,000 marks (£50,000,000). This alienation of steel, coal and iron from the Krupp interests, has been rated as the biggest achievement in the programme on which the Western Allies embarked in 1945 to break up the great concentrations of industrial power which have been manipulated by German rulers to make war.

It has not been an undivided success for the Allies. Krupp remains the richest man in Europe, and a power to be reckoned with. Some firms, including two processing companies, Capito and Klein A.G. Duesseldorf and Westfaelische Drahtindustrie A.G., Hamm, are not detached, but handed over to two members of his family. Alfried Krupp

is also endowing each of four other members of the Krupp family with a million pounds each. Assets which Krupp agreed to sell are: The Huettenwerk Rheinhausen A.G., a steel-producing plant; the coal mines of Bergwerke Essen, and the coal fields Rossensay, Rheinberg and Alfred; the coal mines of Hanover, Hannibal and of Constantin der Grosse in the Bochum area, as well as the coal mines of Gewerkschaft Emscher Lippe, and the Krupp firm's interest in the iron-ore mining concern Siegelahn Bergbau G.m.B.H. All remaining assets are transferred to Krupp as his sole property. Among these enterprises are railway locomotives, civil engineering, motor vehicles, production of tungsten carbide material for drills and mining equipment, and participation in a Bremen shipyard. Several Krupp plants suffered war damage or have been dismantled as part of the reparations programme. These include the Norddeutsche Huette A.G., at Bremen, where the blast furnaces were dismantled, and the Gusstahlfabrik at Essen. Recently a plan has been in operation to settle small independent firms (including Messerschmidt) on the Gusstahlfabrik site at Essen, and Krupp has agreed not to hinder this scheme—outwardly at least. The Allied agreement with Krupp has expressly scrapped Hitler's "Lex Krupp" promulgated in 1943. In gratitude to Krupp for arming the Nazi war machine, Hitler decreed that the firm would remain a family enterprise with a single proprietor.

For years Allied investigators housed at Essen, Duesseldorf, Bremen and Frankfurt have been looking into the vast network of the Krupp industrial empire. They have conceded that despite their exhaustive inquiries, they can only put an estimate on the Krupp wealth. Krupp's two lawyers, Earl Carrol and Joseph T. Robinson, both Americans, who signed on behalf of Krupp, while he was ski-ing in the Swiss Alps, said that their client was divesting himself of 74 per cent. of his holdings. Anyone who knows the true facts can only chuckle at this, and Allied officials said dryly that the figure was highly exaggerated. The German people are divided on the Allied measure to decartellise the Krupp concentration. The industrialists are saying that the sejunction of trading companies from his coal, iron and steel possessions is unnatural and will harm the national economy. This is refuted by the Pan-European federalists, who base their hopes in the Coal and Steel Community (Schuman Plan), which makes purely national considerations super-vacaneous. Quite a few industrialists have said that Alfried Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, to give him his full title, had no intention of manufacturing arms again anyway. Said Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Hardach, the trustee of the Krupp Concern as far back as 1951: "The Krupp works will never again fulfil arms orders, even at the risk of laying ourselves open to the charge of sabotaging the European defence effort. After losing so heavily with arms contracts in two wars, no man can take it in ill part if we refuse to execute further arms contracts." It was obviously an inspired statement, for Krupp had made a vast fortune out of the Nazi war machine. By promulgating the "Lex Krupp," Hitler had conferred substantial tax reliefs by leaving the term "family concern." On the other hand, sober-minded democrats are not entirely satisfied with the arrangement. They contend that the nation will always look upon the forced de-concentration of industrial might as an act dictated by malice,

competition, and the desire to keep Germany down. The Allies have not been deflected by these arguments, which may be partly justified, especially as the government envisages a reform of the basic industries in any case, and Krupp would have been affected. The action has turned him into an industrial martyr of sorts. He has been obliged to take over substantial pension payments to the 50,000 employees who were put on half-pension in 1945. This will take a big slice of his own capital, but will still leave enough for powerful trade.

Workers have no reason to be pleased with Krupp's decartellisation. The 60,000-odd employees have been worried for years over their status. Will they be able to stay on? Will they get their full pay? Are they going to be sent on the dole? Now Krupps have indicated that they will have to lay off a few thousand. This will unleash curses for Germany has a million unemployed already, with more workless refugees streaming in from the East every day. At least Krupp can push the blame on the Allies. "You could have stayed if I had been allowed to keep my collieries." Nevertheless, Krupps have not come off too badly. Alfried Krupp has even been allowed to keep the world-famous WIDIA (Wie Diamant—Just like diamonds) concern, a firm specialising in the production of high-grade mining drills. At first, it seemed as if Krupps would have to part company with this subsidiary, but Alfried Krupp refused to sign, and in the end an agreement was reached. (Cast steel produced by Krupps has always been a much sought-after commodity not only for guns, but for locomotives, railway track, ship engines, and so forth. In 1929 the Gusstahlfabrik (cast iron plant) had a total production put at 192 million mark, of which it exported for 53 million mark!) Krupp found a strong ally in the government of Dr. Adenauer, which argued that the exaggerated decartellisation was unconstitutional. The Americans would have treated Alfried Krupp more sympathetically, and John McCloy, the former U.S. High Commissioner, pardoned Krupp in January, 1951, after he had been sentenced at Nuremberg to twelve years in lieu of his ailing father, who has since died. But pressure both from London and Paris was too strong for Washington. It is not generally known that the Russians have also benefited by the dismantlement of the Krupps' Gusstahlfabrik at Essen. Seventy-five thousand tons of plant was freighted behind the Urals, and Tito got a 15,000-ton press, which he is trying to sell back to the firm.

After the first World War 100-million marks worth of Krupp property was dismantled. Dr. Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach was sentenced to fifteen years' gaol by the French in 1923, but he only sat out seven months, partly because of his excellent connections with America—he was related to the American general Bohlen—and partly because money always talks its own language. In 1945 it was decided to make Alfried go to gaol instead of his ageing father, who went to Bad Gastein in Austria to recuperate. One of Krupp's brothers fell in Italy, and another is still being held in Russian captivity. That only leaves Frau Waltraut Thomas, a sister of Krupp, Berthold von Bohlen und Halbach, Harold von Bohlen und Halbach, and Arndt von Bohlen und Halbach. They will not be reduced to penury. Each receives a million pounds compensation. Shortly after his own release from Landsberg War Criminals'

prison, Krupp married an attractive half-American woman, and it is with her at his side that he will begin to reshape and rebuild the once mightiest steel empire of Europe—a state within a state.

Oddly enough, there is not a word in the agreement with the Allies, which fills 103 pages, that Krupp may not build tanks or guns again.

The Krupps have a gift of expanding a seemingly insignificant business into a world-wide firm. At the end of the eighteenth century Friedrich Krupp, who must have been born with both a silver spoon and a wooden ladle in his mouth, took over the fate of his family's fortune, which had swollen to 120,000 Taler, a sizeable sum those days. But he was most unlucky in everything he touched, and fell for the blandishments of two crackpot inventors, who apparently told him they had the secret of making good cast-steel on the lines already manufactured in England. The end of the story was that Krupp went bankrupt, and died, leaving an impoverished widow and a fourteen-year-old son who took over the management! That was in 1826. Relatives tried to convince the youthful Alfried that he should abandon the extravagant schemes of his father, but the youngster refused, and an uncle helped with the correspondence while grandma saw to it that the seven-man factory, which was all that was left, got enough coal. By the time he was twenty, Alfried Krupp had a turnover of 2,000 Taler annually, selling tanning-rollers, coin-dies, and kindred products. With the abolition of inner German customs barriers, Krupp's star began to rise, despite the fact that the Prussian government had rejected an appeal for investment capital. The steam engine revolutionised his manufacturing techniques, and increased annual turnover to 30,000 Taler. It was time for the Krupps to return to Essen's *haute volée*. They could be seen riding again. Krupps had made it. But they were not out of the wood yet, even if they had returned to the fold of the upper set. Alfried dropped the "i" from his name, and decided to tour England in search of steel secrets. He wanted to do it *incognito*, though, and had his passport made out under the name of A. Crup. His employees claimed afterwards that he scorched and calloused his hands purposefully to create the impression in England that he was a common labourer, but such an arrogation must be referred to the realm of fable. Alfred Krupp never had the stuff in him to play the part of a common worker. He returned after eighteen months to find the firm near insolvency again. Refusing to seek out bankers—all his life he distrusted the banking profession—Krupp went to Vienna, where he accepted a big order for a giant mint. But it took him years to collect the promised 26,000 gulden for the job.

Krupp never entertained any scruples on selling his precision firearms to Napoleon III, especially after the Prussian War Ministry had dismissed his offer with the oracle-like presumptuousness: "Prussia's military products cannot be improved." His muskets were too expensive for sales other than to governments. The French indicated that they were mostly interested in field-pieces. The news of Krupp's dealings with the French had caused a stir in Berlin, and the War Ministry asked to see his latest cannons before they were submitted to Paris. The 1848 upheavals delayed an early decision, and it was in this trying period that Krupp conceived the idea of emigrating to Russia. Ironically, it was the Great

Exhibition in Hyde Park of 1851 which saved the business. He displayed models of his steel cuirass, a six-pound cannon barrel, and a 43-cwt. cast steel block. This latter exhibit caused quite a *furor*, and orders began to pour in. Had Alfred Krupp known how to handle money, he might have averted a new catastrophe. He squandered capital on new industrial plant which he did not want; he tolerated adventitious experimentation by his brother so that in the end his partner Soelling warned him to "mop up" with these fruitless sidelines. He continued to spurn offers by financiers who were now eager to buy shares in the business, and he held out until in 1860 he was already employing 1,240 workers. But Prussia's refusal to buy on a large scale soured his temper considerably. He developed a waspish disposition, a characteristic which lost him many friendships. It was Sir Henry Bessemer's new steel-producing process which revolutionised Krupp's output. He paid Bessemer £500 for the licence to copy the process in Germany, and bound himself to report to Bessemer any improvements he could devise. Henceforth Krupp never looked back. Wilhelm I inspected the plant and Napoleon III pleaded for additional breach-loading guns. The railways clamoured for rail-track, and in 1863 the Tsar ordered guns for 1.5 million Taler! At last Krupp was able to go ahead with his own ambitious plans of bettering his mode of living. He had the sumptuous "Villa Huegel" built. He lived the life of a squire and donated souvenir guns to comparative strangers at Nice, where he holidayed. Krupp had no qualms to resort to financial jiggery-pokery to attain his aims and deceived both Bismarck and Napoleon when it came to procuring credits. Bismarck prevailed upon the king to send Krupp 1.5 million Taler so as to "save the firm from French tutelage." But in return Krupp did not abandon the international character of his enterprise. In fact, his inurbanity *vis-a-vis* von Roon, the Prussian War Minister, became a by-word. "I would rather sell and live the staid life of a landowner than forego selling to other countries," he told von Roon. After the Austro-Prussian war, when Krupp guns for the first time barked death at each other, Krupp sent a monster gun to the Prussian king as a present, and asked him to put in a good word with the Tsar for his guns. . . . All this incivility might have cost him the factory had it not been for Wilhelm I's goodwill. The Prussian military bureaucracy detested the upstart in Essen. Napoleon had been counselled by General Le Boeuf to stop buying from Krupp, and it might have looked ugly, but in the end Wilhelm's soft spot for the crankish old man in Essen saved the firm. Two thousand 88 mm. guns were ordered, and it kept Krupp busy for years.

Krupp fought Social Democracy tooth and nail. He refused to acknowledge the inevitable, and raged "I would rather explode my plant than yield to the demands of workers who seem not to know on which side their bread is buttered." His motto was: "Improvements for the worker, not by the worker." He never wavered from this viewpoint. But the sands of his life were running out, and he died a lonely man, forsaken by his wife and the plant's managers, who looked upon him as an eccentric faddist. Alfred's son, Friedrich Alfred, was hardly of the same tough mettle, nor did he have to be, for the Moloch that his father had created no longer needed personal supervision. So the ailing Friedrich Alfred

could pander to his ills and his discerning stomach, when he was not entertaining Wilhelm II, in whose favour he basked until his death in 1902. He was mourned by a flock of sycophants who had scavenged off their master and lain on their bellies just to keep him company because the doctor had told him to lie on his stomach after lunch. At Friedrich Krupp's death the firm was worth 160 million marks. It was changed nominally into a joint-stock company with Bertha Krupp, Friedrich's daughter, as sole stockholder. She handed the day-to-day business over to her husband, von Bohlen und Halbach, an ex-legation counsellor. Even if von Bohlen had been a dunce, the firm would have prospered. In 1913-14 profits were up to 34 million marks. In 1911 the firm had produced 53,000 gun barrels, 27,300 of which were exported. The juggernaut had burst its lashings, and the firm's directors engaged in highly secret negotiations with Schneider-Creusot in France, with Putiloff arms manufacturers in Tsarist Russia, all behind the back of Berlin. The ensuing war hushed up this scandal, and Krupp was declared the "national armoury" as a measure of purely national expediency.

"Hit" of the 1914 season was the Big Bertha, the 42 cm. pounder which could pound Paris from a range of sixty miles! The huge war profits were looked into by an Allied Commission after the Armistice, and as a result of the clamour in France, demolishing and dismantlement cost Krupps 125 million marks.

No one could have predicted the unprecedented come-back of Krupp in the Nazi era; Krupp himself was a little overawed by it all. And the trust-busting programme was bound to break up this vast coal and steel empire, just as it has now smashed the powerful positions occupied by those other steel companies, the Gute Hoffnungshuette—which was sold by Krupps by "oversight" last century—and the Hoesch A.G., each of which has been split into smaller, independent companies. It has been shown that the bank decentralisation programme was irrational and has been largely repealed for the sake of deeper financial security. Whether the last word in the decentralisation of Germany's goliath steel and coal enterprises has been spoken only the future can tell.

K. FRANK FELDMAN.

HISTORICAL UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN NATIONS

THE question whether, or how far, practical politics are determined by the views of the past which the makers of policy have is very controversial. That historical arguments are frequently used in public discussions is, of course, obvious, but the question is whether they exercise much influence. Sir Daniel Stevenson, a great industrialist and benefactor, was convinced that it was mainly the teaching of history which poisoned the mind of peoples against one another, and he therefore endowed two Chairs of International History, at present held by Prof. Sir Charles Webster and Prof. Arnold Toynbee, in order to promote an international spirit. In commemoration of Stevenson, who died in 1944, a lecture was arranged on National and International History, and Field-

HISTORICAL UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN NATIONS 275

Marshal Earl Wavell was chosen as lecturer. It was delivered and published in 1949, and was indeed as brilliant as could be expected. But it definitely contradicted Stevenson's opinion underlying his endowment. Wavell's theses were: the great majority of people know almost nothing of history, and wrong historical views cannot therefore have had any influence on international relations. History further has, on the whole, not been written or taught in an unduly nationalist spirit, except in Germany. Lastly, it was natural and right that the history of a people should have a strong national flavouring, should not leave out everything which might offend another nation, and should foster national pride, though not an exaggerated one.

This is not the place for a critical examination of these views in all their implications. But we may use them as a starting point for a few reflections. Leaving aside details, I think that certain essential opinions of both Stevenson and Wavell are right, but that both neglect other important aspects. To begin with Wavell: there is no doubt that the great mass of the people know nothing of history, and I should add that this is just the ground why they are very frequently much less prejudiced towards other nations than many intellectuals who know a lot of history, but not yet enough to form a really impartial judgment. On the other hand, Wavell's opinion that the ignorance of the mass of the people shows that knowledge of history has no influence on politics implies the assumption that it is the mass of the people who directly decide about great international affairs. But in our age it is neither the mass which makes the decisions, nor a few men at the top alone. Even in the most absolute dictatorship, the ruling autocrat, if he is not a madman, takes account of the opinions of his confidants, his party, and his experts, and of the national ideology. In a parliamentary state the circle contributing to the formation of the public will is naturally much wider and freer, but it is by no means the people as a whole.

Stevenson was right in emphasising the role of historical prejudices in fostering ill will and suspicion between nations. But whether these prejudices are bred in the schools seems doubtful. Conditions probably always differed from country to country, from school to school, and from teacher to teacher. In every nation there were distinguished historians who were examples of impartiality, and textbooks which, on the whole, were not unduly nationalistic, though sometimes there were also others. Textbooks, openly praising war, or slandering foreign nations, were certainly exceptions. It may, however, be asked whether the almost exclusive teaching of the history, literature, and language of one nation must not foster national conceit and render the pupil unfit for a wider outlook, even if there is no detraction of other nations? But if the political history and the cultural achievements of other nations should also be taught—how could the schools cope with this immense task? The teaching of the history of one nation already presents great difficulties if it shall reveal the deeper problems of national life. Historical instruction is always faced with the dilemma: either intensive study of one nation, time or problem, and neglect of all the others—or an extensive survey of numerous fields without penetrating the surface and reaching the real problems. It is not easy to say which is the lesser evil.

Stevenson, of course, was not concerned with such questions. His intuition was certainly right, and the finding of the right ways he left to the experts. His generosity has also borne rich fruits, and has made possible scholarly work of great value for the development of an international mind. The problem, however, requires further consideration. The schools are not the only source of false opinions on the history of nations, and perhaps only a minor one. Other factors in spreading prejudice are: propaganda of governments and parties, the press, the radio, political literature, and ingrained collective ideologies. A very widespread sort of prejudice is, for example, colour prejudice. But in our part of the world it is neither governments nor the press, nor the schools, which propagate it, rather the opposite. It lives in the minds of numerous people, is more frequent in certain nations or environments than in others, and is difficult to combat by arguments or reason. There are people who in theory admit that coloured people are not different from other human beings, but in practice cling to segregation. Other prejudices, too, e.g., those against Jews, certain religions or nations, are products of history, and form part of collective ideologies. Young people pick them up from parents, schoolmates, etc.

Every social group has its ideology, which ties it together and gives it self-confidence and ambition. Every ideology consists of some truth and more or less error. In the rivalries between nations, each looks at the point of dispute through the medium of its ideology, and this often makes an agreement much more difficult to attain than the difference of interests as seen by an impartial observer.

All these ideologies largely consist of historical reminiscences, prejudices and illusions. Every ideology mirrors the historic experience and social structure of the nation. All nations are to a great extent products of wars, and have been moulded by warlike classes. But in some this has happened long ago and is nearly forgotten, while in others the memory of the birth of the nation is still vivid, in particular in the tradition of military classes or sections of the intellectuals. The ideology of these elements forms a potential source of new conflicts and wars. But the great masses in no modern nation ever wished for a war in which they themselves would have had to fight. The dangerous elements in a national ideology naturally have a great share in charging the air with electricity, and a small incident may then unleash a hurricane. Unfortunately, however, also very well-meaning tendencies in an ideology may have a similar effect. The declarations of appeasers that their nation would never again go to war has certainly sometimes encouraged aggressors.

The experience of our time has made many wonder whether nations or their leaders would ever learn the lessons of history. It is obviously not enough to purge textbooks from certain passages, or to cram pupils with historical data which they are mostly unable to relate to current politics. Nor do the latter form a regular subject of historical journals which rightly want to avoid the uncertainties of political contentions. Newspapers have seldom space for a serious discussion of the historical background of the politics of the day. Moreover, it is always unpopular to admit that one's own foreign policy has made fatal blunders. Nations, who have just lost a war, are more likely to hear unpalatable truths. The

leaders and parties who were responsible for the catastrophe have been discredited, and can easily be criticised. Moreover, wide sections feel the necessity of a great change of mind, though later also others cannot in a democracy be quite excluded from defending their points of view.

The ascertaining of truth by careful historical research is naturally of fundamental importance for the overcoming of prejudice. If we wish, however, to understand the attitude of nations, we must not only study the diplomatic sources, but also public opinion and ideologies over a long period, and in correlation with other nations. But the results of such studies cannot be summed up in a few words, and the makers of public opinion therefore resort to generalisations fitting in with widespread prejudices. The most superficial and dangerous generalisation is that of a national character in the sense of a homogeneous and little-changeable mentality of a nation. This offshoot of political romanticism has fortunately lost every credit in the field of serious historical studies. But it thrives in the field of political propaganda and in the ideology of writers preaching hatred of a whole nation. It underlies the belief that crimes committed in the name of a people constitute not only a civil responsibility of the whole nation (which nobody would deny) but also a criminal one. The conclusion is then drawn that a criminal nation must be severely punished, regarded as an outlaw, deprived of essential human rights, partitioned, put under stringent control, subjected to open or veiled annexations, to mass expulsions of people from their homelands, to the destruction of their industries, etc. This idea inspired the Morgenthau plan, and the pacts of Yalta and Potsdam. True, it had after a time to be given up because it became clear that it would only result in Stalin's world domination, and also because common sense and conscience began to revive in the ranks of the victors. But the few years in which this fallacy swayed public opinion have become fatal for the whole world. Its domination has led to the enslavement by the Soviets of fourteen nations or parts of them in Europe alone, to the worst violations of democratic principles and humanity, and to the emergence of the present world situation with its unending cold and hot wars, and the threat of a third world war.

The idea of a collective criminal responsibility obviously is an atavistic revival of the barbaric custom of blood revenge. Every member of the group to which the victim of a crime belonged could lawfully take revenge on every member of the group of the offender. The whole kinship was held responsible. But our conscience admits only the responsibility of individuals, which, moreover, must be fully established, not merely assumed on vague suspicions. Every historian worthy of the name knows, of course, that the forces making history are exceedingly complex. He would never utter such a primitive view as that a war broke out because a whole nation was striving for world domination, or was driven by lust of war and cruelty. A criminal responsibility, moreover, presupposes that the offender knew what he did. In our time, however, we have again and again had the experience that even statesmen of the highest quality showed the most astounding blindness in regard to the consequences of their policy. How was it possible that the leaders of the democratic world fell into a trap which in former times even a junior

diplomat would at once have recognised? True, in former times national passions and the superficial arguments of public opinion had lesser influence on diplomacy. But if a small number of first-class statesmen did not know what they were doing—how can it be expected that large masses in times of immense confusion should have been more far-sighted?

A whole school of historical writers has for years spread the absurdity that Hitler was, so to say, the incarnation of the alleged German character. It needs not much knowledge of history to see through this perversion of truth. A very widespread view is, however, that Bismarck was a sort of forerunner of Hitler, or, in any case, introduced wicked power politics in the modern world. One can rightly blame Bismarck for many things, but in regard to power politics he certainly had no other moral standards than all the other statesmen of his time, for example, Palmerston. I have in many books and other writings sharply denounced the evils of nationalism, with particular emphasis on the German species. I also believe that individuals guilty of crimes against humanity must be severely punished. But the idea of guilty nations should at last be thrown on the scrapheap of superstitions such as witchcraft or racialism,

FREDERICK HERTZ.

MEN AGAINST THE SEA IN HOLLAND

FOR a thousand years and more, existence in Holland has been in a very real sense a struggle of men against the sea. Even as far back as the Roman advance into the north-west under Julius Caesar the legionaries found a half-savage people existing precariously in the shelter of the great sand-dunes thrown up by the turbulent North Sea. Crudely they tried to defend themselves from its constant menace by roughly connecting the dunes into a kind of dyke. But the sea's winter storms scorned these puerile efforts and drowned men by the hundreds. It was not until the fifteenth century of our era that the increasing population of the Low Countries, driven by enemies in the east, had increased to such an extent as to be able to put up an effective defense against the salt water's encroachments. Gradually the gigantic dyke-system that literally fences in Holland today so far as the ocean is concerned became complete. The country was then, of course, a Spanish possession, prior to the rise of the Dutch Republic, inhabited by a couple of million people, agriculturalists tilling the productive soil in reasonable security against the old adversary. However, only when modern methods were developed, electrically driven pumps, the use of cement in strengthening and facing dykes, the sinking of huge "mattresses" composed of willow and stone to counter the tidal currents, and sluice-gates and caissons of steel, did the industrious and energetic Dutch feel really safe on their rich farmlands and in their lively and prosperous cities. But they are a healthy and a fecund people and presently there arose another problem, indeed the problem of a good deal of Europe, that of excess population. The fact that Dutch death rate is lower than the European average and birth-rate higher did not ease the problem.

As long ago as the middle of the last century, forward-looking Hollanders, taking as their slogan, "A Nation that Lives Builds for its Future," began

to talk of "reclaiming" large areas long ago inundated by the voracious North Sea. The part mainly considered was the huge inlet known as the Zuider Zee, or South Sea, millions of acres of water, much of it not deep, that cuts far into the heart of Holland. At first few entertained the idea seriously, convinced that feeble man could not successfully combat the giant, Sea. To fight back the ocean itself, to overcome the most powerful and ruthless of all the elements, to reclaim land held in its grip for thousands of years, seemed beyond the realm of human possibility. But the champions of the idea persisted and slowly won over not only public but scientific opinion. The thing *could* be done, but by what methods. Presently these were decided upon and just before the outbreak of World War I plans were complete for "reclaiming" the Zuider Zee, or rather the land it covers, the greatest project of its kind in recorded history.

Work had actually started when the war halted it. Not until 1923 was it possible to resume and then the creation of the first dam, or "barrage," from the mainland of the Province of North Holland to the island of Wieringen, refuge of the German Crown Prince after the 1918 armistice, marked the actual commencement of the vast scheme which was expected to require forty to fifty years for its completion, but to add to the livable territory of Holland some 600,000 acres and provide homes for a million people. The building of this first dam, a mile and a half in length, required two years. Yet this was only the start. The real business was the construction of the huge dam to cut off the Zuider Zee from the ocean, the most stupendous project of its kind of all time, more than twenty miles in length. Now the tidal current of the North Sea became the greatest obstacle to be surmounted, and as the dyke began to take shape and to contract the flow of this tidal wave its force became more and more powerful, and its determination to resist to the last its circumscription increasingly apparent.

However, after nine years of work, in the progress of which more than 500 craft of all kinds were employed, the work was complete down to a single narrow opening, the closing of which constituted the worst problem yet faced because of the torrent of water now pouring through it. This was more than thirty feet high and considerable pessimism prevailed among the engineers regarding the possibility of its being finally "closed." Thousands of tons of material, boulders, stones and clayey soil, were dumped into the water only to be immediately swept away. It became a race between man and water, a last-ditch struggle to see whether material could be dumped faster than it was carried away. As a matter of fact the race developed into one of hours, especially as a characteristic North Sea storm was discovered in the offing. Disaster threatened, and as a last desperate measure it was decided to create a kind of "check-dam" some yards inside the remaining gap in the great dyke. In this way the material dumped into the gap, or some of it, might be held in place. Everything on the Zuider Zee that could float and every available man engaged in what has been described as a "superhuman struggle" of men against the sea. The men won and at exactly two minutes past one o'clock on the afternoon of May 28th, 1932, the gap was finally closed. The sea was held in check and Holland's valiant men had won such a victory over ocean power as has never been recorded in history. It was

an occasion for national rejoicing. A public holiday was declared, bands played, speeches were made by leading Hollanders and foreign diplomats, fireworks were set off at night from the completed dyke, and in the middle of it, just where the final opening was shut off, a tall monument dedicated.

The gigantic barrage, twenty-one and a half miles across the sea and five and half across the island of Wieringen, is 250 feet wide, having a railway track, high-speed metalled "autobahn," the usual separate track for bicycles that always parallels main highways in this country of cyclists, and a footpath. Down the middle runs a deep drainage-ditch. But into the Zuider Zee empty a number of rivers, most important of which is the IJssel, a large branch of the Rhine. In order, then, to maintain the level of the enclosed water, now and henceforth to be known as the IJsselmeer, and to regulate its use for irrigation of surrounding territory in periods of drought, several sets of sluices were placed in the dyke, with locks for the passage of shipping. They contain huge steel gates that are lowered at high tide against the waters of the North Sea and lifted at low in order to discharge the waters of the lake to prevent them from rising too high and so ultimately inundating the reclaimed land. It was only after the dam cutting off the Zuider Zee from the ocean was complete that the actual work of "reclamation" could commence. In its entirety this comprehends the creation of five large "polders," or artificial islands, separated from one another by canals but in the case of four of them joined by bridges. The fifth, now complete, was created adjoining the former island of Wieringen, being really an extension of that island.

The manner of procedure was and continues to be as follows. First a dyke is thrown around the area to be reclaimed, then the area pumped out. Dr. I. C. Lely, Prime Minister of Holland in 1916 and an eminent engineer, devised this idea. He was really the father of the whole project, insisting upon its feasibility when most other engineers doubted. And so after him is named the principal of the great pumping stations with its three huge electrically-driven pumps capable of 250,000 gallons a minute. This is by far the largest ever known anywhere. Next in size is the "Leeman," named for another Dutch engineer, which is diesel-operated and pumps 120,000 gallons a minute. The area inside the first "polder" comprised some 60,000 acres and it was pumped dry in eight months. But the word was, of course, only relative. What appeared was a mass of sodden, quaking mud which must be drained before the "new" land would as much as sustain the weight of a human being.

To this end drainage ditches were dug, at first by man-power, presently by machinery. More than 25,000 miles of them were required to drain the land so that road material could be laid on it and the work of preparing it for cultivation commenced. This work involved machinery devised for the purpose and never known before. Among it were ploughs of gargantuan size. These and the tractor machinery that drew them were produced in America. They ploughed the new land to a depth of ten feet, so as to turn it over, advance the process of "desalting," to be completed by divers kinds of fertilization, and complete the drainage. So far did this turning advance the desalting process that certain crops, also trees, could be planted even before fertilizing the new soil. It is, of course, chemically rich in both organic and inorganic matter and today

produces in abundance everything from wheat to strawberries, it also offers unrivalled grazing for the sleek Dutch Holstein cattle.

By the time cultivation was under way, homes and farmsteads built, the road-system complete, and even small hamlets of the usual neat and clean Dutch type developed, work was in progress upon the second of the "polders," that known as the northeast, on the other side of the Zuider Zee. Here more than 120,000 acres are enclosed, work on the enclosing dykes having been completed in 1940, after three years, which was considerably less than the estimate. Two more years sufficed to drain the area so that in the amazingly short space of five years 120,000 valuable acres of richly-productive land were added to the Kingdom of Holland. But no strikes, labour disputes, "go-slow" tactics, or other interferences disturbed the work. Such things are rare in Holland at any time, but in the case of the Zuider Zee scheme it appeared that everybody concerned held it a kind of public service, something like a patriotic duty. Opinion would have frowned immediately upon any avoidable interference with it.

During the second world war the work went on and until 1945 the Germans did not interfere with it, assuming of course that they themselves would be the ultimate beneficiaries. Yet they did not fail to note that the first "polder," now known as Wieringenmeer, had become a kind of centre of the resistance movement and a refuge for many "wanted" leaders of it. Most of these they were able to mark for future action, which was tragically taken just before the German capitulation. Although the German command in Holland had made an agreement not long before that there should be no further executions or destruction, on April 17th, 1945, only seventeen days before the German surrender, they dynamited the dyke in two places, causing a destructive inundation and the flight of the inhabitants of the polder. Those in the group who were "wanted" were taken and immediately executed. Thus the Dutch saw the arduous work of years and a vast amount of property together with the fertile "new" land destroyed in a few hours. In the middle of the area was the lovely little village of Middlemeer which even the Dutch, out of their pride in many such, considered a "model," and it was completely obliterated by the tremendous rush of water, which almost seemed to be taking vengeance for the victory gained over it by the very creation of the "polder."

All this by no means deterred or in the smallest degree discouraged the indomitable Dutch. Moreover, all during the war the Government-in-Exile in London had been accumulating material of all sorts against the day when, their confidence that it would come never waning, it would be resumed. And no sooner was the war in Europe over than work to restore the Wieringenmeer was recommenced. By the first week of August, only three months, the dykes were closed again. For some unknown reason, but very fortunately, the Germans had not interfered with the two great pumping-stations aforesaid. And this time, as the result of efforts again described as "superhuman" as well as with the aid of new and improved machinery and materials, the 60,000 acres that had formerly required eight months to drain were now cleared of water in four. The amount removed was in the neighbourhood of 700,000,000 cubic metres. But ruin was everywhere, acres of land covered with sand

and so made useless for crops, homes and farmsteads and villages only masses of rubble and debris, the whole landscape desolate and discouraging. To restore it all to its pre-war condition is still a matter of years but anyone who understands the Dutch knows that it will be done.

Meantime work had been progressing well on the aforesaid northeast "polder" where the same process of ploughing and desalting was followed as in the case of the first sections of the "new" land. But in the second the type of soil differed considerably so that other methods of fertilizing and other kinds of material were necessary in order to prepare the soil for the kind of production in which it is rich today. Where the newly drained land a couple of years ago revealed only mud and bogs and odoriferous slime, today there are yellow cornfields, acres of rich grazing land full of sleek and contented cattle, and church spires rising serenely above the red-tiled roofs of farmsteads. You may drive across the new territory in buses which operate over a road network of 300 miles. You see cultivation at what would appear to be its ultimate possibilities. You pass through typical Dutch villages, neat, clean and attractive. Farm holdings comprise 30, 90 and 120 acres, permitting a harmonious social-economic structure. For the present the land is State managed under Holland's broadly Socialistic government, but as soon as it is all fully-developed and the other three "polders" created, it will be leased to private possession, perhaps in some cases even sold outright. In the meantime the government gives farmers and other settlers every assistance, unstinted advice, social-service aid of various kinds, and financial assistance if needed.

Work on the east polder, which will be of 130,000 acres, is also now under way. This is near enough to the eastern part of Holland to be connected by bridges with the mainland. It will also be connected with reclaimed land already described. Drainage is expected to be completed by 1956, after which seven years more will be required for the process of preparing the land for cultivation and habitation. But these estimates are intentionally conservative. So far, barring the interference of the war, all plans have been completed in advance of estimates. Then will come the other two artificial islands, the west and the south, with an area of 250,000 acres. The total, then, of the newly-created land in the Zuider Zee reclamation scheme will be in the neighbourhood of 600,000, which is ten per cent. of the entire land now under cultivation in the Netherlands.

The real urge behind this gigantic work, the necessity which motivated its promoters, is the fact that Holland is so densely-populated that there are more than 300 people to the square kilometre (three-fifths of a mile) thus making the demand for arable land in this agricultural and dairying country ever more pressing. The problem of over-population has been an acute one during the past two generations and the practical loss of the Oriental colonies as an emigration outlet has greatly accentuated it. Nor is any considerable degree of industrialisation possible in Holland, in the very nature of things. Therefore something very like self-preservation present plans have been brought to completion, may very likely be extended one, inspired by a confidence that its future strength will be fortified and assured by the achievements of today. As a reminder of that the monu-

ment that has been erected on the spot where the great enclosing dam, or dyke, was finally closed bears the inscription, "A Nation that Lives Builds for its Future."

MARK T. GREENE.

OSCAR WILDE AND ERNEST RENAN

THE name of Oscar Wilde is still one to conjure with, but the impartial reader of such biographies as Mr. Hesketh Pearson's have to admit, in spite of the partisan pleading of that advocate, that much of Wilde's power comes from men's preparedness to take him at his own estimate, that of *L'homme distingué*. It is this continued appeal which lends interest to each new attempt to discover his spiritual and intellectual ancestry. His descent from Ruskin, Pater, J. A. Symonds, and even from one side of 'divided mind' of Matthew Arnold, has been traced. He himself in his *Picture of Dorian Gray* acknowledged his kinship with Huysmans. Flaubert is generally recognised as the parent of his art. But there is one nineteenth century writer whose name is introduced almost incidentally into *The Critic as Artist*¹ and *De Profundis*² with whom his affinity is, if possible, even stronger, the French writer, Ernest Renan.

To both the essential characteristic of *l'homme distingué* is his power to savour every sensation, to enter into the vicarious experience of other men. "Culture," says Wilde, "has intensified the personality of man. Art has made us myriad-minded. Those who have the artistic temperament go into exile with Dante and learn how salt is the bread of others, and how steep their stairs; they catch for a moment the serenity and calm of Goethe, and yet know but too well that Baudelaire cried to God:

"O Seigneur donnez-moi la force et le courage

De contempler mon corps et mon cœur sans dégoût."

Out of Shakespeare's sonnets they draw, to their own hurt it may be, the secret of his love and make it their own; they look with new eyes on modern life, because they have listened to one of Chopin's nocturnes, or handled Greek things, or read the story of the passion of some dead man for some dead woman whose hair was like threads of fine gold and whose mouth was as a pomegranate. But the sympathy of the artistic temperament is necessarily with what has found expression. In words or in colours, in music or in marble, behind the painted masks of an Aeschylean play, or through some Sicilian shepherd's pierced and jointed reeds, the man and his message must have been revealed."³

"Pour moi," wrote Renan, "je goûte tout l'univers par cette sorte de sentiment général qui fait que nous sommes tristes en une ville triste, gaie en une ville gaie. Je jouis ainsi des voluptés du voluptueux, des débauches du débauché, de la mondanité du mondain, de la sainteté de l'homme vertueux, des méditations du savant, de l'austérité de l'ascète. Par une sorte de sympathie douce, je me figure que je suis leur conscience. Les découvertes du savant sont mon bien; les triomphes de l'ambition me sont une fête."⁴

¹ *Oscar Wilde, Selected Works*, edited Aldington (London: Heineman, 1946), pp. 83, 115, 128. ² *Ibid.*, p. 455. ³ *Ibid.*, pp. 456-57.

⁴ Renan, *Dialogues Philosophiques* (Paris, 1923), p. 133.

This ability to enter into a variety of experiences is the peculiar contribution to modern life and art of the "critical mind." The highest criticism to Wilde is simply "the record of one's own soul."¹ "It is the only civilised form of autobiography, as it deals not with the events, but with the thoughts of one's life; not with life's physical accidents of deed or circumstance, but with the spiritual moods and imaginative passions of the mind."² The critic's sole aim is "to chronicle his own impressions. It is for him that pictures are painted, books written, and marble hewn into form."³

"*La critique universelle est le seul caractère que l'on puisse assigner à la pensée délicate, fuyante, insaisissable du XIX siècle,*"⁴ and, although Renan goes further than Wilde in at least believing that there is "*un centre lumineux*" (philosophy, according to the Renanian terminology), where all human thought ultimately coalesces, he too is more interested in its centrifugal, disparate manifestations than in the rather vague abstraction towards which all forms of art tend. It follows that criticism to both men will be mainly the reflection of the manifold and changing facets of human experience, refracted through the prism of their own emotions. Their reactions to a work of art will be different from those of other men, nor need their own reactions be always necessarily the same. "Beauty has as many meanings as man has moods."⁵

To the critic whose measuring stick is his own nature all standards become subjective and relative. "To know the truth one must imagine myriads of falsehoods. For what is Truth? In matters of religion it is simply the opinion which has survived. In matters of science it is the ultimate sensation. In matters of art, it is one's last mood."⁶

"Une complète obscurité, providentielle peut-être, nous cache les fins morales de l'univers. Sur cette matière on parie; on tire à la courte paille; en réalité on ne sait rien. Notre gageure à nous, notre 'real acierto' à la façon espagnole, c'est que l'inspiration intérieure qui nous fait affirmer le devoir est une sorte d'oracle, une voix infaillible, venant du dehors et correspondant à une réalité objective. Nous mettons notre noblesse en cette affirmation obstinée; nous faisons bien: il faut y tenir, même contre l'évidence. Mais il y a presque autant de chances pour que tout le contraire soit vrai. Il se peut que ces voix intérieures proviennent d'illusions honnêtes entretenues par l'habitude et que le monde ne soit qu'une amusante féerie dont aucun dieu ne se soucie."⁷

All one can do is to enjoy life's fantasia, without thinking too closely about its purpose.

To both Wilde and Renan the greatest prototype of this power of vicarious experience is Christ. "He realised in the entire sphere of human relations that imaginative sympathy which in the sphere of art is the sole secret of creation. He understood the leprosy of the leper, the darkness of the blind, the fierce misery of those who live for pleasure, the strange poverty of the rich."⁸ But He is the Christ seen through the eyes of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, that "gracious fifth gospel, the gospel according to

¹ Wilde, *Selected Works*, p. 88.

² *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

³ Renan, *L'Avenir de la Science* (Paris, 1923), p. 145.

⁴ Wilde, *op. cit.*, p. 90.

⁵ Renan, *Feuilles Détachées* (Paris, 1923), pp. 394-95.

⁶ Wilde, *Selected Works* ("De Profundis"), p. 453.

⁷ *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 115.

St. Thomas, one might call it."¹ His life to both is an idyl: "One always thinks of Him as a young bridegroom with His companions, as indeed He somewhere describes Himself; as a shepherd straying through a valley with his sheep in search of green meadow or cool stream; as a singer trying to build out of the music the walls of the City of God; or as a lover for whose love the whole world was too small."² His greatness consists not of the message He left, but of His personal charm and His sense of close communion with the Infinite.³

Idealism and delusion are curiously akin in Renan's portrait of Christ. Drinking in the mystery of the presence of God from His surroundings, this naïf young dreamer gathers around Him a band of followers as naïf as Himself. He repeats to them the aphorisms taught by the synagogue, but with a new beauty which wins Him the hearts of His hearers. He identifies Himself with the Messiah, but at first there is nothing materialistic in His conception of the Messianic reign. In the early days of His ministry He is the Jesus of Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*, with His sweet reasonableness, His grace and truth, His manner of seizing every truth by the inward side. But He has no clear plan of campaign. He lets Himself be swayed by John the Baptist, a more experienced campaigner, and is later carried away by the extravagant notions of His Disciples about His thaumaturgical powers. There is no attempt to make the character of Christ consistent. He has all the charming inconsequential vagary of Renan's own nature. He lets Himself be borne forward with the tide of events until, at last, the tension of His mounting nervous excitement can be broken only by the inevitable psychological resolution of death.

"That which was instantly admired, and which alone will not be forgotten, in *The Life of Jesus* was the Galilean episode," wrote Dr. William Barry. "The landscape gave birth to the character, not any well-interpreted documents. But again, the character may be traced in Renan's own history with its varying stages: Brittany is the key to Nazareth, Paris shadows forth Jerusalem. By gently soliciting the inspired text, as he admitted, Renan put together in mosaic fashion a sentimental romance which was coloured from end to end by his experience."⁴ To Mme. Darmesteter Renan's Jesus is "too Celtic, too German, too much like Ernest Renan,"⁵ more like the beautiful Balder of Norse legend than the Christ of the New Testament. Edmond de Goncourt described the *Vie de Jésus* as the "*Bible fénelonisée*," so far justly, that from the "swan of Cambrai its author had learned the secret of 'painting by moral strokes' on which he prided himself. The 'Hebrew truth' to speak with St. Jerome had been softened into an idyl which was not truly Eastern, but which corresponded to the decadent mood of *Paul et Virginie*, and was sometimes more than a little cloying in its sweetness."⁶

Such was the Christ who was to exercise upon Wilde's imagination so subtle a magic that he came to identify himself with Him, courting tragedy

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 455.

² *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

³ Renan, *Fragments Philosophiques* (Paris, 1922), pp. 251-52.

⁴ William Barry, *Ernest Renan* (London, 1905), pp. 113-14.

⁵ Madame Darmesteter, *The Life of Ernest Renan* (London, 1898), p. 164.

⁶ Barry, *op. cit.*, pp. 112-13.

as the inevitable outcome of a life which defied the mediocrity of conventional conduct. His religion was pure romance and poetry.

"Le principe religieux, nullement dogmatique proclamé par Jésus se développera éternellement avec une flexibilité infinie, amenant des symboles de plus en plus élevés, et en tout cas, créant pour les divers étages de la culture humaine des formes de culte appropriées à la capacité de chacun."¹

The mistake of the Church had been, to both Renan and Wilde, in attempting to translate the pure poetry of Christ into a static body of doctrine. Theology, by its very attempts at a definition of religious truths, seeks to limit the Infinite within the framework of human conceptions and thereby misses the very essence of religion.

"Osons enfin écarter comme secondaires et libres au plus haut degré ces questions condamnées à ne jamais recevoir de solution. Osons dire qu'elles n'importent que médiocrement à la religion. Du moment qu'on croit à la liberté, à l'esprit, on croit à Dieu. Aimer Dieu, connaître Dieu, c'est aimer ce qui est beau et bon, connaître ce qui est vrai. L'homme religieux est celui qui sait trouver en tout le divin, non celui qui professe en la Divinité quelque aride et inintelligible formule. Le problème de la cause suprême nous déborde et nous échappe; il se résout en poèmes (ces poèmes sont les religions) non en lois . . ."²

"Christ had no patience," says Wilde, "with the dull lifeless mechanical systems that treat people as though they were things, and so treat everybody alike; for him there were no laws: there were exceptions merely, as if anybody, or anything, for that matter, was like aught else in the world! That which is the very keynote of romantic art was to him the proper basis of natural life. He saw no other basis." . . . "Christ mocked at the 'whited sepulchre' of respectability, and fixed that phrase for ever. He treated worldly success as a thing absolutely to be despised. He saw nothing in it at all. He looked on wealth as an encumbrance to a man. He would not hear of life being sacrificed to any system of thought or morals. He pointed out that forms and ceremonies were made for man, and not man for forms and ceremonies. He took sabbatarianism as a type of the things that he set at naught. The cold philanthropies, the ostentatious public charities, the tedious formalisms so dear to the middle-class mind, he exposed with utter and relentless scorn. To us what is called orthodoxy is merely a facile unintelligent acquiescence; but to them, and in their hands, it was a terrible and paralysing tyranny. Christ swept it aside. He showed that the spirit alone was of value."³

The true cause of religion in modern times is therefore best served by those who seek to abstract its essence from the rigid forms that envelop it.⁴ The spirit of Christianity alone is able to survive when its outward ritual is abandoned, and that can best be safeguarded by considering it as a body of evocative myths rather than as a doctrine scientifically and factually accurate.⁴ When it is so regarded, it is not incompatible with those spiritual truths which underlie the legends of other civilisations. The man who finds in Christianity primarily a beautiful poem may be equally moved by the beauty of classical myths. To those whose religion

¹ Renan, *Questions Contemporaines* (Paris, 1923), pp. 404-405.

² Renan, *Fragments Philosophiques*, pp. 325-26.

³ Wilde, *Collected Works*, pp. 462-63.

⁴ Renan, *Questions Contemporaines*, pp. 235-36.

is an art to be sensuously savoured, a Mary Magdalen produces the same effect as a Venus, a Christ as an Apollo.¹

In the passage of *Fragments Intimes* in which he compares Christian and pagan art, Renan's sympathies fluctuate between "le tact divin," "la parfaite mesure," "la nature saine et normale de la Grèce, and "la sensation vague et pénible qui fait naître l'infini," "le quintessencié de l'arrière-pensée qu'on appelle l'idéal"² as it is represented in Christian art. He may cry out in longing, as in his *Prière sur l'Acropole* for "la Beauté simple et vraie; Déesse dont le culte signifie raison et sagesse,"³ but he knows at heart that modern man, complex, analytical, with his multitudinous thoughts and desires, will never be satisfied by the simple, the direct and unified. Christianity, by its insistence on humility, self-renunciation, weakness, has inverted the human values of antiquity which lauded pride, strength and self-vindication,⁴ but from that inversion, even perversion, of plain reason, has come all that is piquant and stimulating to the imagination of modern man, thereby enriching his emotional life and artistic perceptions.⁵

"When Marsyas was 'torn from the scabbard of his limbs'—he had no more song, the Greek said. Apollo had been victor. The lyre had vanquished the reed. But perhaps the Greeks were mistaken. I hear in modern art the cry of Marsyas. It is bitter in Baudelaire, sweet and plaintive in Lamartine, mystic in Verlaine. It is in the deferred resolutions of Chopin's music. It is in the discontent that haunts Burne-Jones' women. Even Matthew Arnold, whose song of Callicles tells of "the triumph of the sweet persuasive lyre," and "the famous final victory, has not a little of it."⁶ This modern ground-tone of melancholy comes, according to Renan, from the paradox of Christianity, "la charmante équivoque dont l'humanité a vécu des siècles et en partie vit encore."⁷ Apollo has been defeated, not only by Marsyas, but by Christ. "Feeling, with the artistic nature of one to whom suffering and sorrow were modes through which he could realise his conception of the beautiful, that an idea is of no value till it becomes incarnate and is made an image, he made of himself the image of the Man of Sorrows, and as such has fascinated and dominated art as no Greek god has ever succeeded in doing. For the Greek gods, in spite of the white and red of their fair fleet limbs, were not really what they appeared to be. The curved brow of Apollo was like the sun's disk over a hill at dawn, and his feet were as the wings of the morning, but he himself had been cruel to Marsyas and had made Niobe childless. In the steel shields of Athena's eyes there had been no pity for Arachne; the pomp and peacocks of Hera were all that were really noble about her; and the Father of the Gods himself had been all too fond of the daughters of men. The two most deeply suggestive figures of Greek mythology were, for religion, Demeter, an earth goddess, not one of the Olympians, and for art, Dionysos, the son of a mortal woman to whom the moment of his birth had proved also the moment of her death. But life itself

¹ Cf. Renan, *Fragments Intimes* (Paris, 1914), pp. 95-99, especially p. 98.

² Renan, *Fragments Intimes*, p. 98.

³ Renan, *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* (Paris, 1920), pp. 62-63.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 68, 70-71; *Fragments Intimes*, p. 96.

⁵ Renan, *L'Antechrist* (Paris, 1923), p. 180.

⁶ Wilde, *Collected Works*, pp. 466-67.

⁷ Renan, *L'Antechrist*, p. 180.

from its lowliest and most humble sphere produced one far more marvellous than the mother of Proserpina or the son of Semele. Out of the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth had come a personality infinitely greater than any made by myth and legend, and one, strangely enough, destined to reveal to the world the mystical meaning of wine and the real beauties of the lilies of the field as none, either on Cithaeron or at Enna, had ever done."¹

Whenever we wish to turn to poetry, to symbols, to imagery, away from the harsh materialism of our day, we are obliged to become once more Christian, says Renan; "*notre mythologie, c'est le christianisme. La science aspire à être vraie, la religion tient surtout à être belle.*"²

"Le temps est venu où le christianisme doit cesser d'être un dogme pour devenir une poésie. Le paganisme avait cessé depuis des siècles d'obtenir la foi des esprits éclairés qu'il fournissait encore des images et de la poésie aux représentants les plus élevés du rationalisme d'alors et que Proclus écrivait des hymnes à Venus. De même le Christianisme restera notre mythologie et notre topique poétique."³

To free religion from the shackles of dogma, and ultimately from the system of morality associated with it, was the explicit aim of both Renan and Wilde, and yet nowhere does the salutary effect of dogma find its vindication more than in the lives of the two men when compared. Renan, for all his abandonment of Christian doctrine and his outward reaction against its discipline, had been brought up within the Church. His intellect had rebelled against its teachings and had sought at first to retain its morality whilst surrendering its theology; with the disillusionment of his reason, especially during the Franco-Prussian War, he had come gradually to advocate hedonism, the voluptuous enjoyment of vicarious experience, untrammelled by ethical considerations. But the subconscious, the impulsive, regions of Renan's mind remained consistently "moral." We hear of no licence, no breath of scandal against his conduct in youth or old age. In his own world, he remained the earnest, studious man of letters who forty years before had wrestled with his conscience in Saint-Sulpice. He was chaste and conscientious: that was the way he was made, but he did not expect such chastity or conscientiousness from others. His word to them was "*Amusez-vous!*"⁴ Sometimes it crossed his mind dimly that it was the Church in Brittany, simple, devout, unworldly, which had made him what he was. Then he savoured nostalgically memories of his boyhood, or wondered what men would be in the future without the help of such a mentor.⁵ Occasionally he permitted himself a vague tremor of fear before the unknown tomorrow,⁶ but there was nothing he could do about it. Faith was dead; all that was left to men was the poetry of the imagination, beautiful, shimmering, evanescent as a dream. He had been lucky to have had his roots in a world where faith was a real thing. For the rest, *tant pis!*

And for Wilde it was *tant pis* indeed. What Renan imagined, Wilde sought to put into practice. That religion of epicureanism, of dilettantism, for Renan a gracious, charming escape of the mind from the harsh

¹ Wilde, *Selected Works*, pp. 457-58.

² Renan, *Fragments Intimes*, p. 34.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 33.

⁴ Renan, *Feuilles Detachees*, Preface, p. x.

⁵ *Ibid.*, Preface, pp. xvii-xviii.

⁶ *Souvenirs*, pp. 12, 342-43.

domination of facts, became to Wilde a way of life, culminating in the tragic débacle of Reading Gaol. Upon *l'homme distingué* who seeks to rise too egregiously above the mean of nature, nature as well as society has a way of taking its revenges. So subtle and casuistical becomes the imagination fed upon too highly seasoned a diet that it acts as the great dissolvent of all those distinctions between virtue and evil, chastity and lust, reverence and blasphemy upon which, not only society, but, in despite of Renan, nature, too, rests. Intellectual paradox and emotional perversion know only one end, when combined: a bitter-sweet corruption which poisons the springs of the imagination itself.

JOAN N. HARDING.

THE WEST GERMAN CONSTITUTION

(THE BONN BASIC LAW)

THE Basic Law for the Federal Republic of Germany of 23rd May 1949 is—according to its own wording—meant to give the political life of Germany a new order for a transitional period until replaced by a Constitution decided on by the German people through a free vote. It is called a Basic Law, not a Constitution, in order to stress its limited—as to time and space—sphere of action as well as the lack of complete Sovereignty. In the Introduction, the Member States of the Federation are enumerated; Bavaria, Bremen, Hamburg, Hesse, Lower Saxony, North-Rhine-Westphalia, Rhineland-Palatinate, and Württemberg-Baden-Hohenzollern which did not exist as such at the time but was called into being later on. This Law is also valid in West Berlin which, however, is not a member of the Federation nor governed by it, but is allowed to send a few delegates in an advisory capacity to the sessions of the two Houses of Parliament. In other parts of Germany the Law is to become valid after their joining the federation.

The material regulations start with Human Rights which have been extended and specified. Unlike all earlier constitutions, it is they—and not the organisation of the state—which are dealt with first. Besides the older rights which have come down from the 18th and 19th centuries, and the more recent ones formulated after 1918 (especially as to labour, economics and nationalisation), a number of new ones are formulated, for example the right to the full development of one's personality, the right to life and safety, the right not only to equality, but to equal treatment by the law (including foreigners), the right of parents to educate their children and not have them educated by totalitarian youth organisations, the inalienable right to German citizenship, the right of refuge for victims of political persecution, the protection of prisoners against physical or mental maltreatment. Special regulations limit all these rights, or even annul them in cases of conscious or unconscious misuse, e.g., attacks against the liberal democratic order or the idea of world co-operation.

Also the right of free movement can be restricted in certain regions overcrowded by refugees from East Germany. After the British model, the conscientious objector is to be recognised by a separate bill; this, however, we consider a doubtful innovation for Germany. In connection with a free choice of vocation and work the possibility of a general and equal national service is envisaged, different from Hitler's and Stalin's use of slave labour.

Limitations of Human Rights by special laws or legal administrative regulations must be of a general character, not—as under Hitler—applied only in certain individual cases, and they must not impair the substance of the Human Right. Everybody (also a foreigner) can appeal to the Courts against infringements of his Human Rights by the authorities. In the regulations for the Federation (Bund) and the Member States, *Laender*, the republican, democratic, social and federal character of the country, the member states and the municipalities is stressed and guaranteed. The rights of the *Laender* have been very much extended as compared to the past, but the *Bund* has still enough power left to deal with Member States which do not comply with their federal obligations. It has been expressly laid down that the Basic Law and the Federal Laws have precedence over the constitutions and laws of the Member States. The black-red-gold flag is even more than before regarded as the flag of the Federal Republic. More than before also the general principles of International Law are recognised as part of the Federal Law, have precedence over internal German Laws, and apply immediately to all inhabitants (not only citizens) of the Federal Republic. This extension has become necessary after the trials of war criminals, but will have to be worked out in greater detail.

Another important innovation is the discretion to transfer sovereign rights (as coal, steel, military defence) to international institutions. Provision has also been made for sharing in international obligatory Courts of arbitration and systems for collective security. Incitement to aggressive wars is forbidden; arms for war may only be produced and distributed with the permission of the Federal Government. Naturally the Law does not contain any regulations about military service or army organisation in general, nor does it—what would be extremely important in Germany—stress the precedence of the civil authorities over the military. A further innovation are the regulations about political parties which are recognised as institutions by which the nation can express its will. It is permitted to found parties, but their internal structure must comply with democratic principles, and they must publicly render account of the sources of their funds. Anti-democratic and anti-republican parties (Neo-Nazis and Communists) can be dissolved by the Federal Constitutional Court for being unconstitutional.

The supreme power of the Federal Republic rests in the Lower House, the Upper House, the President, Chancellor and Ministers, and also in the Supreme Federal Court and the Constitutional Court in Karlsruhe. The Lower Courts and Courts of Appeal are, as before, Courts of the Member States. The Federal Parliament, being the unifying democratic institution of the Republic, is, in its election-laws (proportional voting and four-year period), the election of a Federal Chancellor, the possibility of a vote of censure, the privileges of the Deputies, in accordance with general

parliamentary principles. Parliamentary committees of inquiry secure the rights of the minority against the majority and that of Parliament itself against the Government, especially between two election periods.

The Federal Council is the federal organ and representation of the *Laender* in matters relating to the legislation and administration of the Federation. Its members can, as representatives of the governments, be nominated or recalled at any time and have to vote according to instructions and en bloc for each "Land." The Federal Council can exercise a suspensive and, in certain circumstances, far-reaching veto against bills of the Diet. Its unconditional approval is needed for Federal Laws about the revenue of the *Laender* and municipalities; alterations of the Basic Law can only be made on by a two-third majority of both Houses, and at present the permission of the three Military Governors is still necessary. The introduction of a dictatorship, the abolition of the principle of Human Rights, as well as of the federal character of the Republic, is forbidden even if decided on by a two-third majority. The President of the Council, who is elected for one year, is the Deputy of the President.

The President is elected for five years, not by the people, as formerly, but, without preliminary discussion, by the Federal Assembly. The latter, in order to stress the federal character of the *Bund*, consists not only of members of the Federal Parliament, but also of an equal number of members elected by the individual *Laender* by proportional election. For the first two elections an absolute majority is necessary, for a third a bare majority is sufficient. The functions of the President and his oath are similar to those of the presidents of other democratic republics. He can be accused in the Constitutional Court for breach of the Constitution by the Federal Diet or Federal Council on a two-thirds majority.

The very involved regulations about the Chancellor, the Federal Government, votes of censure and a legislative emergency prove what efforts have been made to prevent a standstill in parliamentary democracy and a repetition of the events which led to Hitler's accession to power. Referenda are not provided for, except in the case of the creation of new *Laender*.

The Chancellor is elected on or without the proposal of the President by the Diet on an absolute majority and must then be nominated by the President. If after several ballots he is elected only on a relative majority, the President can nominate him within seven days; but he can also dissolve Parliament for a new election. The functions of the Chancellor are similar to those of the British Prime Minister; he proposes the Ministers to the President and determines the general outlines of policy within which, however, each Minister is independent. A vote of censure is only possible against the Chancellor, not against a Minister. It is only valid if the Diet elects within forty-eight hours a successor by an absolute majority, and asks the President to dismiss the Chancellor. The President must then nominate the new Chancellor. If a vote of confidence in the new Chancellor is rejected by the majority of the Diet within forty-eight hours the President, on the proposal of the Chancellor, can dissolve the Diet within twenty-one days. His right to dissolve expires immediately the Diet elects another Chancellor by an absolute majority.

Another innovation is the introduction of a legislative emergency which can be declared on the suggestion of the Federal Government with the approval of the Federal Council if the Diet becomes incapable of working and legislating. In such an emergency new laws become valid also if approved only by the Federal Council, but laws which have been rejected by the Diet can only be made public within six months during the time of office of the same Chancellor. This provision has been made to replace the former *Notverordnungsrecht* (emergency law) of the President of the old German Reich during the Weimar period, but must not, like that law, be used to abolish, alter or sabotage the Basic Law.

For the rest, there is a complicated division between *Bund* and *Laender* in matters of legislation, administration, jurisdiction, and taxation. In doubtful cases the tendency naturally is towards extension of the rights of the *Bund*; for the time being these extensions are subject to the approval of the three Occupation Powers. Differences between *Bund* and *Laender* are decided by the Constitutional Court which has far-reaching rights of investigation as to whether a given federal law is constitutional. The *Laender* are responsible for their own administration and, partly, also for legislation in matters of jurisdiction, police, education, radio, science, art, public health, social welfare and nationalisation. The *Bund*, like all other federative states of the Free World is responsible for foreign affairs, foreign trade and customs (in the future it will be so also for national defence), consulates (passports), monetary problems, legislation and administration of public services, and for compensation for all losses caused by the Hitler régime in Germany and abroad. It derives its revenue from the customs, the greater part of the excise (tobacco for instance), and part of the taxes.

The death penalty has been abolished, a measure of doubtful wisdom for the next few years. The definition of who is a German should also be mentioned. As German citizens are also recognised all those Germans who were expelled from the Succession States of the old Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and are now living in West or East Germany. German Jews and other people who were expelled from Germany for political, racial, or religious reasons, and their descendants, can apply for German citizenship and in some cases they need not even apply.

The main principles of the Basic Law can best be summarised in the words of the three Military Governors who had to approve the bill before it could be ratified by the various *Landtage*. They constitute, declared the Governors in their letter of May 12th, 1949, a happy union of a democratic German tradition with the principles of representative government and the rule of law as the Free World understands it—the successful completion of a task undertaken in difficult circumstances and accomplished with care and thoroughness for the sake of democratic ideals. The Germans themselves are more sceptical. According to one of the best known commentators, one of the authors of the Bonn Constitution said: there is much good workmanship shown here in Bonn, but not a trace of art. Though the Basic Law has so far proved a success, its real test is still to come.

(Translated from the German
by Dr. S. Lesser).

WALTER OSTWALD.

THE PLAYS OF TAGORE

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the greatest figure of modern Indian literature, is known to Westerners chiefly by his poetry. When he came to England in 1912 he brought with him translations of some of his poems, which were received with great enthusiasm by Yeats and other poets. The Indian Society published some of his poems belonging to the cycles, *Gitanjali* and *Naivedya*, in 1912, and these were later to appear in an American magazine and in a popular edition published by MacMillan. It was this widespread popularity of his poems, prose-poems as delicate as Chinese paintings, with subtle, hidden meanings, that led to him receiving a Nobel Prize in 1913. He was essentially a poet, and, although some of his plays have a high dramatic value, they are well below the standard of his poems. The poet, himself, realised this, and excused himself from writing good plays by stating that the Oriental mind fights shy of exposing human emotions with such directness as in drama. In poetry a strong emotion could be wrapped up in words disguising it, but as is so well shown by Ibsen, in drama words should expose emotional states. Also Tagore was not good in delineation of character. His characters are given in broad outline only, and never show the subtle shades of Shakespearean characters. Tagore used characters as symbols of ideas, and not to illustrate the immensely complex psychological make-up of a Hamlet or of an Othello.

The most successful of Tagore's dozen or more plays is *The Post Office*. Here one encounters much symbolism. The ailing child, Amal, represents a man whose soul seeks freedom to wander at will and abhors the restrictions placed upon it by social regulations. The child's worldly-wise, materialistic step-father, Madhab, regards the restlessness of the child as a malignant disease. The doctor brought in to treat poor Amal directs that the invalid should be confined within the house. Amal sits at a window patiently waiting for death. He hears the voices of his father and mother, and is fascinated by the labourers going about their everyday, tedious tasks, and by the never-ending stream of life which unrolls before his eyes. He dreams of regions far beyond the horizon, of distant lands that beckon men to become adventurous and explore them. These thoughts of Amal give the poet scope to show the beautiful lyrical lines so characteristic of his poetry. Amal waits for a letter from the King, but the King's own physician comes in the form of Death, and the soul of Amal gains its freedom.

Another celebrated symbolistic drama is *The King of the Dark Chamber*. Here symbolism is linked with the mystical, religious philosophy of the East; a philosophy rather enigmatic to the Western mentality, and thus Tagore's symbolic dramas are more suitable to Eastern audiences than to ones of the Western hemisphere. A beautiful maiden, Sudarshana, slaves in her father's house, and as she works hears lovely music coming from the garden, but can see no musician. Surangama, another maiden, but more materialistic, dismisses the whole thing as imagination on the part of Sudarshana, but the latter meets a king, and hears the same music when he woos her in a lampless chamber. Eventually she is won by the king. Another royal personage, the King of Kanchi, sets fire to the

palace so that Sudarshana shall come out of it and be captured, but the fire spreads and endangers its instigator. The whole play is symbolic. The king is God, all-powerful, all-important, the queen a human soul with all human feelings of doubts, of ecstasies and vanities. She is an ordinary woman in love, but possesses a soul constantly striving to overcome earthly limitations and know God. Eventually worldly ties are severed for her by the king, and her purged soul unites with his. The King of Kanchi represents the worldly-wise individual who constantly deals with things that can be seen and who never spares a moment's thought to unseen forces.

Of the other symbolistic dramas all are allegorical. *The Cycle of Spring* tells of two young men, helped by a leader, in a search for the original Old Man. The latter represents Death, and the young men youth and spring-time. The Leader finds that the Old Man only lives in imagination, that it is the young men who are real, for Winter brings death, but there is renewal with the Spring. Thus Death is but an illusion, but unfortunately a true illusion. A blind minstrel, by meditation, also finds the truth, but the youths race after the illusion. Tagore said of his play, *Red Oleanders*, that in the past, dealings with fellow-beings were of a purely personal nature, but at the moment, "the spirit of organisation, which is not social in character, but utilitarian," shapes human destiny. As the explanation is enigmatic, so is the play. In fact, is it a play? Characters appear and go off without doing anything that would give a plot. Tagore, questioned about the heroine of this play remarked: "She is not an abstraction, but is pursued by an abstraction, like one tormented by a ghost. And this is the drama."

The symbolistic dramas were products of Tagore's later years, and the direct dramas were written in his youth. Some of these, such as *The Curse at Farewell* are mere one-scene playlets, while others, e.g., *Sacrifice* are full-length plays. *The Curse at Farewell* is a short dialogue between two characters. Kacha is a young man from paradise seeking the secret of immortality, which he must give to the gods. During his quest he encounters the sage who gave the secret to the Titans. The sage has a beautiful daughter, Devayani, who falls in love with the youthful Kacha. Using all her feminine powers, she tries to awaken love in him, but all her attempts are failures, for his mission is the only thing of importance to him. *Karma and Kunti* is another short dramatic scene with only two characters. It tells of a warrior, Karma, who is engaged in meditation prior to a battle with his deadly enemy, Arjuna. While thus engaged a woman appears to him, Kunti, the mother of Arjuna. She reveals the fact that Karma is also her son, one born out of wedlock which she abandoned when a few weeks old. Karma, on hearing this, is overjoyed at finding his mother. Then he realises that he cannot repair the mother-son bond between them that she severed at his birth, and with the words "On the night of my birth you left me naked and un-named to disgrace; leave me once again without pity to the calm expectation of defeat and death," he goes into battle.

As opposed to the above playlets, *Nature's Revenge* contains a large number of characters, and reveals the author's weakness of drawing his characters in outline only. Sanyasi, the hero, tries to find the Infinite

in deep meditation upon the Self, but after meeting a girl, Vasanti, he turns to the contemplation of people in general, and finds the Infinite in the finite. This is the main point of Tagore's philosophy of life, expressed so well in his poems, that divine truth is to be found by leading a practical life engaged in worldly endeavours. No doubt Tagore took this from his father, who wrote at great length on this subject. *Malini* and *Chitra* are complex dramas, especially the former, which portrays human conflicts which go unresolved and give no hint of a likely conclusion. Malini is in love with two men, Supriya and Kemankar. Again, as in so many of Tagore's plays, the conflict is one between love and religion, between the love of man for maid and the quest for divine truth. Malini, much in love with Supriya, discovers that he is not so religious as Kemankar, and when the latter kills Supriya, she is anxious to save the murderer. The same idea prevails in the complex tragedy, *The King and the Queen*, and the two-charactered play, *Chitra*. In the latter, Chitra tries to win the love of Arjuna in various ways, by disguising herself as a man at one time, and by being ultra-feminine at another; but she does not win him until the gods endow her with great physical beauty. After a while Chitra becomes annoyed that it is physical perfection alone that has won Arjuna, and he also finds that he must not continually waste his life in sensual bliss, and prepares to depart on a hunting expedition. From villagers he hears tales of the great bravery of the warrior princess Chitra, and finding in her more than beauty, reunites with her. Similarly, *The King and the Queen* is a vehicle to illustrate the fact that the sensual bliss attained by lovers must only play a minor part in life.

Rabindranath Tagore dedicated his best non-symbolic play to "heroes who bravely stood for peace when human sacrifice was claimed by the Goddess of War." The Indian Goddess of Destruction is Kali, a grim creature around whose neck hangs a garland of human skulls, and to whom animals must be sacrificed each day. Raghupati, a devout follower of Kali, is furious with King Gourida for prohibiting the sacrifices, and vows vengeance on the man who has interfered with his religious rites. He plans to sacrifice the foster-child of the king, but is caught in the act. He is sentenced to death, but revenge is still strong in his soul, and he sends one, Jai Sing, to kill the king and let the royal blood flow on the altar of Kali. Jai Sing, however, is greatly attached to the king and commits suicide. This action brings about a change in Raghupati, who sees how heathen is the religion he believes in. Undoubtedly this is the best of Tagore's plays, with the possible exception of *The Post Office*. Here there is a plot, and the characters are clearly defined and not mere puppets used by the poet to stress a philosophical idea. Raghupati is like a Hamlet, constantly tormented by emotional states, a fervent worship of Kali, anger against the king, a strong attachment to Jai Sing, his favourite pupil, a jealousy against King Gourida because of the divided feelings of Jai Sing. At the close of the drama Raghupati finds calmness and peace in the arms of a beggar-maid, Aparma.

MERVYN D. COLES.

MME. DE MAINTENON

ON the 28th of November, 1635, was born in the Conciergerie at Niort in France to the wife of Constant d'Aubigné a daughter, whose life, commencing as it did in the precincts of a prison, was eventually to see her placed on the steps of a throne. It was in the prison at Bordeaux that her father had been married to Jeanne de Cardilhac, daughter of the Governor. Constant had been disinherited by his father, Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, who came of very ancient stock, and was a leading member of the Huguenot party. From her grandfather François d'Aubigné inherited his personal characteristics, the firmness of character and appreciation of moral values, added to an enthusiasm for religion subsequently transferred in her case to the opposite camp. After the death of Richelieu in 1642 Constant d'Aubigné, with other political prisoners, was set at liberty by Cardinal Mazarin, and in 1645 he obtained the governorship of Marie Galante, a West Indian island, and sailed thither with his wife and children to find the island uninhabited save by hostile savages, and they retired to Martinique, where Constant obtained a subordinate post. In less than a year they returned to France, but their brief sojourn resulted in François being subsequently known as *la belle Indienne*. Her later childhood was spent happily with her Huguenot aunt, the Marquise de Villette at the Château de Marsac, but through the representations of her mother and her godmother's mother, Madame de Veuillant, an order was obtained from the Queen transferring her to the latter's custody. Still constant to the Huguenot faith, she was not happy in the Catholic surroundings of the old-fashioned country house in Poitou, where with her cousin she was set to herd a flock of turkeys. Later sent to an Ursuline convent, she was not appreciated by the nuns, but was persuaded by one kinder than the others to listen to a three days' debate between a Catholic doctor and a Protestant pastor. She was convinced by the Catholic's arguments, remarking that the other "garbled" passages in the Bible, when later explaining the reasons for her change of outlook.

Her marriage at the age of sixteen to Paul Scarron forms one of several enigmatical happenings in her life. She afterwards declared it was a union neither of the body nor the heart, but she had been faced by the alternative of the convent, and she had no desire for the latter. Scarron, son of a State Councillor, was completely crippled, following an escapade of his early youth when at a carnival he had appeared completely covered with feathers and, to escape the pressing attentions of onlookers, had plunged into a river. He had hidden in the reeds, the exposure resulting in permanent loss of power in his limbs obliging him to live in a specially constructed chair. A well-known poet and playwright, he preserved, despite his infirmities, an ever-flowing current of high spirits, which showed itself in the way he welcomed all his many visitors. From the balcony of one of them, the Maréchal d'Albret, Madame Scarron witnessed the wedding procession of Louis XIV and Maria Teresa of Spain, the young bride frail and serious behind the windows of her great coach, her fair hair crowned with silver wheatears. In an adjoining balcony was seated "Minette," sister of Charles II and wife of Louis' brother,

with Henrietta Maria, the exiled Queen Consort of England. Scarron had a great admiration for his lovely young wife, whose education he completed by teaching her Spanish, Italian, and Latin, whilst he cured himself of his habit of licentious conversation. The society which frequented the Scarron *ménage* was very mixed, but François, with her natural pose of dignity, kept off any ardent admirers in a set which was frankly libertine, but which respected her, and seeing her blush when the conversation became too free, instinctively restrained themselves.

With Scarron's death in 1660 his widow was left with practically nothing but his permission to marry again. She found herself without any permanent provision, as the pension he had enjoyed from the Queen Mother had expired with him, but this, with an augmentation the recipient devoted to charity, was renewed by the Queen. Madame Scarron, accompanied by her lifelong servant and companion Nanon, took an apartment in the Ursuline Convent, following the custom of society ladies of moderate means to live in a convent, whence they could visit their friends whenever they wished. Following the Queen's death, through the representations of the Duc de Villeroy, her pension of 2,700 livres was continued to her by Louis XIV, and the brevet signed by him which recalls her grandfather's services is preserved in the Château de Maintenon. Later, in consideration of her services to his children by Madame de Montespan, Louis called one day for the pension list and, erasing the word livres, wrote crowns instead.

About this time the King's mistress, Marquise de Montespan, was expecting her first child. The King was naturally anxious for the birth to remain secret, and endeavoured to find a person of discretion who could be safely entrusted with the care of the infant. The Marquise de Montespan had frequently met Madame Scarron at the house of the Maréchal and Maréchale d'Albret, who were related to her, and had formed a high opinion of her. The proposition was put before François, and it came at the moment when she was considering an offer by the fiancée of the King of Portugal to accompany her to Portugal as secretary companion. Probably this would have more appealed to her, but, as always, she felt she must give way to what she considered to be an express command of the King; but before deciding she consulted her confessor, the Abbé Gobelin, an ex-cavalry captain who assured her she would be undertaking a good work. Kings were tacitly allowed to be a law to themselves, and exempt from those moral restraints affecting lesser people, and quite possibly the confessor, who knew his penitent's virtue and outstanding religious devotion, may have visualised the possibility of her good influence. Later she ventured to speak plainly to Louis on the subject of his long liaison with Madame de Montespan. He replied: "Madame, I never hate the truth. From your mouth it is less bitter than it might be from that of others."

The expected infant, a daughter, was born in 1668 and at once removed by Madame Scarron to the house of a reliable nurse where she visited her frequently, herself remaining in the Ursuline Convent. In all she had the sole charge and bringing up of five of the children born to Louis XIV by Madame de Montespan, later moving to a commodious, well-furnished and well-staffed house in a convenient but sequestered

position. The little Duc du Maine was especially delicate, and she lavished the utmost care on him, which he never forgot and preserved a deep affection for her throughout her life. In 1673 all the children were "legitimised" and publicly acknowledged, and went with their Gouvernante to live at court. The King, who had hitherto fought rather shy of Madame Scarron, whom he deeply respected, but thought to be of a serious and melancholy disposition till he found out his mistake and enjoyed to the full her witty and amusing conversation. Her chief personal characteristics showed itself in her eyes full of expression, and an exquisite complexion of transparent whiteness which excitement or emotion turned into a delicate pink, with a sweet voice and an attractive manner of speaking. Her desire had ever been for the acquirement of a home to which she could permanently retire from court, and with the King's gift of 200,000 livres added to her savings, she purchased the well-wooded estate of Maintenon, situated between Paris and Chartres, for 250,000 livres. The property carried a marquiseate, but the title was specially conferred on her by Royal Patent in 1685, and by the King's wish she thenceforward signed herself as Maintenon. The domain comprised a turreted style chateau of ample proportions with a stream running through its meadow lands, and included the village or townlet of Maintenon and the patronage of the church. When she took possession the inhabitants welcomed her with much ceremony, and on Sunday the acolyte brought her the incense to place in the thurible, a mark of respect which did not please her, and she requested its discontinuance. The yearly rent-roll amounted to 10,000 livres, but by good business management she increased it by 5,000 livres without increasing her tenants' rent.

The King, paying her a surprise visit, found her strolling in the grounds. She hastened in to order lunch for him with fish freshly caught from her river forming the principal dish. He much enjoyed his visit, promising to send his own landscape gardener to carry out certain improvements. Following her return from Barège with the Duc du Maine, whose lameness had practically been cured by the waters, when the journey was almost a triumphal progress, the King showed the Marquise de Maintenon much attention, inviting her to take part in his *petits soupers*. The Queen, to whom her husband had latterly been more attentive, attributed this to Mme. de Maintenon, and at her death drew a magnificent ring from her finger, adding "Adieu, dearest Marquise, to you I confide the King."

The subsequent marriage of the Roi Soleil presents the last of the many enigmatical happenings in her life. In common with most of her class, she had the deepest respect almost amounting to veneration for the "divine right of kings," and she had been accustomed to give to Louis implicit obedience even in undertaking the bringing up of his illegitimate children, a task at first inherently repugnant to her. Probably, therefore, she felt that she must not refuse this last request of his; but there existed another almost overwhelming reason which was bound to override all else. In her case, too, the Queen with her last breath had confided to her the husband whom, despite his infidelities, she had never ceased to love. Did the Queen, with the prescience of the dying, foresee that through

her Louis would once and for all forsake his errant ways and remain faithful to his second wife for the thirty years still remaining to him?

The Marquise de Maintenon had many friends, but her enemies never tired of imputing unworthy motives to her. Pride certainly she had, but it was not the pride of ambition that urged her to accept what might seem abroad, if not in her own country, a somewhat ambiguous position; for the marriage was officially secret and she was not accorded the title of Queen. Her position somewhat approximated to that of Maria Fitzherbert, the later canonical wife of George, Prince of Wales, though in Louis' case there was no Royal Marriage Act operating as a bar, and the marriage was legal in the eyes of the State as well as in accordance with the laws of the Church. The wedding took place at midnight on the 12th of January, 1684, in the Royal Chapel at Versailles in the presence of Père La Chaise, the King's confessor, who married them, the Archbishop of Paris, who imparted the Nuptial Benediction, Louvois, the Minister who had on his knees attempted to dissuade Louis from this marriage. The witnesses were the Duc de Noailles, husband of Madame de Maintenon's niece, and the Marquis of Montchevreuil, with Manon, the faithful servant. At dawn the whole party drove to Maintenon, where the Bishop of Chartres was awaiting them and celebrated the Pontifical Nuptial Mass.

The marriage did not make much difference in her outward life, except that she occupied the late Queen's seat in chapel, and sat by the King in his coach. But Louis was unremitting in his attentions, and liked her to be present at his audiences to Ministers and others, when she would sit by his side listening attentively and he would say "What does your Solidity think?" when her answers amply justified the playful title. He never tired of her society and conversation, while she became more and more a comfort to him in the closing years of his life, when the army suffered reverses abroad, and, owing to losses at home, the Royal Family was reduced to one child, subsequently Louis XV, as sole direct legitimate heir to the throne. Madame de Maintenon was the foundress of St. Cyr to give girls of noble birth but small means an education with a provision for their future, a scheme in which the King took a very great interest.

Louis XIV died in 1715, when Françoise de Maintenon retired to St. Cyr, where she spent the four remaining years of her life. "You have nothing," said the King in his last illness. The wife who had never asked anything for herself answered gently: "I am nothing—think of God." She died in April, 1719, in her eighty-fourth year, and was buried in the chapel of her beloved St. Cyr. The Revolution desecrated her grave and cast her remains into a hole hastily dug. Later her body was removed to an outhouse in a packing-case, where it was discovered in 1836 by the Governor of the New Military College of St. Cyr, who obtained permission for its reinterment in the College chapel. A plain slab of black marble records simply *Cy git Madame de Maintenon*.

JOCELYNE LECHMERE.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE, 1453

HOWEVER long expected, the fall of Constantine's Queen City of the Seven Hills was a deadly blow at European civilisation. It was felt, and rightly, that a scimitar had been planted in the heart of Christendom. Islam had already conquered North Africa; but, almost shorn of empire and curiously isolated, the ancient capital of the Roman world had withstood twenty sieges from Saracen and Turk, and in her splendid strategic position had seemed almost to defy time. We have come in the last eighty years to think more highly of Byzantine culture and society, seeing not decadence but an essential link between classical civilisation and our own: a bridge over the Dark Ages. Christendom did little to help her old capital and rampart at the last, the powerful Italian States seeming more anxious to save her soul than her body. For a century the Turkish menace had been acute. The Greek morale never recovered from the Templars' conquest of 1204, and the brief unhappy spell of Roman rule. Now the very pavements of the city were being sold, and a Turkish slave-mart was established in her centre. The reigning house of Palaeologus, heirs of the Caesars, paid tribute and homage to the Ottoman Sultan at Adrianople. Only a miracle had reprieved the city when Murad besieged her in 1422. The triple wall of Theodosius II and the Turk's indifferent sea-legs were the only hope left. The population had fallen below 80,000. Heavy artillery was a new menace.

Though weary of long wars against Murad, the Christian States were still strangely given to underrating a race whose one art was war. To take the Queen City was Islam's proclaimed and dearest ambition. Turkish valour sprang from religious fanaticism, and was it not written in the Sacred Traditions that Allah himself had revealed to the Prophet that the Day of Judgment would not come till the sons of Isaac had captured Constantinople? In their lovely but enervating and unhealthy capital, the Palaeologi had grown fatalistic and torpid. They had missed chances in not allying themselves with Tamerlane or Hunyadi of Hungary. When Constantine XII, Despot of Sparta, succeeded the more diplomatic John in 1448—he was the ninety-fifth Emperor—he sought Italian support against the menace of a young Sultan by ratifying the union with the Roman Church declared by Pope Eugenius ten years before. The resentment of the Orthodox Grand Duke Notaris, the sage Gennadius, and many other fellow-Greeks, was a heavy price to pay.

Mohammed the Conqueror had inflamed his mind—a cultured one, by Ottoman standards—with the exploits of Alexander the Great. Proclaimed Sultan in 1451, he proceeded to placate Hunyadi and his restless feudatory of Carmania, enlarge his navy, and set an army of workmen to erect a huge fort, Roumeli Hissar, on the Bosphorus opposite the one built on the Asiatic shore by Bayezid. He ignored with contempt a foolish demand for money from Constantine, and butchered the imperial envoys sent to protest against his building activities. The writing on the wall was unequivocal, but Christendom only stirred sleepily, even when two scouting Venetian galleys were sent to the bottom by Turkish guns. Completing his mighty fort, Mohammed declared war in Sep-

tember, making the conventional Moslem offer of peace on capitulation. The Pope sent Cardinal Isidore in a Genoese ship with a few soldiers; and Gabriel Trevisano came with rather more, drawn from Venice and Crete. A Genoese mercenary, Giustiniani, who arrived in the New Year with 700 men, was to play a more important part in the defence.

On December 12th Cardinal Isidore read the Roman Mass in Hagia Sophia, and the Emperor was hooted in the streets for this last act of imperial statesmanship. The Orthodox betook themselves to a small church in the Phanar, on the banks of the Horn, in later centuries the Greek quarter.

A boom was drawn across the mouth of the Horn and the long sea-walls were manned; but the vulnerable point was the valley of the Lycus, where the land-wall had been weakened by Murad's onslaughts thirty years before. Here Mohammed encamped early in April, stationing his Janissaries in the centre, the wild undisciplined Bashi-Bazouks on the left, and his Asiatics on the right. Another force was stationed north of the Horn. His fleet of 480 vessels, mostly small, sailed to a base at Diplokionion on the European shore of the Bosphorus. A renegade Vlad Vlack gunner named Orban had devised heavy cannon for the destruction of the land-wall, including a giant bombard which was variously described as drawn by 60 oxen or 100 buffaloes, and manned by anything from 200 to 500 gunners, but burst at the fourth firing. The Sultan's total forces were well over 100,000 strong, while the brave defenders numbered less than 10,000, and were compelled to fight in the Peribolos, a space between the two main walls, leaving the inner almost unguarded. Even with the Venetian ships holding their own, it is remarkable that Giustiniani held out on the west for forty days. Reckless of human life, Mohammed launched attack after attack against the wall, battered by his heavy guns, and for some distance reduced to a ~~stockade~~ ^{stockade} which monks and women continually repaired under cover of night.

Starvation never became a serious threat, and the boom ⁶⁹⁶⁵² held, but on the night of April 22nd the Turks brought off a brilliant naval coup, carrying a part of their fleet by land over Pera Hill behind Galata and re-launching them in the upper waters of the Golden Horn, where the defenders were horrified to see their ~~stills~~ ^{stills} gleaming in the early morning sun. The Venetian admiral at once attacked them, but was repulsed. Their only service, however, seems to have been to make a pontoon for the moving of Turkish troops from Pera to the west. Every kind of weapon, ancient, mediaeval, and new, was used in the attack. Though a brigantine smuggled out under the Ottoman flag failed to rally the main Venetian fleet, and the end seems today to have been inevitable, the Turks began to waver. In Mohammed a vein of pensive introspection mingled oddly with the most atrocious cruelty. From May 22nd strange signs and omens, such as perturbed Calphurnia in *Julius Caesar*, excited the superstitious Greeks. The Emperor was urged to leave, but after listening quietly was seen to be in tears. "What would the world say? I am ready to die with you. Let me stay," he cried, and quoted the parable of the Good Shepherd. The Turks, too, were disquieted. Mangonels, balistas, longbows, spingards, harquebuses, wooden turrets, bombards, mines and amphibious navies had all failed. Was Allah

displeased? What did these meteors portend? The Sultan sent an envoy to the Greeks to offer terms that would almost certainly have been accepted if he could have been trusted to keep them.

On Saturday, May 26th, the citizens were surprised by great illuminations from the besiegers' camp, which lasted from sunset till midnight. Next morning there were signs of abnormal activity. The Sultan had decided to stake all on one tremendous and sustained attack. He delivered an eloquent exhortation to his troops, promising that those who died fighting the Christian would behold Paradise, and to the survivors the city would be given up for three days to pillage. Monday was spent by the Turks in rest. Inside the city the alarms were sounding all that day, and the Greeks at last ceased to squabble about the creeds. The ikons were carried in procession through the streets by the priests, many of the superstitious citizens still hoping to ward off the foe by divine intercession. The Emperor, now surely knowing himself to be the last, spoke to his officers, bidding them be ready for the morning's fray, and called upon God to give them grace and valour. At midnight he went to Hagia Sophia to ask the pardon of all whom he had wronged. The scene, recorded by the historian Phrantzes, is one of the most pathetic and memorable in history. It was the eve of the Feast of St. Theodosia. By the light of the flickering torches the Emperor received the Roman sacrament for the dying. Then, in the hushed presence of the vast assembly, he took his farewell of the Patriarch and went out through the dark streets to the old palace of Blachern near the north of the wall, to be in at the end. "The Empire," he said, "is an excellent winding-sheet."

At daybreak Mohammed launched his attack against the sea-walls to the north and the land-wall, especially at the weakened stockade near the Romanus Gate. Line upon line of Bashi-Bazouks were driven forward, the object being to tire the defenders before the trained troops attacked, lives being of no importance to Mohammed. For hours the brave garrison held their own, but then two serious disasters befell them. Giustiniani was wounded and carried from the scene of action just after the Janissaries were thrown into the assault. Almost simultaneously the attackers discovered a disused postern gate, near the palace of Porphyrogenitus, which had been left open, and a small band, rushing through, took possession of a section of the inner wall and hoisted the Turkish flag. Some Italians retook the gate after a sharp struggle, but the mischief was done. The Janissaries, heartened by their enemies' mishaps, forced their way over the stockade, and, led by a giant named Hassan, poured into the city. It was at once evident that the garrison was only a skeleton force. Constantine, on horseback and brandishing a broken sword, tried with some companions to stem the inrush near the stockade, but he was borne down and killed, and it was some time before his body, identifiable by his purple buskins, was found.

Almost immediately the city was overrun and wholesale massacre, looting and destruction began. The locked doors of Hagia Sophia, behind which thousands were still praying, were broken down, and the victors, cutting their way through the worshippers, tore down the ikons and sacred ornaments and stripped the great church of all its gold, silver

and precious decorations, leaving it completely desolate. Next morning, May 30th, the triumphant Sultan made his entry through the gate of Top Kapou and rode down the wide road to Hagia Sophia. As he passed through the historic Hippodrome he struck off one of the three hands of the ancient Serpent Column of Delphi, which dates from the Battle of Plataea, demonstrating his contempt for all European pieties. At the great door he dismounted and sprinkled earth upon his head, mindful of that to which even the lords of the world must come. After a moment's astonished contemplation of Europe's finest architectural interior, he passed on to the altar to offer a prayer to Allah, stopping to rebuke a Janissary who was breaking up the pavement with an axe, and angrily striking him with the flat of his sword. An Imaum mounted the pulpit and read from the Koran. Passing to the ransacked Imperial Palace, the Sultan is said to have quoted Firdusi: "Now the spider draws the curtain in the house of Caesar and the sad-voiced owl is the watchman." The conquerors remembered their precept, "kill the aged and enslave the young." It is probable that nearly 5,000 people were slain in the city, and ten times that number made captives. Constantine's severed head was displayed before his palace as a warning to the Christians, but a perpetual light was set above his grave near the mosque of Sulieman.

According to Hody, 120,000 books were destroyed in the sack of the city. The centre of learning, the Mecca of scholar-pilgrims, the cynosure of Christian culture, was eclipsed. The true menace of the Ottoman Turk was realised in the west for the first time, and until Lepanto in 1581 Europe was in constant apprehension, which was not greatly eased for yet another century. Constantinople herself was not wholly lost to the Greeks. Mohammed soon perceived that he had been more ruthless than politic, and the question of re-population was urgent. He made Gennadius Patriarch, and treated him with notable courtesy, and further sought to conciliate the Greeks by repairing the city walls. Christian worship was tolerated; and many families were forced to migrate to the capital from the provinces, as well as from conquered Trebizond and from Sinope. But the golden bowl was broken, nothing could ever be the same again, and Christianity faced westward.

H. P. COLLINS.

PUSHKIN'S DEBT TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

IT is both interesting and pleasant to observe, at a time when we are so often assured that everything of value was invented in Russia by Russians, the extent to which the greatest of Slav poets, Alexander Pushkin, was influenced by such Englishmen as Byron and Shakespeare. And it is the more remarkable seeing that when he was a youth of fifteen at the then newly-founded College of Tsarskoye Selo his literary predilections were principally Gallic. This may possibly have been due to the circumstance that one of the teaching staff, who concealed his identity under an assumed name, was the brother of Charlotte Corday's victim, Marat. But we have Pushkin's own revelation of this tendency, as well

as of his character at that time, in a four-line verse with which "Mon Portrait" concludes:

Vrai demon par l'espièglerie,
Vrai singe par sa mine,
Beaucoup et trop d'étourdèrie
Ma foi! voilà Pouchkine!

He exceeded the licentiousness of de Parny with material not fit for publication, and in certain instances it became necessary to resort to a measure of bowdlerisation. In a verse to the address of Princess Yurusov the wording of the original version, "I have never believed in the Trinity," appear in the published Works as "I have never believed in the Three Graces." Obviously he had already adopted the philosophy of the short and merry life which proved to be his destiny. Already he was avidly devouring Parny, Grécourt, Molière, Voltaire's *Maid of Orleans* and under the tutelage of an English governess named Bailey, he was ignorant not only of our literature, even in translation, but also of our language.

All this was changed when the world of literature was engulfed by the wave of Byronism, just as later the musical world nearly succumbed to the almost overwhelmingly potent influence of Wagner. Pushkin himself of moment was interlarded with gossip on the subject of "the proud Muse of Albion." He was not slow to perceive his affinity with the great Englishman, and this perception seems to have been strengthened when, as the result of a political indiscretion, he was obliged to become an exile in South Russia. In September, 1820, he wrote his elegy, *The Light of Day is Blotted Out*, in which there is a clear reflection of *Childe Harold*. In this it is already manifest that he was not afraid of committing near-plagiarism. There was even more deliberate borrowing to come:

Fly my ship, take me afar,
Through stormy and deceptive seas,
But only not to the gloomy shores
Of my own native land.

which is as nearly as could be a direct translation of Byron's

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to
So not again to mine. . . .

Interest in "the proud Muse of Albion" was soon to reach a greater degree. *The Prisoner of the Caucasus*, *The Fountain of Bakhchiserai* and *The Gipsies* carry the clear imprint of Byronism, and Pushkin was not the only poet so affected. He was well aware of this. In a letter to his friend Gnedich in 1822 he comments favourably upon Zhukovsky's Russian rendering of *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and prophesies that English literature is likely to have a great influence on Russian Letters—much greater than that of France, which he deems "timid and affected." He is still more emphatic a year later when he writes to Prince Vyazemsky that, but for Byron's influence, Russian literature would have become infected with the malady of affectation; and he expresses a hope that a general adoption of the Englishman's style may put a stop to the incessant disputes in various

journals as to the comparative merits of classicism and romanticism. Byron, he declared, must be the future pattern.

It is worthy of remark, however, that Pushkin was not yet able to read the English poet in the vernacular, and was obliged to resort to French translations. His friend Bestuzhev, a *littérateur* of merit who wrote under the pseudonym of Marlinsky, warned him (in 1825) how rash it would be to judge such men as Byron through the medium of translation. One such attempt, already referred to, he characterised as "simply a lord wearing the make-up of Zhukovsky," concluding with the confession that in his opinion *il n'y a point de salut hors la littérature anglaise*, and advising his friend to devote himself to the study of its language. That advice was duly taken. As a result of being able to read Byron in the original and to penetrate more deeply into his personality, we find numerous more or less plagiaristic borrowings from *Don Juan* in *Eugene Onegin*. Pushkin became more and more a devotee—writing many stories about Byron, his friends and literary acquaintances, and even kept a note-book for the sole purpose of recording facts about his life. He was inspired by Byron's pride in his birth to compose a poem entitled *My Genealogy* (1830), which he styled "A free imitation of Byron."

His knowledge of English was now opening the door to a real appreciation of Shakespeare. He had previously read him only through the French translations of Letourneur, and the effect of the original was overwhelming. "I've never read either Calderon or Vega," he wrote, in French, to Raevsky in 1825, "but I cannot believe that this fellow Shakespeare can have a rival. I am quite bowled over by him. How trifling is Byron by comparison, especially in tragedy—that Byron who can only portray one character, namely, himself, and who divides among his *dramatis personae* all the features of that one character."

But when criticising Byron Pushkin is blind to the superiority of the English poet in one particular respect—the passionate defiance of the real fighter. Pushkin often believed himself to be suffering under injustice, but on such occasions he writes in a mood of despair entirely devoid of anything approaching pugnacity. Thus:

Torn by the storms of a cruel fate,
My poet's crown has withered;
I live, abandoned, forsaken and alone,
And can only murmur, will the end soon come?

Having observed the diversity of Shakespeare's characterisation, Pushkin began to think out characters for tragedies of his own conception. One of the most important, *Boris Godunov*, has come to us in Musorgsky's operatic setting, and it was immediately recognised as being inspired in its dramatic shaping by such dramas as *Macbeth*, *King John*, and *Richard III*—the farewell utterances of Boris to his son bearing a striking resemblance to the dying words of Henry VI. "God knows, my son, By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways I met this crown" may surely be considered as faithfully echoed by Boris' words, "I have contrived to climb even to the throne itself. Do not ask me by what means."

Pushkin had determined that he must follow as closely as possible the dramatic principles of Shakespeare, and they are reflected in such examples as *The Niggardly Knight*, *Mozart and Salieri*, and *The Stone Guest*.

Evidence of his careful and indeed meticulous study of the Shakespearean literature has been found in some fragmentary notes on the subject of characteristic figures such as Romeo, Shylock, Angelo (*Measure for Measure*), Falstaff, and Othello. His enthusiasm took a strange form when he embarked upon his *Count Nulin*, a parody of *Lucrece*. Being himself at that time something of a roué, he appeared to be in sympathy with the lady's ravisher. All the trouble, says Pushkin, might have been saved if, as the result of a box on Tarquin's ear, his ardour had been cooled. The lady need not have killed herself, and the whole history of the world would have been different. "I couldn't resist the temptation of parodying all this, and in two days I had completed my novel."

Pushkin's comparative disenchantment in respect of Byron was not, however, permanent, for in *Don Juan* he discovered that variety of characterisation which he had imagined to be absent from the Englishman's creative powers. He had by this time acquired sufficient facility to be able to read it in the original. According to a statement made by the *Moscow Telegraph* in 1829, he "had conquered the English language—believe it or not—in three months." This is borne out by his note-books, in which he quotes direct from certain English poets in their own tongue. He had begun the novel in verse entitled *Angelo*, based on *Measure for Measure*. He had intended to make a translation, but abandoned the project after completing the opening section, fearing that the inspiration of the original was eluding him. Other works thus left incomplete were Voltaire's *Pucelle*, Southey's *Madoc*, the first chapter of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and some attempts on Wordsworth. He was more successful when making the kind of free translation in which he could feel himself on terms of equality with the foreign poet under treatment. This course was taken in the renderings of Barry Cornwall's *Here's a health to thee, Mary*, and *I am here, Inesilla*, borrowing only the initial line of each, also in Wordsworth's *Scorn not the Sonnet*. Very near to the original is Pushkin's fourth scene of the first act of *The City of the Plague* by Wilson (Christopher North), to which he gave the title *A Feast in Plague-time*, but it is nevertheless an independent composition, and one which has been considered superior to the original.

Another completely original composition is *The Niggardly Knight*, which Pushkin, for a reason that has never been fathomed, attributed to an English poet whom he called Chenston. Enquiring as to the identity of this writer, Pushkin's biographer Annenkov was informed by the editor of the *Athenaeum* that "the great Russian poet has been merely humbugging his readers when he attributed his work to a poet that had never lived, at least in England." It appears evident that the editorial functionary must have been deceived by Pushkin's mis-transliteration of the name of Shenstone—the poet who invented the practice of recommending roadside accommodation, now conducted in doubtful prose! As, however, Shenstone's output consisted of a few poems, some treatises and philosophical disquisitions, there is nothing bearing the least resemblance to *The Niggardly Knight*. Much greater evidence of influence in the creation of the miser is to be discovered in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*. Milton's *Fazio* (the story of the miserly Bartolo), and especially in verses

viii to xii of the twelfth Canto of *Don Juan*—"Lean miser! Let spend-thrift's heirs inquire of yours—who's wiser?"

Perhaps the most tangible evidence of Pushkin's interest in English literature was his library. In this were to be found the works of all kinds of authors, old (and in his time) new. His bookshelves sheltered volumes by Milton, Pope, Swift, Moore, Coleridge, Southey, Shelley, Keats, and the lesser known Wilson, Milman, Rogers, Campbell, Montgomery and Kirke White. He seems to have conceived a particular predilection for the Lake School, and especially Coleridge, who revealed a greater conformity with the moderate Liberalism evinced by Pushkin—exhibiting none of the ardour of the challenge issued by such as Byron and Shelley in the fight for freedom. Pushkin confessed to a profound dislike of Moore's orientalism, and objected strongly to Zhukovsky's rendering of *Lalla Rookh*. "Europeans, when singing of Eastern luxuriance," he wrote to Viazemsky, "should retain the outlook of intellectual Europe instead of imitating the childish and misshapen product of Hafiz and Mahomet. Therein consists the charm of Byron's *Giaour* and *Bride of Abydos*. He also criticises, in the journal *Sovremennik* (*Contemporary*) the translation of *Paradise Lost* by Chateaubriand, and condemns Hugo for his "fantastic presentation" of Milton's *Cromwell*, but is prepared to pardon Chateaubriand's version on the ground that the Breton did at least attempt a word-for-word rendering. Later, when at the zenith of his creative power, to which the study of Shakespeare had so greatly contributed, he composed a series of works which, according to a Russian essayist, stand incomparably higher in literary rank than some of his English models who, confesses this writer, "undoubtedly played a prominent part in bringing about the many-sided development of our great Russian genius."

It is surely not without significance that on the very day of the duel in which he fell, Pushkin had been dipping into a book of verse by Barry Cornwall, and it is believed that his final literary transaction was this perusal of the lines of an English poet.

M. MONTAGU-NATHAN.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

CAN EAST MEET WEST?

THREE events of potential importance lately took place in quick succession. Mr. Stalin and Mr. Gottwald died within a fortnight (March 5th and 14th) and Marshal Tito came to London (March 16th) for a five-day gesture of goodwill between Yugoslavia and Britain. For a whole generation Mr. Stalin had been the spearhead of communist penetration westward, Mr. Gottwald had been a main instrument in the handing over of Masarykian Czechoslovakia to the tyranny of Moscow, and Marshal Tito had initiated what we call Titoism, namely the technical originality of retaining communism while repudiating the Cominform. It was natural that a post-Stalin speculation should arise about a possible breaking down of the iron curtain, the more so because without delay an apparently conciliatory intention radiated from Moscow. When Marshal Tito was in London, East did in a sense meet and mingle with the West,

for he belongs ideologically to the East yet temperamentally quarrels with the East and seeks Western support for his quarrel. Mr. Churchill for his part sincerely welcomed, and was disposed to examine, the troubled Eastern waters, ignoring for the moment and for the purpose of the moment, his own specific ideology, which happened to be that of Christian freedom against atheist thralldom. Once before Mr. Churchill, whose resource and liveliness are a source of wonder to his countrymen, took a chance in a somewhat comparable adventure. He paid out rope to Mr. Stalin at Yalta in the manifest calculation that when Mr. Hitler was well and truly beaten, Mr. Stalin could be dealt with (if need be) in his turn. But he, Mr. Churchill, was well and truly, if unexpectedly, beaten at the 1945 election, and was thereby denied the opportunity of completing his stratagem. It seems probable that he would not have completed it anyhow, for it was too clever by half. Mr. Stalin had been allowed to eddy round to the western side of Berlin, a probably insuperable obstacle even to Mr. Churchill's strategic genius. Mr. Churchill none the less had taken and lost the chance. The whirligig of political fortune has given him another and in some degree a like opportunity in the case of Marshal Tito. Optimism, however, is more justified now than then; for the good cause sooner or later triumphs over the bad. Mr. Churchill may now be contriving better even than he knows.

THE CASE OF MARSHAL TITO

No one will deny that Mr. Stalin's post-Yalta triumphs presented to the West a problem and a challenge formidable enough to justify, at first sight, the gathering of so apparently fortunate a windfall as Marshal Tito's quarrel with Moscow; yet in human affairs cause and effect are not always found to be mathematically cut and dried. There is a moral factor which in some cases intervenes. One of the moral truths is that good ends are not, cannot be, encompassed by bad means, unless God in His mercy suspend the natural flow of effect from cause. When Mr. Stalin was welcomed, helped and strengthened with supplies so that he might contribute to the defeat of Mr. Hitler, both of them being low down on the moral plane and Mr. Stalin perhaps lower down than Mr. Hitler, it was clear to most minds which bow to the supremacy of the spiritual over the materialist factor in human affairs that Mr. Stalin would one day come home to roost. Even if Mr. Churchill had not been thrown down at the 1945 election, we should none the less, no doubt, have reaped the whirlwind. The new case may prove to be different.

As these lines are written it is not known whether his visit to London has had an effect on Marshal Tito in the sense of modifying his atheist materialism. If it were to have such an effect, the enterprise after all might well be judged to have been justified. If, however, the sum of all achievement is to be nothing more than a closer military understanding for the contingency of war, hot or continuing cold, with Russia, the moral come-back is as certain now in Tito's as it was before in Stalin's case. You can play fast and loose with materialist circumstance, and not do irreparable harm. Not so with the moral circumstance, whose law is rigid, and brooks no trifling. The motive must be good.

The really interesting prospect however opened up by the three events above mentioned is the possibility that the tide in world affairs may now turn. After all on land figuratively, as on the sea literally, the ebb and flow of the tide holds true.

THE CASE OF MR. MALENKOV

It was at any rate a curious fact that Mr. Malenkov in Moscow and Mr. Zapotocky in Prague began their office as the new leaders in their countries by a renewed and apparently coordinated emphasis upon international peace as their goal in the diplomatic field, and upon the practicability of ideologically differing systems of government functioning side by side. "The Soviet Union" said Mr. Malenkov, when he spoke at the funeral of Mr. Stalin (March 9th) "has consistently defended and continues to defend the cause of peace, because its interests are inseparable from the cause of peace in the whole world. The Soviet Union has pursued and pursues a consistent policy aimed at preserving and strengthening peace, a policy of combatting preparations for the unleashing of a new war, a policy aimed at cooperation between peoples and the development of relations with all countries. It is a policy that flows from the Lenin-Stalin axiom that peaceful competition between two different systems—the capitalist and the socialist systems—is possible. . . . In the field of foreign policy our main pre-occupation consists in preventing the outbreak of another war and in living at peace with all countries." He went on to reiterate his theme at every opportunity. At the special session of the Supreme Soviet which confirmed his appointment as the new chairman of the Council of Ministers (March 15th) he said that there were no controversial issues, including those with the United States, that could not be solved by peaceful means; and that Soviet policy was based "on respect for the rights of other countries, on observation of the norms of international law."

Similarly on the occasion of his being elected President of Czechoslovakia by the National Assembly on March 22nd, Mr. Zapotocky made the promise in his acknowledgement of his election, that he would not forget that "only with the help of diligent workers in all branches of our economy can we build our new republic, turning it into a country that would be a paradise not only to look at, but a paradise in fact, which would guarantee to all working people, and to all people of goodwill, peace, tranquillity and a happy future" (the Czech national anthem calls the country "an earthly paradise to look at").

Let the fact be put aside for the moment that what Mr. Malenkov referred to as "preparations for the unleashing of a new war" were the primary responsibility of the Soviet Union, the Western process of rearmament being later in date and an answer to Russia's piling up of gigantic armaments on land, on sea and in the air. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, in presenting the British Naval Estimates to the House of Commons on March 16th, gave some striking facts about the size and equipment of the Russian Navy—the second largest in commission after that of the United States—and the Russian naval air force. The Soviet Navy, he said, had about twenty very

powerful cruisers, over 100 destroyers, and more than 350 submarines of all classes; and all their ships were kept manned. But let that pass. The none the less interesting fact remains that after Mr. Stalin's death no mention was made in Moscow of the usual pretence—usual over a period of more than thirty years—that Russia was surrounded by hostile States bent upon her destruction, nor of the consequential pretence that Russia must be prepared to defend herself by force against the impending aggression. Instead, the emphasis was all on peace and on the possibility of coexistence by East and West.

It was perhaps natural that the Western spokesmen should temper the welcome they gave to such words by the proviso that their sincerity must first be proved, for it happens that eight years of experience have taught the West not to expect the words of Soviet diplomacy to be necessarily translated into deeds. General Eisenhower therefore reacted to Mr. Malenkov by offering to meet him half way to discuss the problem of peace if what Mr. Malenkov meant by the word was the same as what ordinary Western minds meant by it. At about the same time in the United Nations Assembly Sir Gladwyn Jebb commented on Mr. Malenkov's protested wish to settle the problem of disarmament "peaceably" by recalling that since 1948 the Russian representatives had regularly in word used the like formula and in deed had blocked every attempt to translate it into effect, adding that as yet there was "no change" in the Russian tactic. Sir Gladwyn spoke thus before the United Nations political committee of that same United Nations in the place of Mr. Vyshinsky who had not yet got back from Russia, Mr. Gromyko seemed bent upon proving that a change of heart should not after all be expected from the Soviet Union. He launched another attack, as bitter as it was gratuitous, upon the United States, whose "mass use of spies and terrorists," he said, "was copied from Hitler." He went on to say indeed, that the authors of the Mutual Security Act had gone "far beyond their Hitlerite predecessors, and now pretended, as a cover-up, to be acting in defence of freedom and democracy"; and in so many words repeated all the old slander about the United States harbouring "potential murderers, traitors, and the like, willing to do their dirty work for dollars." This within ten days of Mr. Malenkov's holding out of an olive branch to the United States. Small wonder that Sir Gladwyn Jebb made the comment that if the Russian Government really did want to settle the outstanding problems "peaceably," it might well begin by taking what he called a "new look" at those problems.

Moreover, when the United Nations was actually in session, and another debate was staged upon the problem of disarmament, it seemed fair, if one was to take Mr. Malenkov's peaceful words in a literal sense, to expect that the former obviously unpeaceful and mischievous Russian proposal should be withdrawn. By that proposal—the purpose of which in Sir Gladwyn's words "stood out a mile"—atomic weapons should be totally abolished and conventional armaments merely reduced by a percentage: Russia being at a disadvantage in the one and at an advantage in the other. The palpable insincerity of such a proposal did indeed stand out, for its obvious practical purpose was totally to disarm the West

in the one arm and to retain Russia's supremacy in the other. When Mr. Vyshinsky returned to New York and spoke in the United Nations Assembly on April 8th, he used a contrastingly conciliatory tone, but he did not withdraw the old Russian proposal.

Yet the possibility need not yet be abandoned of the turning tide. It is a commonplace feature of tides when they turn that the change is not at once obvious, and that indeed a wayward whopper of a wave may go as far or even farther than any that went before. Mr. Gromyko's performance on March 24th may perhaps turn out to have been an exception of such a kind.

THE CASE OF CARDINAL STEPINAC

It does not follow that Russia's post-Stalin contribution to a solution of the world problem, whether or no there turn out to be any such contribution, will give the clue to Yugoslavia's contribution, again if any, after Marshal Tito's visit to London. He is a rash man who prophesies about such things. There is always a chance, however, that the personal contacts of one who professes himself to be a Marxist-Lenin communist, and who dutifully therefore persecutes the Christian Church may have influenced him into a modified outlook, helped by the accident of a coincidental community of interest *vis-a-vis* Russia. It may be so. So may it be! Mr. Churchill on April 1st revealed the fact that the Yugoslav Government was making an "earnest review" of relations between Church and State. We have no further news. The Roman Catholic Church, chief victim of the persecution, daily prays for Marshal Tito and for Yugoslavia to the end that there may be a less terrible relationship. Those people, and they are many, who are honestly puzzled by the conflicting testimony that assails them about what in fact has happened and is happening in Yugoslavia in this matter of religious persecution, very naturally find it impossible to test the evidence and must perforce with a shrug resign themselves to their ignorance.

The case of Cardinal Stepinac has attracted most of the limelight. In a sense therefore it becomes a test case. The general circumstance of imprisoned priests, of the difficulties and prohibitions placed by the political authority against the administering of the Christian sacraments, the suppression of religious instruction, the governmental propaganda against the Vatican: these things tend to be obscured by what is regarded, even by some unprejudiced observers, as the controversial case of the Cardinal. The suppression of religion is a normal communist proceeding; for the ideology of communism is materialist and atheist, being therefore incompatible with the practice of any religion whatsoever in the proper sense. Marshal Tito professes to be, and is, a Communist. He therefore professes to be, and is, Anti-Christian. The question whether atheists (so-called and self-called, however absurd the ideology may be) can coexist with Christians to their common welfare in a world made by God may no doubt give congenial exercise to the minds of intellectual philosophers, even though to the minds of ordinary simple spiritual people the question betrays an elementary ignorance of the very conditions, God-made, of human life and death on earth. But let that pass. Cardinal Stepinac calls for special examination.

In a nutshell his particular imprisonment and suppression was featured by Marshal Tito's government as a mainly political affair. Mgr. Stepinac was condemned as a traitor. A traitor to his country. Now it is in fact possible for a Cardinal to be a traitor to his country, or to a government for the time being in control of his country. Any true Christian in Russia is at heart and even openly (if he be made of the stuff that martyrs are made of) a traitor in the sense that he refuses to obey a law of his country, written or un-written, which forbids him to practise his religion. In such a circumstance he will work against his country, will help every attempt, at home or abroad, to bring down his country's government. Other things being equal, the teaching of the Christian Church condemns a traitor. It is the duty of a Christian to submit to the two laws: that of God and that of his country. Other things are not equal, however, when the two laws are incompatible, in which case the law of God takes precedence. The case of Cardinal Stepinac is perhaps not quite so clearly defined. In the circumstance of actual war, especially when that circumstance is further complicated by a revolutionary struggle, virtual or formal, behind the lines, the dictate of loyalty to the government, whether Tito or Mihailovich win the day, becomes for the duration of the war paramount.

Was Cardinal Stepinac then a traitor or not? This last world war, and we need not go to Yugoslavia for an illustration of the fact, was one of the most tragic muddles known to history. There was a war within a war. Russia was fighting on the same side as, for instance, Britain, against the same enemy, Germany, but was not fighting the same war. To Russia Britain was as much an enemy as Germany, but Germany, owing to the fact of the German invasion of Russia, had to be dealt with first. Yugoslavia, in common with all other countries, was caught up in the resultant muddle. In the early stages of the war the pro-German Regent Prince Paul was overthrown, and on March 27th, 1941, before Russia came into the war, King Peter and General Mihailovich led Yugoslavia into the war on the side of the Allies and against Germany. Two years later Tito, who, like Stalin, was waging two wars, one of them being for the purpose of subjugating his own country to Moscow's tyranny, overthrew Mihailovich. The British Government thereupon diverted to him the supplies that had before been sent to Mihailovich.

The defeat of Germany in 1945 coincided with the full communisation of Yugoslavia by Tito. The suppression of Christianity was an essential part of Tito's plan. By the end of 1946 only 401 parish priests out of the pre-war total of 1916 remained in Yugoslavia; over 200 priests had been executed, all except about 30 without trial; nearly 100 were sentenced to life imprisonment, over 400 fled into exile; 800 could not be accounted for. To Tito, Mihailovich was merely one of the "traitors," though it was he, as was testified by Mr. Churchill and other Allied leaders, who had tried to keep Germany at bay. It was in October 1946 that Archbishop Stepinac in his turn was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment ostensibly for treason, truly because he resisted Marshal Tito's persecution of the Church and was mainly responsible for a Pastoral letter issued by the Hierarchy from Zagreb on September 30th, 1945 which condemned Tito's atrocities (duly and in detail recorded) against the Church. At

his trial Mgr. Stepinac was wrongly accused—and the accusations have been disproved on ample documentary evidence—of having supported the Ustashi-Crizar terrorists, of collaborating with Ante Pavelic, of organising the enforced "conversion" of Serbs resident in Croatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina into the Catholic Faith. The Ustashi were the armed forces created by the independent State of Croatia proclaimed on April 10th, 1941. Pavelic was the dictator of that State. Mgr. Stepinac was Archbishop of Zagreb, capital of Croatia.

Being bound by canon law to stay with his people, Archbishop Stepinac remained in Zagreb when Pavelic and his newly proclaimed independent state began to function. There is a whole corpus of available evidence to show that His Grace, while as in duty bound maintaining correct formal relations with the new self-proclaimed State, opposed its excesses and refused any sort of political collaboration, despite his sympathy for Croat nationalist sentiment and despite the fact that this Croat State rejected Tito's atheism; and he had no connection with the so-called "Crizars" set up in 1945. Pavelic indeed made an appeal to the Holy See to remove Stepinac from Zagreb because he had "never uttered a word in support of the Ustashi government." The evidence equally enshrines his opposition to what has been rightly called the enforced conversions of Orthodox Serbs to Catholicism. The facts are simple. It did happen, as one of the terrible legacies of the old hostility between Croats (who are mainly Catholic) and Serbs (who are mainly Orthodox) that in the heat of Croat exuberance the Serbs who happened to be in the territory were subjected to racial persecution and atrocity. It came about that hundreds of Orthodox Serbs incontinently sought reception into the Catholic Church, and were encouraged or even forced thereto, as a means of escape from that persecution: a proceeding which Mgr. Stepinac of course promptly condemned.

There is no doubt that many of the "converts" were in fact forced into conversion as one element in the Croat campaign against the Serbs. On December 17th, 1941, Mgr. Stepinac (and there were other instances) wrote thus to Pavelic: "The solution of all questions regarding the conversion of dissidents is in the exclusive competence of the Hierarchy. Only those could be received into the Church who, without having been subjected to force of any kind, might be converted of their own free will, after having become convinced in their own mind that the Catholic Church is the only true Church. All illegal procedures against the personal liberty and against the property rights of dissidents should be rigorously prohibited. Dissidents should suffer no punishment, unless it be like that of any other citizens, after having had a trial in accordance with all legal requirements."

By an unfortunate twist of circumstance, the wish being father to the thought, the case of Mgr. Stepinac was bound up with the propagandist goodwill that preceded Marshal Tito's recent visit to London. Many British consciences, otherwise in good working order and in this instance honestly bemused, reconciled themselves to the lionising of Marshal Tito by the theory, sedulously propagated in the interested political quarters, that after all the alleged religious persecution in Yugoslavia was probably not as bad as the Roman Catholics represented it to be, and that after al

Mgr. Stepinac in this context was not to be considered as a priest, but as a traitor. It is a not unusual form of self-deception or even of downright twisting of the facts in the exigency of political manoeuvring that such misrepresentations are perpetrated. In this particular instance, on the morrow of two world-wars whose obscenity, horror and destructiveness loom large on the moral horizon, it is perhaps natural that in the minds of that majority of people whose motive is of a pagan rather than a spiritual kind, the object of avoiding a third world war or even, short of such a war, of defeating Russian designs in the imperialist sphere, by the cultivation of Tito as an ally should seem to be justified, even at the expense of a comparatively unimportant individual by the name of Cardinal Stepinac, and of a comparatively small body of his Roman Catholic followers in Yugoslavia. Imagination plays a part in these things. If popular imagination be aroused on behalf of even one individual—Nurse Cavell, for instance—there is no limit to what the outraged sense of decency will do about it, no mixing of what is expedient or wise or cautious with what is spontaneous or generous. Monsignor Stepinac has done his duty as a Christian and a priest, has suffered for his faith, has held courageously and without deviation to what he holds to be true, has accepted a martyr's role; and in the contrastingly sordid arena of the political vendettas has been given, as it were, a second martyrdom, merely because his name is hardly known nor his fate appreciated by the people of Britain. In his case imagination has not been stirred into action. The word of Marshal Tito, self-styled atheist, materialist and anti-Christian, has been accepted without question, whereas the word of his Christian victim has not even been listened to.

In this remarkable but not exceptional circumstance of our hectic times the best that can be hoped for by people who retain a sense of fairness and an elementary goodness of heart is that the joyful functions of Tito's five days in London may by a mysterious agency be crowned with the boon of a change of heart in Marshal Tito himself. May he cease from his persecution of his Christian subjects and become a true ally in the Christian cause against that atheist menace of which the Cominform is, or till now has been, a mere spearhead.

April 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S MEMOIRS*

The first volume of *Mr. Hoover's Memoirs*, being mainly concerned with the First World War, was of particular interest to readers on this side of the Atlantic since the chief drama was performed on the European stage. The second volume is of greater interest to Americans, since the greater part is devoted to domestic affairs. A third volume is promised on the foreign policy of the

President, particularly in the economic sphere. It is a modest and rather pedestrian narrative, corresponding to the square, strong, honest face which gazes at us in the illustrations. As a contribution to the history of the United States after the first great struggle in Europe, it is an authority of primary importance. As a portrait of a great Servant of Humanity it will afford particular pleasure to those on both sides of the Atlantic who collaborated with this tireless worker, and learned to know his sterling qualities of mind and heart.

Mr. Hoover's conspicuous services during the war and its aftermath prepared him for a political career. Hitherto he had had no public party affiliations, but, like most successful business men, he was a Republican. Yet he had seen so much of the horrors and confusion of war that he supported Wilson's gallant attempt to organise a Society of Nations. Like Colonel House, he urged him to accept the Treaty of Versailles with such minor reservations as would ensure wholehearted American participation in the League. It was a tragic error on the part of the ailing idealist in the White House to decline even the smallest modifications of the scheme which he regarded with paternal pride. Had he accepted some measure of compromise he might have prevented the unfortunate domination of the new Europe in its early phase by the unbending and short-sighted Poincaré, which culminated in the occupation of the Ruhr.

The most interesting portions of the detailed account of Mr. Hoover's years in the Department of Commerce are the portraits of his colleagues and his chiefs. The last phase of President Harding makes a poignant story, for the discovery of wholesale corruption in his immediate circle undermined the physical resistance of an elderly man with a weak heart. Accepting an invitation to accompany him on his last journey to the West, Mr. Hoover was scarcely surprised when the end came suddenly. He makes no reference to the rumours that the President took his own life, and he assures us that he was unstained by the corruption in his entourage; but he confirms the general conviction that he was utterly unfitted for the highest place. "He meant well, but he was not a man with either the experience of the intellectual quality that the position needed." Coolidge, on the other hand, receives high marks. "He was well equipped by education, experience and moral courage for the Presidency. He was the incarnation of New England thrift to the ultimate degree, and his tight hold on government expenditures and his constant reductions of public debt were its fine expression. He was a real conservative, a fundamentalist in religion, and in the social and economic order." Taciturn in public, he talked freely with his colleagues and intimate friends. "America is a better place for his having lived in it." Andrew Mellon, the millionaire Secretary of the Treasury, "by every instinct a country banker," also "added to both the material and spiritual assets of America." Mr. Hoover is a kindly man, and his book is singularly free from the polemics which disfigure so many political apologies. By far the most attractive portrait in his picture gallery is his wife, to whose adaptability, unselfishness, charm and sweetness of nature he pays repeated tribute. The exquisite photo of this exceptional woman tells its own tale.

The second half of the volume reaches the campaign for the Presidency, and we learn of the reforming activities which followed. On this side of the Atlantic we heard so much more of Mr. Hoover's foreign than of his domestic policy that we are glad to learn more of his labours for the conservation of natural resources—such as water, oil reserves, and forests, for agriculture, housing, child welfare, etc. Though a convinced Individualist, he was no enemy of the conception of the Welfare State, even though he never employed such a slogan. Like most other Republicans, he felt that the less the government intervened in business, the better, but his creed, he declares, is "no system of *laissez-faire*." Whether he should be regarded as a great President we shall

be better able to judge when the final volume is in our hands. Though no one holds him responsible for the blizzard of 1929, that national and international disaster cast a shadow over his administration, and ensured the defeat of the Republican party after an almost unbroken reign of seventy years.

G. P. GOOCH.
 *The Memoirs of President Hoover. The Cabinet and the Presidency, 1920-1933. Hollis & Carter. 30s.

THOMAS MANN

This book gives much more than its title promises; it is impossible to sum it up in a short review.

According to its index it deals with four of Th. Mann's latest works. The first of them is *Joseph und seine Bruder*. Its "plot" needs no explanation. Reviewing the four volumes the author treats in fourteen chapters, among other problems, Eastern, especially Egyptian, Babylonian, Indian Myths, the Old and New Testament, profane as well as biblical history, and parallels in European faith and thought, as they are revealed in this epic and used as a many-coloured background. He shows us Joseph, the manyfold, moving through beautiful landscape with mysterious wells and springs, in a world of magic symbols. Through changing times, customs, laws, he goes from people to people, man, poet and near-god, charming and childish, mature and cunning; with ancestry (on earth and in heaven), with kinship, kings, wise men, women from life and legend; with simple folk, good and wicked, clever and superstitious—all of them, even if in opposition, shaped by their epoch, their creed and race—and thus alike in their diversity, eternally human. Currents of modern life too are mirrored here: democracy, nationalism, dictatorship—our own world, in truth and in disguise. Dr. Lesser reproduces the saga, lighting up its contents of ideas and philosophy. But he does more than that. He tackles the question of form, which is "a mystery to most", yet indispensable even to the seemingly shapeless species of the novel. Form holds, limits and regulates the anarchic flow of thought, emotions, imagery. By an adequate order it helps to translate secret energies and relations and the soul's hidden music, words by themselves cannot express. Thus, here, as elsewhere the author demonstrates Th. Mann's "Goethe-Nachfolge" and also, in the general structure as in the rich fabric of "leitmotifs" the influence to Wagner's "Ring der Nibelungen". The poet's "mimicry of style" becomes visible, and how seriously-playful he masters the huge material acquired by studies. Words of his coining are displayed and savoured with an artist's delight, just as the "fun" and "wit" of second and third meanings, hidden away in sentences and discernible only to the thinking reader, the refined feeling able to appreciate this brilliant word-craft—and what about irony and parody as means of Th. Mann's art? If he approaches with them, in freedom, any subject, even the sacred one, this might be (and has been) considered frivolous—were not behind it the striving for truth and the gallant fight against prejudice and pompous and dishonest make believe.

The second part of the book, called *Secret Self-Portraits* refers to Mann's essays about poets, philosophers, artists, musicians—from Durer via German Classics and Romantics to Wagner and Nietzsche, from Cervantes to Lawrence Sterne, Anatole France, André Gide and Bernard Shaw. As the title of these chapters indicates, something of himself is to be found in all of them. With great subtlety Dr. Lesser enables the reader to witness an artist's everlasting fight, to feel his pangs of creation, to realise what gulfs are opening between life and "spirit," spirit and art, art and life. He is made to sense the pains and pride of doubt; the freedom of play, with its joy and sudden emptiness; elation or disgust of work, now desperate, intoxicating now, and always hard; the light and the abyss of reason; magic and loneliness.

The third part is a study of the novel *Dr. Faustus*, approaching its problems from many sides. For this Faustus is not only a musician and wandering soul in the grip of his own dark-sparkling powers. He also represents the genius and demon of the German mind and the struggle of its extremely contrasting forces. In a world of good and so much evil—the latter here personified by the hero's vision of his own devil and temptation—a theodicy is conceived: God exists, just because his universe is made complete through Evil, which Grace, though hardly hoped for, may yet turn into good. All this and the many impressively drawn personalities, dramatic happenings, theories and discussions and the comprehensive history of music the novel includes, are lucidly rendered and analysed. Music two-fold of nature—ordered and of utmost clarity, yet also "chaos-breeding, impassioned, irrational," which finds its counterpart in the German soul can be felt and is shown here running through Mann's work as a steady undercurrent. And if he criticises this German soul, what else is at the bottom of even his bitter satire but love and despair, grief and hope and self-criticism, as he knows himself to be part of it?

The subject of the last novel treated by Dr. Lesser was originally told in the *Gesta Romanorum*. Mann culled the legend about Pope Gregory and his birth *Der Erwählte* from the epics by Hartmann von Aue and an earlier one by Chrestien de Troyes. Here again, with the Oedipus-motif, sin is, in a different way, the fate of man he cannot escape. In vain all his striving for absolute purity—guilt and innocence are inextricably mixed in him, there is no solution but—ultimately—Grace.

Diving into the sources used by the poet (and into some others), and printing passages from all of them side by side, Dr. Lesser allows the reader to watch his author in his workshop. By selection, pruning, re-shaping and combination of these various elements and by adding to them, a new and original work is born. The scholar's touch of this demonstration, though genuine and thorough, is so light and graceful that the lay reader too will be able to enjoy it.

The book is, in fact, a spiritual biography of Thomas Mann, seen through the whole of his writings. A learned and congenial mind knows where to place him between the crumbling of old values and the uprush of new ones, before the widespread background of his philosophic and literary ancestry. There the poet is seen finding and—though he alters them as he matures—maintaining his standards. The complexities of his world and art are never simplified, but they grow transparent. A distinct "life-line" is drawn. The heroes of his early work are, young and helpless, torn between the calling of the spirit and ordinary "normal" life. This, whilst secretly longing for it, they despise, feeling both outcast as well as superior. Aware of these contradictions they suffer and enjoy them, their knowing smile hides a romantic love of death. Hans Castorp in *the Magic Mountain*, typical for the next stage, is released by illness from this aloof aestheticism. His outlook becomes humanistic. The end of the path leads up to real humanity and the service of life. The comparison of these three stages with Goethe's development seems daring. Yet there is a true relationship of mental attitude at least in *Werther* and for instance *Tonio Kröger*, *Wilhelm Meister* and *The Magic Mountain* and the two *Fausts*. As the horizon of Mann's novels widens, they enclose much more "World" (to use a word of Goethe) than just plots and individual life-stories. History and politics, art and poetry, justice, truth and religion, questions, solved, and questionable again and tackled afresh from different angles. His "ironic kindness to life" has been called a-religious. But his doubt proves him to be a genuine seeker for truth; and there is awe in him for the mystery of human existence, great and miraculous, in the midst of dangers and insecurities, with its freedom and limitations. Through this wealth of ideas and experiences Dr. Lesser is an excellent guide. He too knows about that "New Humanism" and the religious

trend of its respect for life, for man, which might turn back art and music on a new level "from culture to cult." And perhaps not these only. Both he and Thomas Mann represent German tradition in thought, spirituality and workmanship in a world-wide setting and atmosphere, mellowed by an outlasting exile. Intimate knowledge of his subject is used with discretion. His positive attitude towards it knows how to fight enemies without degenerating into hero-worship; weaknesses and mannerisms are clearly seen. His sure sense of values and his style make his book fascinating reading.

Jonas Lesser: *Thomas Mann in der Epoche seiner Vollendung*. Kurt Desch Verlag, Munchen. Dr. EMMY WOLFF.

THE WORLD AND THE WEST

The B.B.C. invited Dr. Toynbee in 1952 to deliver the Reith lectures for that year, and, as has become customary by now, these lectures have been reprinted in book form.* There can be no doubt that their author is one of the most original and stimulating thinkers of our time, and it is therefore not surprising that the readers of *The Study of History* should eagerly turn to this slender volume, which offers, as it were, a glimpse into the argument contained in the still missing volumes of the great work. Let it be said at once: the impression which these lectures leave on the mind of the reader is one of disappointment and anti-climax. It is true we still admire the grand sweep of the historical argument, we continue to marvel at the incredible erudition of an author who supports his thesis with facts derived from every corner of the earth, yet when we try to discover what all this adds up to we begin to wonder. The author himself in his preface hints at his conviction that the classification of historical facts which he attempts might provide "one of the keys to an understanding of the history of mankind." In other words, he holds out the hope that his ingenious way of discovering historical parallels in the development of former conflicts might help us to understand and even to solve our own conflicts.

The fundamental thesis of these lectures is simple enough. The world at present is divided into the West, which is roughly our European civilisation with its offshoots in America on the one hand, and the rest of the world on the other. According to this classification Russia is counted amongst the rest, and in fact the present conflict is largely one between the world led by Russia and the West. This thesis, however, seems to me somewhat over-simplified, because it ignores the great divisions in the non-Western world, and disregards the fact that Russia has never fully belonged to either of these camps. According to Dr. Toynbee, the West has often been aggressive in the past, and Russia has reacted to this aggression by adopting the technology of the aggressor. Peter the Great did so in the early eighteenth century, and the Bolsheviks are doing the same in our own days. We are somewhat surprised to learn that Marxism figures as one of the "tools" which the Russians have taken over from the West, and we find it difficult to forget that the Russians themselves have had quite an impressive record of aggression, though it was admittedly only rarely directed against the West. Having established the fundamental antagonism between the world and the West, without having produced any other reasons for it except that of past aggression, the author turns to other civilisations in order to trace similar antagonisms, and to study methods by which they were overcome. In the case of Islam he concentrates almost entirely on the history of Turkey, which offers indeed a striking parallel. Nevertheless, we are left wondering whether Turkey's reaction really typifies the development in the Mohammedan world. In fact, present events in the Middle

East seem to discourage any attempt to find a common denominator for this part of the world.

Chapter 5 is an ambitious attempt to "pick out several features that are characteristic, not only of the contemporary world's encounters with the West, but of all such collisions between one civilisation and another." Dr. Toynbee calls this attempt at establishing a morphology of history a "psychology of encounters." I am afraid that this is the least satisfactory part of the book. When we read of "technological splinters that have been flaked off from the religious core of our civilisation," or of "culture rays of a radio-active civilisation that hit a foreign body social," we are uncomfortably reminded of some of the excesses of certain organic theories of society. If we analyse this so-called psychology of encounters we find that all it amounts to is the undoubted fact that sometimes certain isolated aspects of one civilisation can have a disastrous influence on others. In the final chapter Dr. Toynbee turns to Ancient History in his attempt to find a parallel to present developments. Some of these parallels are indeed most striking, and often extremely ingenious; thus Mithradates is compared with Peter the Great, and the insurrections of the Palestinian Jews are likened to present troubles in Indo-China and Malaya. The most important question, however, whether the conquest of the Graeco-Roman world by Christianity might be paralleled by a similar conquest of the West by a new world religion remains unanswered. This book reminds me of a gigantic jigsaw puzzle, the individual pieces of which are promising and even exciting, but which proves disappointing when all the pieces have been assembled.

DR. R. ARIS.

* *The World and the West*. By Arnold Toynbee. The B.B.C. Reith Lectures, 1952. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE COCKNEY

Here at last is a faithful picture of the Cockney. Only the niggardly of heart will take offence when readers are told that this picture errs slightly on the side of charity, yet this endearing lapse applies only to the sociological part of the book, and in no way vitiates even that part. By "sociological" is meant "descriptive and analytic of the character and customs, the work and the play, the ambitions and aspirations"; here we have sociology not as a bleak science, but as a kindly art. The brief yet adequate historical section contains by far the best anthropological and ethnographical account yet given of that genial "mystery man" (and woman), the Cockney. Mr. Franklyn, himself a Cockney and very proud of it, occasionally claims for the Cockney what is common to all Englishmen, and some of it, to all Britons, as when he deals with the street game Release as a Cockney game, whereas probably it is merely a Cockney name for Prisoners' Base, earlier Prison Base, or Prison Bars. Yet originally this was perhaps a Cockney game, for by far the earliest mention (1331) refers it to Westminster. What he says of the Cockney in wartime is as true as it is moving. He does not tell the story of that bombed-out old Cockney woman who, asked by Her Majesty the Queen, whether she found the air raids very dreadful, replied, "Oh, I don't know, Ma'am. They don't arf take yer mind off yer troubles." He does, however, tell several stories equally revelatory. They are a cheerful, resourceful, irreverent, yet, on due occasion, respectful, realistically humorous and pointedly witty, courageous, indefeasible people, the Cockneys.

Quite the best of the three parts of this tremendously readable book is, by general assent, that which concerns the speech and language, the spoken and

the written self-expression, of the Cockney. Mr. Franklyn is scrupulously fair to all the other writers upon this extremely difficult subject; to several of them, including George Bernard Shaw, almost too lenient. He shows that no system of phonetic writing can do justice to the protean, kaleidoscopic pronunciation of the Cockney; he also, by the inescapable implications of his own example, never by depreciation, shows that no one had done justice to the picturesque phrasing and the sharply-etched wording employed by this linguistic individualist. He treats of every aspect of Cockney, written no less than spoken; and on all he is sound and shrewd, informative and wittily, good-humouredly entertaining. Whether on the character and customs, occupations and recreations, or on the language of the Cockney, Mr. Franklyn leaves all his competitors far behind, not only in comprehensiveness, but also in true understanding and lively warm-heartedness. The price of this handsome book is attractively modest; the jacket, by Edward Ardizzone, adroitly suitable.

The Cockney. By Julian Franklyn. Deutsch. 18s.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

* * *

The Radical Tradition, edited by Dr. S. MacCoby (Nicholas Kaye, 16s.) is the fifth volume of a useful series designed to illustrate the development of political ideas in England during the last two centuries. The editor, who knows every inch of the ground, as his books on English Radicalism have shown, contributes a lucid Introduction to the whole work, and brief elucidations prefixed to each of the seven sections. The selections from speeches, addresses, reports, books, and newspapers carry us from Wilkes, Major Cartwright, and Tom Paine in the reign of George III to Joseph Chamberlain and Lloyd George's historic speech at Limehouse. The new-born Labour party represented the radical tradition, and the Liberal party wilted away. It is a fascinating task to trace back the ideas of our own day to the dreams and demands of the pioneers.

* * *

Ladies' Chain, by Neville Blackburne (The Falcon Press, 21s.) contains thirteen lively sketches of society queens at the turn of the eighteenth century. Though avowedly written for the general reader, the book rests on a careful study of the voluminous sources listed in the Bibliography. Most of the ladies have left an unedifying record. The strangest story is that of "the Margravine," a daughter of the Earl of Berkeley. The most colourful figure is Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, immortalised by Gainsborough, who shared her husband's roof with his mistress, Lady Elizabeth Foster, plunged into electioneering on behalf of Charles James Fox, and became the slave of the gaming table. Of all the portraits, that of Lady Holland, the rough-tongued tyrant of the gentlest of the Whig peers, is the most familiar. The series ends with Lady Blessington, the pretty partner of Count d'Orsay. Society was not quite so shameless as during the Restoration, but it was loose enough. A good deal of the trouble arose from the marriages which were arranged without much consideration for the feelings of the parties concerned. The period surveyed covers the life of George IV, who set a tone—a very bad tone—for society for half a century. It was high time for a general clean-up when Victoria came to the throne, and we cannot be too grateful to her and the Prince Consort for raising the moral standard at Court and throughout the country. What was lost in glitter was gained in decency and self-respect.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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THE CORONATION

I—THE MONARCHY

THE British people possess in a superlative degree the faculty of doing one thing while making believe that they are doing something entirely different. This trait, which irritates foreigners and endears them to their friends, even partially deceives themselves. Thus they are at one and the same time among the most conservative and the most liberal of peoples. They accept revolutionary changes provided they are garbed in the vestments of antiquity. They retain on their Statute Book laws whose non-observance is taken for granted. Distrustful of logical reasoning they possess an almost uncanny horse-sense which enables them in nine cases out of ten to reach sound conclusions based on fallacious premises, and to do the right thing from apparently wholly wrong-headed motives. Copious examples of this behaviour could be culled from their reactions to religion, sex, marriage, art, sport, and indeed, from nearly all branches of their private and public life. But it is in their attitude towards their Constitution that it reaches at one and the same time its most illogical and most sensible consummation. Not many years ago a newly-elected M.P. of pronounced republican and single-chamber opinions was conducted along the passage from the Commons to the Lords to hear the Sovereign read the King's Speech. On his way back he murmured thoughtfully to one of his colleagues: "It will take a lot to shift all that."

In England, long before the House of Commons came into existence, the sovereign governed the country according to his own will. He alone was the fountain source of justice, of administration, of foreign relationships, and of the enactment of new law. He took advice from his "Privy Council," but was no by means bound to follow it, and even as late as Tudor times frequently acted contrary to it. Today most of the substance of this has disappeared, but in form it remains unchanged. It is the "Queen's Ministers" who administer the country, and they do so by virtue of the fact that the Cabinet is a sub-committee of the Privy Council. It is another sub-committee of the Privy Council which sits as a final Court of Appeal to review the decisions of "Her Majesty's Judges." Foreign affairs are conducted by one of "Her Majesty's principal secretaries," and he still nominally acts under her instructions. Even in legislation, where Parliament is in effective control, the Assent of the Sovereign is required before a Bill can become an Act, and that assent is still given in Norman French, and the assent is couched in different words in the case of a "Money Bill," which is still regarded as a gift by the people to the Sovereign.

It would be quite wrong, however, to assume that because the monarchy has become "constitutional" instead of "absolute," the monarch is a mere figure-head. The sovereign is entitled to be informed and consulted about all major issues of policy, and the fact that he normally holds his position for life and is above party makes the consultation far from being a merely fictional formality. Moreover, there are still certain circumstances and certain occasions when the Sovereign not only may, but must exercise a personal choice, and as I shall presently show, an important addition to these has been made in the last few years.

Among the classical occasions may be cited the following prominent examples. First, as to the choice of a Prime Minister on the demise or retirement of a previous Prime Minister, or on the defeat of the Government. Generally, the right person to be invited is so clearly indicated that the Sovereign cannot fail to act in accordance with the general will. But this is not always the case, and then the Sovereign must use a personal discretion. A comparatively recent instance is that when Lord Curzon was passed over because the Sovereign held that it was no longer desirable that a Prime Minister should be in the House of Lords.

Secondly, in the matter of an appeal to the electorate. A dissolution of Parliament is the act of the Sovereign, and under all ordinary circumstances he will follow the advice of his Prime Minister as to whether and when it should take place. But when a government is defeated very shortly after one general election, it would not be unconstitutional for the ruler to refuse a second election until an Opposition leader had been sounded as to whether he was prepared to hold office.

Thirdly, as to the creation of peers. All honours and titles are theoretically in the gift of the Sovereign, but with certain exceptions, they are given on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. In past history, notably as recently as in 1910, there have been occasions when the House of Commons and the House of Lords being in conflict, the Prime Minister has asked the Sovereign to create such a number of new peers as to force the House of Lords into submission. In 1910 King George V consented only on the proviso that a general election should first be held. When the new House of Commons confirmed the Government in office, the King allowed his willingness to create sufficient peers to become known. At this stage, however, the House of Lords gave way. It is not very likely that a similar situation will occur again, because arising out of the conflict of 1910 the powers of the House of Lords were greatly reduced by the Parliament Act of 1911, and were further curtailed by the amending Parliament Act of 1949. It is now much simpler to call into play the cumbersome procedure of an approach to the Crown to create peers.

In the nineteenth century there were no self-governing Dominions, and the rule that the Sovereign was required to act in accordance with the advice of his Ministers was quite simple in its application, because there was only one set of Ministers, namely, those in the United Kingdom, governing and the Statute of Westminster was enacted giving full effect to this situation, the Sovereign for the first time had several co-equal

sets of Ministers whose advice he had to listen to. Of course, generally this presents no difficulty, because in all ordinary circumstances the advice tendered by a particular Ministry relates exclusively to that member of the Commonwealth for which it is responsible—a British Prime Minister for the United Kingdom and her colonial dependencies, a Canadian Prime Minister for Canada, an Australian for Australia, and so on. But an occasion can theoretically arise, and it is not impossible to imagine situations in which it would actually arise, in which two or more nation-members of the Commonwealth are involved, and in which their respective Ministries might take different views as to the action which they desired the Sovereign to adopt. If ever this were to happen, the Sovereign would be called on to make a decision which might be of supreme importance.

It is not often, however (very likely not more than once or twice in a reign) that a Sovereign is called on to act in any of the situations described in the last few paragraphs. But anyone who would jump to the conclusion that during all the rest of the time the possession of the Crown was a sinecure would be grievously in error. The routine duties are extensive and exacting. Following on the practice of her predecessors, Her Majesty the Queen, after an early breakfast, spends the whole morning at her desk in consultation with her private secretary informing herself on public affairs, signing documents, and on occasions holding a Privy Council and seeing Ministers. Such duties are traditional. Among the records kept in the House of Lords are documents signed by Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth I, and James I of England. When I was Secretary of State for India, it was my duty to sign innumerable papers at the bottom right-hand corner, which George VI signed at the top as George R. When later he went to South Africa, he expressly told me to be sure to send him copies of all the more important telegrams to and from India. And I was, of course, only one out of his "principal Secretaries of State" and other Ministers. Today Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to sign with her own hand the Summons to individual peers to attend her Coronation at the Abbey on June 2.

The social functions of the Court, gay and enjoyable as they seem to the guests, also impose a very considerable burden on the Sovereign and on the other members of the Royal Family who are present. Lists of the more distinguished guests are drawn up in advance and approved by the Sovereign, and during the function these people are specially introduced and have an opportunity for a short conversation. It is, of course, essential that the Sovereign shall be adequately acquainted with the background of the life of each one of these guests so as to be able to have really useful and interesting talks with them. I am sure that anyone who has had on a very much smaller scale to equip himself or herself in a similar way will appreciate the careful and indeed exacting preparation required if the duty is to be adequately performed.

But the British people want from their Sovereign something more than the faultless performance of all these duties. That something is not very easy to define, for it springs from the heart and not from the head. It belongs to the emotions rather than to the reason. It is on the plane of poetry, music, romance, passion, and love. The Sovereign must be

all that they would like to be and are not, and yet must be essentially themselves, sharing with them all their human strength and weakness. The Sovereign must be the fairy prince or the fairy queen stepping down out of the story book and walking in at the door of their daily lives. Just as the lover seeks and finds in the beloved something beyond the limits of the finite and the temporal, so the British people seek in their Sovereign something which transcends their common limited experience, and satisfies their longing for the sublime. And, astounding as it may seem, what they look for they find. Is this just another example of romantic make-believe? May be. But then so must also be counted the song of the nightingale, the rapture of the spring, the lover's first kiss, the smile of the babe on its mother's breast. And these things are very precious. Without them life would be devoid of colour, and the poets would cease to sing. So let not the grey heads assembled in the Abbey on June 2 feel ashamed when a lump comes in their throats as their gracious young Queen dedicates herself afresh to the service of her people. And let the vast crowds outside give full vent to their emotions as carried away by her enchanting smile and lovely greeting, they look with passionate affection upon their Sovereign and cry aloud:

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

PETHICK LAWRENCE.

II—CORONATION CEREMONIES

THE confirmation of sovereignty by a coronation ceremony is recorded in the Bible. Jedaïada "brought forth the King's son and put the crown upon him and gave him the testimony and they made him King, and anointed him, and they clapped their hands and said God save the King" (11 Kings: xi, 12). To the bulk of the populace the anointing, the placing of the crown upon the head, and the giving of the testimony, all of which takes place "in the House of the Lord," is less tangible evidence of the establishing of the régime than is the coronation procession. This fact of mass psychology was fully understood by Jedaïada, who "took the rulers over hundreds, and the captains, and the guard, and all the people of the land and they brought down the King from the house of the Lord, and came by way of the gate of the guard to the King's house" (11 Kings: xi, 19).

The Saxon Kings of our own country had their coronation solemnized by the Church, and it is reasonable to conjecture that both the anointing and the setting of the crown were introduced with Christianity; but no records are available for the period before the arrival of St. Augustine, nor for two hundred years after. Later we have documentary evidence: Egfrith was "hallowed to King" by his father Offa, King of Mercia, in A.D. 758. Eardwulf was anointed and crowned King of Northumbria by Archbishop Eanbalde, assisted by Bishops Ethelberte, Highbalde and Badwulf, in A.D. 794. Edmund was crowned King of the West Angles by Humbert, Bishop of Elmham, in A.D. 856. Alfred the Great became King of Wessex and was crowned at Winchester in A.D. 872; his immediate successor, Edward the Elder, and the seven following, were crowned

upon the King's Stone—still to be seen at Kingston-on-Thames. For King Canute the ceremony was performed in London, by Livingus; but a return to Winchester was made by Edward the Confessor on Easter Day, A.D. 1042. The first coronation to take place at Westminster was that of William, the invading 'Duke of Normandy, on Christmas Day, A.D. 1066. The Conqueror had already acquired a reputation for ruthlessness and cruelty, hence, when Aldred, Archbishop of York, put the formal question to the bishops, nobles and people, asking if it was their wish that William should reign over them, he evoked so loud a response that the Norman soldiers on guard without, fearing that a rebellion had commenced, set fire to the doors of the Abbey, and there was, in the ensuing panic, heavy loss of life; consequently, even if a coronation procession had been organised, it was wisely abandoned.

The regalia remained housed at Westminster until Henry VIII judged the Tower a safer and more appropriate repository, hence Queen Elizabeth made the voyage downstream in order to return suitably bedecked overland, through the City of London to Westminster, for the coronation ceremony and service. The Tudor royal palaces, Richmond and Greenwich, as well as Westminster, were built upon the banks of the Thames, which was a natural and inviting highway through the city, where the narrow thoroughfares, mired and malodorous underfoot, made transit unpleasant. The nobility had built their town residences upon the foreshore between London and Westminster, and they vied with each other in the luxurious equipment of their barges. These vessels were propelled by oarsmen dressed in livery, having their masters' heraldic badge embroidered on back and chest. The City Corporation and the livery companies possessed similar craft, and it was a gaily beflagged fleet that took up stations on the water at Westminster on January 12th, A.D. 1558, for the purpose of accompanying Elizabeth on her journey downstream. The City spared nothing in its enthusiasm for the Queen, to whom they were bent on demonstrating their loyalty and their genuine delight at her accession. Holingshed tells us: "the bachelers barge of the lord-maiors companie, to wit, the mercers had their barge trimmed with a foist, and artellerie aboard, gallantlie appointed to wait upon them, shooting off lustilie as they went, with great and pleasant melodie of instruments, which played in most sweet and heauenlie manner. Hir Grace shot the bridge about two of the clock in the after noone, at the still of the ebbe, the lord-maior and the rest following after hir barge . . . till hir maiestrie tooke land at the privie stairs at tower wharfe." Two days passed in which the City feverishly put the finishing touches upon the magnificent preparations made to do proper homage to their Protestant Queen, and on "the fourteenth daie of Jaunarie, in the yeare of Our Lord God 1558, about two of the clocke in the after noone, the noble and christian princesse, our most dread souereigne ladie Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, France and Ireland, defender of the faith &c.: marched from the tower, to passe through the citie of London toward Westminster, richlie furnished, and most honourable accompanied, as well with gentlemen, barons, and other nobilitie of this realme, as also with a notable traine of goodlie and beautifull ladies, richlie appointed."

It was an age of excellence in the histrionic art, and the fullest attention was given to the spectacular character of the rejoicing. Costumes of velvet and of satin trimmed with lace woven of gold and silver thread; rich furs and a costly display of feathers bedecked not only the nobility riding in procession with the Queen, but also the more substantial citizens who lined the route, or who, from balconies brilliant with cloth of gold, added their voices to the merry clamour below. "At hir entring the citie, she was of the people receiued marvellous intierlie, as appeared by the assemblies praier, wishes, welcommings, cries, tender words, and all other signs, which argued a woonderfull earnest loue of most obedient subjects towards their souereigne. And on the other side, hir grace by holding up hir hands, and merrie countenance to such as stood nigh unto hir grace, did declare hirselfe no lesse thankefullie to receiue hir peoples good will, than they louinglie offered it unto hir." A series of "pageants" were provided to both entertain her majesty and express the City's admiration of her character and virtues. Each pageant consisted of a platform like a bridge spanning the street, and on this stage a tableau was enacted. The first of these was encountered at Fenchurch, where "was erected a scaffold richlie furnished whereon stood a noise of instruments, and a child in costlie apparell, which was appointed to welcome the queens maiestrie in the whole Cities behalf. Against which place when hir grace came, of hir owne will she commanded the chariot to be staid, and that the noise might be appeased, till the child had uttered his welcoming oration."

The chariot—for the luxury of a closed coach was not yet—was accordingly brought to a halt, the musicians ceased their "noise of instruments," whereupon the child, doubtless well trained for his work, and presumably employing appropriate gestures and posturings, gave voice to thirty-two lines of rather poor English verse. The City Fathers, who had spared neither pains nor pence, ought to have appointed a literary adviser on the matter of what was to be spoken; however, the deficiency in the poem's technical perfection was amply compensated in its noble and complimentary sentiments, "and the queens maiestrie thanked most heartilie both the citie for this hir gentle receiuing at the first, and also the people for confirming the same." Upon completion of this pretty ceremony, the Queen's procession "marched forward towards Gracious Street, where at the upper end before the figure of the eagle, the citie had erected a gorgeous and sumptuous arch as here followeth." Three platforms rose one above the other; upon the lowest, two figures appeared clad as King Henry VII and his queen, Elizabeth of York. The next was occupied by the unmistakable representations of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn; but on the last and highest was a personification of the glory of the age—Queen Elizabeth herself. The whole construction was brilliantly banner bedecked, the paramount design motif being the combined roses argent and gules—now the Tudor rose of the City of Westminster—as a symbol that the great Houses of York and Lancaster were fully and for ever united. Once again the Queen stopped the procession and inquired the meaning of the tableau: a child forthwith rendered an explanation in verse. The cavalcade continued its triumphal progress through the happy excited

throng, and passing along Cornhill "by the conduit, which was curiouslie trimmed . . . with rich banners adorned, and a noise of lowd instruments upon the top thereof," the Queen saw the next pageant ahead of her. "Upon the top or uppermost part of the said pageant, stood the armes of England, roiallie purtraitured with the proper beasts to uphold the same." Here was a scene in which a figure representing the Queen, and emblematic of all the virtues, secured a total victory over the representative of all the vices; and in order that there should be no misunderstanding, a set of explanatory verses had been prepared. Again a child was chosen to recite them. Onward through Cheapside where the great conduit "was beautified with pictures and with sentences accordinglie, against hir graces comming thither"; and there, "over against Soper Lane," a pageant spanned the way. "On the foresaid pageant, was written in faire letters the name of the foresaid pageant in this manner:

"The eight beatitudes expressed in the fift chapter of the Gospell of Saint Matthew, applied to our Souereigne ladie queen Elizabeth."

This, one might think, was the pinnacle of inventiveness, but no: "at the standard in Chepe, which was dressed faire against the time . . . with banners and other furniture," her majesty espied a further pageant ahead; and upon her inquiring what this one might represent, she was informed "that there was placed Time. Time, quoth she, and time hath brought me hither." Upon pursuing her inquiry, "the whole matter was opened to hir grace"; nevertheless she viewed the performance as though it were indeed new to her. The platform was dressed on the one side to represent a decaying state, and on the other a flourishing one. From a cave Time emerged, leading by the hand his daughter, Truth, who bore a copy of the English Bible which she modestly presented by means of a silken cord (the platform being above the street) to Elizabeth, who received it reverently, pressed it with both hands to her heart, and declared her gratitude to the City to be deeper for this gift than for all the cost they had gone to in her honour. At the upper end of Chepe, the right worshipful Recorder of the City of London presented a purse of crimson satin worked in gold, which contained a thousand marks, and he begged of her "to continue their good and gracious queene. . . . The queens maiestrie with both hir hands tooke the purse, and answered to him again marvellous pithilie. . . . I thanke my lord maior, his brethren, and you all. And whereas your request is that I will be as good unto you, as ever queene queene, be yee ensured, that I will be as good unto you, as ever queene was to hir people. No will in me can lacke, neither doo I trust shall there lacke onie power. And persuaide your selues, that for the safetie and quietnesse of you all, I will not spare (if need be) to spend my bloud." Temple Bar "was dressed finelie with the two images of Gogmagog the Albion & Corineus the Briton, two giants big in stature," who joined their mighty hands and held aloft a set of Latin verses summarising the story of the day's festivities.

Thus Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth I emerged from the City of London, and "on sundaie the five and twentieth of Januarie hir maiestrie was with great solemnitie crowned at Westminster in the abbeie church there, by

doctor Oglethorpe bishop of Carleill." The See of Canterbury was at the time vacant, and that of York held by Nicholas Heath. He had been a staunch supporter of Mary, and maintained views on the indissolubility of Henry's marriage to Catherine of Aragon; hence he refused to officiate at the crowning of the daughter of Anne Boleyn. He was, however, by no means disloyal to Elizabeth. He had, in his capacity of Chancellor, proclaimed her to the House of Lords, and it was his secular support that seemed the more valuable.

With the cheers of the populace still ringing in her ears, Elizabeth dined in Westminster Hall, "which was richlie hoong, and euerie thing ordered in such roiall maner, as to such a regall and most solem feast appertained. . . . Sir Edward Dimmocke Knight, hir champion by office, came riding into the hall in faire complet armor, mounted upon a beautifull courser, richlie trapped in cloth of gold . . . and . . . cast downe his gauntlet: with offer to fight with him in hir quarell, that should denie hir to be the righteous and lawfull queene of this realme." Four hundred years have sped away, and on the second day of June Queen Elizabeth II will receive the crown. And John Lindley Marmion Dymoke of Scrivelsby, Champion to the Queen, and Standard-bearer of England, will play his part, like his ancestors before him.

JULIAN FRANKLYN.

III—THE CROWN JEWELS

THE Crown Jewels are an epitome of the nation's adventure through the centuries. By reason of their dignity and brilliance they are one of the sights of the world, and their popularity has never been in question. When, in 1947, after having been hidden away for eight years from the perils of war (it is said in the underground confines of Windsor Castle), they were restored to the Tower of London, sometimes as many as six thousand people a day visited this regalia, which plays so honourable and spectacular a part in the formal life of the State. Coronation Year is, of course, a time when the Crown Jewels are brought most prominently into the public eye. Shortly before the momentous day in Westminster Abbey, the Crown Jewels are taken under a heavy guard of plain-clothes detectives in a covered van from the Tower to the premises of the Crown Jewellers in Albemarle Street. There special police and detectives are on duty night and day. On the last occasion of the kind, previous to the Coronation of His Majesty King George VI, eight men travelled in the van carrying the regalia. Immediately it reached the street from the Tower, a police car containing four men came from a side street and followed it to Albemarle Street. There more than thirty detectives were on duty, patrolling the street and quietly observing every passer-by. Included in the regalia were the Crown of England (St. Edward's Crown), the Imperial State Crown, the Queen's Crown, the jewelled Sword of State, the Sword of State (carried before the Sovereign at the opening of Parliament), the Swords of Mercy and of Spiritual and Temporal Justice, the Coronation Ring, the four Sceptres, two Maces, the Orb, the Golden Spurs, a set of gold Communion plate, the Ampulla, the Anointing Spoon, the King's gold walking staff, and the

State silver trumpets. Officially the Crown and the other objects are in the custody of the Lord Chamberlain, who is responsible for their removal to the Abbey the night before the Coronation. They are taken in one of the royal coaches, escorted by a guard of the Household Cavalry.

Quite apart from the pre-Coronation refurbishing, from time to time the Crown Jewels are given a wash and brush-up, and the Crown Jewellers say the formula is the same as for any ordinary jewels: "Soap and water, with soda, ammonia, box-wood dust, and jeweller's dusters." One job of this kind was done a couple of years back by three men whose identity was known only to the Governor of the Tower and the firm employing them, the Crown Jewellers. During the time they were there the Jewel House was locked. Inside, watching the cleaning of the most magnificent surviving collection of crown jewels in the world was a director of the Crown Jewellers, a representative of the Lord Chamberlain's office, and Colonel E. H. Karkeet-James, whose official title is: Major and Resident Governor and Acting Keeper of the Jewel House. The jewels, except at the period of a Coronation, are in the Wakefield Tower, which has walls eight feet thick, and only one entrance, and they are safeguarded by human vigilance and by every appropriate resource of science. In this connection it is worth recording that a former Keeper of the Jewel House used to tell of the amusement on the faces of the warders as they watched known burglars considering—forlornly—the possibility of robbery.

Alarms have been given from various causes, and prove excellent try-outs of the system of protection. One night in October last, for instance, radio cars from the City and Metropolitan Police forces rushed to the Tower. The alarm had sounded in the Jewel House, and the secret precautions were immediately put into action. When the cars arrived they found the alarm was accidental. Even more interesting was what took place only three months after his late Majesty's Coronation. A fuse-box blew up at the Tower and put the lights out, and a number of more important things happened in quick succession: a steel grille slammed down over the Crown Jewels; a special guard was mounted in the Jewel House; other troops fixed bayonets and rushed to all the exits, while buglers sounded the alarm; intending visitors were kept away, and no one inside the Tower walls was allowed to leave. Meanwhile the fire picket hastened with fire-fighting appliances to the fuse-box in the Devereux Tower, detachments of the Coldstream Guards ran to reinforce the guards at all the exits. Several fire engines also arrived, but apart from putting the lighting system out of action, the explosion caused little damage. The net result was a large increase of sightseers after things had cooled down. They roamed the grounds in quest of sensation, but—they did not see the Crown Jewels. The Jewel House was closed for the day. Very different is the value placed on these jewels today as compared with former times. At the time of the Commonwealth the jewels collected by the Throne through six centuries were almost "totallie broken and defaced" by a blacksmith's hammer at the Bar of the House. Some few things did emerge more or less intact after the Restoration. Notable were two which play an important part in the religious ceremonial of the Coronation. The main portion of the Ampulla in the form of a golden eagle, which holds the sacred oil, is thought to be

medieval, and the golden spoon, into which the oil is poured, probably dates from the reign of King John. The Ampulla had a lucky escape from destruction at the time Cromwell's soldiers were despoiling the churches. At the time it was in Westminster Abbey, and was not recognised as a regal emblem.

The fact that so much of the royal regalia was desecrated during the Commonwealth means that a great proportion of the jewels are comparatively modern. That brief heresy of Cromwell's was an act that has been deplored ever since, and which made a definite break in the history of Britain's Crown Jewels. For the most part the Crown Jewels come from the reign of Charles II or later, but fortunately the men who made them seem to have regarded their task as an opportunity for linking the new ages with the past. St. Edward's Crown, though made for the Coronation of Charles II by Sir Robert Vyner, was patterned upon the ancient crown of King Edward the Confessor, destroyed during the interregnum. It is still worn by the Sovereign during the earlier part of the Coronation, but later in the service is replaced by the rather lighter Imperial State Crown. A relic of this re-making found its way to Australia with a younger branch of the Vyner family, the head of which still bore the name of Robert. His home was four miles from Sydney, and in the hall stood the large iron box in which the Crown Jewels were kept while being made up for Charles II. The key fitted so closely that it could only be inserted slowly as the displaced air escaped. The St. Edward's Crown destroyed during the Commonwealth was reputed to have been the actual one worn by Edward the Confessor. The present St. Edward's Crown is a very beautiful object, the circlet of gold being adorned with rosettes of precious stones, surrounded by diamonds. The crown is surmounted by a cross, and symbolical of kingship is the deep curve of the arch. This is the Crown of England.

Even more magnificent is the Imperial State Crown, the most valuable and beautiful crown in the world. This was made for Queen Victoria in 1838, and re-made this century, yet by reason of the jewels it bears it is even more closely knit with the nation's history than St. Edward's Crown. Some of these are among the most famous precious stones in existence. Among them is the irregular spinel or ruby, which is wrongly said to have been sold for £4 in 1649. It was sold but for a larger sum, but somehow or other returned to the royal possession after the Restoration. Last century Professor Tennant, describing this wonderful jewel to distinguished historians and archaeologists, spoke of it as follows: "It is said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro (the Cruel), King of Castile, after the Battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This jewel was worn in the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. Around the ruby, to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds." This wonderful jewel is as large as a small hen's egg, and it is in the cross at the front of the crown. Other splendid stones in the crown have long histories, one being the great sapphire from the crown of Charles II, known as the Stuart sapphire. This is on the reverse side of the band of open silver, in the front of which is the second largest portion of the Star of Africa (Cullinan Diamond), presented to Edward VII. One of the sapphires

comes from Edward the Confessor's ring, and the silver arch rising from the crosses worked into a design of oak leaves and acorns reminds of Charles II's escape from capture in the oak at Boscobel. The large pearls hanging from the points of intersection of the arches were once Queen Elizabeth's earrings. The following summary of the gems contained in the crown gives some idea of its magnificence: the great sapphire and ruby, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 147 smaller diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 other pearls. This is the crown which the Sovereign wears at the opening of Parliament.

The most amazing episode in the history of the Crown Jewels was their attempted seizure by the notorious Colonel Blood only a few years after their re-making. This gentleman was a soldier of fortune who had espoused the Parliamentary cause, and after the Restoration found himself down on his luck, with his Irish estates sequestered. To recoup his fortunes he planned the astonishing design of stealing the royal regalia, which he had noticed when visiting the Tower, was only guarded by a trustworthy but aged keeper named Edwards. In the spring of 1671, disguised as a parson, and having a woman with whom he passed off as his wife, Blood visited the Tower and expressed interest in the jewels. During this visit the woman feigned illness, and old Edwards called his wife, who took the patient to the neighbouring lodgings and cared for her. Blood pretended the utmost gratitude and returned a day or two later with half a dozen pairs of gloves as a present for the old lady. In this way he struck up a friendship with the couple, and not so long afterwards suggested a match between a (supposed) nephew of his and Edwards' daughter. He proposed bringing the young gentleman along at seven o'clock one morning for an introduction, asking for this early time because he had to be away from town in the afternoon. He turned up with three ruffians to assist him, and introduced them as his nephew and two friends who would like to take the opportunity of seeing the Crown Jewels while they were at the Tower. When they got into the Jewel House they knocked the old man down, but he was full of pluck and yelled at the top of his voice, so they beat him senseless. The rogues seized the orb, sceptre, and crown. Unluckily for them, while trying to file the sceptre in two, a son of old Edwards, accompanied by a brother-in-law, came on the scene, and the villains were interrupted. The old man, having recovered somewhat, starting shouting again, the daughter rushed outside and raised the alarm there, and Captain Beckman, the brother-in-law, chased after the decamping Blood. The jewels were recovered and Blood captured. He was taken before the King and, quite unabashed, behaved with insolent effrontery, swearing that he had done Charles signal service in the past, saving his life from plotters on at least one occasion. The story was, no doubt, false, but the King not only pardoned him, but allowed him to become a favourite about court, restored his estates, and gave him a pension of £500! As so often happens, the deserving ones were almost forgotten. Poor old Edwards and his wife received the meagre reward of £200 and £100 respectively, in the form of grants on the Exchequer, but they were obliged to sell them for half their value through difficulty in getting the cash. D. ENGLAND.

LIVING IN VIENNA

YOU cannot go to the circus during the winter in Vienna, although there is one. It shows only in a vast, draughty tent which would be a death-trap for children when the icy winds of winter sweep down from the Alps across the plain to the capital. Before the war the circus in Vienna had a well-heated, permanent home way out in the Prater, near the Danube. It was burnt out and blown to fragments when the retreating Nazis made their last stand against the advancing Red Army in 1945. The building lay in what is now the Russian sector, and has consequently never been rebuilt. Few people are prepared to sink money on buildings in that sector today. Since the circus-folk have to live—and their expensive live-stock too—in unproductive idleness for half the year, they make up on the summer swings what they have lost on the idle roundabouts in winter. So tickets for two children and two adults to see that circus cost about as much as three adult tickets for the Opera.

In hopeful anticipation of the still hesitant warmth of spring, the royal Rebernigg, the family which for several generations has provided hereditary monarchs of the circus world—producers, acrobats, *dompteurs*, clowns and tinselled queens of the tight-rope—have set up their tents close to the much-bombed Sudbahnhof. Standing in the queue today waiting to contribute to their support during the lean months of winter by booking seats for Saturday's children's *matinée*, my eye was struck by a gigantic ikon of the late Red Czar of all the Russians, superscribed in cyrillic lettering "Slava Velikomu Stalin"—"Glory to Stalin the Great". It covered, apparently meaninglessly, most of a strange erection—a portico of ionic columns standing naked in a patch of waste ground—either side. I was puzzled as to what a fragment of the Acropolis, obviously built no later than the worst neo-classist period of the late Francis Joseph, could be doing just opposite the Sudbahnhof. Then the thought of that building gave me the clue. Before the war, just opposite the South Station had stood the Eastern Station—the Ostbahnhof. Then I realised that my Greek ruin was it—or part of it. For here, close to the Landstrasse where Metternich once said metaphorically that Asia began, today it really does begin. This is the end of Europe. Since no travellers can entrain here for Asiatic Europe, nor any escape from there to Vienna, the Austrians have abandoned the portico of the Ostbahnhof to the only traffic it can still deal with—Russian troop and supply trains. The rest of the debris of the East Station has been removed. The portico stands—to the Glory of Stalin, late dictator of all Europe beyond the Curtain.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man". In truncated Vienna, since the war, one has got so used to similar spectacles, which must arouse the curiosity of any visitor from the West, that their incongruity no longer strikes one. It does not seem strange to me that while a glittering new Westbahnhof has arisen in Western-occupied Vienna, a blaze of shining steel, glass and neon-lighting, from the ashes of the shabby pre-war structure, the stations within the Russian Zone should still stand much as the bombing and shelling left them when they stopped abruptly just

eight years ago. There are no street barriers in Vienna between Eastern and Western sectors, as in Berlin. But one can generally recognise the transition as one passes from the reconstructed houses in the West to the largely neglected ruins in the East. Even in the West houseowners are apt to leave the stucco facades shockingly shell-pitted and crumbling, out of short-sighted greed, allowing their property to deteriorate rather than carry through maintenance repairs so long as socialist-inspired rent-restrictions limit their profits.

So I tried to recall some of the other unusual features of life in Vienna which use has so far bred a habit in me that they seem perfectly normal. For instance there seems nothing strange to me, after eight years of it, in my letter heads bearing two addresses—one, my physical address in Vienna, superscribed "For Inland Letters Only", the other, an official A.P.O. address, superscribed "For ALL Letters From Abroad". I am neither surprised nor annoyed that letters from outside Austria whose senders disregard my warning all arrived stamped "Opened by Allied Censorship"—eight years after "liberation" and the end of hostilities—even though my name and address are nominally classified as "Exempt from Censorship". It is quite instinctive, when my telephone rings, to be spoken to and to reply in veiled language, conscious that a third party is dutifully registering the conversation on a dictaphone record, to be run off if at all interesting for the benefit of the M.V.D. a little later. When somebody says "I wonder if you will be passing by this morning"—or "this week", mine not to ask him why—for he would not only decline to tell me, but would in addition be annoyed by my naive and embarrassing *gaucherie*. It means the consumption of a lot of time and petrol, that, in nine cases out of ten, your telephone cannot be used to convey information, only to summon you here, there and everywhere. No editor will give his real views on election prospects, no Party leader discuss the plans of his Party, no Government official give me the low-down on any question of the day, no diplomat furnish any information whatever in response to my queries beyond the fact that he is quite well, thank you, on the telephone—because to do so would be simultaneously to give the same information to the Russian M.V.D. As a national of one of the Occupying Powers my press telegrams are privileged—they bear a "censor free" stamp. Of course I realise—as automatically as you realise that you must pay the cost of a telegram—that a copy will still reach the Russian censor. The stamp only prevents him from mutilating it, and avoids from one to three hours holdup until he finds time to read it.

It would never dawn on me nowadays to call anyone outside Austria on the long-distance phone without giving his name, street and house number in addition to the same details about myself, specifying the language in which I intend to talk—so that a snooper with the right language qualifications can be notified to listen in—although the Allied Commission has, purely nominally, registered my number as "censor-free". How the censor reacted when, after he had been notified that the "language of communication" would be English, my small son grabbed the phone to remark to his Grannie in the West of England "Googie-googie-gah!" I have no means of ascertaining.

Use has bred in me the habit of living cheerfully as an inhabitant of a

beleaguered city in which all its native-born citizens are free. They can go where they will in Austria. Not I. I dare not leave the narrow confines of the city boundaries, save by one road or railway going straight to the Semmering—to the British Zone. Even to do this I have to carry a special "Grey Permit" in three languages, issued by my own authorities for a month at a time which, together with my passport, is severely scrutinised by the Red Army control post en route. I may not stop once on the 120 kilometre stretch, no matter how hot the day, how inviting the wine gardens, or how bitter the blizzard, how inviting the glow of the windows of the Gasthäuser. Once I was forced to stop on this corridor road in winter to remove snow chains; in consequence I spent 26 hours in Red Army custody and was dragged to Vienna under heavily armed escort by the—probably drunken—Red Army captain responsible, being labelled "spy" until I was released by the Red Army Kommandatura. Holding a British passport, I cannot even visit the American or French zones (by the other corridor road) without a special Russian permit. No more for me the familiar pre-war delights, lying at Vienna's doorstep, of the Vienna Forest, its babbling trout streams, its warm spring *plages*, its vineyards, its once-elegant weekend hotels. They are all "Russian Zone"—where all but we nationals of the Western occupying Powers can move freely. Little wonder that we penalised citizens of the "Western Occupying Powers" who submit perforce—and, by use, tamely—to these extraordinary conditions, should sometimes expect their own authorities to do a little here and there to alleviate them. In some cases they do—Americans especially claim that officialdom recognises the need to stretch points to the limit of elasticity. In other cases, the Western *Apparatchiki*—alas, the Russians monopolise only the name, but not the breed—are expert both in digging up red-tape regulations, devised for normal conditions, and in applying them to the very abnormal conditions under which the "Westerner" in Vienna lives, too accustomed by long usage to realise just how fantastic they really are.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

LIBERALS AT ILFRACOMBE

LIBERALS must be different, and they know it. The recognition of this simple and obvious fact was the most heartening feature of the Liberal Party Assembly held at Ilfracombe on April 9-11th. It was a memorable Assembly. It was notable both for its consistent emphasis on distinctive doctrine and its successes in the sphere of what the pundits term "public relations". It was well-timed. Coming, as it did, during the Easter Parliamentary recess, the Assembly attracted an impressive team from the Press Gallery of the House of Commons and a mass of friendly or favourable comment. It also accommodated substantial cohorts from the Universities, which contributed heat, light and sound, with a preponderance of light, and made their presence felt, not least by reason of their *expertise* alike in foreign affairs and in the tactics of procedure. The Liberal Party often behaves like an over-indulgent uncle towards its undergraduates, and duly suffers, but Mr. Derick Mirfin and Mr. Bruce

Burton, to mention only two, charmed their hearers with their dialectical skill, quiet modesty, potential statesmanlike qualities, and mastery of the *mystique* of party dogma.

These were, indeed, outstanding factors, but more striking was the Assembly's preoccupation with everything which distinguishes Liberalism from the opposing creeds. The mood of the majority of delegates was admirably delineated by Mr. Francis Boyd in the *Spectator* of April 17th:—

"They believe they have a distinctive contribution to make to the political life of the country, and the Assembly's decisions had the effect of sharpening the distinctness of the Liberal case, even to the point of frightening those delegates who suspect that it may now be more difficult to meet the charge that the party is travelling back dangerously fast towards too free an economy. The issues before the Assembly forced delegates to ask themselves whether, when Liberals professed belief in Free Trade and the minimum of State interference, they really meant what they said. The answer given—and given much more emphatically than some of the delegates expected—was that they did. The majority of the delegates believe that the Liberal Party has re-established itself as the champion of individualism in contrast with the collectivism of the Socialists and the favouritism of the Protectionist Tories. Whether individualism will ever again be a popular cause they do not know."

Likewise *The Times* Special Correspondent (April 13th):—

"A majority of Liberals are disposed to think that the rift of opinion over agriculture is not too high a price to pay for a radical departure from the policies of their rivals, particularly if it can be supported on Free Trade principles."

And, yet again, *The Observer* Political Correspondent, in his "Ilfracombe Diary" entitled "New Life in the Liberals" (April 12th):—

"This has been the liveliest Liberal Assembly for years. . . . In neither of the other two parties could there have been this debate on agriculture; nowhere else could the case for and against have been put so clearly as it has been here. Free Trade might be disastrous for agriculture, but at least the public should be made aware that there is an alternative to the present system—to the policies of the other two parties. . . . For in the end the party can survive only if it is different from its rivals. No smart tactics can save it. It can only watch and be faithful in the hope that the present alignment of political forces will break up and give it an opportunity denied it for so long."

Such, then, was the atmosphere in which the delegates worked and (more occasionally) played. The Executive Resolution on agriculture, drafted by Mr. Allan Batham, Mr. Lawrence Robson and Mr. Oliver Smedley, had been conceived, not as a comprehensive policy covering every facet of farm life, but as a statement of the characteristically Liberal approach to three or four major controversial and immediately topical questions. It flatly declared that there was no longer justification for the inroads on the rights of private property made under the Agriculture Act, 1947. It demanded the withdrawal of the Minister's power to dispossess farmers for allegedly bad husbandry or management and the cessation of his quasi-judicial functions. It urged free import of feeding-stuffs,

fertilisers and farm machinery, and the abandonment of the eleven-year old system of guaranteed prices and assured markets. This Resolution was proposed, in a speech of moving sincerity, by Mr. James Lewis, a massive Reigate farmer with an appealing persuasiveness and a propensity for "wisecracks". ("But for the tin-opener, we should starve.") A gentler phrasing, devised by Mr. Tom Rothwell of Crewe, was adopted. The so-called "University block vote" tucked in a clause on marginal land. Then the full-dress "Second Reading" debate on the main resolution opened with gusto. Exchanges of heavy salvos followed between those farmers, who, like Mr. Bert White, opposed privilege for agriculture, and other farmers, who felt that it needed special treatment whether under an otherwise Protectionist régime or in an otherwise Free Trade economy. Eighty-seven-year-old Mr. Charles Roberts, Cumberland landowner and Under-Secretary for India in the Asquith Ministry, forty years ago, passionately defended the Agriculture Act, 1947. He was received with affection. His attitude towards guaranteed prices was reminiscent of that of certain Roman Emperors, but, in all other aspects, he belied his own description of himself as "a prehistoric fossil". On the opposing side, a "Rhyme to a Generous Cow", written by Mr. George Winder, Sussex farmer-economist and publicist, was cited with approval in support of the Resolution:—

The cow that fills the milk-pail
Needs food from every clime.
She loves great stores of protein
From South the Doldrum line.
Her soya beans from China,
Her linseeds from the Plate,
Her cotton seeds from Egypt
She's missed a lot of late.
Her maize must roll past Rio
In ships from round the Horn;
On every ocean sea-way
Her breakfast foods are borne.
So if you want your babies
To coo in joyful glee,
Then give the cow her proteins,
Unplanned and duty-free.

In the event, the Resolution, albeit modified, was carried by a mere show of hands, with a majority of the younger delegates in its favour. Logic and economics had prevailed over sociology.

Mr. James T. Middleton, Oldham solicitor and President of the Lancashire, Cheshire and North-Western Liberal Federation, proposing the Executive's Free Trade Resolution, delivered one of the most powerful speeches of the Conference—a speech whose intrinsic literary felicities were embellished by a peroration taken bodily from an historic Churchillian Free Trade performance. This Resolution contended that Free Trade was the only sound fiscal policy for Britain, that the conquest of inflation and restoration of sterling convertibility were essential to the fulfilment of a Free Trade programme, that protective tariffs should first be removed from foodstuffs and raw materials and progressively repealed on other

ranges of products, and that, similarly, quantitative restrictions should also be progressively abolished. Next came a short list of Acts ripe for repeal—the McKenna Duties, 1915, the Safeguarding of Industries Act, 1921, the Safeguarding Duties of 1925-8, the Import Duties Act, 1932, and the Ottawa Agreements Act, 1932. "The Assembly meanwhile approves," it added, "the decision of the Commonwealth Ministers' Conference to fulfil the obligation under the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs *not* to increase Imperial Preference. It regrets, however, that no positive steps were taken to dismantle the system of Imperial Preference, since it is injurious to inter-imperial harmony, to the cause of trusteeship for the peoples of the non-self-governing Empire, and to the true interests of our island nation as a world trading power."

All this was, of course, in direct line with the Policy Statement, piloted by Sir Andrew McFadyen through the Bournemouth Assembly in 1947, the Free Trade Ten Points adopted at Blackpool in 1948, and the Fothergill Committee's Radical Programme endorsed at Hastings in 1952. In fact, it brought them all up to date. But spokesmen from a group of "Radical Reformers", who had announced their advent in a letter published a few days earlier in the *News Chronicle* and *Manchester Guardian*, proposed the "reference back". This move was decisively defeated, and the Resolution passed with only three dissentients. The aim of the "Radical Reformers" was "to promote within the Liberal Party the policy of social reform without Socialism which Liberals have developed from 1908". Mr. Middleton, himself, like most Free Traders, a stalwart campaigner for "social reform without Socialism", explained that the vast economic resources consolidated under a free market economy had enabled Liberal Administrations to lay the foundations of a welfare society. (For, indeed, is not welfare a by-product of freedom?). That edifice was now threatened by Protectionist and Schachtian fiscal and financial policies. Meanwhile, the Assembly, in its wisdom, added the words, "irrespective of the attitude of any other State", to the statement, "Free Trade is the only sound fiscal policy for Britain". It thus gave the Liberal answer to restrictionist elements elsewhere which have sought to revive, as it were, the agitation organised by Eckroyd and the "Fair Traders" in the late 1870's. For the Eckroydites, like their successors, invoked "universal" Free Trade against "unilateral" Free Trade, and, alas, in so doing, they opened the door to the pressure-groups and sectional interests of Protection.

As long ago as January 26th, the *Manchester Guardian* headlined its Political Correspondent's commentary on a "trinity" of resolutions: "A Liberal Trumpet Blast for Free Trade: Recipe for an Economic Earthquake". The third ingredient of this recipe was the anti-monopoly programme. Deploring the relative ineffectiveness of the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Act, 1948, this Resolution sought authority to appoint a second Commission of Enquiry into Monopoly (the Comyns Carr Report is now eight years old) to consider, more particularly, the provision of powers to prevent or break-up monopolies, the definition of certain restrictive practices as illegal and liable to penalty, and the inclusion of statutory nationalised monopolies within the Act. The delegates, accepting a suggestion from the Union of University Liberal Societies, inserted a

fourth point—taxation reform for the encouragement of new enterprises in spheres dominated by monopoly interests. A further requirement was that this Commission should report its findings on the case for instituting a Labour Practices Commission. Parliamentary old-timers often say that the House at its quietest is the House at its best. This is to some extent, true of Party Congresses, and, certainly, the two Ilfracombe contributions of Sir Arthur Comyns Carr, Q.C., on monopoly, and of Mr. Granville Slack, on housing and the amendment of the Rent Restrictions Acts, though their tone and setting were quieter and though they hit few headlines, were among the best.

There were many more highlights—the nearly, but not quite, all-embracing Presidential Address by Mr. Lawrence Robson, accountant-farmer and persistent crusader for a world authority and an international Ministry of Supply, whose amiability was matched by his capacity for inspiring an audience with his own compelling sense of urgency; Lady Violet Bonham Carter's oration on electoral reform, a model of prose and diction for the Fowlers, the Nesfields and the Eric Partridges; the reference back, late on Friday, under University pressure, of the Foreign Affairs Resolution; the acceptance, on Saturday morning, of an emergency revised version (including Lord Layton's Five Points for United Europe) moved by Sir Andrew McFadyean; Mr. Clement Davies' Declaration of Faith in the Rights of Man. And when North Dorset wanted a pronouncement that we could conquer unemployment in the event of a world slump, there was Sir Andrew's reply, ably reinforced by the Young Liberals, that only international action could conquer a world slump, and that one country by itself could do no more than mitigate its effects. "Most remarkable of all", observed Mr. Robert Pitman in *Tribune*, "in an hour's debate on how to find a plan for 'mitigating' unemployment, the name of Beveridge was not mentioned once."

Everything was neatly and tidily rounded off by Mr. Philip Fothergill's unpretentious project calling upon workers to concentrate their propaganda upon the Six Points of the Radical Programme: World Authority for Peace, Commonwealth Partnership, Free Trade, Ownership for All, Welfare in an Expanding Economy, and Liberty in a True Democracy. "Heaven forbid that an exclusive specialist group should ever gain the upper hand in our party", quoth Mr. Fothergill; "I put my faith in the general practitioners". And so forward from Ilfracombe. Frustration provokes its own miracle, and organised Liberalism has endured forty years of vicissitude. Whether the miracle, or even its first instalment, is with us, remains to be seen. Ilfracombe augurs well for the new General Director, Mr. H. F. P. Harris, who, as is right and proper in a leader of Rotary and an educationist, radiates both faith and good-will. There is abroad a spirit of purposefulness, courage and resolution, as befits a movement, which, though it is the heir of noble traditions and past glories in freedom's never-ending battle, is, nonetheless, in practice and in personnel, a new party, sustained by new thinking among the academicians and the philosophers, a new party fighting for recognition as the distinctive libertarian force of our age and generation.

DERYCK ABEL.

KIKUYU CHRISTIANS

ON Sunday morning we went to church. "This will be an exciting drive," said Helena. And it was. She only meant that the roads would be bad—or what passed for roads in the Kikuyu reserve. We sat in the Land Rover, with John driving, Helena and I on the front seat beside him, and various Africans behind. We clung to the metal bar in front of us while we lurched and jolted down a rough track that only a jeep or a Land Rover could well have negotiated. Down into a small valley, across a rough bridge, up again on the other side, slithering this way and that, since the "small rains" had just begun, turning the reddish African earth to a sticky, slippery consistency. Once or twice we stopped to pick up an extra African passenger, and came finally to the church. It was a large, bare, corrugated iron building. The congregation were standing about on the grass-covered slope outside, waiting to go in, and I was surprised at the large numbers. Many of the Christian congregations in the Kikuyu territory had dwindled to a handful of people at this time, very understandably, since the Mau Mau emergency was in full swing. We entered the church, and took our places on a wooden bench at one side. There was an effective altar at the east end, the church being otherwise bare except for the many wooden benches, now quickly filling up, for the congregation. There was one glass window behind the altar, the other windows now open, could be closed only with wooden shutters. The doors were left wide open, more and more people coming in as the service proceeded till perhaps 250 were present.

We were the only Europeans in this African congregation. It is, of course, not the custom for Europeans to go to an African church unless they are missionaries, and the service was conducted by an African. I and my two settler companions would normally have set out in the opposite direction when we left their house that morning, to attend an English church. But it was their wish to worship with the African Christians that day, all the more because of the Mau Mau terror and persecution. John had been asked to give the sermon, but this was not generally known beforehand, and so did not affect the size of the congregation. We were given a warm welcome. Several Headmen came up and shook us by the hand. I would rather have expected looks of suspicion, as was all too common in Kenya at this time. Who was I, after all? What was I doing in the Kikuyu reserve? One of the Africans went away, and came back carrying a small sack full of straw, which he put on the floor in front of me, for me to kneel on during the service. The Africans knelt on the bare floor. An African woman came up and offered me a prayer-book. It was all in the Kikuyu language, and I could not understand a word of it; but we were having the ordinary Anglican morning service, and I supposed I would be able to follow it more or less. This was not enough, I soon saw, for my neighbours in the congregation. They were anxious I should follow every prayer, and every word! For them the service was no perfunctory duty, but something meaningful and real, and they were there to participate in every bit of it. As each fresh item in the service started, two or three dark

heads would spin round to make sure my prayer-book was open at the right place, and if not, someone would turn the pages.

My neighbour on my right was a strong, rough-looking man in a garish tweed jacket. He had a hymn-book, which he shared with me; and in return it seemed only polite to share my prayer-book with him. He indicated the verses of the hymns as we sang, pointing to the refrain if there was one, and then back to each succeeding verse, to make sure I followed correctly. Later, when the service was over, I heard that this particular man was a Headman from a little distance off, and that he had been personally threatened with death by the Mau Mau for being a Christian. Yet here he was, voluntarily coming to Sunday morning service again. Several other men in the congregation had been similarly threatened, I was told. All who came were risking trouble by so doing, some life itself. Many would not dare leave their huts after dark, not because of any curfew, but for fear of their neighbours. I could glance round the congregation from where I sat at the side. Their faces were calm and assured, not the least frightened looking, nor yet arrogant and defiant. They seemed natural and unstrained. There were old and young, mothers with their babies, young men, a group of school-children.

A heavy shower of rain hammered on the roof, and stopped again. One of the wooden windows had to be shut against the wet. Then came the sound of a drum beating out a rhythm. This was to be the accompaniment to the hymn-singing, keeping us rhythmically together, though it could not give us the pitch. They sang loudly and wholeheartedly, a little crudely in Salvation Army style, but as if each phrase was sung with full voice and full conviction. An African walked up the central gangway to the front, and started reading the lesson in the Kikuyu language. Helena, on my left, found the place in her English Bible and showed me what it was—Luke 6, 27. It was the passage about loving your enemies, and to me it seemed unsuitable. Had these people not done enough, coming here because they valued the service, risking trouble, every one of them? On top of that were they to be told, "Love your enemies"? To me it seemed asking too much. The second lesson, likewise read by an African, was Romans 12. Again I hastily scanned the verses in the English Bible. It was less hard this time. "And every one members with all men." . . . "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably

The time came for the sermon. John got up and moved slowly to the front. He was tall and solidly built, informally dressed, with an open shirt collar. An African came up and stood beside him to act as interpreter, sentence by sentence. John started off in a quiet humble voice: "I am honoured to be able to speak to you this morning." This was translated into Kikuyu. "I have a great admiration for you here, in this community and church." Translation followed. "You have stuck to your faith through difficult times, and you have continued to come here to worship God. . . . You have stood firm as a rock. . . ." Each sentence in turn was gabbled off by the interpreter. It was all very simple, and what impressed me chiefly was his manner and tone of voice—kind, reassuring, respectful, with no trace of hardness. Perhaps these simple

people appreciated it too, as children would, though not understanding the words till they were translated. He continued: "Jesus tells us in the Bible that we would have troubles in this world. . . . He himself suffered for his faith, even unto death. . . ." He paused to give the interpreter a reference, Luke 21, verse 16. "And ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolk, and friends; and some of you shall they cause to be put to death." The words fell with clear appropriateness. These people had indeed been betrayed by their brethren, and their kinsfolk had joined the Mau Mau. Quite a number of Headmen had been murdered.

"Why is it," the sermon continued, "that these troubles have come upon us? . . . It is because we have tried to live without God." . . . (The word "we" was meant to cover both Europeans and Africans.) "Whenever in history man has put himself in God's place, it has led to disaster." This was too much for the interpreter, who stood silent and baffled! "Put himself in God's place!"—the phrase was beyond his comprehension. John repeated the sentence, but we seemed to have reached a deadlock. At last the interpreter spoke, fast and at length, and I wondered what strange travesty of the meaning he might be relaying to the assembled people. John's voice faltered a little after that, but perhaps it was hardly noticeable, and he proceeded: "What is there that we, here and now, can do? We can pray for God's help. . . . We can strengthen each other in our faith. . . . We can try to spread love and not hate. . . . We can find out the best in each other, and not look for each other's failings. . . . We are all children of God, and we must listen to Him. . . . We should live each day as if it were our last."

Trouble again with the interpreter! He gazed at John nonplussed. Somehow the trouble was overcome, and John continued: "I have spoken to you of our difficulties, and now I want to say a little about the wonderful Christian promises that have been made to us." My mind wandered, and I recall little more of what was said. I glanced across the faces of the men and women near me. Did many of them realise, I wondered, that John was a prominent citizen of Kenya, Helena no less, in her own sphere? She sat there now, calm and receptive, a brightly-coloured scarf over her head, as many of the African women also wore. Now the interpreter was reading texts from the Kikuyu Bible, alternating with the English. The sermon was coming to an end, and against the background of the people's faith and John's humility the Bible words glowed with literary power, producing again for us the spiritual truth with which they are filled. Now it was the English again, quietly spoken, ". . . that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

There was a long last hymn in Kikuyu, sung unaccompanied except for the drum. I found that the words, in Roman print, could be read phonetically, and I joined in the singing as best I could for the sake of appearances. My neighbours sang as if each line expressed something they really meant and wished to say, throwing themselves unreservedly into each phrase, trumpeting it with entire conviction. During the hymn the collection was taken, and the service ending, many present gathered round to watch the money being counted. The several bags

were brought and emptied out, the numerous small coins with holes in the middle were threaded on to a piece of string, forming a kind of snake, and the ends of the string were knotted together. The whole amount was put on a plate and one of the men walked up and placed it on the altar. We stayed sitting in the rough circle, and a low murmur of conversation started up. From the opposite side of the circle the Headman who had been next to me smiled across at us, with a full unhesitating smile, not the least impertinent. Helena chatted in Swahili, with accustomed sureness of touch. One of the men said to her, "What does it matter if they kill us? In about two hours we should be in heaven."

I was told the local schoolmaster would like to show me the school, so I made my way out of the church, hesitating a little, trying to find out which of the men the schoolmaster was. His English was limited, but I soon identified him and we walked away. For the moment I was separated from my friends, and before long the man stopped and turned to face me. "Do not fear," he said emphatically, summoning the English words slowly and carefully. "We are *Christians*. Do not fear." It had not occurred to me to be nervous, but it was charming of him to reassure me, for he himself was in far greater danger than I could be. In front of the school some flowerbeds had been cut in a neat pattern in the turf and planted with a low pink-flowering shrub. The school itself consisted of several almost identical class-rooms, each of which the schoolmaster unlocked for me to inspect and admire. In one a map of Africa hung on the wall. I said I was travelling to the Sudan, and at once his hand rose to the place. We attempted a little conversation, and he explained with pride that his school would not be closed, although many other schools were being closed by the Government. Then he spoke of John, appreciatively. "He speak to us very *good*," he said emphatically. Yes, I agreed, his sermon had been good.

I made my way back to the Land Rover, and the schoolmaster came with me to say goodbye to John and Helena. "Do not fear," he said to them. "We will not kill you." This was not a joke, far from it in the circumstances of the time, for they were among his nearest European neighbours. I do not know for how many of his own community the schoolmaster could speak, but as far as it went what he said was an expression of goodwill. We clambered into the Land Rover and were off again, lurching and jolting as before. We hurried homewards, as fast as was possible, for there was a cow ill on the farm, and business awaiting Helena's attention at the house. In the evening we talked of the events of the day and the morning service. "You do feel they've got hold of something, don't you," said John. "You can see it in their faces." The people's faith was simple but complete. It could only find such crude expression, but it sufficed them. "I wonder whether what I said to them went down at all," said John. We did not really know. We couldn't tell. It was difficult to gauge how things would seem to primitive minds so differently conditioned from our own. But I told them what the schoolmaster had said to me in the morning, "He speak to us very good." I remembered the ready responsive smile on every face I chanced to look at, among the people outside the church as I came away. It would not be easy to find so friendly a crowd in Kikuyu

land today, though no doubt some other churches would have a sense of fellowship as warm and real, under the stress of danger. "Like the early Christian communities," suggested Helena. My mind travelled back across the centuries to those small isolated groups, and I wondered if indeed their experience might sometimes have been similar.

E. R. BUXTON.

AFGHANISTAN A BUFFER STATE

AFGHANISTAN occupies a position of the utmost importance from a strategical point of view, lying as she does between the U.S.S.R. and the North West Province of Pakistan. Her northern boundary runs along the River Oxus, and her southern border follows the Durand Line through the wild hills of the Pathan tribes. Afghanistan thus forms a buffer state between Russia and Pakistan. Her government adopts a strictly neutral attitude, and is anxious to remain on friendly terms with both her neighbours. The northern regions consist of a vast plain which reaches to the foot of ranges of rugged hills, over which the rough roads struggle through the passes at heights varying from 14,000 to 18,000 feet above sea-level. Only in the summer months can traffic use these roads owing to heavy falls of snow. Attempts have been made to construct a motor road circling the mountains in an easterly direction, but it is doubtful whether this road would stand up to heavy military traffic. The Oxus River, over a mile wide, is closely watched on the Russian shore. It forms a serious obstacle to invasion, and it is crossed by heavy barges, the sole present-day means of transport. Sheep and cattle are ferried across, together with the camel caravans which penetrate to Peshawar from the interior of Asia.

Afghanistan is rich in natural resources, and only needs scientific development to become a wealthy country. Coal, silver, copper, lead and iron exist in workable quantities, and only a supply of technicians and administrators is necessary for opening up the riches that the country possesses. The Afghan Government are making great strides towards the economic development of Afghanistan through government-controlled monopolies such as the National Bank, and dealings in karakul, sugar, cotton, electrical generation, and other industries. The country is badly in need of improved communications. There are no railways, and existing roads are few, and in most cases are mere tracks. Three railways have been planned, but so far nothing has been done. Education is free, both elementary and secondary, but the bigoted attitude of the Moslim population is strongly adverse to Western education, especially for women. The men are born fighters, and regard the profession of arms as the only calling worth following. Afghanistan was admitted to the League of Nations in 1933. She maintained strict neutrality during the second World War, and in 1944 her application for membership of the United Nations Organisation was accepted. The Afghan army is poorly equipped and badly paid. The Air Force, however, has been greatly increased, and many of the pilots have been trained in England. Aerodromes have

been constructed at Herat, Kandahar, Jelalabad, and Muzar-i-Sharif, covering the main invasion routes.

RELATIONS WITH PAKISTAN

From time to time Afghanistan has advanced claims to the major portion of Pakistan as far east as the River Indus on the grounds that in former days the Afghan Empire extended as far east as Benares. These claims have naturally been repudiated by the Government of Pakistan, but, strangely enough, have received a certain amount of support from influential circles in India, to judge by statements of some of the Indian ministers and from certain sections of the Indian press. One would have thought that a natural desire on the part of India for a strong sister Dominion on her western flank would have prompted Indian politicians to adopt a more friendly attitude towards Pakistan. Of late years Afghanistan appears to have dropped her former claims for Pakistan territory, and relations between the two states are for the moment on a friendly basis. A "Treaty of Friendship" has recently been negotiated, and the king's personal envoy to Pakistan broadcast that he had discussed the exchange of ambassadors and commercial agreements, including border questions, with the Pakistani Government with satisfactory results. The King told the National Assembly in Kabul that the country still felt the need to maintain friendly relations with Great Britain, and added that the political changes in India will hardly affect relations between the two countries.

RELATIONS WITH THE PATHANS

Since Afghanistan is closely related to the Pathan tribes on the North-West frontier of Pakistan, some reference to them will not be out of place. The tribesmen, known collectively as "Pathans," form a collection of tribes and sub-tribes, often at war with each other over their age-long feuds. They maintain an independent existence among their hills, and acknowledge no allegiance beyond their own Maliks. Their wild country affords a scarce livelihood, and the former Indian Government adopted a policy of granting tribal subsidies as a guarantee of good behaviour. The Pakistani Government has wisely decided to continue these subsidies, and is doing everything possible to help the tribes. In 1947 the project of an independent State of "Pukhtoonistan" was mooted by agitators in Afghanistan, who demanded the incorporation of the North-West Frontier Province and parts of Baluchistan and Scinde into Afghanistan, and also asked for an outlet to the Indian Ocean at Karachi. These claims were firmly refused by the British, who pointed out that these areas formed part of India in accordance with treaties between Britain and Afghanistan. This claim was upheld by the "Red Shirts," a revolutionary organisation in the North-West Province, but on the insistence of Pundit Nehru, a referendum was held in November, 1947, and the "jirgas" of all the principal tribes decided to adhere to Pakistan, and to continue in the same relationship with her as they had had with the British.

Afghan interference in the affairs of the Pathans is deeply resented by the tribes, who condemn the attitude of the Afghans. They remind them that there are more Afghans in Pakistan than in Afghanistan itself, and add that Pakistan Afghans are quite capable of taking care of themselves.

Afghan support for Pukhtoonistan is regarded by the Pathans as an effort to divert attention from the backward state of Afghanistan. The establishment of an independent State of Pukhtoonistan has received strong support from the Russians, but it is probable that this support is not altogether altruistic. It bears a close relationship to the outbreak of Communist activity in Pakistan, which is widespread throughout the North-West Province, where Red literature is to be obtained in many of the bazaars, including Peshawar.

The threat of Russian invasion from the north-west, which exercised the strategy of successive British Governments in India, is not less real today than it was over a century ago. Afghanistan, the highway to India throughout the ages, is today menaced with immense Russian forces concentrated in close proximity to her northern border across the Oxus. Russia has created a formidable Central Asian military operational base in the Tashkent region, consisting of air-fields, depots and army training areas covering Bokhara and Samarkhand, besides other centres. This constitutes a direct threat against Afghanistan, not only from a purely military point of view, but also from the danger of civil penetration and subversive operations. Tashkent has become one of Russia's main centres of revolutionary political activity. It is reliably reported that a training school for foreign Asian Communists is actively in operation there, at which the technique of agitation, infiltration, sabotage, and subversion is taught. A powerful broadcasting stations pours out inflammatory Communist propaganda to Asian countries day and night.

With regard to Russia, Afghanistan is striving to maintain an attitude of neutrality, which is made easier as she has neither trades unions nor political parties, and the Islamic tradition has a firm hold on the people. A few Soviet agents have been found working among the tribes in the northern regions, but there is no fifth column. In official circles, however, there is growing anxiety over the increasing strength of the Russian forces north of the Oxus. Bearing in mind that the aim of Russia is to subjugate the whole of the Indian peninsula to Communism, it is only reasonable to suppose that she has set her eyes on Pakistan and the port of Karachi, which would give her command of the sea route from Europe to the East. If she could induce Afghanistan to invade Pakistan, and thus pull the chestnuts out of the fire for her without the employment of a single Russian soldier so much the better. Such a policy would conform with her previous operations in other parts of the world, where national forces, urged on by Russia in civil warfare, have paved the way for Russian domination. Incited by Russian propaganda and lured on by Russian promises of support, the Afghan Government might yield to the bait of Pakistan dangled before her eyes, and descend through the passes of the North-West Frontier at a time when Pakistan was closely engaged with an Indian imbroglio on her eastern border. If such were the case, it would be to Russian interests to foment the tension that exists between India and Pakistan at the present time. Each maintains considerable forces on their mutual frontier, and it would need but a slight incident for open war to break out. This would create a heaven-sent opportunity for Afghanistan to invade Pakistan. Attacked from both flanks, Pakistan, whose armed forces and air force are considerably inferior to those of

India, would be in a hopeless position. She would be overrun by India from the east while the Afghans swept down through the North-West Frontier to Karachi, where a puppet government would be set up under Russian tutelage. Then would come the customary purges and treason trials with the elimination of undesirable elements of the former Pakistan régime. One more state would succumb to the onward march of Communism in Asia. Though nominally governing at Karachi, the local Afghan government would ere long discover that their rule was purely nominal, and that in reality they were completely under the thumb of the Russians. Afghanistan would be regarded as a friendly state by the Kremlin and would have a strong Russian Legation at Kabul, and the country would doubtless fall under the influence of Tashkent. Relations with foreign powers would automatically cease, and Afghanistan herself would be absorbed within the orbit of the satellite states with which Russia surrounds herself.

H. E. CROCKER.

THE SOVIET ATTITUDE TO ART

ONE feature of the Russian promoted peace campaign during recent years has been to attack the Western artist and his principle of artistic adventure and freedom, and to propagate the Soviet attitude to art. This campaign has been cleverly handled with the aim of shaking the beliefs of the Western artist by its emphasis on the favourable economic arrangements made for the artist in Soviet Russia. How uniform throughout Europe has been this pattern of propaganda, of attack and counter-attack was evident at the international exhibitions organised in London, Paris, Rome, and Venice during 1952, and in the discussions there on problems concerned with art. At the national Quadriennale exhibition in Rome, and the international Biennale exhibition in Venice, the Soviet-influenced social realists were still on the warpath. In the lead was Renato Guttuso, who tried to revive one of the most deadly academic genres, the historic battle-piece. He might have succeeded if the elections in Italy had swung more to the left, but as this was not the case, he did not receive any of the great prizes at the Biennale. The spark, however, fired the "social conscience" of a young English painter who, when writing about the Biennale, not only concentrated all his admiration on Guttuso's battle-piece, but subsequently organised an exhibition of recent social realist English painting which was held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in London, and was significantly given the title "Looking Forward."

Paris, however, was already in full revolt against the Communist pressure at the very time when the Russians sent Professor Vladimir Kemenov, the director of the Tretjakov Gallery in Moskva, and corresponding member of the Academy of Arts in the U.S.S.R. to England to soften the ground here. What created irritation in Paris, namely, the strange circumstance that Picasso had joined the Communist party after the war, although the principles of his art are diametrically opposed to those propagated by the Soviets, added to the amusement in London,

where Professor Kemenov had to develop his ideas in a hall hung with drawings and water-colours by Picasso.

Principles and theories in art are one thing, and facts are another. It is generally known that painting in Russia has reached a very low standard. It was, therefore, a most powerful counter-attack when the well-known French writer, André Breton, published in *Arts* an illustrated article under the title: "Pourquoi nous cache-t-on la peinture russe contemporaine?"—Why do they hide contemporary Russian art from us? Breton spoke of Social Realism as a means of moral extermination. The Spanish Surrealist painter, Salvador Dali, pronounced publicly: "I wish they would exclude Picasso from the Communist party. A serious equivocality would be at an end." (The communists, of course, will never do it; they will continue to draw advantage from the fact.) I visited Picasso in those days and told him about the opposition offered by English intellectuals to Professor Kemenov in Picasso's favour. Professor Kemenov could not, and did not dare, to deviate from the party line by openly confessing that the realistic pictures produced in Russia nowadays are inferior works of art, but nevertheless sponsored by the Russian state machine, whereas Picasso's works, great and new in their conception, are not acknowledged as such in Russia in spite of his sympathy for the Communist cause. Picasso in the course of our conversation made a clear distinction between what he called a temporary policy in Russian art matters, which he disagreed with, and his social ideals. I was unable to convince him that Russian art policy is based on dictatorial principles, and will never change.

What, then, are the Russian principles?*

The basic principle is the principle of *realism*. This principle of realism is not worked out by a few critics or artists, it is worked out in the Soviet Union on the basis of the *Stalinist interpretation of art-history*.

Art's first duty, they say, is truthfully to depict life (i.e., life in Soviet Russia).

In holding up this mirror to life, the artist reflects accurately all the qualities of his age. Those artists and critics who ignore this development, who are hostile to it, are considered as *hostile to a truthful depiction of reality*. The question naturally arises: What is a truthful picture of reality? *Every person might find perhaps something different to be truthful. The Russians, however, regard such a view as incorrect.* It is Solipsism. They reject it. In trying to reveal the inner reality in such a way, the artist would never take into account how other people see it. According to the Russian conviction, it is quite impossible for an artist not to take into account the feelings, the knowledge, the ideas of the *people* around him. *The great artist draws his inspiration from the people and works it out in finer, higher forms.* Those painters who take no notice of the people are regarded as incorrect in their approach. They are not *doing their work, which is to raise the creative opportunities of the people*.

The second basic principle in Soviet art besides realism is, therefore,

*Note: The description of the conditions under which artists live and work in the Soviet Union and the aesthetic theories on which their work is based are taken from a statement made by Professor Vladimir Kemenov in the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London.

the popular quality of art. The third is the national form of the work of art. The people who look at paintings experience them in a special way, the Russian theorists say. What the artist represents are not abstract, but concrete forms. They have developed in their concrete form through circumstances. In other countries they attain a different form. *The artist has to accept them whether he likes it or not.* The question of national form arises in Russia from the realistic approach, and from that of the people. The people form the nation. The Soviet artists and writers, or rather those who decide on the policy they have to follow, regard it as a weakening of their creative possibilities if the artist is to *take no account of the national characteristics of the people's individuals.* They reject the cosmopolitan attitude.

The problem of the content of art is forced into a similar straitjacket, and its aim is openly proclaimed to be propagandist.

Art, they say, cannot be without idea content. We are either realistic or we behave like an ostrich who hides his head in the sand, denying, so to speak, the truthfulness of life. The idea content can help to advance realist art, it can help the striving of the people, or it can do the opposite: it can be anti-popular, against the people's movement.(!)

In spite of this obvious regimentation, the Russians still claim that there is freedom of creation in Russia. Such a claim can, of course, only be substantiated by a series of dialectic tricks. The artist who dares to question their point of view, wanting full freedom of creation, is simply asked: "Are you quite sure that you want freedom to create, or freedom from creation?" The consequences can be imagined.

Once an artist agrees to stick to the rules of the game, he can enjoy all the economic security and publicity he wants. His work can be hung and sold. In Moscow, for example, there are several art salons where artists can exhibit and where everybody can choose and buy according to his pocket. The "best" paintings are procured by state buying commissions for the museums, art galleries, and for mobile exhibition purposes. But this is not the only possibility for an artist to make his living. Besides the State Buying Commission and the private individual, works of art can be commissioned, and there is also the Artists' Cooperative, which can buy a painting by a member, and show it until another buyer acquires it. In addition, there is the Creative Union of Soviet Painters, whose members are people with professional standing. A large sum of money is available as an Art Fund for its use.

There is a rule in Soviet law that when a painter has sold, for example, a particular work, or made a decoration for a theatre, the greater part of the sum goes to the artist, and a small percentage to the Art Fund. All creative unions (of writers, painters, musicians) who form these funds enable the artists to go to homes of creative rest, to sanatoria, etc., with their families, without payment. The state commissions are composed of artists, and it is they who decide the standard, the blind leading the blind. During the war the artists went to the front. This effort resulted in innumerable works of art. In the post-war period the main theme of art is the reconstruction of the country after the ravages of war. Both in war and in peace the "themes" are dictated. The Russian "army" of artists moves together with the people.

Recently a good deal of the artist's work has been devoted to "the struggle for peace."

To argue anew against these principles is not necessary in an English periodical, but it might well be of interest to refer here to the statements and experiences of some Russian-born artists on the subject.

Is it not a significant fact that the most outstanding Russian artists and thinkers of our time have fled from Russia and its peculiar conception of freedom and art? Berdiajev, Soloviev, Stravinsky, Chagall, Gabo, Nijinsky, Kandinsky are the best-known examples of this case.

"Rationalism and its pseudo-critical spirit," says Stravinsky in his lectures on the "Poetics of Music" at Harvard College, "have poisoned and continue to poison the whole field of art in Russia." The consequence of the Marxist theory that maintains that art is only a "superstructure based on conditions of production" has been to reduce art in Russia to nothing more than an instrument of political propaganda at the service of the Communist Party and the government. "This corruption of the Russian critical spirit is the cause of the 'reasoning' Intelligentsia seeking to assign a role to music and to attribute to it a meaning totally foreign to its true mission, a meaning from which music (and all the other arts) is in truth very far removed." It is this lack of comprehension of the genesis of any kind of creation which has had such disastrous results, and made Stravinsky say that the Communists are lacking in any authentic form of expression.

About the freedom of expression in Russia he has no illusions. One can only remain inside the general concept accepted or step outside it. For those who are held inside the circle, every question, every answer is determined in advance. The order of the day for all the arts is "socialist realism," with all its fallacies of popularity and its forced obedience to the party line, called freedom.

The tragic fate of the poet Majakovsky, the Russian Futurist, has some bearing on our problem. His suicide in 1930 profoundly disturbed the most orthodox communists, as Stravinsky recollects, provoking protest, indignation, and *de facto*, an insurrection in his name. The persecution of Majakovsky by party bosses began several years before his death and was directly responsible for it. The accusations against him were founded on the disapproval of all leftish tendencies in art and literature. It is known that the more cultivated Bolsheviks such as Trotsky and Lunacharsky, understood and supported the artists of the *avant-garde*, but Lenin, with his comprehension of the practical needs of the revolutionised country, found no pleasure in them. He defined the revolutionary art and literature of the 1920's as "the infantile disorder of Leftism," and thought that the cinema was more useful to the young Soviet state. In 1921 came the New Economic Policy, the era of reconstruction and practical materialism. The attitude of toleration towards Leftism turned to impatience.

Although the Russians, favoured by political decisions, created outstanding films in the Pudovkin and Eisenstein era, even there the interference of the state in matters of style and subject frustrated all their creative intentions after the decision was taken that the "hero" had to be reinstated in his lost position. It was Pudovkin's merit to have

discovered the unknown representative of the people, the non-actor exponent of the nameless mass. This, however, found favour only with the Intellectuals abroad, not with the Russian people itself, who wanted its heroes back, preferring them to the common representatives of themselves.

Those who are interested in matters of art will also remember the scandal provoked in Soviet Russia by Shostakovich's opera *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* and his ballet *The Limpid Brook*. The performance of his music, like that of other modern European composers, was forbidden, and he had several times to repent and to promise to adhere to the party line. How an artist can create at all under such conditions is a mystery.

In the Trobridge lecture on "Constructive Realism," given by Naum Gabo, the famous Russian constructivist artist, at the Yale University's Art Gallery, he says: "My art is commonly known as the art of Constructivism. Actually, the word Constructivism is a misnomer. It had been appropriated by one group of Russian constructivist artists in the 1920's who demanded that art should liquidate itself. They denied any value to easel painting, to sculpture, in fine, to any work of art in which the artist's purpose was to convey ideas or emotions for their own sake. They demanded from the artist, and particularly from those who were commonly called constructivists, that they should use their talents for construction of material values, namely, in building useful objects, houses, chairs, tables, stoves, etc. Being materialist in their philosophy, and a pleasurable occupation cherished in a decadent capitalistic society and totally useless, even harmful, in the new society of communism. I, however, believe that art has a specific function in the mental and social structure of human life. . . . The scientists have made great strides in their search; certain artists, however, stopped at the gates of our sense ducing the true reality. Little, it seems to me, do these artists know how shallow their image of reality must appear to the scientific mind of today."

When I visited Marc Chagall in France, he told me amongst other things: "Youth is always in need of orientation. It is said that talent is necessary too. But who gave me orientation? There was a picture of the Czar Ivan the Terrible. One saw the frightened people. The swollen veins, every little hair, every pore was meticulously painted. The Czar had a tear in his eye. 'You will never be a painter,' I said to myself. Purely artistic reasons drove me out of Russia before and after the Revolution."

These examples make us realise what the dictatorship of the proletariat means for the unusually gifted man, without whom no art is possible. We prefer freedom of conscience and creative purpose. The great artist's well-being in Soviet Russia has to be purchased by the loss of his art. The mediocre artist needs no creative decisions or visions: to him the bureaucratic prefabricated decisions are sufficient. We still believe that human genius has to grow as a plant grows, and that it cannot be taught or artificially cultivated: it can only be frustrated and spoiled.

J. P. HODIN.

BLAKE'S MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL

"My mother groan'd! my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt,
Helpless, naked, piping loud,
Like a fiend hid in a cloud."

WILLIAM BLAKE leapt into the dangerous world in the year 1757, in the middle of what we have come to call the Age of Reason. His hands were on fire—each tree budded into angels—each corn field stood shiny with angelic reapers—God huge and terrible looked in upon him at a window. The country too was full of wonder; for then it was quite possible for a sturdy boy to walk to green meadows to the "large and pleasant village" of Camberwell or the "sylvan wilds" of rural Dulwich. Here no doubt he watched the naked boys bathe, learning to love the human figure when free in air and sun. Here perhaps he saw the "ruddy limbs and flaming hair"—so apt a description of his own leonine body. For Blake was strong and healthy, of deep and powerful passions; like his own figure of Orc "his terrible limbs were fire".

Blake needed all his power, for the world in which he became a man was a dangerous one. The satanic mills were beginning to darken the sky, the wheels of profit to turn, the red cap of revolution to jostle in the streets. We remember that the American War of Independence commenced in 1776 and was soon to spread to France, that the first part of "The Rights of Man" struck the world in 1791, that everywhere amongst the intelligentsia and progressive elements political and social matters were being discussed. Many believed that they saw the millenium flaming on the horizon and Blake was certainly one of these. At the shop of bookseller Johnson he met rebels like Paine, Priestley, Godwin of the *Political Justice* and others. Yet Blake's vision of the new world was of another kind than theirs, for he was a rebel amongst rebels, one who saw beyond mere political justice to a time when the whole man would be free when "everything that lives" would indeed be "holy". The revolutionists wanted a world ideal but of this creation; Blake foretold one where "creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite and corrupt". This then is a central thought of Blake, spreading like a tree throughout all his work, revolt against the taking of the appearance as the true nature, of seeing a bird as such and not as "an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five". This is the value of Blake to us to-day, that he saw with the eye of the imagination what science may be in part confirming, that matter is more "spiritual" than we ever believed, that the material world can only be truly visualised as a dance of atoms, that Blake's energy is our force and that both are "eternal delight". Blake wanted man "to widen his forehead", to take with joy all the manifestations of creation from tree to woman's limbs, to believe that "the roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword, are portions of eternity too great for the eye of man". He wanted the terrible lion as well as the gentle lamb accepted as symbols of eternity, for "without contraries is no progression"—the marriage of Heaven and Hell is "necessary to human existence". His vision is not for all. There is terror and darkness in it as well as joy

and light. Blake was not always a happy man though he died singing; the Prophetic Books bend and twist under the stress of his inward struggle. Heaven and Hell did unite within him but their burning child can be too hot for our hands.

The facts of his life are few. He was the son of a successful draper of London and of his wife Catherine, both sober people but with enough imagination to let their son follow his bent of drawing. For in 1771 he became apprenticed to an engraver from whom he learnt the technique of his art to which he was to add one of his own. He married Catherine Boucher in 1784, after having been jilted by one Polly Woods. We know little of the marriage, but that there was a deep affection none can doubt. Perhaps Mrs. Blake found his nature too ardent, though she liked even less his suggestion of 'handmaidens'. A natural jealousy followed, the spectre of which haunted Blake all his life. Beyond it he saw the wild planting of the seed of desire, the impossible vision of selfless love, of the beloved who "will catch girls of mild silver, or of furious gold" for her lover. Oothoon speaks thus in the "Visions of the Daughters of Albion":

"But silken nets and traps of adamant will Oothoon spread,
And catch for thee girls of mild silver, or of furious gold.
I'll lie beside thee on a bank and view their wanton play
In lovely copulation, bliss on bliss, with Theotormon.
Red as the rosy morning, lustful as the first born beam,
Oothoon shall view his dear delight, nor e'er with jealous cloud
Come in the heaven of generous love, nor selfish blightings bring."

Yet Blake taught Catherine to read, write and even engrave. She on her part suffered endless poverty for the sake of a vision she could little have understood. When he was dying Blake drew her portrait with love, calling her an "angel". They are buried together in Bunhill Fields.

Blake lived an uneventful life. Engraving, a print shop, a journey to the feeble poetaster Hayley, political agitation with his arrest for supposed sedition, long years of obscurity when some doubted whether he still lived. Then near the end of his life came happiness with a little group of youthful admirers, when he would watch the sunset over Hampstead or listen to Mrs. Linnell singing Scottish airs. After came a long and painful illness and the wonderful death described in Gilchrist's life. Yet from these modest events he built the whole of the mythology of the Prophetic Books, the terrible wisdom of the Marriage of Heaven and Hell, the mannered figures engraved by a process given him by his dead brother Robert—all the fearful reality of his vision. For he was no idle dreamer, no singer of lambs and children, no groper after a world of escape. Before him was the vision of fearful symmetry which man could experience on earth and which he himself strove to bring about. We can if we wish follow the vision through all his works, from the Songs of Innocence to Jerusalem, taking at the same time Blake's own journey through London, through time and through eternity. We can travel from the boy full of angels, the lover, the husband, the poet of rebellion against marital bonds, the hater of Hayley and all "artiness", the lonely old man who went out only of an evening to fetch his porter, Hampstead, Bunhill to his resurrection in our day to a poet with Shakespeare and Milton.

But this is a journey of a lifetime, not one of a few pages or a few hours.

Yet if we limit ourselves to one work—*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*—we are making no arbitrary selection, for in a sense he never went beyond it. It is his "everlasting gospel" written in the fiery period of his youth before old age softened the clean outline of his etching plate. In this work Blake stands clear, haloed like his own picture of "Glad Day" with brilliant light. It was written in 1793 which was for him a year of great productiveness. In his notes he doubts his promise of long life because the inner fire was burning the outer frame too rapidly. The shining platform on which the Prophetic Books was to be built was a labour of titanic "mental fight". The form of the Marriage of Heaven and Hell is that of a series of prose passages and an argument in verse. It is not a long work, in the *Everyman* edition of Blake it consists of 14 pages, but the language is clear, the images audacious, the 'message' sharp as a star. It is however a message for supermen and not one for the twilight figures of our time. We need the courage of the revolting Lucifer to embrace it. For Blake is writing of the core of his universe which is a tension, a battle of contraries without which there is "no progression". The Marriage of Heaven and Hell is no quiet union but one of attraction and repulsion, reason and energy, love and hate, the child of which is the whole man. For as Blake says: "From these contraries spring what the religious call Good and Evil. Good is the passive that obeys Reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy. Both are necessary to Human existence. Good is Heaven. Evil is Hell." We have however to be careful when using these moral terms that we neither employ them in the conventional sense nor exaggerate the importance of evil. For "The Voice of the Devil" is that of the energetic wisdom. It is the voice of the body and so of eternal delight. Yet it is also the voice of the whole man. Blake tells us quite distinctly that "Man has no Body distinct from his Soul: for that called Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses, the chief inlets of Soul in this age."

So we reach the next stage in the Marriage of Heaven and Hell and the one which may relate Blake more closely to the modern conception of man than any other of our great poets, excepting Goethe and Shakespeare: that spirit and matter are part of one another; the spiritual being a projection of the material, and the material of the spiritual, and from this tension is born the whole man. From this follows that God cannot exist without man to beget him in his imagination. For in "A Memorable Fancy" the prophet Isaiah answering Blake's question as to whether belief can create reality, replies: "All poets believe that it does, and in ages of imagination this firm persuasion removed mountains; but many are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything." "Those Blake calls the Prolific, Imaginative Men, create God for "God only Acts and Is, in existing beings or Men". This is quite clear and if we go further into the Marriage of Heaven and Hell to the fifth of the "Memorable Fancies" we read: "The worship of God is, Honouring his gifts in other men, each according to his genius, and loving the greatest men best: those who envy or calumniate great men hate God, for there is no other God."

Blake's conception of God was unique in his time and one of the sharpest barriers between him and the deists like Tom Paine. To him God was neither the "tyrant crowned" nor the "Great First Cause, least

understood", of Pope's Universal Prayer, but the Poetic Genius or Imagination of man. For commenting upon the thought of Berkeley in relation to Plato and Aristotle, Blake writes: "they also considered God as abstracted or distinct from the Imaginative World, but Jesus, as also Abraham and David, considered God as a Man in the Spiritual or Imaginative Vision". This then is Blake's position in the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* and it is a very clear one. It does not mean however that he did not modify his attitude, developing or retrogressing according to our own viewpoint. In *Jerusalem*, his last great work, the figure of Jesus is predominant as the symbol of forgiveness. The Christian doctrine is married to Blake's own mythology to fulfil the task which he set himself. "To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes, of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought, into Eternity". But this is the word of the old Blake not of the young man of thirty-six, and it is with the young writer of the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* that we are concerned.

With him we come to the third centre of interest in the *Marriage*, the "Proverbs of Hell" which Blake tells us were collected when walking among the fires of hell—the fires of his own imagination. In these proverbs we find expressed the great boldness of his mind, the limitless realism of his approach to life and nature. For to him all is an "immense world of delight" closed only by the five senses. Once liberate ourselves from our natural half-sight and "everything would appear to man as it is, infinite". Blake truly means everything, for his view of nature as expressed in the proverbs is one without compromise. He is no pantheist accepting only the beauty of the world as a manifestation of God, for, swinging over the world, he saw all as "portions of eternity" whether the "roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, the raging of the stormy sea, and the destructive sword". He saw too the dangers of repression, and wrote:

"The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom".

"The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction".

"Enough! or Too much".

He believed in the need to see with the double vision—to see through the object to its hidden nature. Thus we find:

"A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees".

"When thou seest an Eagle, thou seest a portion of Genius: lift up thy head!"

He gloried in the manifestation of energy which is man's body, expressing it many times—

"The eyes of fire, the nostrils of air, the mouth of water, the beard of earth". or —

"The head Sublime, the heart Pathos, the genitals Beauty, the hands and feet Proportion".

Forgiveness, the imagination, joy, exuberance are all praised, and all earthly manifestations linked to eternal values in the wonderful proverb, the one of infinite value to our time, the one which seems to sum up so much of the essential Blake:

"Eternity is in love with the productions of time".

With this Proverb of Hell we can relate Blake to our time, stress his

great value for us to-day and club the conception of the dreamy mystic or of "mad Blake". For the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* expresses the need for the whole man, for the man freed of outworn doctrines, whose creative energy overflows like the fountain into light. He should be the companion of nature and her interpreter—for to "create a little flower is the labour of ages" and conversely, "where man is not, nature is barren". He should set no limit to his ambition, for "no bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings", and the "road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom". Above all he should see himself as the finite beloved of eternity who by the power of imagination can become one with his lover. If "eternity is in love with the productions of time", man, as one of these productions, must leap out to eternity with love. For to reach out to eternity through the imagination is to do what Blake tells us, to "widen our foreheads", to build the Kingdom of Heaven truly within us, and to believe that "everything that lives is Holy".

PAUL A. CASIMIR.

NATURE'S DEFENCE MECHANISMS

WITH human beings the skin is the first physical line of defence. Should this become pierced by a projectile, burnt by a flame, or injured by a blow, at once several heterogeneous and convergent defence mechanisms come into operation. Fibrin is formed, or muscle metamorphosed into cartilage, or juices supplied from the bone marrow, and the special nutritive substances essential for the repair of the damage brought by the blood stream to the affected area. At times these mechanisms hold the fort until outside aid is added. At other times a complete cure is effected solely by these natural agencies. When a creature that is living in a condition of positive health is attacked by a pathogenic bacterium which elaborates a toxin, the defence mechanisms of the victim at once analyse the nature of that toxin, afterwards creating an efficacious antibody. Should the victim, however, be in a state of impaired health by reason of dietary and other deficiencies at the time of the attack; or should the injury be, from other causes, of too serious a description to be fought and overcome by the creature's own natural defence mechanisms, the supplementary skilled aid will often co-operate successfully to oust the maleficent intruder. It has been during the operation of various cases of restorative collaboration that other and still more cunningly concealed defence mechanisms have been brought to light.

When the skin of an animal (including *homo sapiens*) becomes too extensively burnt to be dealt with adequately by natural defence mechanisms, the surgeon seeds the area involved with small discs of sound skin from some other body of the same species as the sufferer. At once another and quite independent defence mechanism comes into play. Each living being is inexorably intolerant of skin transplanted to it from other members of its own species, for any such operation is tantamount to an invasion of its unique identity. The grafting is carried out, but it is merely a makeshift designed to save life during the interval needed by the creature's

own defence mechanisms to take over. When that happens, and these mechanisms of defence assume control, the grafts succumb to their lack of welcome—and sustenance—and are sloughed off. In the case of mother and child, even, skin transplantation cannot survive for more than a few weeks at the longest. The defence mechanisms of an organism become cognisant without delay of the presence of any foreign matter, for the reason that individuality of identity stamps not only the organism as a whole, but also all its component parts. This unique individuality is present in all the physiological processes, as well as in the chemical structure of the humours and the cells. The individual "personality" of animal tissues is linked, in a manner yet undiscovered, with the molecules entering into the original construction of the organism. Dr. Grey Walter has pointed out that "one of the first things to be noted in relation to the alpha brain rhythms is that no two people are alike; that is to say, a brainprint is as unique as a fingerprint. Data already collected strongly suggest that the alpha characters are inborn and probably inherited." Individuality of identity is therefore not merely an aspect of the organism: it takes its roots in the inmost depths of being. The range of permutations of human individuality is boundless, the number of possible genetic variants being virtually infinite. It is probable that among the innumerable crowds of human beings who have from age to age inhabited the globe, no two individuals have been identically alike. The *sine qua non* of existence, in all forms of life, being the retention of individuality of identity, the relative defence mechanisms are formidable and efficient.

The defence mechanisms of redundant weeds, insects and algae are today fighting the poisons that man has evolved for their elimination. In human bodies healing antibiotics are also sometimes being worsted by pathogenic bacteria. These "smallest of man's enemies," resent the attempted invasion of their unique identity by the substances of penicillin, streptomycin, and the like. Their infinitesimal defence mechanisms have become somehow imbued with the certainty that to sink blissfully into the nirvana of the antibiotic embrace might bring rest and peace, but would also spell extinction. Hence the feverish activity on the part of bacterial mechanisms of defence which, in common with those of insects, weeds and algae, are evolving new races able to cope successfully with the recently-created invaders of their individuality of identity. "Genetics, immunology, embryology and endocrinology," remarks Professor P. B. Medawar, F.R.S., "have all been called in evidence of the uniqueness of individual mice and men. The fact that the evidence moves so freely across these frontiers is of no particular significance; it merely goes to show that, outside our pedagogic conventions, these frontiers simply do not exist." *Apropos*, it is interesting to recall that the nuclei of atoms have their own defence mechanisms to protect their individuality of identity. In experiments now being carried out at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, in endeavours to unriddle that enigma of enigmas, of the forces whereby the particles of an atomic nucleus are held together, the nucleus to be investigated must first be broken up. The most suitable tool for this purpose (says Professor O. R. Frisch, O.B.E., F.R.S.) is another atomic nucleus, preferably a smaller one. Any such "nuclear

bullet" must be fired at an exceptionally high speed, for it must be able to break through the electronic shells of many thousands of atoms, as well as to overcome the defence mechanism (i.e., electric repulsion) which it experiences when invading the precincts of another nucleus. Each and every nucleus in the scheme of Nature is equipped by a positive electric charge as a defence mechanism of its own species of individuality of identity, and trespassers are warned off in no uncertain manner. For example, an alpha-particle on the verge of touching an uranium nucleus gets flung away by a force of nearly 1 cwt. In some cases nuclear bullets have to be accelerated with potentials of the order of several million volts, if they are to be successful in overcoming the defence mechanism of another nucleus.

Regarding symbiotic partnerships, the universal rule of defence mechanisms is not thereby infringed. In the conjoint life of two organisms of different species in which each benefits the other, the individual identity of the one is not merged into the other. Whether the symbiotic alliance be between two animals, two plants, or between a plant and an animal, the defence mechanism on each side is actively concerned to ensure that individuality of identity is thoroughly respected. In lichen, states Beadnell, a fungus protects and attaches an alga to a tree or rock, etc., and provides it with salts and moisture. By its chlorophyll the alga builds up carbonaceous matter (sugars, etc.), a part of which it turns over to the fungus. Mycorrhizas do much the same for oak, beech and other trees and plants; and similar forms of mutual collaboration are found to exist between hydra and alga; infusoria and white ant; jellyfish and fish; sea anemone and crab; and root-nodule bacteria and pea. From one point of view, symbiosis is merely a part of the eternal struggle for survival. A commentary on this aspect has recently been provided by *Coniosporium corticale*. It has discarded its original symbiotic phase with certain sycamore trees to which it had attached itself, and has transformed itself into a deadly species of parasite. To date, the defence mechanisms of the unfortunate sycamores have not found adequate reorientation, and many hundreds of British and French sycamore trees are falling victims to the attack of the friend-turned-vampire.

In spite of widely distributed and miraculously efficient systems of defence mechanisms, man's present phase of pseudo-civilisation is bringing premature death not only to many animals, trees, flowers, birds and soils, but is also affecting deleteriously the health and wellbeing of man himself. The view has been put forward by some medical authorities that man's defence mechanisms will succeed in adapting him to the new environment in which he must now exist. It is seriously promised that these mechanisms will enable man to thrive upon denatured foods, to inhale with benefit petrol-laden air, and to withstand aerial jet screamings and other ear-splitting reverberations of industrial activity, in much the same way as marine and estuarine invertebrates maintain a blood salinity higher than that of invading influents of brackish or fresh water. If piscatorial defence mechanisms (say the authorities in question) are able to raise aquatic, oviparous, cold-blooded vertebrates above their natural environment, it "stands to reason" that human defence mechanisms can do as much, and more. They can deaden man's sense of hearing to almost

incessant din. They can fit him to grow taller and heavier and to live longer, while at the same time adjusting himself to ever-mounting totals of crimes of violence. They can reconcile him to a home and family life consisting largely of nights at the cinema and the "dogs," alternating with cosy afternoons and evenings in a blacked-out, airless room with the television set. And they can blunt man's sense of moral values sufficiently to enable him to read and imitate the way of life delineated in the pulp magazines and books by which he is surrounded on all hands.

RICHARD BLAIR.

ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG

IN the middle of the last century Prince Alexander, a younger brother of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, spent some time at the Russian court where his sister had married the Tsar's heir, the later Alexander II. At the court the young prince met and fell in love with the beautiful Polish Countess Hauke, who served as a lady-in-waiting to his sister. The Countess was, in a way, an early 'Polish refugee', though in rather an unusual sense. Her father, a former Minister of War for Poland, belonged to the party in Warsaw friendly to the Russian masters. During a rising her father had been literally torn to pieces by the mob in front of his daughter, who then found refuge at the Court of St. Petersburg. That the young Countess was popular at the court did not, however, make the idea of her marriage to Prince Alexander of Hesse a practicable proposition. For in those days German princes—however unimportant and whether younger sons or not—were obliged to marry ladies of "equal birth". Prince Alexander thus encountered the strongest opposition. The marriage eventually took place in 1851, but only at the cost of considerable sacrifices. Since it had to be morganatic, the children were not entitled to the succession of the Hessian Grand Duchy. Alexander's wife was afterwards granted the title of Princess of Battenberg which became the family name of the children, being anglicised into Mountbatten for the English branch of the family during the First World War.

Prince Alexander resigned from the Russian Army in which he had been serving, since the Tsar was opposed to his marriage. He joined the Austrian Army and eventually became a general. Throughout the whole marriage affair he showed that he was prepared to make considerable sacrifices to marry the woman he loved. Such minor princes were dependent on the important courts, and could not afford to allow any clouds to form which would prevent them from basking in the favours of the great. The loss of Russian patronage was serious. Fortunately, Alexander's relations with the Tsarist court did not remain strained for long, and during the reign of his brother-in-law Alexander II they once more became cordial.

The difficulty of minor German princes was normally that the pretensions of their caste and the standards they were expected to maintain were wholly out of proportion to their means. About the only career deemed appropriate for them was the army. The smaller German armies naturally could not offer rapid promotion, and the more enter-

prising had to seek their fortunes outside their native principalities. The problem of employment became acute once more when Alexander's four sons grew up. Soon an event took place, which in its repercussions was to have a profound effect on the future of the whole family. In 1862 Queen Victoria's second daughter Alice married Prince Louis of Hesse, Prince Alexander's nephew. The charming and intelligent young princess soon became friendly with Alexander's beautiful Polish wife and took an interest in the future of her children, her cousins by marriage. She was helped in her endeavours by Queen Victoria, whose heart was big enough to hold in affection not only her own very numerous descendants but all the "in-laws" and their families. It was arranged that the eldest Battenberg boy, Prince Louis, should come to England in 1868 at the age of 14. He was naturalised as a British subject and joined the British Navy in the same year. Assuming the name of Mountbatten in 1917, he rose to be First Sea Lord and an Admiral of the Fleet. He founded the fine naval tradition of the Mountbatten family, so ably carried on by his son Earl Mountbatten of Burma and his grandson the Duke of Edinburgh. Prince Louis' patroness, Princess Alice, unfortunately did not live to see him marry one of her daughters in 1884. She had died in 1878, at the age of 35, while nursing her children during a dangerous epidemic at Darmstadt, mourned both in her new and her native country. Had she lived a few months longer she would have witnessed the rise to fame of the second Battenberg son, Alexander.

Unlike his elder brother, Alexander, who was born in 1857, remained on the Continent, became a soldier, and received a commission in the Prussian Army. He had a fine military bearing and soon became popular. When the Russians fought the Turks in the Balkans in 1876-8, he served with the Russian Army as a junior officer and gained valuable fighting experience. Then, suddenly, at the age of 22, he got his big chance: he was offered a throne. The Congress of Berlin in 1878 set up a Bulgarian principality from former Turkish territory, but the Russians were forced to give up their plans for a Greater Bulgaria owing to British opposition. Britain feared that a powerful Bulgaria under Russian influence might endanger the status quo in the Straits of Constantinople, the preservation of which was one of the permanent aims of her diplomacy. The Congress also laid down that the ruler of the new Bulgarian state must not belong to a reigning European dynasty. For once it was an advantage to be a minor prince, but the competition was naturally great. The new ruler had to pass the very difficult dual test of being considered sufficiently pro-Russian by the Russians and not too pro-Russian by the other powers. Alexander was chosen because he was one of the very few princes who possessed all the needed qualifications. While not actually belonging to one of the great ruling dynasties, he was related to most of them. Though the Tsar's nephew and sponsored by the Russians, he was also known to be on good terms with the British Royal Family. The reasons which led to his selection were to make his tenure of the throne extremely difficult, and the hesitation with which he accepted the crown was to be fully justified.

For the present, however, in this year 1879, these insoluble problems belonged to the future. He made a good start by touring the European

capitals on what would nowadays be called a "good-will mission". He created a favourable impression in Britain and left with Queen Victoria's best wishes for his success. From the beginning however, there was friction with the Tsarist court. This was inevitable since the Russians played a prominent part in Bulgarian affairs, controlling some ministerial portfolios, stationing troops in the country, and providing military equipment. Nursing an embryo country into maturity is never easy and requires considerable tact, more than the Russians possessed. Naturally, Alexander wanted to limit interference, and just as naturally the Russian officials and officers on the spot resented this policy. However, as long as his uncle Alexander II occupied the Russian throne, the relations between the new Bulgaria and its liberators remained tolerable. The first serious setback was the change on the Russian throne. This occurred with the violence which the rulers had to accept as an occupational risk. In 1881 the Tsar was murdered by Russian revolutionaries. The murder of a friendly uncle and the succession of a suspicious cousin was a blow. The new Tsar, Alexander III, was always jealous of his good-looking cousin, and his increasing hostility became a vital factor in the latter's eventual downfall.

The crisis of the Prince's reign came in 1885, a crisis which began with great hopes and ended with the despair of defeat. The first trouble arose over the province of Eastern Rumelia, which lay between Turkey proper and the Bulgarian principality. Eastern Rumelia had been deliberately excluded from Bulgaria by the Great Powers at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, in the teeth of Russian opposition. Now the Eastern Rumelians rose against their Turkish masters and clamoured to be united with their Bulgarian brethren. Their rising was successful; Alexander responded to their call and incorporated Eastern Rumelia in his principality.

The reaction of the Great Powers revealed a dramatic swapping of parts. Russia, the leader of the Panslav movement which had during the war with the Turks created a Greater Bulgaria, now opposed the incorporation. Great Britain gave up her opposition and was now full of approval. The change in the Russian attitude was mainly due to resentment at Alexander's independent line of policy. The time had now nearly come for the Russians to pay off old scores. They announced that if the Bulgarians extended their territory, that was their own business: they could no longer expect any help. The Russian officers who served with the Bulgarian army were withdrawn and Alexander's name removed from the Russian army list. It was an unambiguous declaration that so long as the Bulgarian throne was occupied by Alexander, the Russians would not have any truck with Bulgaria.

This declaration was like the sound of a death knell for the young prince, but worse was to come. Perhaps not unconnected with the Russian attitude, King Milan of Serbia now invaded Bulgarian territory. A less determined ruler than Alexander might have given up then and there. His small army had just taken over Eastern Rumelia and was not immediately available to withstand the invasion. For the first time the Bulgarian Army had to stand on its own feet, without its Russian instructors but Alexander showed even more than the drive expected from him. He called on his subjects to rally round his banner and they responded

magnificently, irrespective of race and creed. After first giving ground, he was soon able to drive the Serbs out of the country. He then began a speedy advance which made him famous all over Europe, and it was only the pens of the diplomats which deprived him of the full reward. Ironically enough, the Austrians intervened towards the end of 1885 in favour of the very Serbia which eventually mortally weakened the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Still, the military victory was undoubted and Bulgaria was saved from the invader with whom it made peace in March 1886.

Now, however, the slow poison which Russia had injected into the internal Bulgarian situation began to work. Russian gold began to circulate freely in Bulgaria. Alexander's subjects were stirred up against him. The army, his main support, was systematically corrupted. A plot organised by a Russian officer to kidnap or murder him failed, but shortly afterwards an even bigger plot began to mature. The troops faithful to him were lured from the Bulgarian capital to the Serbian frontier by false rumours of Serbian aggressiveness. An officer dispatched to check up on the truth of the rumours confirmed their accuracy, for he was in the pay of the anti-Alexander party. The troops which had now been moved into the capital, including the new palace guard, had been well oiled with Russian money. Suddenly, one night in August 1886, Alexander found his palace surrounded by hostile troops. A drunken officer burst into his bedroom and demanded at pistol point that he should sign his abdication. He had no option but to obey and was removed to Russian territory as a prisoner.

So far the plot had gone like clock-work. But by the time that a stunned Bulgaria and a dumb-founded Europe had heard of the abdication and kidnapping, Alexander was already on his way back to Sofia to resume his rule. The coordination between the various Russian agents and authorities involved in the plot was not very good, for Alexander was not forced to remain on Russian territory long enough for the insurgents to establish a firm hold on the capital. When he decided to return to Sofia, nobody attempted to stop him, but now he committed a decisive error of judgment. At a moment when the tide of public opinion in many countries, including Bulgaria, was running strongly in his favour, he placed his crown at the disposal of the Tsar who haughtily accepted his abdication.

His false move was due to the series of shocks he had experienced. Constant Russian pressure and intrigues, the attempts on his life, the nocturnal kidnapping and forced abdication, had taken their toll. They had broken the spirit of a young man of 28 who had suddenly, after the greatest triumphs, lost in adversity all the freshness of youth. It is hard to find any other figure in history with such a meteoric rise and fall at so early an age. He abdicated formally and left the country for good in September 1886.

Alexander returned to the headlines once more in 1888, but only for a moment. He had for some years been on friendly terms with a Prussian princess and wished to marry her. Like his father a generation earlier, he now encountered considerable opposition, but, unlike his father, he failed. It was not now a matter of social distinction but of the balance of power at the Court of Berlin. The marriage project soon became a

secondary issue, for Alexander found himself involved in a hopeless battle with Bismarck. When the Chancellor produced strong reasons against Alexander's marriage to a Prussian princess in view of the Tsar's hostility to him, the old Emperor agreed and the marriage was vetoed. So long as Alexander was Prince of Bulgaria, Bismarck's objections had some justification, but he continued to oppose the match.

What were his motives? Strange though it may seem, Bismarck looked on Alexander as a rival for the Chancellorship, as the candidate of the party of the Crown Prince. He dreaded a change on the throne, but in view of the Emperor's age a new reign would have to begin sooner rather than later. He was haunted by the question as to what would happen when the Crown Prince became the Emperor Frederick III. Where he believed in "blood and iron", Frederick put his trust in truth and justice. Frederick shared the outlook of his wife, who had no dearer wish than that her daughter should become the wife of Alexander of Battenberg. Alexander's two brothers had married close relatives of hers; his younger brother was the husband of her youngest sister Beatrice and his elder brother had married her niece. Queen Victoria, too, would have liked, from a family point of view, to have seen the match, but she warned her daughter in one of those wise letters of the "grandmother of Europe" that she would have to be careful in view of the opposition which had arisen. The Crown Princess' friendship for Alexander was certainly one of the reasons why Bismarck looked on the Prince as rather suspect.

The marriage project reached its crisis during the short reign of Frederick III in 1888. The new Empress Victoria thought the hour had struck for the Battenberg match, but Bismarck remained adamant. The discussions took place under dramatic circumstances, for the Emperor ascended the throne a dying man. He could no longer speak and was only able to reply by writing short notes. Stormy scenes took place in his bedroom between Bismarck and the Empress. The Chancellor employed the old weapon of threatening to resign, more effective than ever now that it was used on a dying man; and he stooped so low as to use the eldest son against his dying father. When William ascended the throne himself a few weeks later, he prohibited the marriage. Alexander now drops out of the European scene in which he had played an important part for ten years, and soon married an actress. He died in 1893 at the age of 36. A few years earlier the news of his death would have stirred the whole of Europe. Now it hardly caused a ripple.

FRANK EYCK.

SOCIAL SCIENCE IN U.S.A.

ONE cannot be too parochial in writing about the position of social science in the United States. America is at the moment the country of social science. Both in quantity and quality, American research today is contributing to the health and vigour of the social sciences in all countries. For this reason developments in U.S. social science are of more than local significance. They are here viewed in this light. But in painting such a large picture as we have here one can only be an

impressionist, and in such an impressionistic account we cannot aim at an impossible objectivity. We openly admit in advance to the heavy element of subjectivity involved. There is subjectivity in the making of judgments; there is subjectivity also in our deciding what to include and what not to include, what to exclude from this account.

First it is necessary to delimit boundaries! What actually is social science? The term is conventionally used in America to include all the fields which deal, in a broad sense, with the relationships of human beings. Thus history, economics, political science, anthropology, sociology, psychology are included in this general sense. But this all-inclusive (American) use of the term embraces too tremendous a field. In order to narrow down the territory to workable proportions, we shall concentrate on the one science of sociology, and this we define as the science that deals with the processes and products of human relations. It is, then, the study of the human society. To use the definition of one of America's pioneers in this field, Franklin Giddings, as he put it in a book published twenty years ago, "Sociology is the study of the behaviour of human beings with, to, and for one another, and of the resulting arrangement of relationships and activities which we call human society." This behaviour of human beings *with, to, and for one another*, and the *resulting arrangements*, are what another American, E. A. Ross, earlier termed the social *processes and products*.

The term sociology is less than one hundred years old, and the American Sociological Society was founded only in 1906. Yet by 1950, there were well over five thousand courses in sociology offered in the colleges and universities of the United States. Many American departments offer courses not only in general sociology but in social organization, social theory, urban sociology, rural sociology, sociology of labour, of knowledge, of religion, of language, and so on. This branching out into an infinity of specializations is a development of the last few years. Each year in fact seems to bring its new ones. Odum, in the book he has just published, *American Sociology*, quotes the staggering number of 4,594 specialisms which for convenience (!) are put into 409 categories. The first ten categories, in order of size, are: social psychology, social theory, demography and population, criminology and penology, marriage, rural sociology, family, race relations, urban sociology, industrial sociology. These figures include, of course, a good many topics which are post-graduate theses. But even the more modest number of projects reported by the mature members of the American Sociological Society in 1950 comes to 859—of which ninety-eight are in social psychology, over seventy each in racial and ethnic relations, marriage and the family, and industrial sociology, and sixty-eight in the fast rising field "World Areas".

Such a statistical report might itself almost pass for research, considering the present-day emphasis on statistics and surveys. But the status of sociology in America should hardly be judged by statistics alone. The quality of the work done is much more important than the quantity. Already teachers are trying to put a stop to this fragmentation of sociology. Leading American sociologists, influenced by the "General Education" movement which swept the country in the last few years, have come to realize the dangers of their advanced students knowing more and more

about less and less. In 1946 Harvard University led the way in creating a Department of Social Relations, and there are now in this department representatives of the fields of sociology, cultural anthropology, social psychology, and clinical psychiatry. A candidate for the Ph.D. degree at Harvard will today have a little more than the purely specialist knowledge of more conventional topics of sociology. Many other universities are attempting to follow Harvard's lead in this matter.

Sociology, of course, like physics or zoology, must have its detailed topics to be studied and analysed. One cannot study "society" in the abstract; there have to be investigations on specific aspects of city life or of family tensions or group dynamics, and so on. Modern sociology has its laboratory in society, and the sociologist *must* concern himself with small details. But the danger today is that too many investigators of the phenomena of society are concentrating to such an extent on *minutiae* that their science is not developing a unifying body of principles and a methodology that can be used by all sociologists. *Perhaps* a broader training, and in more subject matters, will help this situation. In any case, it is essential that more workers devote themselves to the cultivation of *general* sociology.

When we come to choose some specific research fields for examination, we have to be careful which to select. We shall describe briefly some of the current research in industrial relations and in race relations. Both these fields will illustrate some characteristic problems, and both involve phenomena which are of more than purely local importance. Elton Mayo, a British-American scientist, made the labour-relations type of investigation well known by his studies at the Hawthorne plant of the Western Electric Company in America. Since his volumes on the "Social Problems" and "The Human Problems of an Industrial Civilization," Mayo's successors at Harvard and followers in a number of universities have concentrated on this field of industrial relations. Even Mayo, of course, was not the pioneer in this area; but he showed how informal groups developed in his factory, in Hawthorne, and how these often set goals of their own which opposed the formal goals of management. The evidence as to the importance of informal groups in encouraging or in restraining industrial output is today conclusive.

Many of the studies going on now in industrial relations are sponsored by business concerns with gigantic financial resources behind them. The management of many industries regards human relations research as of "top priority". Of course many more managements remain uninterested in the possibility of sociological investigations of their communities. Now comes a new phenomenon. Again and again in the literature of human relations we find the recurring theme that the use of more "intelligent" managerial techniques can help to "control" the worker. We must ask this question: is the good of the employees always the motivation for making industrial relations studies? The answer, of course, is that it is not.

Some unions have voiced their suspicions of these "researches" in no uncertain terms. And sociologists have themselves criticized much of this work. A few of them are afraid that it is a bureaucratic device, which has greater political than scientific significance. "Many group researchers

in social science," according to one critic, "are 'assimilated members of the American business community.'" On the other hand there are unions co-operating with managements in sponsoring some investigations. At the Labour-Management Centre at Yale University, the Connecticut Union of Telephone Workers co-operates with the Southern New England Telephone Company in sponsoring a large study of labour relations. Other examples of similar joint sponsorship could be mentioned; though we do not as yet find the mine workers co-operating with the American mine chiefs or the dock workers jointly sponsoring investigations with the United States Lines.

Quantitatively, there is a good deal of research under way in America on these problems. Different problems are being examined at the University of Michigan (where the projects are supported by several large factories and by the U.S. Office of Naval Research), at the Harvard Business School, at the Cornell School of Industrial and Labour Relations, at Yale, California, etc. . . . Also, some of the general studies on Human Relations have had results which are clearly applicable in this field of labour relations. Alexander Leighton, author of the well-known book, *The Governing of Men*, says that our problem is not only that so little is known but that to a large extent what is known is not used. Leighton, incidentally, is now head of the Cornell School of Industrial Relations. But his remark just quoted is applicable also to race relations. We have already mentioned the seventy-four projects in this specialism which are reported by members of the American Sociological Society. Bear in mind, however, that the problems of race relations are not entirely the province of the sociologist. There are the psychological dimensions of prejudice, and these have been recently much studied.

How can we paint this part of our picture? There are so many prejudices in the United States (as in other countries)—against Negroes, Jews, Japanese-Americans, Chinese-Americans, Portuguese, Mexicans, etc. We cannot go into details of all this. But recent investigations by psychologists seem to show that actually prejudice is generalised. And intolerance seems to be neither purely social nor purely psychological in origin. It is associated with downward social mobility and also with subjective feelings of deprivation. There are definite psychological "advantages" in looking down on "inferior" groups. There is a difference between prejudice and discrimination. People often argue that "you can't legislate against prejudice." (This is a new version of the dictum by the nineteenth century sociologist, Sumner, that "Stateways cannot change folkways.") But the evidence is that the prejudiced person is impressed by legal restraints against discrimination. Recent studies have made this clear, and in consequence there are today many projects in the United States which are beginning to apply the results of research. We think, as regard America, of the Fair Employment Practices Commission, of the different State Commissions against discrimination, of bi-racial housing projects, and so on. (Perhaps we might even cite here as making use of this same principle, and as even more impressive, the constitution itself of democratic India.)

Here is the interesting thing for sociology. The "sociological research" in this field of race relations is not entirely sociological. As Odum puts

it, it "is set within the framework of the larger societal situation with moral directives and political perspective more than within the framework of sociological theory and social research." The important thing to note is that sociologist-scientists are so strongly conditioned by their environments that they are definitely influenced in this field by non-sociological considerations also. Many academic researchers are interested in these practical applications. This is good; but this is also the reason for sociology often being confused with "social betterment" programmes. Yet science is *not* "social work". This tendency to confuse sociology with social betterment has dangers. The sociologist is supposed to study society impartially—to find out or to theorise about "what makes the wheels go round." He should make his good, sound theories immediately available to social workers for application. But applied science is not pure science, in sociology any more than in other fields.

There is always a danger, then, if the motive for making sociological investigations is anything other than the desire for Truth. And the facts are that there is too little pure sociological research in the United States. Support is not given in some fields because of the very nature of American society. The American credo is not a simple straightforward thing. We, in our technological society where the products of science are everywhere, are convinced that we need science. But we have always been convinced that "science has no right to interfere with business and our other fundamental institutions." Some of our sociologists are disturbed about the essential sterility, because of this reason, of much that passes for research today. Sociology is not atomic physics. Its findings, though perhaps as revolutionary as the findings of physics, cannot be put into effect without the support of people in general. But whereas only physicists are experts in atomic physics, everyone thinks himself to be an expert in human relations. Many sponsors of research seem, even in the very selection of problems, to hint at the "desirable" results.

When we consider all these things, it should not surprise us too much to hear an eminent sociologist, Harry Elmer Barnes, lament the tendency of sociologists to be sheep rather than shepherds. He says in a review of a book that we have already mentioned, *American Sociology* by H. W. Odum, "As the United States moves ever more rapidly and completely into the intellectual patterns of the Orwellian 1984 social order, the sociologists are heading in ever greater numbers towards the 'Ministry of Truth' or are making their writings to conform to its doctrinal mandates." This is quite an indictment. It is an indictment of American society as well as of American sociology. But we stand up for the shepherds. There has always been more than one stream in American thought, and there have always been "shepherds". Thus in the last century Lester Ward, who became the first President of the American Sociological Society, (at the time when Sumner was so loudly saying that society must be let alone), was forthrightly proclaiming the opposite. To be sure it was years later, but Ward's ideas and sociological theories were translated into every-day use by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Despite the clouds there are shepherds today also. We think of the Lynds, Leighton, Stouffer and others. Of course, with the many sheep, there is much to criticise in sociology. There is no sense in trying to

conceal this. Too many sociologists are writing papers—without reading any. Too many have succumbed to using techniques and statistics almost to the exclusion of thinking. Too many do their best to make complicated the simple, that is, to translate common ideas into a senseless jargon. But there is reason to be optimistic. Robert Merton, of Columbia University, overstates when he says that "The stereotype of the social theorist, high in the empyrean of pure ideas uncontaminated by mundane facts, is fast becoming no less outmoded than the stereotype of the social researcher equipped with questionnaire and pencil and hot on the chase of the isolated and meaningless statistic." But the evidence is impressive that our sociological shepherds are not unaware of the obstacles to be overcome, and that despite the woolliness of some of the sheep they at least do not have wool over their eyes.

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BANANAS

NOW that bananas are being imported from Jamaica by private traders and controls are lifted, we shall soon be hearing the barrow boys welcome cry: 'Ripe bananas!' and the old Music Hall song will bring back nostalgic memories of more fruitful days. If you want to be wise you would do well to adopt the ancient custom and eat bananas. This fruit was one of the first foods of man, and banana trees were probably the first fruit trees to be cultivated.

There are many interesting beliefs about the banana, which is a tree of the plantain family, and it is certain that it has its roots deep in the fertile soil of antiquity. The banana of commerce *Musa sapientium* is no doubt an improved and cultivated variety of the original wild fruit *M. para-disiaca* that had big black seeds and very little edible flesh. The botanical name of the native plant bears out the legend that the banana, not the apple, was the 'forbidden fruit' that grew in the Garden of Eden. And in the Koran the delectable banana is referred to as Paradise fruit. Wherever the Garden of Eden may have been situated, whether in the Middle or Far East, the warm climate would lend itself very well to the growing of bananas. *Sapientium* simply means the 'fruit of wise men'. Theophrastus, a student of Aristotle, mentions a banana-like fruit in India called Kadali and that this was eaten by Brahmin teachers and philosophers as they sat naked in the welcome shade of the trees that grew it.

The fruit has so many names throughout the world that it is difficult to trace the exact origin of our mouth-watering name Banana. In China it is called Pachiao and in Spain platano. Our name probably comes from the African Bantu language, for long ago British travellers in Alexandria heard the fruit called *bana* or *banane*. The adventurous Portuguese navigators did more than anyone else to spread the fame of the banana throughout the world—it was their favourite fruit. At an early date bananas were being cultivated in Java and from there the delicacy spread to the Pacific Islands and Hawaii. At about the same time the banana also travelled westwards from India to Africa and the

Canary Islands. The next move was across the Atlantic to Brazil and the Americas. Not long after Columbus discovered America the banana started to take a hold in the New World. When Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes wrote the first history of the New World in 1526, he mentions a fruit called *platanos*, which he says was brought from the Great Canary by the Reverend Father Thomas de Berlanga, and that the plant had come to the Canary Islands from the East Indies. It will be seen that the banana, travelling in two directions, finally circumvented the world.

Though Cromwell was said to be inordinately fond of oranges and we owe to him the acquisition of Jamaica in 1655, bananas seem to have been overlooked by the British conquerors. We were one of the last nations to help ourselves to bananas, and the fruit remained a rare luxury in British markets as late as the end of the nineteenth century. It was in fact as hard to obtain in the Victorian era as it is to-day. But in 1901 big shipments began to arrive from the Canary Islands and banana supplies from Jamaica were also off-loaded at Bristol docks. It became difficult to keep pace with the ever-growing British appetite for bananas, and soon we were eating them at the rate of 40 million a week. Long before we ever saw bananas in the west, the natives of tropical and sub-tropical countries had fully appreciated them and put the tree and fruit to all manner of uses. In fact it was found that there was little that could not be done when once you 'had some bananas'. For domestic purposes the leaves were useful for thatched roofs and whole pre-fabricated huts could be made of them. A mason's trowel in the East is usually a piece of banana leaf. The banana leaf is the paper bag of native markets on which fish and meat are carried home, and a few leaves stacked round a hot meal will keep it as warm as in the oven. It is possible too by the simple process of boiling to break up the fibrous stem of the tree and weave the raw material into fine and lasting linen and cloth. Banana pulp is commonly used in paper mills abroad.

The medicinal qualities of bananas are so well known that Linnaeus named the genus after Musa, the physician to Emperor Augustus. In spite of the fact that some people cannot easily digest bananas, they are said to be soothing to ulcerated stomachs and a good remedy in cases of dysentery. The ancient Eastern physician, Meng Hsin, recommended bananas as an almost universal panacea for all ailments. He gave the recipe and prescription—'Cook the banana by steaming, they dry it in the sun till it bursts, and grind the powder to flour.' Taken in this way he advocated that bananas strengthened the marrow in the bones and quickened the blood circulation. The same physician pointed out that bananas are good thirst quenchers and a 'lubrication for the lungs'. To-day we know that this tasty fruit is rich in vitamins and recently the green skins have been found rich in the useful chemical chlorophyll. This is by no means all. Eat bananas if you are off your food and they will whet your appetite. Eat this health giving food also if your bile is out of order or you suffer from haemoptysis. Not long ago it was a common practice to put banana pulp on wounds to staunch the blood and help heal the flesh, and there is nothing more comforting or 'drawing' as a poultice for boils. A few warm drops of banana juice will quickly alleviate earache, and even the roots in the east are brewed into health-

giving drinks, said to make one live to a ripe old age. The banana plant is almost as useful to livestock as to human beings. When fed green to cattle it has the same nutritive value as grain. After fruiting, the Chinese cut down the stem and use it for pig mash.

The banana tree grows and fruits in an interesting way. The tree reaches about 20 feet, but what appears to be a thick trunk is really only the bases of the huge oblong leaves, each 10 feet long and 1 foot wide. The actual stalk springing from the root, which bears the flowers, shoots up between the leaves and in the tropics reaches its full height in six weeks. The flowers grow in clustered spirals round the stalk and are made up of six stamens and an ovary, which develops into the fruit that we eat. In the upper clusters only the stamens develop, so that the big marketable fruits are picked from the lower bunches. Each bunch weighs about 60 lbs. and an acre of banana trees will yield 10 tons of fruit.

Our main supplies in the future will come from Jamaica, a country perhaps better known for rum made from the juice of sugar cane, but up to the World War bananas were by far the greatest Jamaican export, bringing in more than £2 millions annually. In the war years, however, the tendency reverted to cane growing, and many banana plantations deteriorated. Now with better prices to the native growers and a world wide demand, bananas are on the up grade once more.

Bananas at 1s. 1d. a pound in British shops may appear expensive, but the pulpy fruit is not easy or cheap to handle over long distances. It travels to our ports in special 'banana ships' in which it is kept at an even temperature of $\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}\text{F}$. and even when the bananas have been safely off-loaded, they have to travel overland packed in straw in steam-heated railway trucks used for no other purpose. One would like to think that there is something of warm tropical sunshine in the skins of bananas, but in the plantations they are cut green. The golden colour is imparted to them by artificial ripening in the gas-heated storage chambers of wholesale dealers. Bananas are at their best when the green on the skin has quite disappeared and a few brown spots are seen on the outside. The size of a banana does not always denote good quality, and some of the most tasty bananas are the small thin-skinned varieties such as the Pisang mas, grown in Malaya.

Fifty thousand stems of bananas have recently arrived from Jamaica in one ship and soon a colourful and fruity display will be seen in our shops. Bananas, however, have often hit the headlines and played an important part in international economy. The banana industry has almost started a war and been the cause of many minor revolutions in Central and South America. This fruit of antiquity has turned jungle into flourishing towns and ports. Because of the great demand for the fruit thousands of miles of railways have been built and the first shipping service between South and North America was inaugurated.

There are few ways in which bananas cannot be cooked. They are as good in curry as in sweets or ice cream. While we have our banana splits, fritters and bananas and cereal as a popular breakfast dish, the Americans favour banana cream pie. It is interesting to note that all the old writers in praise of bananas give a warning that they should not be eaten with milk. If you care to risk running a private still, fermented bananas make

a knock-me-down liquor or a potent colourless spirit. The banana that is both food and drink and a stimulant to brain and body almost achieves the impossible—for when you have eaten your cake you can still have it. A celebrated gourmet was once heard to remark—"The pulp of a banana is very sweet, like sugar and honey. Four or five are sufficient for a meal and after eating the flavour lingers on among the teeth."

R. H. FERRY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CHANGE OF HEART

SINCE the death of Stalin (March 5th), and of Gottwald (March 14th) and the visit of Tito to London (March 16th to 20th) Western speculation has been increasingly exercised about a possible change of heart, as the phrase goes, in Moscow, in Prague and the other satellite capitals, and in Belgrade. As these lines are written the temperature of hope and of expectation has fallen a little, not surprisingly, but some good has been done by the processes of the calculation itself. It is after all arguable that the west must be an active agent, not a passive spectator, of any real change that may be vouchsafed from the east. So long as the outlook in the west, the so-called Christian west, as well as in the east, is exclusively materialist, the change of heart, which is an essentially spiritual change, is dammed at the source. It is the primary responsibility of a Christian civilisation to give the lead in a matter that is essentially spiritual. So long as western thought is bounded by materialist concern about the possibility of averting or postponing another world war, without reference to the underlying spirit which is the only effective guarantee of security, so long will the thought and the speculation be wasted, the tears and the sweat be shed in vain. There is no denying the importance of the opportunity provided by the death of Stalin. The processes of thought thereby set in action are as yet indecisive. The disappointment experienced in their early stages may yet, however, be recognised as a blessing in disguise, if it acts as a spur to the true achievement.

The computation of those early developments centres round President Eisenhower's pronouncement of April 16th, Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill's support of it given on April 17th and 20th, the Russian answer, restrained in word and in form, but not otherwise constructive, published in *Pravda* on April 25th and an event that took place in Belgrade on April 24th.

President Eisenhower was addressing the American Society of Newspaper Editors at their annual meeting in Washington. It was his first formal speech since Stalin's death. In it he made an appeal to the new Soviet leaders to "turn the tide of history", by coming to terms with the west. It happened that on the very day before President Eisenhower made his speech, Mr. Vyshinsky had again, by a sort of hark-back, raised anxious brows in the United Nations by declaring that Russia would "never" accept the western proposals about disarmament. What none the less President Eisenhower did in his appeal to Moscow was to em-

phasize the ultimate goal of disarmament, and to suggest that if that goal could be reached, the gigantic resources of money and enterprise now wasted in the armaments race could be used instead for a "new kind of war": of war upon the "brute forces of poverty and need". To that end he outlined a programme, not indeed of immediate literal disarmament (about which, some comment will be found below) but of a limitation of armaments such as might be a stepping-stone to ultimate disarmament; and he qualified the proposal by the excellent *caveat* that "the formula matters less than the faith—the good faith without which no formula can work justly and effectively".

It seemed reasonable on the morrow of so earnest an appeal to suppose that it would be difficult for Russian diplomacy to ignore the invitation thus given it to prove by unequivocal action whether its purpose was in fact honestly to implement its own recent protestations of peaceful intent: in short to do everything that lay within its power—and that was a good deal—to turn this dread tide of history that threatens to engulf the world. The threat is real, whether or no it issue in another active world war. Speaking of the hope of a "a just peace for all peoples" that followed the end of the second world war in 1945, President Eisenhower had to confess that "the eight years that have passed have seen that hope waver, grow dim, and almost die; and the shadow of fear again has darkly lengthened across the world."

Curiously, the President epitomised the history of the second world war and its sequel in a manner superficially in conformity with the popular impression, but hardly in conformity with the facts that lay below the surface. Being a soldier he perhaps naturally took the superficial view of the war and ignored the complications which even at the time were familiar to those whose business by contrast was with the diplomatic undercurrents. Referring, for instance, to the "vain hope of 1945" he gave this outline of what happened to it: "In that spring of victory the soldiers of the western allies met the soldiers of Russia in the centre of Europe. They were triumphant comrades-in-arms. Their peoples shared the joyous prospect of building, in honour of their dead, the only fitting monument—an age of just peace".

Now it happens that exalted aspirations of such a kind did follow the second, as they followed the first, world war. Twice falsified, however, they demand a critical evaluation. It is one of the atrocities inflicted upon the spirit of good simple people that the abominable conventions that have grown round war should include a mixed form of heroism in the performance and idealism in the purpose. There is no doubt about the heroism displayed, nor about the sincerity of the idealism professed. The tragedy is that both of them are misconceived and are in quality an instrument of the Devil, past-master as he is in using good human instincts for his foul purpose. War is an outrage upon human decency and commonsense. Except by a miracle of God it cannot produce a good result. Not one intelligent argument can be mastered to excuse it. It spells failure in the high purpose of the human destiny. In a bad tradition we clothe it in a Devil's pomp and circumstance, to the greater glory of that Devil's empire over sinful man. The so-called "pacifist" who merely refuses to face the facts of life, among them the fact that war

is the periodic climax of man's subjection to the empire of the Devil, makes no moral contribution to the argument, because his concern is with symptoms of an evil, not with its causes. In common with all human problems, the problem of war is a moral problem, to be solved only by the grace of God, flowing through the sacramental channels provided by Him for the purpose and needing man's cooperation if it is to be fruitful. It is irrelevant to refuse to fight when the war is on. When war comes, we are all in it, willy-nilly, combatant or non-combatant. The price of failure has to be paid, and none can dodge his share. One might as intelligently refuse to be burnt if one put one's finger in the fire, as refuse to pay the penalty of man's collective folly which makes war inevitable. The answer in the one case is that one should not put one's finger in the fire, and in the other that one should not contribute (as we all do more or less contribute) to the collective folly of greed and hatred. Christ gave us a church to keep us from folly and to help us in the positive enterprise of love and goodwill.

Too few there are who make use of the provision thus made. Hence it is that the bad untrue tradition has been built up about war and about its "glorious annals". Being caught up in the resultant muddle we are easily misled into unsound hopes and aspirations. After the first world war the Treaty of Versailles, honestly but not intelligently, could promise us a "firm, just and durable Peace". After the second, as President Eisenhower rightly observed eight years after the event, "all these weary peoples shared this concrete, decent purpose to guard vigilantly against the domination ever again of any part of the world by a single, unbridled aggressive Power"; and in his very next sentence (of course) confessed that "this common purpose lasted an instant—and perished". He said that "the nations of the world divided to follow two distinct roads". Could any other upshot be intelligently expected? There was nothing in the war itself of the "comradeship" in arms between east and west that he spoke of. There was only a muddle of competitive purpose, a war within a war, in which Russia was fighting on both sides, against Germany in the first instance, against the western allies in the second. So long as we fail to recognise that war is necessarily a muddle, a blunder and a crime, in which no good human qualities can properly be mobilised, so long shall we wallow in our self-deception and misery.

In these last few weeks we have all talked about a possible "change of heart" in Moscow. We thereby invite the disappointment we have already begun to feel. The change of heart is indeed the indispensable forerunner of peace; but it is in the smaller degree as imperative in the west as in the east. The main difference between the two is that whereas in the east, nonsensically, even fantastically, they reject the means given freely by God for our success in achieving peace and security, it happens in the west that we retain the means but do not use it: or not fully or adequately or even understandingly use it. The only alternative to hatred is love. Sir Winston Churchill made one of his great pronouncements when on April 29th last he put a stop to a certain idiotic exchange that took place across the floor of the House of Commons about the propriety of paying tributes to such a person as Dr. Hans Speidel, Rommel's old Chief of Staff, a German, and about an alleged incidental

"affront" to the men who had fought on the north African coast. Sir Winston observed that if that line was to be taken (i.e. of taking Dr. Speidel's visit to London as an affront) "there would be no peace possible between those great branches of the human family. Such keeping alive of hatred was one of the worst injuries that could be done to the peace of the world".

For his part, President Eisenhower in the address above mentioned outlined a few of the "precepts" which guided the policy of the United States in foreign affairs, thus: "(1) No people on earth can be held—as a people—to be an enemy, for all humanity shares the common hunger for peace and fellowship and justice; (2) no nation's security and well-being can be lastingly achieved in isolation, but only in effective cooperation with fellow nations; (3) any nation's right to a form of government and an economic system of its own choosing is inalienable; (4) any nation's attempt to dictate to other nations their form of government is indefensible; and (5) a nation's hope of lasting peace cannot be firmly based upon any race in armaments, but rather upon just relations and honest understanding with all other nations". There was little that was new to diplomatic thought in such a catalogue of principles. Indeed they have been familiar to all students of affairs these past thirty-odd years, and as abortive as familiar.

The President might have, but did not, preface the catalogue with the religious postulate of conscious acceptance of the grace of God as the essential fertiliser of such excellent principles. The omission was the more remarkable because in another part of his address he showed himself to be aware of the necessary mystic leaven in these human enterprises in his observation about the formula mattering less than the faith. Why is it that our public men tend to fight shy of a frankly religious approach to problems which even in our time have proved themselves over and over again to be insoluble on merely philosophical motives—motives, that is, deriving from a merely human reasoning pursued without prayer, without the frank invocation of God's help? When we remember that the crisis of our time, more positively than any former crisis in our history, centres upon the challenge of materialist philosophy to Christian civilisation—civilisation, that is, sanctioned by the ordinances of Christ—it becomes something like a perversity that those who find themselves in the position of defenders of that civilisation against that menace should forget, as it were, their own terms of reference.

President Eisenhower went on to make a series of specific proposals such as might constitute a basis of constructive conference, thus: "(1) the limitation by absolute numbers or by an agreed international ratio, of the sizes of the military and security forces of all nations; (2) a commitment by all nations to set agreed limitation upon that proportion of total production of certain strategic materials to be devoted to military purposes, (3) international control of atomic energy to promote its use for peaceful purposes only, and to ensure the prohibition of atomic weapons; (4) a limitation or prohibition of other categories of weapons of great destructiveness; (5) the enforcement of all these agreed limitations and prohibitions by adequate safeguards, including a practical system of inspection under the United Nations". He fortified the proposals by his invocation

of "faith" and by the suggested diversion of money and energy from armaments to the means of attack upon hunger and poverty; and ended with a peroration of an admirable doctrine: "The purpose of the United States in stating these proposals is simple and clear. These proposals spring—without ulterior purpose or political passion—from our calm conviction that the hunger for just peace is in the hearts of all peoples—those of Russia and China no less than of our own country. They conform to our firm faith that God created men to enjoy, not destroy, the fruits of the earth and of their own toil. They aspire to this: the lifting from the backs and from the hearts of men of their burden of arms and of fears, so that they may find before them a golden age of freedom and of peace".

It has been clear for these past forty years that the way to international security, and there is no other way, lies through disarmament, and that disarmament can be achieved only through an act of faith. In other words fear must first be exorcised from the diplomatic motive. The diplomatic history of our time has proved that the "limitation" of armaments is a snare and a delusion, because it keeps alive the fatal fear; but it may be that President Eisenhower, who by his speech showed himself to be sensitive to the danger of half measures, was using the bait of limitation as a tactful and tactical means to abolition, the full programme in his mind being perhaps reserved till an actual Great Power conference could be brought into operation. It may be so.

Sir Winston Churchill, alert as always to the chance of encouraging good sense in an age distinguished by its negation, lost no time in hailing what he called President Eisenhower's "massive and magnificent statement of our case". He was speaking in Glasgow on April 17th. He asked: "Is there a new breeze blowing on the tormented world?" He said: "We live in a time when science offers a blind prodigality to mankind: the choice between a golden age of prosperity and the most hideous form of destruction". He urged: "We must not throw away a single hope, however slender, so long as we believe there is good faith and good will behind the actions of those with whom we have to deal". Again on April 20th, speaking in the House of Commons, Sir Winston reiterated his welcome to the President's "bold and inspiring initiative", and again promised his support. "I trust" he said "that nothing will be said which will check or chill the processes of good will which may be at work, and my hope is that they may presently lead to conversations on the highest level, even if informal and private, between some of the principal Powers concerned".

The evidence of change, if any, in the prospect is not yet fully available. *Pravda's* long article of April 25th hardly contributed to it. Brevity being not included in the catalogue of Russian virtues, the article (which was broadcast by Moscow radio on April 25th a few hours after Mr. Winston Churchill was knighted by the Queen) ran to more than 5,000 words, and filled six columns of *Pravda's* first page. It was followed, on the third page, by the full text, not distorted nor in any way misrepresented, of President Eisenhower's speech. It marked a distinct new phase of Russia's attitude to the west by its total abandonment of the provocative abuse and misleading invention which had marked the campaign of cold enmity waged by the Kremlin for eight years past. It answered what

President Eisenhower actually said, not what it wanted its readers to believe that he said. It answered calmly and with a show of reason; but in the new form it maintained all the old intransigence in essentials. There was no retreat from the familiar communist version of past history nor from the propaganda of future purpose. Still, there is something gained, even if only the form of controversy be humanised.

Pravda started with the usual bald statement that "the Soviet people carried on their shoulders the main burden of the great struggle (i.e., the second world war)", went on to claim that Russia's post-war policy aimed at peace and independence for Russia, freedom for "enslaved peoples", and "stable peace and international security" in general. On the subject of Korea, Russia's original concern was represented as "the restoration of the national unity" of that country, and her present concern the conclusion of "a just truce". About China, the argument was summed up in the question, "who can consider as normal a situation in which the largest country in the world, China, is deprived of the possibility of participating in the work of the Security Council and the General Assembly, while some Kuomintang scarecrow is being exhibited in the United Nations organs?" On the general subject of Asia the same old thesis was repeated. "The President" ran the article "simply sins against the commonly known historic laws when he calls upon the leadership of the Soviet Union to utilise its decisive influence in the communist world so as to retard the liberation movement of the colonial people in Asia against their centuries-old oppression and enslavement". So much for Malaya, Indo-China and the rest!

Similarly the President's five precepts and five proposals were combated by specious and tendentious argument such as at no point offered the slightest prospect of agreement or accommodation on Russia's part. Play was made with the alleged "murmurs" that were being heard, especially in Britain, against the United States. The familiar line was taken about "such an important international problem as the restoration of the national unity of Germany on democratic and peace-loving principles"; and "as regards the Austrian treaty, one can only repeat in this connection [namely, the restoration of lawful rights] that in this case too there is no question which cannot be solved on the basis of agreement reached previously with genuine regard for the democratic rights of the Austrian people".

Is it necessary to quote further from this long document? Although such words as "spies" and "murderers" were not used in the attack, the attack was none the less prosecuted with all the old abuse of words in their strict meaning. The Russian suppression of democracy was itself represented to be a democratic process, and Russia's aggressions upon the human spirit and circumstance were all cloaked with "peace-loving" slogans. And of course there was not a word about religion nor about man's spiritual birthrights trampled underfoot by the Kremlin. The very appeal made by the west for peace was transmogrified into a Russian appeal. The article ended with the statement that "the Soviet leaders are not connecting their appeal for a peaceful settlement of international problems with any preliminary demands to the United States"; protested "the readiness of the Soviet side for a serious, businesslike

discussion of problems both by direct negotiations, and where necessary within the framework of the United Nations"; and generally gave as its object "the strengthening of universal peace". From that *Pravda* article there results no evidence whatever of a better prospect for a peaceful settlement of world problems.

In the other evidence must unfortunately be included the breakdown on April 24th of the Belgrade conference between representatives of the Yugoslav Government and of the Roman Catholic Church. Sir Winston Churchill told the House of Commons on April 1st, that is on the morrow of Marshal Tito's visit to London, that the relations of State and Church in Yugoslavia were "under earnest review" by the Yugoslav Government. That review apparently came to nought. On April 24th the persisting communist claim to dictatorship over the Church, to the supremacy of the political over the divine law, presented the hierarchy with no alternative to the breaking off of the discussions. The central issue of our time lies between the subjection of the human race to the tyranny of atheist political materialism on the one hand and on the other the free acceptance in a Christian civilisation of the love and will of omnipotent God as the decisive instrument of human welfare. The answer is not yet. Victory for the good cause is ultimately certain, for God is indeed omnipotent; but in human affairs God normally works through human agency. Men must first display their faith and act upon it.

May 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LORD SALISBURY*

When Lady Gwendolen Cecil died without completing the impressive biography of her father, it was naturally expected that a fifth volume by another hand would cover the last decade of his eventful career. That hope has been disappointed, though it is never too late to fill the gap, as Mr. Julian Amery is proving by the continuation of Garvin's eloquent masterpiece. What Mr. Kennedy gives us in this masterly work is a living portrait of a remarkable personality and a skilful record of his achievements. He is to be congratulated on his success in a difficult enterprise, and indeed no one could have done it better. He has spent his life in the study of diplomacy past and present, and his previous writings have established a solid reputation as a recognised authority on modern British statesmanship. A touch of intimacy is introduced by the fact that his father served under the greatest of our Foreign Ministers of the last hundred years. The volume belongs to the same select class of political portraits as Dr. Thomas Jones' study of Lloyd George and Mr. G. M. Young's interpretation of Stanley Baldwin. It will be read with particular interest by those who, like the reviewer, grew to manhood during the closing years of the nineteenth century when, with Queen Victoria on the throne and Salisbury at the helm, British power, British prestige and British self-confidence were at their height. To see that massive figure in the flesh was to derive fresh confidence in the foundations of the Constitution and the Empire.

Mr. Kennedy, like Lady Gwendolen, sketches the early years of his hero, his loneliness in the great house at Hatfield, his moods of depression, his utter misery at Eton, his voyage round the world in search of health, his articles in

the *Quarterly Review*, his chemical experiments, his deep religious faith, his marriage to a woman with a happier temperament than his own, his early entry into the House of Commons, his succession to the title and wealth after the death of an invalid elder brother. He never wore his heart on his sleeve, and his daughter testifies that outside his family circle his friendship with Queen Victoria was the warmest and closest of his life. That he fulfilled himself is undeniable, but he never derived the same unbounded satisfaction from success that we find in the careers of less inhibited natures such as Joseph Chamberlain, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. At the foundation of his being there was an ineradicable pessimism—about human nature in general and legislation in particular. It has been truly said that every Liberal is something of an optimist. Of this natural buoyancy there was not a trace in the Lord of Hatfield, to whom society was a bore and politics a duty rather than a delight. No British Premier was less inclined to play to the gallery and thirst for applause. Such men are respected, admired and trusted rather than beloved.

Lord Robert Cecil made his name in the House of Commons as a 'stern and unbending Tory,' to quote Macaulay's celebrated description of Gladstone in his early years. Though he was not a very frequent speaker, he expounded his political creed in his brilliant and pungent contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, which fully deserve the eulogies of his biographer. His models were Pitt and Castlereagh, reserved, unemotional, cool-headed statesmen who cared nothing for popularity and thought only of the security and honour of their country. He disliked Disraeli far more than Gladstone, and resigned in angry disgust from his Government when, after opposing the Whig proposal for the enfranchisement of the urban worker, the Conservative leader took office and carried a bill which went a good deal further. He accepted, though he disliked, democracy, writes Mr. Kennedy, and he had a profound belief in the sound political instinct of the British people. Yet he believed still more profoundly that it was the right and the duty of the governing classes to govern, since they alone possessed the necessary education and experience. Of the Welfare State and a minimum standard of life for every citizen he had as little conception as Gladstone.

Though Mr. Kennedy entertains immense respect and admiration for Salisbury, he admits that he never displayed the same instinct in home as in foreign affairs. He regretted the extension of the franchise on the ground that it would lead to 'the rich paying all the taxes and the poor making all the laws.' He was too much influenced by the failure of continental countries to work democracy with success. The inarticulate classes were in urgent need of the reforms in social conditions which have been introduced by the various parties since his death, and 'it is the abiding blemish in Lord Salisbury's record that he did not take the first opportunity to investigate them.' It is a true and formidable indictment, but he was far from being the only offender. Victorian England was the paradise of the middle classes, and it required the campaigns of Charles Booth, General Booth, and other crusaders to shake them out of their complacency.

Salisbury's enduring reputation rests on his skilful handling of foreign affairs. Though he lived in the age of Imperialism and added vast tracts to the Empire, he was only, in his biographer's phrase, 'a reluctant Imperialist.' His attitude lacked the fervour and arrogance of Kipling, Curzon and Milner, and Mr. Kennedy describes him as less Imperialist than Rosebery. He agreed with Gladstone in his detestation of the rule of the Turks over the Balkan Christian and shared his wish to drive them out of Europe, though he was less inclined to take risks in the process. He was a true lover of peace, and after Bismarck's dismissal in 1890 he stood out as the greatest and most respected statesman in Europe. He loved no country but his own and hated no Continental régime

except that of the Turk. Friction with Russia in the Far East and with France in Egypt and West Africa he could scarcely avoid, but he never forgot Bismarck's maxim that 'politics are the art of the possible.' His greatest moment was his decision to avoid a collision with Russia over Port Arthur, which brought angry denunciations of weakness from members of his party who did not share his knowledge that a crisis with France about the Upper Nile was not far away. Like Bismarck, he was resolved never to have two powerful enemies on his hands at the same time.

Mr. Kennedy's political sympathies are with Salisbury, not with Gladstone whom he regards as a failure in foreign affairs. Yet the Grand Old Man possessed one priceless quality which Salisbury lacked: he understood how weak nations and races resent being ruled by aliens. Unlike Salisbury he realised that the control of Catholic Ireland from Westminster could not last for ever, and that Salisbury's recipe of 'twenty years of resolute government' would strengthen instead of suppressing Irish nationalism; nor could the Boers forever be held down by superior force unless we threw our liberal traditions to the winds. He knew that, in the words of Campbell-Bannerman, 'good government is no substitute for self-government.'

Mr. Kennedy has done his work so well that the reader turns the last page with the hope that he may be invited to complete the large-scale biography and that he will accept the invitation.

*A. L. Kennedy. *Salisbury*. John Murray, 25s.

G. P. GOOCH.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

In this first series of his Gifford Lectures Dr. Raven seeks to restore and vindicate the conception of "natural religion," by which he means a religion which finds in the natural order a manifestation of the Creator. He is well aware of the ambiguity which the phrase unfortunately has acquired, and of the controversies which in the past have given natural religion a suspicious colour in the eyes of orthodox theologians, and it must be said at once that he is not attempting to revive Deism or to dress it in modern clothes. Advocates of natural religion have frequently been enemies of the supernatural and of revelation. Dr. Raven does not pursue any such aim. On the contrary he maintains that the natural and the supernatural "belong together" and that this is one of the implications of the doctrine of the Incarnation. "If grace is radically contrasted with the beauty and truth and goodness of the natural order, then any belief in a real Incarnation is impossible—unless the Christ be, as the agnostics maintained, and their modern followers admit, a divine intruder totally other than mankind. The prejudice against natural religion, Dr. Raven holds, has been increased by the narrowing of the idea of nature which has become identified with the realm of science which again has tended to be reduced to what can be weighed and measured." We need to go back to the richer conception of nature as including the whole of man's physical environment including its values. The greater part of this volume is occupied with an historical survey of the conceptions of nature which have prevailed in the Western World. The Biblical attitude to nature is the subject of an interesting chapter in which Dr. Raven argues that the Hebrew and Greek points of view were much more akin than is generally allowed. The Old Testament has too often been interpreted from the standpoint of Luther and Calvin and an unreal contrast with the Greek optimism drawn. In fact the Hebrews were not so pessimistic nor the Greeks so self-confident as has been alleged by dogmatic theologians. Dr. Raven traces the rise of the modern scientific age from an unusual angle. He insists that the naturalists deserve much more prominence

than they are given in most histories and illustrates this by an account of many workers in this field. Perhaps a reader may be tempted to complain that the argument could have been made clear with less detail of the achievements of eminent naturalists, but the stories of these largely forgotten worthies are interesting in themselves. We approach the contemporary situation when we reach the controversy about Darwin. It is not quite clear where Dr. Raven himself stands in this debate. Quite evidently he accepts evolution as a fact, and equally clearly he does not believe that natural selection is the sufficient cause of evolution. Perhaps in his next volume he will take this question further. The lectures of this first series are, in a sense, preliminary to the discussions of the following series, which presumably will deal with the scientific world-view as it is now. We must look forward to his exposition with two questions in our minds: first, what is the scientific world view; is there in fact an accepted cosmology even in outline? and secondly, assuming that there is and that it may be regarded as approximately true, in what form can the doctrines of religion be held by an honest and instructed man? Evidently the doctrine of the Incarnation, on which Dr. Raven rightly lays such stress, has been presented in a setting which, from the modern scientific standpoint, is mythological; we need any light which can be given us on this problem of the restatement of Christianity's central belief. Dr. Raven's pungent note "on the recent reaction in theology" leads us to expect some valuable guidance. Meanwhile we must say that all who hold that reason and religion cannot be divorced without damage to both will draw encouragement from this book.

DR. W. R. MATTHEWS.
Dean of St. Paul's.

Science and Religion. By Charles E. Raven. Cambridge University Press, 21s.

FROM IBSEN TO ELIOT

It is perhaps safe to say that very few people could give, offhand, the date and title of Ibsen's first published play—a tragic verse-drama on the subject of Catiline, which owed its quite obscure appearance to the financial backing of a generous friend of the young author. But it is from this point in time that Mr. Raymond Williams has elected to start his critical survey and re-valuation of the Modern Drama. Nor is it, essentially, an unwise or unexplainable choice of period, since the middle of the 19th to the middle of the 20th century was to witness a crucial transformation in the aims and art-form of the drama, a keen interest in its plan and progress. Since that strange spate of dramatic poetry and poetic drama in Elizabethan times which came so unexpectedly, we remember, as to take even the *Intelligentia* of the day (headed by that lyrical genius, Sir Philip Sidney) completely by surprise, it is doubtful whether there has been anything to surpass it.

And there is an animus—not to say, animosity—in the spirit of the reformers, into which we may find it rather difficult to enter. At a time when good—and super-good—plays and playwrights were as plentiful as blackberries, when what we are agreed to call the masterpieces of such "masters" as Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw and Yeats were supplying the stage with an embarrassment of their native riches, it seems almost a ludicrous outrage for Yeats (in 1903) and Eliot (in 1924) to declare that the theatre was grievously in need of reform in its principles and practice and that there was "nothing good about it at present."

These drastic censures (which, by the way, it seems to Mr. Williams are almost as well-deserved now as they were then) were directed against the vogue of the so-called naturalistic drama, in which the characters spoke (or were supposed to speak) the language of common everyday life and aimed, in every

with the policy of the Russian Government. He clearly saw the revolting tyranny which Stalin had established, and had no illusions about the purges, the secret police and the soul-destroying uniformity which the Red Czar had imposed on the Russian people. The humanitarian in him revolted against this travesty of an ideal society, against this betrayal of the rights of man, and he saw quite clearly that Man in Russia had merely exchanged his masters but had retained his chains, even if his material circumstances had changed for the better in the process.

Even now, however, Laski failed to see that the new rulers of Russia merely continued the old imperialist policy of the Czars, and that the cold war was not the result of Western fear of communism as such but was the inevitable consequence of this neo-imperialist policy. He was at pains to find excuses for Russia's policy, and we must in all fairness admit that many of these excuses are perfectly valid. It is another elementary human fact that right is never entirely on one side. His deep disappointment shows itself in the way in which he lashes out against everything that seemed to him mean and despicable in our civilisation. He has no difficulty in showing that there are some very ugly features in the Western camp also, and America comes in for a great deal of justified criticism. Even the Labour Government receives its due share, and future historians may agree with Laski in his devastating estimate of Mr. Bevin as Foreign Secretary. Since the book is a fragment and we cannot know how the argument was to be continued, it would be unfair to complain that the author offers no solution of the dilemma he has so clearly outlined; but we cannot help wondering whether any solution is possible as long as we think in terms of an agnostic and rationalist humanitarianism.

The Dilemma of our Times. By Harold J. Laski. Allen & Unwin, 18s. REINHOLD ARIS.

The German Army in the West, by General Westphal (Cassell, 17s. 6d.) is a sober record of some of the most important aspects of the Second World War. As Chief of the Staff to Rommel in Africa, Kesselring in Italy, and Rundstedt in France, he knew all the plans and understood all the difficulties. But the book is much more than a narrative of successful or unsuccessful campaigns. Strategy can never be diverted from policy, and to the lay reader the most interesting parts are his comments on events and celebrities. The whole work is a vindication of the army chiefs, who achieved all that was possible with the means at their disposal. They were handicapped throughout by the interventions of Hitler, and the miserable performance of the Italian ally. The army, he declares, knew nothing of politics, and had not the slightest responsibility for making Hitler dictator, or for the decisions which led to the war. The German army was unready for war in 1939, and the celebrated West Wall was a bluff. Two costly errors were made in the early stages of the conflict: the French should have broken through the West Wall and the Italians should have seized Malta at whatever cost. Rommel is admirably portrayed as a soldier and a man. Kesselring fought with clean hands in Italy, helped to save art treasures from destruction, and was not responsible for the excesses that occurred. Mussolini, unlike Hitler, was willing to listen to the advice of the commanders without flying into a rage. The final portion describes the mounting and the failure of the Rundstedt offensive. Rundstedt hated Hitler, and only his desire to remain with his troops to the bitter end prevented his resignation. In the First World War the army chiefs controlled policy, in the Second the half-crazy Führer dictated the strategy. General Westphal's calm narrative should help to counteract the efforts of the neo-Nazis and Neo-Fascists in Germany and Italy.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

VOLUME CLXXXIV

JULY 1953—DECEMBER 1953

CONTENTS OF VOLUME CLXXXIV

JULY 1953		PAGE
President Eisenhower's First Stage. By S. K. Ratcliffe	1	1
French Politics. By W. L. Middleton	6	6
Russia and the Balkans. By Thomas Anthem	10	10
Diplomatic Twilight. By A. L. Kennedy	16	16
The Egyptian Situation. By Mary Rowlett	19	19
Southern Rhodesia. By G. C. Watson	23	23
Bishop Colenso of Natal. By R. Glynn Grylls	27	27
Impressions in Greenland. By Marjorie Findlay	32	32
Bishop Berkeley. By G. M. Hort	36	36
Coal and Steel or Blood and Iron. By Bela Menezes	41	41
The Situation in Chile. By E. H. Rawlings	45	45
Dr. Johnson's "The Rambler." By W. H. Graham	50	50
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	53	53
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	59	59

AUGUST 1953		PAGE
The Outlook in the Far East. By E. M. Gull	65	65
The Italian General Elections. By Richard Wigg	69	69
The South African Elections. By C. W. M. Gell	72	72
The Ruhr Today. By Dr. Simon Wolf	76	76
Formosa. By Lieut.-Col. Crocker, D.S.O.	80	80
Memories of Witte. By Vladimir de Korostovetz	85	85
India's Five-Year Plan. By Inderjit	89	89
St. Clare of Assisi, 1194-1253. By Emma Gurney Salter	94	94
Mental Homes. By John Custance	98	98
Israel and Her Neighbours. By A. J. Fischer	102	102
George Robert Gissing. By Dr. J. B. Price	105	105
More Food from the Farm. By Anthony Dell	110	110
The Ways of a Raven. By B. Melville Nicholas	114	114
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	116	116
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	123	123

SEPTEMBER 1953		PAGE
What Has Happened in Russia? By M. Philips Price, M.P.	129	129
Senator Joseph McCarthy. By S. K. Ratcliffe	134	134
Georges Bidault. By Kees van Hoek	138	138
The Romance of Elath. By Dr. Norman Bentwich	143	143
Greece in Difficulties. By G. C. Logio	146	146
The Alaska Highway. By Frank Illingworth	151	151
The Two Germanies Once Again. By Dr. J. Lesser	155	155
Alain-Fournier. By Alan Bird	158	158
The Attractions of Malta. By A. J. Leaver	162	162
The Challenge of Undeveloped Lands. By J. L. Alexander	165	165
Macauley and Lady Holland. By Daisy L. Holman	168	168
New York and UNO. By Lionel Gelber	174	174
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	178	178
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	185	185

OCTOBER 1953		PAGE
Reflections on Russia. By George Soloveytchik		193
The Federal German Elections. By Frank Eyck		197
The French Parliamentary System. By W. L. Middleton		202
Mau Mau and the African Mind. By E. G. Wyatt		206
The Canadian Election. By Professor Frank H. Underhill		211
Hungary under Horthy. By George A. Floris		216
Two War Novels. By Count Nicolas Sollohub		221
The Family Circle in Proust's <i>Jean Santeuil</i> . By Dr. E. L. Duthie		224
The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. By David Ingber		228
Mallorca, Island Paradise. By Kees Van Hoek		232
The Speed of Birds and Animals. By Clive Beech		235
Cyprus, Gateway to the Middle East. By Marc T. Greene		238
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow		242
Literary Supplement: Review of Books		249

NOVEMBER 1953		PAGE
No Illusions in Vienna. By G. E. R. Gedye		257
Persia: A New Departure. By A. J. Fischer		261
Military Lessons from Korea. By Victor Wallace Germaines		264
Spain and the Powers. By George Bilainkin		269
People and Food. By Dr. G. F. McCleary		275
Denmark and NATO. By Dr. Kay Hecksher		278
Rivarol. By G. W. Harris		283
In the Roussillon. By Lilian Gray		286
Joan the Protectress. By Sylvia Maynard		289
The Wood Cricket in Devon. By T. J. Richards		292
Paracelsus. By Bernard Llewellyn		296
South African Flora. By Walt Unsworth		299
Saltaire and its Founder. By Marion Troughton		302
Puerto Rico. By Joseph S. Roucek		305
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow		310
Literary Supplement: Review of Books		316

DECEMBER 1953		PAGE
The Problem of Trieste— I. By Richard Wigg		321
The Problem of Trieste— II. By Milan Stojakovich		324
The Problem of Trieste—III. By Antonio Giordano		327
Tibet and India. By Lieut.-Col. Crocker, D.S.O.		330
The Australian Scene. By Rev. Dr. Collocott		332
Freedom of Speech and Television. By Professor George Catlin		337
Atoms, Hydrogen and Humanity. By Professor J. A. Teegan		343
Sibelius. By Kees van Hoek		348
Trade Unions in France. By Victor Cohen		352
Robert Browning. By Dallas Kenmare		355
The General Election in Ulster. By Florence O'Donoghue		359
The United Nations and Human Rights. By Harold F. Bing		363
Christmas in China. By Bernard Llewellyn		367
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow		370
Literary Supplement: Review of Books		376

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

JULY, 1953

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S FIRST STAGE

THERE is, perhaps, no better way of approaching an estimate of President Eisenhower's first half-year than to compare its more conspicuous features with those of his predecessor's beginning twenty years ago. The United States was not far from its darkest hour when Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House. Every bank in the country had closed its doors. If there was an echo with a hopeful note as the President ended his inaugural address, it could have been only in the reflection that, the situation after three years of the great Depression being what it was, any and every move of the new Administration must be for the better. The extraordinary response by Congress to the initial acts of the Executive carried a meaning that could not be mistaken. The nation, Mr. Roosevelt said, was demanding action; and action, with tremendous popular backing, began forthwith. The main lines of policy had been thought out in advance; the heads of departments were briefed; the new President stood out as a national leader. And in consequence the first Roosevelt year is remembered as a resonant new start.

No corresponding achievement or experience was possible in 1953 for Mr. Eisenhower, so recently transformed from a General Commanding into a political Chief, occupying the highest and most difficult elective office in the world. He had withstood the pressure by political supporters until the day when the lure of the Presidency proved irresistible and he threw over his own excellent maxim as to a trained professional's remaining within his proper sphere. Until 1952 General Eisenhower was a world-famous soldier, that and nothing else. His destiny was altered through the plight of the Republicans. After being in the wilderness for two decades the party managers were resolved that the Presidency must at all costs be regained. That meant the "drafting" of an all-popular candidate whose appeal could cross the party barriers. It was recognised that, despite their heavy handicap (four terms of power and the discredit of the later Truman years) the Democrats might defeat a machine Republican, and moreover, that the strongest of all machine aspirants, Senator Taft, could hardly hope to win against a candidate such as Governor Stevenson. The result was that, for the first time in the eighty years since General Grant, the American people elected a military man as Chief Executive and one who, while enjoying a far greater popularity than any contemporary, was wholly without experience of civil government and was ready at all times to avow his ignorance of current domestic problems, including the most prominent and urgent on the list.

When President Eisenhower entered the White House in January he was able to count upon an almost unbounded fund of national goodwill.

There was a noteworthy suspension of hostilities, after an election campaign of extreme bitterness. Washington revelations during Mr. Truman's last year had underlined the incessantly repeated assertion that it was time for a change. Every new President is, by general assent, entitled to a honeymoon and the newspapers made play with a parallel of the Hundred Days. That interval, however, was not half over when the American public became aware that Mr. Eisenhower was struggling with a complex of difficulties mostly unforeseen. As a matter of fact, there was a situation perfectly well known to practical politicians everywhere, although the unsuspecting voter had been given little warning of what to expect.

The victory of last November was anything but a decisive Republican success. It was a personal triumph for General Eisenhower. His campaign speeches had been ineffective. It was the great soldier's personality that captured the multitude. The Republican majority in the House of Representatives was very small; the Senate was exactly balanced. Further, it should be borne in mind that, in both opinion and voting practice, the party lines in Congress are continually changing. On the morrow of an electoral victory a British Prime Minister can reckon his strength to a man. An American President has no such knowledge. He has to face the certainty that a section of his nominal supporters will at once line up with the Opposition; that in virtually every battle he will gain support from the other side, and that in all probability the stiffest resistance to his favourite measures will come from a compact group bearing the label of his own party. Roosevelt and Truman alike, for instance, had to deal with Southern Tory-Democrats whose enmity to their party Chief was inplacable.

It would not be too much to say that as legislative leader (Woodrow Wilson's phrase) Mr. Eisenhower's problem has been greater, more baffling, than that of any modern President. His foreign policy, so far as it was known or defined, did not differ materially from that of Truman and Dean Acheson. As Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in Europe he was the supreme head of Western Defence. He was in agreement with Far-Eastern policy as his predecessor had left it. He was not suspected of any sympathy with General MacArthur's reckless dream of ending the Korean campaign by means of all-out war upon China. His visit to the Far East, made in fulfilment of an election pledge, had shown him not only that a quick decision was impossible, but also that the established strategic plan must be upheld pending the prolonged truce talks. The President was aware that these conclusions involved a bitter disappointment for the millions who had cherished the belief that action to bring the boys home would, somehow, be the first striking success of the new Administration; and he was left in no doubt as to the determination and numerical strength of the Asia-first party in Congress—that is, the composite body of opinion which, responsive to the China Lobby, insists that the basic element in American defence must be the overthrow of Communist power in Eastern Asia, at whatever sacrifice of co-operation with NATO or aid to Britain and France.

From a President unique in standing and record, carried to the White House on a tidal wave of popular approval, the American public

demanding miracles. Specifically they were calling for leadership; they were ready for a sharp lesson in executive method. And, being the least military of great nations, they were doubtless greatly surprised that the President should allow the critical first half-year to slip past without a demonstration of governing authority. The millions of his admirers are hoping that Mr. Eisenhower has been deliberately holding his hand; but it is not to be denied that the disappointment is general and painful.

It is in regard to foreign and military policy that the questioning is most severe, the public mind most bewildered. The Administration so far has not spoken with a single voice. At times there has been contradiction between President and Secretary of State, while the Pentagon appeared, as in Truman's day, to be taking its own line. The contrast in personality and technique between Acheson and Dulles could hardly be more striking. Mr. Acheson was conservative and conciliatory, holding closely to the Far-Eastern policy worked out under General Marshall. Mr. Dulles, if not rightly to be described as dynamic, is an activist given to swift diagnosis and unreflecting judgment. It is fair to assume that his work on the Japanese treaty, done for Mr. Truman, enhanced his natural self-confidence. But rapid tours of Europe and the East cannot afford the best approach to the hardest problems of the day, as more than one of the Secretary of State's pronouncements have enabled us to see.

It was, for instance, unwise of him to hint that the American contribution to Western Europe might be reduced unless evidence were forthcoming of definite advance towards federation. Mr. Dulles, again, was plainly off the mark when, after a glance over the Middle East, he ventured a remark to the effect that the dependent peoples of that region were all alike suspicious of the old British Colonial imperialism. A closer look at the Asiatic lands would have convinced Mr. Dulles that persistent Communist propaganda has made the Oriental nations deeply concerned about American economic imperialism and its possible consequences. Nor is it improbable that he would have learned how, since the establishment of Indian independence, Eastern governments and peoples alike have shed any surviving fears of British imperial power. Mr. Dulles with his large knowledge of the Far East should not be in need of reassurance on this head. But his words indicate that he is not yet free from the notion of "colonialism" which, even at this late hour, is an obsession with the less instructed American politician. In his survey of the Middle East, however, Mr. Dulles could be in no doubt as to the extreme difficulty confronting the Washington Government. An end to the bitter conflict between Israel and the Arab States, as Mr. Eisenhower repeats, is no less important for the United States than for Great Britain. Israel could not for a moment contemplate the loss of American friendship and support; and on the other hand, the keynote of Mr. Dulles's endeavours here cannot be other than the protection from Soviet control of the incalculable oil resources of the Middle East. North America has become an oil-importing continent.

Since taking command President Eisenhower has made only one comprehensive statement on foreign policy. This was the speech of April 16, a more thorough piece of construction in this field than the

American public has heard since Roosevelt. Sir Winston Churchill welcomed it with fitting adjectives. The approval of the American press was almost unqualified, the more observant commentators taking note of the fact that the President had not again referred to the one or two passages in his inaugural address which had seemed to imply a dangerous extension of the Truman doctrine.

The fact that the plaudits showered upon this speech went far beyond any endorsement the President had so far enjoyed was a plain indication that the country had been anxiously awaiting a declaration of policy. Moreover, it was hailed by liberal Republicans as the Administration's avowal of full partnership in world affairs. The President repeated the assurance, given often by Mr. Acheson, that the United States had no aggressive purpose whatever, and he added that all the issues between Russia and the West could be peaceably solved. He was looking, of course, for a cease-fire in Korea; and this he hoped would bring so marked a release from tension that a great reduction in the burden of armament might follow. In that event, the U.S.A. would be ready to allot a large part of the financial saving to the work of reconstruction. The unification of Korea was assumed, and the President reaffirmed the American principle of free elections. Apart from the proposal that the Soviet armies should be recalled within their rightful frontiers, which was the equivalent to a demand that Moscow should surrender its control of Eastern Europe, Mr. Eisenhower's words could in April seem realistic; but actually events were moving at a speed that made them sound as of yesterday.

The negotiations in Korea were already nearing a conclusion when Senator Taft intervened with two pronouncements which, although characteristic, were not suited to a majority leader in the Senate. The first was a speech in Cincinnati, obviously composed with great care. It contained a challenge both to U.N. action in Korea and to the Atlantic Alliance as violations of the Charter. Aggression, said Mr. Taft, could never be halted by the U.N., and in the Far East America was acting as a straight military Power. If the truce negotiations talks came to nothing, then the U.S. should abandon its allies and finish the task alone: in other words, commit itself to the conquest of all Korea regardless of consequences. The Senator's second venture was a call for a complete alliance in the Pacific between Great Britain and the U.S.A. Mr. Taft is always a lone fighter. He was evidently speaking in disregard of British-American relations as they are in 1953, and without a thought of American hostility to the recognition of Communist China, just then being re-affirmed by President and Senate alike.

The truth is that Mr. Eisenhower's position in respect of the Far East is extraordinarily difficult. His election speeches, though carefully guarded, had led the American people to feel sure that his primary purpose was the ending of the war; and as these lines are being written there is a widespread belief that an armistice would be followed by evacuation of the American forces. At the same time the Republicans in both Houses include many who, still believing in General MacArthur, are able to hold the isolationist view and plans for a cut in the costs of Defence, along with a dream of complete victory over China and Korea.

The one thing certain in this immense confusion is that the national regret and disillusion would be immeasurable if it should happen that the President who gained millions of votes by encouraging the hope of early peace were to find himself driven in the opposite direction. The American people loathe the Korean war. They would rejoice overwhelmingly if the Far-Eastern entanglement could be ended.

There can be no doubt that six months ago President Eisenhower had no prevision of the obstacles that were piling up in Congress. During the election it was agreed that a soldier could not be expected to discuss domestic problems with knowledge. In the America of today any candidate's speeches cannot be other than mildly progressive in tone, and Mr. Eisenhower was compliant. He declared in favour of drastic economy and a balanced Budget, while promising improved and expanded social services. He was for a better Labour Act, and for humane adjustments in the immigration laws. He was outspoken on the urgency of tariff revision in order that America might play a full part in the revival of world trade. And if he was ambiguous concerning the treatment of such basic resources as hydro-electric power and undeveloped oil, there was some ground for thinking that presidential authority would not be exercised for the benefit of the great monopoly interests.

The record of the first half-year affords ample material for a comparison between hope and fulfilment. Every President must be prepared for a battle with Congress. If he is without a loyal majority, he must fall back upon his personal reserves; and so far Mr. Eisenhower has not done this. The conspicuous fact of the present Administration is the transfer of power from the Executive to the Legislature, and that means stagnation in Washington. It is admitted that there is little hope of any extended social legislation before the 1954 elections. The President has been frank as regards the unbalanced Budget. The high-tariff brigade is formidable and is riding high. There was no effective opposition to the rejection of the British low bid for the Chief Joseph Dam, since that was done under the Buy American Act of 1933—a prudential device of the Depression, we should remember, which had its counterpart in our own country. Finally, in this connection, Congress has conferred upon the Gulf States, instead of upon the Federal Government, complete property rights in the under-sea oil deposits, an incalculable reserve of wealth. This measure has the President's approval.

President Eisenhower's opening stage is vexatious and distracting. The party balance in Congress has made incessant trouble. Its factions and their leaders have created a situation more unmanageable than any that has confronted a President since the days of Woodrow Wilson in his decline; and as regards domestic affairs there is no improvement to be expected. On the other hand, we may see the possibility that a lightening of the international prospect may provide Mr. Eisenhower with an opportunity for initiative in world leadership that only the President of the United States would be able to seize. A right decision in Korea, coupled with a continuance or enhancement of Malenkov's more reasonable attitude, would change the sentiment of the American people overnight; and that change, if wisely handled in Washington, could reinstate the President as head of the nation.

But his enemies, as the world knows, are of his own household. The forces that were behind Senator Taft until the nomination of his rival twelve months ago are unforgiving, implacable. They are in direct command of the Senate and are strong enough in the House. Mr. Eisenhower must do everything possible to conciliate them. There can, however, be no conciliation, no appeasement, towards one mortal enemy in the Capitol, Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin. This extraordinary product of a State that once stood in the van of progressivism is a portent whose personality and activities have had to be omitted from the present brief survey. It would be true to say that the American political scene has never thrown up a champion of unreason and intolerance to compare with him in actual power. There is one man only who possesses the weight and prestige to grapple with him; and that man is President of the Republic.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

FRENCH POLITICS

IT was agreed on all hands that the fall of the René Mayer Ministry on May 21 marked a climax—perhaps a turning-point—in the history of governmental instability. The apparent issue on which it was defeated was a secondary one and the fatal blow was struck by the main body of the ex-R.P.F., who withdrew their support of the Government and voted against it. ("We are not yet dead then," said M. Diethelm, their leader, "since we still have the power to destroy.") This looked like normal practice in instability, but the real issues were various and complex. The Government's course amid the difficulties both of internal and foreign affairs had weakened its authority. M. Mayer is a man of high political standing, but his (and M. Bidault's) handling of the visit to Washington was singularly unfortunate. The Great Power certificate accorded to France in the final communiqué was not regarded as a reinforcement of the national dignity. Opinion on these diverse matters, while remaining in the background, undoubtedly affected the vote which brought the Government down. Nearly all the groups of the Centre and Right, on which the Ministry rested, were each split into two. In fact, there has recently been a tendency for each group to divide into two on several essential questions—the European Army for instance—so that a Government depending on them would have to find one majority for one problem and a different majority for another problem.

This splitting of groups, together with the obscurity of the real issues of the crisis, made the usual procedure of Ministry-making difficult to apply. If the groups themselves are uncertain units, negotiations with them and the normal "dosing" of portfolios do not promise a workable coalition. Whether of their own initiative or at the instigation of the President of the Republic, the two first candidates for the Premiership, M. Reynaud and M. Mendès-France, adopted an entirely new line of approach. While consulting group leaders they did not negotiate specifically to form a coalition. In the speech in which he asked for investiture M. Reynaud surveyed the whole situation of France with

remarkable clearness and critical severity, contrasting particularly the results of French efforts in production with the greater results obtained elsewhere. M. Mendès-France, who presented himself after M. Reynaud's failure to obtain investiture, produced a plan for the general restoration of the French economy.

The significance of the crisis goes far beyond the simple question of finding a new Government. For some months, especially since the great controversy about the European army arose, opinion has become gravely disquieted concerning the position of France in the world. It is now realised that the voice of France carries less weight in international counsels. This consciousness of loss of prestige came at a time when many problems of the first order, both at home and abroad, had simultaneously become acute. The Budget deficit was too heavy and threatened to grow. The international balance of payments was not assured. Treasury difficulties compelled the Mayer Government to have recourse to further advances from the Bank of France. Trade was stagnant. Discontent about wages and salaries provoked strikes among various classes of State employees and in the mercantile marine. French policy in Europe was held in suspense by the still unsettled question of the Saar and the disagreement about the European Army. The invasion of Laos aggravated the problem of the war in Indo-China. Difficulties in Tunisia, and in a lesser degree in Morocco, were still awaiting treatment on the proper scale.

In these circumstances it was not merely a new Government which was needed, but a Government which would apply a coherent policy covering the whole accumulation of difficulties. This was a formidable requirement. No Parliament could be expected to meet it completely with instant promptitude. But it is a reassuring indication of continuing French vitality that the case for it has been put with force and clearness and a notable statesmanship. M. Reynaud opened the case boldly, but his recognized ability does not win him a general popularity. His failure to obtain authority to form a Government may have been largely due to his refusal to reveal his programme and his demand for a reform of the Constitution which he hoped would assure his Ministry of eighteen months of unthreatened existence. But, justly or not, the main obstacle to his return to power is the fact that he is regarded as the Prime Minister of the defeat of 1940. Nevertheless, he compelled the attention of the National Assembly, awakened public opinion outside Parliament, and prepared the way for M. Mendès-France.

Perhaps the most important result of the recent Ministerial crisis may prove to have been the emergence of M. Mendès-France. When he was first elected in 1932 M. Mendès-France was the youngest Deputy. With twenty-one years of public life behind him he is now 46. Since the liberation he has continually advocated stern financial and economic measures for the restoration of the French economy, with so much fidelity and so little acceptance that, except for a brief experience in the Provisional Government of General de Gaulle in 1945, he has never been in office. His position as an exile from office holding and expressing unpopular views was rather like that of Sir Winston Churchill in his "Cassandra" days. M. Mendès-France, however, while listened to with

respect by the National Assembly, was scarcely known outside Parliament. The comprehensive plan for economic restoration which he expounded to the National Assembly was known in its principles. France has been attempting too many things at once, and must therefore economise. Less important purposes must be put aside in favour of more important. Effort must be transferred from the unproductive to the productive, from the less useful to the more useful. Choice is necessary everywhere. National defence, economic progress, social progress, all must be "dosed". Full employment should be a grand objective, to be attained chiefly by stimulating exports and by housing. Investments for the equipment of industry and agriculture are also to be regarded as productive expenditure. Everybody recognized, he said, that the continuation of the war in Indo-China imposed a burden which should be lightened. M. Mendès-France was reticent about definite proposals concerning Indo-China, but he said that France should present at the Bermuda conference a precise plan with a view to a solution of the conflict. The whole case was presented by M. Mendès-France with a clearness, an eloquence and an accent of authority which gave it the authentic character of statesmanship. He has seized upon the central truth of the situation of France that the secret of prestige is a strong economy. As he himself wrote recently: "It is not on diplomatic conferences but on economic vigour that a great nation is built." Although he did not succeed on this occasion he left the impression that he remains a strong force in reserve, a man who will know how to govern. He made his own original contribution towards a solution of the problem of instability. If he had been elected Premier he would have chosen his own Ministers and would have exacted from them an undertaking that they would not become members of the Government which might follow his own. For the practice is not unknown by which Ministers quietly prepare the fall of a Cabinet to make room for another, in which they are maintained in their posts by a new and grateful Prime Minister. M. Mendès-France's ingenious device would not be without its disadvantages. The maintenance of certain Ministers in office through several successive Governments has not infrequently corrected the vice of instability and assured a certain continuity of policy. The outstanding example is Briand, who remained at the Quai d'Orsay for seven years.

It is commonly accepted in the political world that the speech of M. Reynaud and still more emphatically that of M. Mendès-France have so forcefully revealed the gravity of the situation and the conditions of recovery that any Government formed in the immediate future will have to take account of their effect. Public opinion will judge them by a new standard. Public opinion had already come into play during the Premiership of M. Pinay, but it is probable that a more striking effect has been produced by the turn taken by the recent crisis. The defeat of M. Mendès-France does not, however leave the Assembly more organized than it was before the crisis. The Socialists are back in opposition. The ex-R.P.F. now re-baptised as the U.R.A.S. (Union Républicaine d'Action Sociale) are a body of 80 members. Deprived, at least officially, of their old leadership, they are obviously exposed to the risk of further disintegration. In any case they are still a large group offering little assurance of steadiness to any majority to which they may belong. The R.P.F.

voters in the country migrated in large numbers to the Independents and other parties at the municipal elections, so that the electoral future of the Gaullist Deputies elected to the National Assembly in 1951 is uncertain.

After the defeat of M. Mendès-France it was frequently said that the decisive factor was foreign policy and also the policy to be followed in Indo-China and Tunisia. From the debate itself and from what is known of the group discussions this seems to have been true of a section of the M.R.P. and of some members of the now loosely-knit ex-R.P.F. A division of opinion in the M.R.P. was understandable, since the Minister responsible for Indo-Chinese affairs in the Mayer Ministry was M. Letourneau, a member of the group. Another element which was said to have counted against him was his insistence on constant consultation between the French and British Governments. This, taken in connection with his general argument for a financially independent France and even a financially independent Europe, was interpreted as showing his lukewarmness towards the Atlantic organization. Nothing in his statements justified the supposition of such a departure from the orthodox line of French policy. So far as can be foreseen at the moment no acute divergence from the established line is likely. In the case of Indo-China and Tunisia a certain indecision exists in French opinion, not about the ultimate objectives, but about immediate tactics. There is a body of opinion reluctant to negotiate on Indo-China in a military situation not too favourable. As to general international policy it does not seem likely that the vexed question of the European Army will come again into active discussion until the Saar question is settled, and that probably cannot be until after the German elections in September. It is an important fact that the two declarations which have awakened general opinion to the realities of the French situation should both have emphasised so strongly the necessity of a close Franco-British connection. In the atmosphere which has now been created public opinion will probably endorse this judgment. It was one of the minor faults of the late Government that it did not adequately react to Sir Winston Churchill's great speech of May 12. But public opinion did react; the speech confirmed the deep respect felt in France for what M. Mendès-France called the "vigour and cohesion" of the British people. The French are obviously still concerned to associate Great Britain with Europe as intimately as the British objection to entering a federation will allow. But a doubt as to the exact British attitude remains. References to the coal and steel community and to other projects of federal organization are sometimes so laconic as to leave it a question, not whether we shall eventually join in these schemes, but whether we wish them to succeed without us.

Even after the final vote against his investiture the practical effects of M. Mendès-France's intervention on the future conduct of the National Assembly cannot certainly be estimated. The plan for making every part of State policy, including foreign, Empire and military policy, contribute to a general over-riding scheme for the restoration of the French economy exercised a powerful attraction in every section of the Centre and Left. But even among supporters there were hesitants. The Radical party, of which M. Mendès-France is a conspicuous member, gave an almost solid vote for investiture, but opinion about the plan itself

was not unanimous. In various groups a curious line of division was observable between Deputies elected for the first time in 1951 (who were often favourable to the "adventure") and older Parliamentary hands more docile to official leadership. Some hostility was bound to be aroused among official leaders by a plan which implied a severe judgment on past Governments which have dealt piecemeal with the economic problems. Moreover, approval of a Prime Minister at his investiture has not always been followed by approval of the Government he has formed. A Government must rest on the political strength which resides in organized parties. Finally, M. Mendès-France's plan, so attractive in its aim and so statesmanlike in its general design, was, in large measure, only a plan on paper when it was proposed to the National Assembly. It was not known in all its details, and some of the unrevealed financial measures might well turn out to be severe and therefore unpopular. These considerations may count for much or little as events may determine. What is certain is that he was nearly victorious, that he stirred the National Assembly deeply, and both there and in the country set in motion a strong current of opinion in favour of a thorough restoration of the national economy which would set France on her feet again.

Vernon, Eure.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

RUSSIA AND THE BALKANS

IN seeking an answer to the question which has been a subject of intense speculation on both sides of the Atlantic since the death of Stalin—whether the new Soviet attitude portends merely a change of tactics and no change whatever in Russia's basic foreign policy—the political seers and the foreign policy framers might turn with some profit to a study of the satellites of the Soviet Union. For if it is still fundamentally true that there are still no "experts" on Russia, but only, at best, intelligent "opinions," there are fairly strong reasons for assuming that the greatest single factor in inducing the sudden change of behaviour, such as it is, on the Kremlin's part, was the signing of the tripartite treaty between Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia on February 28th this year.

To appreciate this fully and understand its significance against the pattern of world events, one must have an intimate knowledge of the Balkans world which existed before the Bolshevik rise to power, when the destinies of "Big Father Russia" and these three states were so closely linked together. Whereas the national rivalries and hates of the small Powers of South-Eastern Europe kept the region in a ferment, and the ambitions and intrigues of the Great Powers fanned the flames, the political—and, in some cases, military—subjugation of Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Albania, and Yugoslavia, by Stalin, was designed not only to exclude the Western Powers from a strategically vital region, but to consolidate the Balkan nations and end their warring for all time in the interests of Communist Russia. But Russia's motives, as we now know, were not merely strategic and ideological; they were imperialistic, and, more importantly, economic. Vast as were the Russian domains, with

the bulk of the population peasants, the Soviet Union required milch cows near at hand to sustain her own economy and feed her huge army during the prolonged period of her industrialisation. The satellite states, in fact, were once the granary of Europe. However low their standard of life in respect of housing, communications, health services, and the other amenities of civilised life may have been, they ate well and obtained much-needed goods by exporting food. Rumania had a rich source of revenue in her oil-wells.

After the "liberation" by the Russian forces, the loss of personal freedom of the old Balkans quality did not seem to matter so much; but when the economic screw began to reflect itself in the retail shops, even Bulgaria, which had exulted at the shadow of mighty Russia cast across a prostrate Greece, with the prospect of territorial gains in due course, began to have serious misgivings. Bulgaria had, unlike Greece, emerged from the war practically unscathed, with her economy enhanced. She had plundered Greece of her cattle and rolling-stock. The build-up of the Bulgarian Army by the Russians to a point far in excess of the forces prescribed in the peace treaties, coupled with the murderous Communist onslaught on Greece, had raised the hopes of the "boers of the Balkans" to a high pitch indeed; their most-hated enemy seemed doomed for all time, and it looked as though "Eternal Greece" would very shortly occupy a subservient place in the ring of satellites who guarded Russia's approaches. The Truman Doctrine of 1947, with its programme of developing and expanding military and other aid to Greece and Turkey, was the first serious blow to Bulgaria and the Cominform States, culminating in the defeat of the Communist rebel forces by a militarily and morally strengthened Greek Nationalist Army. In the course of this fierce and bloody struggle, the Bulgarians and the Yugoslavs—the latter country had provided the greatest measure of help for the bandits by the provision of hospitals and rehabilitation centres behind the Greek frontier, mainly at Skoplje—were chagrined onlookers of an increasing flow of American aid to Greece and Turkey in proportion as their own economies declined. With the defection of Yugoslavia, main bulwark of the satellites, in the summer of 1948, the Cominform countries were thrown into a state of alarm, which, in turn, produced its own violent reactions in Moscow. In the satellite states hitherto trusted ministers, "pillars" of the Communist system and devotees of the "Leninist-Stalinist" line, were ruthlessly removed or executed, and the wave of fear and uncertainty, aggravated and fomented by the growing strength of the West, swept outside the Balkans to Poland and Czechoslovakia. The climax to the moral disintegration behind the Iron Curtain came with the practically concurrent events of the Graeco-Turkish-Yugoslav line-up and the death of Stalin.

On the eve of Stalin's death, on March 3, the Kremlin hastily summoned the leaders of all satellite countries to Moscow for an emergency conference. With the announcement of Malenkov as successor to Stalin came almost simultaneous messages from Sofia, Budapest, Bucharest, Warsaw, and Prague announcing their Communist solidarity to the world. An exception was Tirana, capital of Albania, where it was reliably reported that General Envers Hodje, the pro-Russian dictator, was being hard

pressed to ward off a rising tide of revolt among highly rebellious tribesmen. A heavy curtain of censorship was drawn closely around this little Balkans country, jammed between Yugoslavia and Greece, and cut off completely from the Communist world except by sea, and Soviet police reinforced Albanian forces with orders to crush ruthlessly all attempts at uprising. Albania has never become reconciled to Russian tutelage, as military expenditure has become increasingly heavy to meet Soviet requirements, without any improvement in the low standard of living of the people. Albania, with Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary, has been an acute observer of the economic and military aid which has been flowing steadily towards her neighbours. SuffICIENTLY disgruntled by the Truman Doctrine which provided Greece and Turkey with abundant help, contrasting with her own poverty, the Yugoslav defection in 1948, which isolated her, has made Albania's position precarious and unenviable. No threat, however, to her territorial integrity will be made by either Greece or Turkey, but the men who direct her affairs in Moscow are seriously concerned about her Adriatic coastline, which, in the event of war, was to provide submarine bases to menace the shipping of the Western Powers in the Mediterranean. With the Yugoslav coast already lost, Russia's hold on the Adriatic would seem to be extremely slight, unless Malenkov chooses to maintain his grip at all costs by a substantial stream of reinforcements by air. But while Belgrade is optimistic about the possibilities in Albania, Greek statesmen are more cautious in their views. Mr. Kanellopoulos, Greek Minister of Defence, does not think we should look for immediate changes in the near future, in Albania. "But perhaps in two or three years' time we may begin to see important developments take place," he said in Paris.

Apart from Albania, the psychological effect of the Balkans tripartite understanding or treaty on the satellites is something which has not escaped the minds of the three partners concerned. In the first place, this pact can reasonably eschew all memories of ill-fated Balkan pacts of the past, since it is far more solidly based—on sheer self-preservation, in fact. Moreover, the treaty not only provides for economic and cultural collaboration among the contracting parties, but significantly leaves the door open for membership by any other country, without any conditions as to the domestic form of government a state may prefer. As the Yugoslav Foreign Secretary, General Popovic, declared in Ankara at the signing of the treaty: "The fact that the three original members of the pact have different governmental structures proves that differences in the form of government would be no obstacle." This statement, with others, was regarded as virtually an invitation to the satellite countries of South-Eastern Europe to follow the path of Tito and break away from Russian domination. The desire of the Balkan satellites for independence can scarcely be doubted. The great benefits expected from Communism have proved illusory, as the peasants in all of the countries concerned have come to realise that they are little more than serfs working for Russia, and not even enjoying the individual liberty they formerly possessed. Even Bulgaria's hatred of Greece, although it persists in sporadic frontier raids, could scarcely resist the opportunity for complete political and economic independence; unless Russia were to make war on the whole world, the

dream of a Greater Bulgaria at Greece's expense must by now seem a forlorn hope.

Given the will and the enthusiasm to throw off the shackles of the Soviet Union, nothing short of wholesale occupation of Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, and Albania could hold these countries down, and in the long run the position would become untenable for Russia. The terrain of the satellites forms a land mass with Greece, Yugoslavia, and Turkey, and the whole constitutes the home of predominantly mountain people whom the Russians could never hope to subjugate. The Russian Soviet Empire would prove no more invulnerable than the old Turkish Empire.

Just how little Rumania, for example, has become reconciled to her enslavement may be gauged from a letter which Mr. Mihail Farcasanu, formerly director of the newspaper *Vătorul*, had published in the *New York Times* on March 7th. Writing as an eye-witness of "the drama that took place eight years ago," he said: "When on February 11th and 12th, 1945, General Radescu, the Prime Minister, denounced the Communist attempts to overthrow the legal government, he was supported wholeheartedly by the entire country. In view of the unwavering determination of the Rumanians to maintain their freedom, the Soviets decided to employ the most drastic means. . . . Two weeks after Yalta, on February 27th, 1945, Mr. Vyshinsky arrived hurriedly in Bucharest. From the station he went directly to the royal palace, and, banging his fist on the table, demanded that within two hours Radescu and his government be dismissed, and a Communist government, the members of which were named by Vyshinsky, be appointed. In the meantime, the Red Army had disarmed the Rumanian garrisons and taken control of the police force, patrolling the streets with tanks and mechanised units. I myself witnessed all this while, hunted by the M.V.D., I was wandering from place to place to avoid arrest." So much for the "freedom" which "the People's democracies" have gained under the Soviet régime; but Mr. Farcasanu has a postscript which is worth adding: "Notwithstanding the eight years of enslavement, the spirit of resistance is still alive in the Rumanian people. General Radescu, whom the Communists tried to assassinate, symbolises for his country that spirit of resistance and the hope of eventual freedom."

At first the most willing co-operators of the Russians, the Bulgars have provided increasing evidence, in the summary execution of "traitors" and "deviationists," and the number of Bulgarians escaping to foreign territory, how unbearable life has become in their own country. The recent Draconic law which proclaims as traitors, subject automatically to the death sentence, all escapees and refugees who would disobey its orders to return to Bulgaria, needs no amplification. In view of past history, Bulgaria, it is apparent, could find no particularly congenial company among Greeks, Turks, or Yugoslavs unless she was prepared to let bygones be bygones, and show a more accommodating spirit; but faced with—to her—a choice of two evils, the logical assumption would appear to be that she would choose the lesser. There would be national independence and freedom at least, and the value and sweetness of these is beyond measure. And were she to overcome her hitherto insatiable territorial demands—an "opening on the Aegean," for one—she would

find a readiness for friendly co-operation on the part of her neighbours. Any need which Bulgaria feels for trading facilities on the Ægean can be met adequately by a free port at Salonika, such as Greece was previously ready to concede, and similar to that once enjoyed by Yugoslavia, and likely to operate again in due course. The arms and aircraft which Russia has been pouring into the satellite countries, instead of providing a buttress to the ramparts of the Soviet Union, may well, with the modern training which has been given in their use, prove something of a boomerang should the circumstances get beyond the control of the masters of the Kremlin, as may conceivably happen. No power on earth could hold a united, inflamed, and armed Balkans down indefinitely, if at all. The mountain fastnesses speak their own defiance of powerful invaders.

The tripartite pact is different from all previous alliances between Balkan states since it is far less liable to be undermined by the ambitions of Great Powers. There is one weakness, however, in the cleavage over Trieste between Yugoslavia and Italy, whom the Balkan partners are anxious to see adhere to their defensive arrangements. It is essential for the security of both countries, and the defence of Western Europe as a whole, that they should act together to defend the strategic area—the “Ljubljana gap”—that leads through the territory of both from the Danube to the North Italian plain. Unhappily, it is not only Trieste which is souring the relations of Italy and Yugoslavia. The Italians are apprehensive about the ultimate fate of Albania, despite Greek and Yugoslav assurances that they have no designs on the territorial integrity of that small nation, and Greece’s declaration that she will seek adjustment of her claims in regard to Northern Epirus within the framework of existing treaties and international machinery. Tito, in a recent speech to his own countrymen, alleged that Signor de Gasperi opposed the Balkans Pact because of Italy’s “imperialistic designs” concerning Albania. Nevertheless, Athens got a very different impression of de Gasperi during his visit to the Greek capital, and if some skilful statesmanship is brought to bear from both London and Washington on the problems of Trieste and Albania, there is no reason why difficulties should not eventually disappear in the interests of the free world as a whole. At present, Trieste stands as a much more intractable problem than that of Albania; if the legitimate Greek claim to Northern Epirus were met, the United Nations could guarantee the independence of the rest of Albania with complete satisfaction to Italy’s fears. In the long run, partition may be the only feasible solution in Trieste, and in his most recent speech, Tito again hints at the possibility of Yugoslavia accepting a condominium. Yugoslavs, and Italians who are non-Communists, have to face the reality of this dangerous age and, like Greeks and Turks, decide that either they will stand together, or they must hang together from a Soviet gibbet. So far, the willingness of Italy to co-operate in defence of the Balkans and the Mediterranean generally is apparent in the visit of General Tsigulis and seven other Greek officers to Italy’s N.A.T.O. forces deployed along the Alpine frontier with Austria and Yugoslavia. One of the purposes of the mission was to take stock of the problems entailed in the defence of the Ljubljana gap.

Sir Winston Churchill is among those Western statesmen who fully realise the importance of the new Balkans understanding and agreement—“a most important development.” “These nations,” he told the Commons, “are on the right flank of the front in Europe, and their agreement greatly strengthens the whole system of allied defence. It also has reactions on the defence of the Middle East which are highly beneficial.” It is not merely, as Western diplomats believe, that the Graeco-Turkish-Yugoslav agreement will act as a magnet to attract the Soviet satellites; military experts take the view that, in the hypothetical event of war, the best allies would be the three signatories concerned, not the Arab states. On the suggestion that bases in the Middle East in a future war would be best disposed farther north than Suez, the question which follows as a corollary is naturally: What would be the effect on the Egyptians if they came to realise that the Arab States were no longer the strategic key to the Middle East? Certainly, Arabs and Egyptians have taken very serious notice of the military alliance between their comparatively powerful Near East neighbours, and the repercussions may be far-reaching indeed.

All that having been said, however, the way of Balkans, European and Middle East defence is still hard and stony, and will get nowhere unless Allied domestic and trade policies for the small countries concerned are concerted with the same vigour as military plans. Unemployment and hunger are still rife in Greece, and Communism will only be kept in check in the measure that economic help is forthcoming and Greece enabled to re-establish her export trade. It is encouraging to note with what cordiality the Greek Minister of Co-ordination, Mr. Spyros Markezinis, was received in Washington during his visit in May. An official statement after the talks gave the fullest assurances of America’s continued help. Britain, despite her own difficulties, is able and ought to play a part in the rehabilitation of the Greek people, whose standard of living is far below that of the British population. Even if British connections with Greece have diminished as America’s have increased, the British investment in security is no less. No one knows what Russia’s ultimate intentions are. According to Malenkov, the last war delayed the development of Soviet industry for eight or nine years, and the changed attitude may mean nothing more than that Russia desires a breathing space to permit of her obsolescent plants and machinery being renewed. No one knows whether Lenin’s prophecy of a “final bloody clash with the capitalist democracies” is still a part of the Russian Communist complex; but if time is gained for the men who rule the U.S.S.R., it is also gained for the Western world, and realities may yet prove too strong even for Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist ideas. I have already stressed that Russia is more concerned about the approaches to her own heartland than the points on the Far Eastern perimeter where she is waging war by proxy. The new look in the Balkans, with the passing of Stalin, may be proved by time to be the turning point in the prolonged and depressing cold war; a turning point which, with a contrite heart and spiritual earnestness on the part of the Western world, may lead on to permanent peace.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

DIPLOMATIC TWILIGHT

THE two words which form the title of Sir Walford Selby's recent very controversial publication* express—as he himself writes—"all he has to tell" about foreign policy between the two wars; but he attributes the decline in authority of the Foreign Office during that period almost exclusively to one cause—the interferences of Sir Warren Fisher. Certainly Sir Warren, rejoicing in the powers which the Treasury Minute of 1919 gave him by officially recognising him as Head of the Civil Service, used those powers extensively—much more extensively than it was intended that he should. Sir Austen Chamberlain signed the Treasury Minute as Chancellor of the Exchequer. When later he became Foreign Secretary he made it clear that he did not at all consider that the position of Head of the Civil Service gave its holder the right to appoint ambassadors or in any other way to influence foreign policy. But Sir Austen resigned in 1929; and after that, Sir Walford shows, Sir Warren Fisher lost no time in once more exercising all the authority he could. Nor is Sir Walford alone in this contention. In *The Ruling Few* Sir David Kelly—an unexceptionable witness—writes that Sir Warren Fisher was "intensely jealous" of the special position enjoyed by the Diplomatic Service, and that he managed to reduce the number of ambassadors who were admitted to The Privy Council. Major Legge-Bourke, in his Master of the Offices, adduces many examples of Fisher's exaggerated zeal. Lord Elbank, also from personal observation at close quarters, has testified to the same effect. That charge may be regarded as substantiated.

Where however Sir Walford Selby exaggerates is in pretending that Fisher used his influence politically against a policy of re-armament, and he even seems to associate Lord Vansittart in a pro-German policy. It is a pity that these unproved charges should have been made by a responsible diplomatist. The value of Sir Walford's book would have been greatly augmented if, instead, he had discussed some of the more general causes of the diplomatic decline of the Twenties and Thirties. After a war is over—however successfully—the British public always demands a scapegoat; and in 1919 they found one in the "Old Diplomacy." Mr. Lloyd George was there to set the tone. "Diplomats were invented to waste time," he exclaimed, and he preferred other advisers. He lost no opportunity of slighting Lord Curzon—who was not, certainly, a professional diplomatist, but he was Chief of the Foreign Office. The Prime Minister established his own Secretariat at the Horse Guards end of Downing Street and short-circuited the professional Foreign Servicemen. And his successors allowed Mr. Snowden, at The Hague, to pursue a policy on reparations of which The Foreign Office strongly disapproved, and allowed Mr. Montague Norman to have more say in our policy so on to the days of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who sent his friend Lord Runciman to Prague and made Sir Horace Wilson—totally unacquainted though he was with European affairs—his chief intermediary with Hitler. Sir Walford Selby himself was not always consulted when decisions had

*Sir Walford Selby. *Diplomatic Twilight*, 1930—1940. John Murray. 16s.

DIPLOMATIC TWILIGHT

17

to be taken about Austria, though he was His Majesty's representative in Vienna; and when he was ambassador in Lisbon he found the safest way to make his views known at home was to send letters to influential friends or to compose memoranda and deliver them personally at the Foreign Office when he went home on leave. Lord Perth, when he was ambassador in Rome, was invited to attend the Stresa Conference, but was neither consulted on policy nor given anything of any importance to do. This continual belittling of the Foreign Service naturally tended to diminish both the respect in which it was held and its efficiency. The Foreign Secretary had nothing like the authority which had been customary in the days of Palmerston, Salisbury, Lansdowne and Grey.

The lowered prestige of Foreign Secretaries and diplomats was by no means confined to this country. The brilliant French ambassador in Berlin before the war, Monsieur François-Poncet (who has now come into his own as High Commissioner of his country at Bonn) records in his book *The Fateful Years* that he was never asked for advice by the Quai d'Orsay and only once was summoned to confer with the Foreign Minister in Paris, and then for a conference with other envoys from European capitals. He had no hand whatever, he says, in drawing up the notes he presented to the Wilhelmstrasse. And there never was a shrewder judge of Nazi intentions. Similarly in the British service not enough attention was paid to Sir Horace Rumbold and Sir Eric Phipps; and when Sir Walford Selby was taking a firm line on maintaining the independence of Austria he was weakened by the contrary impression created by Sir Neville Henderson in Berlin.

This disarray among diplomatists was increased by the existence of The League of Nations, which at every turn offered an easy and hampering alternative to perplexed Prime Ministers. "Leave it to the League" was a catchword that sounded pleasant to the popular ear—though there was more than a cheap gibe in the phrase also often repeated that "the League touched nothing that it did not adjourn." A whole-hearted League policy might indeed have been effective. On the few occasions when its leading members were unanimous for action it proved immensely effective, as when the Council led by Sir Austen Chamberlain, Monsieur Briand and Herr Stresemann, checked an incipient war in the Balkans. But for the settlement of differences between the greater Powers themselves its helplessness was self-evident; only by the unanimity of the greater Powers could it ever take prompt political action. Some of the post-first-war problems had to be entrusted to the professional diplomatists. If they proved intractable, there was great temptation for them to hand them over to the League, and when the League could do nothing the diplomatists tried again. "Passing the buck" became a kind of diplomatic game which nobody ever won.

On the other hand, in financial and economic affairs the League of Nations did extremely valuable work. The first need in Europe was then—as it is now—economic restoration; and in that respect circumstances were far more favourable for the League than they are for U.N.O. League advisers could be, and were, sent to Hungary, Bulgaria, Austria, China and other countries shattered by war. They were experts who derived their authority not from one particular foreign Government but from an

international body to which the victim States themselves belonged. There was no question therefore of becoming the dependent of a powerful capitalist State. The loans made to them were League loans, backed by the common bond of sixty nations. The comparatively rapid recovery of Europe was a fine achievement of the League. And in China its services were even more remarkable. There it provided at one time or another British, German, Italian, French, Polish, Danish and Yugoslav specialists who re-organised the telephones, post office and communications; re-built roads, took anti-flood measures, introduced new hydraulic methods and helped to improve the educational system.

This work of restoration in the West and the East was the first necessity of the then post-war world, and its achievement by the League was another unintended blow to the prestige of the Old Diplomacy which was still reputed to have little acquaintance with international commerce and finance. Sir Walford Selby and his friends in the Foreign Office realized more quickly and acutely than some of their seniors the lack of a Commercial Department in the Foreign Office adequate to meet the demands of a new day. That has now been created. But its absence at a critical time of international reconstruction was one of the darkening influences in the period of diplomatic eclipse. Pure diplomacy came to be regarded as outmoded. Secrecy was derided. Covenants and treaties were to be "openly arrived at." Public opinion was what mattered. The Press counted more than the diplomats. The Man in the Street was the source of true wisdom. The Common Man's opinion was better than to do their business in secrecy. No wonder they were discredited. The Foreign Office became, in Sir Walford Selby's own words, a subject of complaint from Prime Ministers, the derision of the Press and public opinion, in short, a "byword of contempt in other Departments of the Government."

Strong language from one who had been Private Secretary to five successive Foreign Secretaries!—a record only approached in recent years by Lord Tyrrell, and equalled in span of years by Sir Eric Barrington, who was Private Secretary to four different Foreign Secretaries, with brief intervals, between 1885 and 1905. Sir Walford writes with strong personal feeling. His point of view is almost fiercely subjective. His book makes no attempt to survey the conduct of our foreign policy between the wars in a large way. In only one brief passage towards the end (on page 139) does he meagrely summarize the major developments which hampered the professional diplomatists. There is also only a passing reference to the reforms of 1943, which, among other benefits, removed members of the Foreign Service from the orbit of the Financial Secretary to The Treasury. Mr. Eden's reform scheme, carried through during the turmoil of war, has done very much to restore the authority of the Foreign Office, and deserves more notice than it gets in these pages.

Sir Walford Selby's book, however, is useful in establishing so clearly the fundamental point that the direction of foreign policy is the sole responsibility of the Foreign Secretary under the Prime Minister, and that an authoritative and efficient Foreign Office is the indispensable instrument of it. Ideally the union of the Premiership and the Foreign

Secretaryship is wholly desirable. But in modern conditions the burden has become too great, as the experience of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald showed. The next best thing is a combination like that of Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain, or we might today add between Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden, when the Foreign Secretary is supreme in his own field but enjoys the counsel, the trust and the backing of the Prime Minister.

This book is also valuable in providing intimate evidence of the actual working of the diplomatic machinery, whether well or badly. It gives us, for instance, a vivid picture of Sir Walford Selby, on leave in England from his Vienna post, hearing the news of the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss by Nazi agents. He was just back from a walk on the Sussex Downs. "I threw what I could hurriedly collect into my car and my wife drove me to London and to the Foreign Office. There I was greeted with the message that they wished me to return at once to Vienna. I told them I was ready to leave by the two o'clock train. I then conceived that I should be called into consultation; but I was kept waiting nearly 1½ hours by Sir John Simon (then Foreign Secretary) and stood in risk of missing my train. He was closeted with Sir Robert Vansittart; they were discussing the Austrian situation. When I did get in, Sir John seemed very agitated as to his prospects when confronted by an anxious House of Commons. I had only a few minutes' conversation with him. . . I never saw Sir Robert Vansittart at all. He did not trouble to consult me."

Yet Sir Walford was a shrewd judge of European affairs, as many of his letters and memoranda, here published, prove. In a long memorandum to Lord Tyrrell from Vienna in 1934 he wrote "Europe is nearer collapse today, even war, than at any time since 1914." And "Germany: on all recent manifestations of her policy we may assume Germany has not changed. She remains the same as in the years before the war—the Germany of Frederick the Great. War—an instrument of her policy." This timely warning was written one year only after Hitler had seized power in Berlin. Nobody would have agreed with it more than Lord Tyrrell, who had by then retired, or than Lord Vansittart, who was at the head of the Foreign Office. But the Foreign Office entirely failed to persuade the British people to accept this view. Too much of its failure to do so is attributed by Sir Walford to the activities of Sir Warren Fisher. Various large developments converged to produce the sad confusions of policy which the author so graphically describes. Many were the clouds that darkened the heavens of British statesmanship and cast diplomacy into the twilight.

A. L. KENNEDY.

THE EGYPTIAN SITUATION

FROM whatever angle it is viewed, the breakdown in Anglo-Egyptian talks on the Canal Zone is a tragedy. Leaving aside for the moment the military pros and cons, vital as they are, the real misfortune is surely that both the English and the Egyptians should ever have to find themselves in this cleft stick. This is an ideological age, and the ideological results of this *impasse* must be carefully considered, with all the inherent and obvious dangers. If England had had an inclusive ideology

in the best sense of the word, in 1882, when Arabi was defeated, in 1936 when the last Treaty was ratified, or even in October, 1951, when it was repudiated, things might have been different now. Many people would agree that the British have had certain powers of creating order and stability in other lands than their own, of setting up communications, producing good water supplies, founding administrative machinery that actually works, and holding up a standard of justice and integrity. In many an Eastern country budgets have been balanced, trains arrived at stations on time, and judgments had been given in favour of the poor man without a bribe, when the British had taken over. Where and how is it that we fail? Is it that in seeing good material fruits of our labour to hand an unconscious but none the less real superiority has set in? And in an atmosphere tainted with this, human relationships freeze and wither. The art of winning people's hearts can only be accomplished by freely giving of the heart in the first place. The very good itself in our achievements may have blinded us to this fact, and so we go on for years, doing the right thing in the wrong way, until sooner or later the people upon whom benefits are conferred feel like saying (and do say) "Go—take your military defences, your irrigation and roads, and schools and sanitation, but for heaven's sake go!" Then we find this attitude difficult to understand and stick in our toes.

During the first World War, some Turkish prisoners lived in huts near our house in Egypt. These men were set to cultivate land close by, and among other things, they raised a fine crop of onions. One morning every onion plant was found wilting. A bevy of agricultural specialists arrived, fearing some new plant epidemic. They gazed at the field and questioningly scratched their heads. They saw no sign of blight or disease. Suddenly, one expert pulled up a plant and found that there was no onion and no root, but just a bunch of leaves stuck in the ground. Plant after plant was pulled up and the same discovery made—nothing but leaves. The Turkish prisoners had thought one evening how nice an onion or two would be with their supper. Under cover of darkness they had consumed every single onion and had carefully replanted the leaves. The agricultural experts had at first sought here and there in their expert brains for the reason of this ailing crop, only to find a simple but fundamental reason. Its foundations were lacking. A broad-minded and highly educated Burmese lady once said of the British, "You have given us material improvements of every sort, you have given us freely of the fruits of your head and your hands, but you have not given us your hearts. So it is almost impossible for us to love you." It is a solemn thought that millions of past and present pinprick injuries to the spirit and souls of men and women are the things which eventually bear the harvest, and which become translated into terms of oil, military zones, or whatever it may be, without at their source having been that at all.

It is easy for us in Egypt to listen to the old peasant who straightens himself up at the name of some past Englishman—Cromer or Kitchener—and who says with obvious sincerity, "Those were good days," as they have said to me. It is right and just that the old peasant should remember those days happily and with pride, but he is not necessarily the pointer

by which we should set our compass. Whether we like it or not, it is the young men in European suits who stream out of the university every evening and hang on to the back of the trams, laughing and joking; they are the pointers. What is going on in their heads should make us think. And the young women too. Their opinions may not be so complimentary, but behind the bluff, the immaturity and the exaggeration, it is good to try and understand some of the insecurity, hurt self-respect, frustration and bitterness that they have inherited. The emergence of a middle class in Egypt, to which this flood of young people and their parents belong, as do many army officers, is a comparatively recent growth. General Neguib himself is a remarkable example of this emergence. History has yet to pass verdict on his ultimate achievements, but whatever point of view is taken, no one could deny that his first year of office makes interesting study.

There is one side of the General's personality which has been given little prominence in the British press. In announcing the signing of the recent Pact concerning the Sudan, his opening sentence was "By God's help an agreement has been signed between the Egyptian and the British Governments." His personal life shows that those first three words mean much to him. A staunch Moslem, General Neguib is a far cry from some of the fanatical phenomena of the past, whose activities have inflamed without inspiring. A noteworthy incident took place last Christmas. The General attended a Coptic Christmas Eve mass at one of Cairo's leading churches, where he was given a great welcome by the crowds outside who had waited hours in the cold to see him, and within by the Bishop, Patriarchal Vicar, and members of the Coptic Community. At the close of the service, General Neguib said "I am carrying out a sacred duty by participating with my children and Coptic fellow citizens in this happy feast. We greet this feast with joy because we know the high tradition of Christ, the aim of whose message is love and peace. All I hope is that everyone will carry out his duty towards religion and the Motherland. I thank the Reverend Fathers for their sermons and advice, which have filled me with happiness and pride. Our country has faith now in unity, discipline, and work." Neguib also attended a Jewish synagogue in Cairo and joined in the worship there, to which gesture the London Jewish community replied by letter of appreciation delivered to the Egyptian Embassy in London. This was the act of a man whose physical courage, apart from any other kind, well matched his convictions. Another little known fact is that General Neguib sent many friends a Christmas card with a picture of a mosque on one side and a church on the other, with wording below to indicate that both together could remake Egypt. This is significant less than a year after a Coptic priest was brutally murdered by the mob in Suez. It is interesting to note, in this respect, what a welcome General Neguib gave to Dr. Buchman, initiator of Moral Re-armament, when the latter passed through Egypt some months ago *en route* for India. Dr. Buchman was but overnight in Cairo, but Neguib spent that evening with him, and was at the airport at 8 a.m. next morning personally to wish him farewell. When Dr. Buchman expressed appreciation that anyone so busy could spare so much of his time, Neguib's reply was, "I always have time for anyone

who can help me in my task and who believes in God."

One man in the saddle can set a standard for a nation, but to preserve that standard many men have to change. A new climate has to make itself felt in nearly all strata of society. Scattered widely among rich and poor, the upright and honest are there in Egypt. There are young workers, black-coated and artisan, who have struggled valiantly against corruption at the heart of their work. There are simple peasants who have held tenaciously to the highest they know. There are men and women, young and old, from the privileged classes who have been genuinely distressed at the state of affairs. It is interesting to trace the origin of some of these sound Egyptians. They are often young shoots firmly grafted on to the old stock—the moral and spiritual qualities of Islam at its best. Of such are Hag Ahmed and his children. Hag Ahmed walked up the drive of our Cairo house once a week, whenever we were there, for about a quarter of a century. His wise kindly face was encircled above by a spotless white turban and below by a short clipped beard that just followed the line of his jaw and chin. His title of "Hag" showed that he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. But he was not a fine preacher nor a professor of El Azhar. He did not visit us to propound religious truth or philosophy. He walked up our drive with such dignity each week to come and iron our clothes. And this he did superbly well. To Hag Ahmed, his Creator was ever-present. The Arab saying "God is nearer to you than your jugular vein" was very real to him. His faith was his ideology in the sense that it affected the quality of his work, his life, his character, and the atmosphere which he spread. When as a child I would look into the low window of his ironing room (an outbuilding near the main house), whatever worries of childhood might be weighing on me at the time, they would soon dissolve as I passed the time of day with him, and unconsciously imbibed his peaceful cheerfulness. Outside where I stood, the sun was hot on the back of my bare legs, but I stuck my head through into the cool shade of Hag Ahmed's room as I chatted to him. The thump of his old-fashioned iron and the smell of clean linen has remained with me for life, synonymous with peace of soul. One day at the hour for Hag Ahmed's coming, no white-turbanned figure arrived. But instead, to our surprise, a dapper young man came up the drive in tarboush and gent's suit of dittoes. It was Ibrahim, Hag Ahmed's son. As he quietly set about his father's work, he told us how the old man had been taken ill on a country railway platform, a few days previously. Some friends had been with him, Ibrahim explained, and as they stood anxiously round him, where he lay on a bench, they saw his lips move. "Leave him," they whispered to each other, "he is talking to God." Old Ahmed just had the strength to lift a hand to his face, and with his own fingers he shut his own eyes, and peacefully died. Here was his son as a matter of course arriving to fill his place.

Hag Ahmed's three children are wholly modern. They were educated at government schools. The eldest son has chosen of his own will to follow his father's trade, and he brings to it all the aristocracy of service learned from his father. The youngest son has taken an Egyptian Government University degree and hopes to be sent on an educational mission to further his studies in England. The daughter is a qualified

teacher in a Government school. She has recently done a long spell of fine work at a school in a remote part of Egypt. Hag Ahmed has bequeathed character to his children. There are, however, other people who expect General Neguib's revolutionary change of system in the country to mean an immediate change of circumstances to their great personal advantage, in pocket or position. These have been the source of whispered criticism of Neguib. These are they who have not responded to his call, "From this day onwards there shall be no personal or party interests." One small critic, aged seven, had occasion to be reprimanded by her mother for a somewhat cheeky way of addressing her parents, to which she replied "This place is like a prison. I thought we turned out our king so as to have freedom. Where is this freedom?" Unfortunately most of the other Egyptian critics are not aged seven, and their complaints correspondingly are weightier. It is difficult at this stage to be prophetic about Anglo-Egyptian relations—what counsels on both sides will prevail, and whether at the eleventh hour a solution to difficulties can be found. But it is safe to say that the Gordian knot can now only be cut by some new inspired attitude on the part of either country which would alter the atmosphere rather than juggle the words. Some fundamental principle, such as "Not who's right, but what's right" when sincerely accepted can even in this age bring a magical change to bear on apparently insoluble situations.

MARY ROWLATT.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

"NINETEEN-FIFTY-THREE will be a year of tremendous activity in Southern Rhodesia. Imposed on all the normal activity, the result of expansion in the development of the country, which expansion must go on, there will take place a Referendum on Federation, the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition and accompanying activities, including as the main feature the visit of Her Majesty The Queen Mother, accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret." This is an extract from the Prime Minister's message to the people of Southern Rhodesia at the New Year. It would therefore seem fitting at this time to glance back at the Colony's history up to the present time.

In the early days of white settlement in Southern Rhodesia gold mining was the chief aim, for this much over-rated metal was known to exist in many places. To this end the Chartered Company, then the Government, employed geologists to map out the gold-bearing reefs. Since then the output of gold steadily increased up to about 20 years ago; then it began to decline, and has continued to do so ever since, as the big mines were gradually worked out. The gold, though little use in itself, gave the purchasing power which the country specially needed at the time. Many former miners turned farmers, but they needed capital, and gold gave it. Little attention was paid to agriculture, the country's basic source of wealth, until about 1906, when the Government encouraged farmers to take up land. At that time maize was the chief crop, although many

others were found to be suitable for the soil and climatic conditions of the Colony. Cattle were found to thrive in most districts. Pedigree stock were imported because the owners wished to make money quickly, ignoring the fact that the chief role of cattle is to maintain the soil's fertility, not primarily for beef. Some became wealthy, but the result was increasing disease. Trade, however, demanded meat for export, and was not satisfied with the native and Afrikaner breeds which, they said, were not the right shape or size for the Smithfield market. Consequently many of the imported cattle, having little power of resistance, succumbed to disease and poverty during the long dry seasons while the native cattle survived. The lesson from this was that ranching should be built up from the native or Afrikaner stock; but it was not learned, except by those few cattle men to whose efforts the present prosperity of the cattle industry is largely due.

Rhodesian politicians say that Southern Rhodesia is not a suitable country for dairying; it is not a cattle country, but an agricultural one. But when it suits their policy, they say the reverse: that the Colony is essentially a pastoral country, but not suited for agriculture! Luckily, however, our leading farmers are not to be led astray by the opinions of politicians who know nothing about farming. The fact is, and it has been proved, that many parts of Southern Rhodesia are eminently suited for both dairying and many other branches of agriculture. That being so, it is a scandal that we should import so much of the food that could be grown locally. How can the people of Southern Rhodesia call themselves true Rhodesians when they get their bread (or the flour to make it) from Australia; butter and cheese from New Zealand; maize (on occasions) from the Argentine; rice from Burma and Nyasaland; fruit from the Union of South Africa; and a good deal of rubbish from America—especially patent breakfast cereals? One of the greatest mistakes the Government is making today is in allowing the importation of this food from abroad when almost all our food requirements can be grown on Rhodesian soil.

Another seemingly grave mistake in the Colony's administration is the unrestricted growing of tobacco which is now the most important export; its cash value per acre far exceeds that of any other crop. But this must be set off by the increased prices paid for other products—mainly food crops—which are neglected in the face of the spectacular profits made from tobacco. Selling tobacco to buy food (as is now being done) is not good business in the long run, especially as the bought food has to be imported, and much of it is preserved, processed or otherwise devitalised. Surplus money derived from tobacco should be used to promote the greater production of home-grown food, which the Colony sadly lacks today. Whatever the faults of the tobacco industry, it has been the means of putting many struggling farmers on their feet financially. Many young planters, after a year or so of tuition, have grown crops worth from £5,000 to £10,000 in one season, while older established growers have doubled these figures. If the money thus acquired (£17,500,000 last season, and more is expected in 1953) is used wisely, as in promoting the greater production of home-grown food and in the purchase of livestock with the establishment of permanent paddocks and water supplies for their

maintenance, then tobacco may be the stepping stone to times of permanent prosperity in Southern Rhodesia by stimulating the development of its immense natural resources.

One of the most important moves in this direction was the formation of the Natural Resources Board about eight years ago. This was an act of wise and far-seeing statesmanship, organised by a mere handful of Rhodesians who realised that vast quantities of precious soil and water were being lost every season by erosion. The trouble started mainly by the over-grazing of cattle, by careless methods of farming such as ploughing up and down hill, extensive tree cutting, etc. But it was at least ten years before this that soil erosion was seen to be a serious menace not only to farmers but to the whole country. It had been noticed by some of the older inhabitants that the rainfall was diminishing in certain districts, many vleis which formerly contained water through the dry season dried up, and rivers only flowed during the rainy season. Besides all this the water table was steadily subsiding. The late Sir Robert MacIlwaine was appointed Chairman of the Board, and the whole country is indebted to him for the conservation work which is now going on all over the country for the benefit of posterity.

The results of this work may be seen in many parts of the Colony today. The whole country has been divided up into "conservation areas," each in charge of a conservation officer whose duty it is to prevent soil erosion by whatever means are available. Many dams, big and small, have been built in suitable places, and extensive irrigation can now be carried on where formerly there was no water for this purpose. Hundreds of miles of contoured earth banks to check run-off may be seen in most districts. Also experiments in the breeding of soil-holding grasses are in progress. The result of all this work is of incalculable value; even in its comparatively early stages, it has checked the previous rush of silt-laden water into the rivers during the rains, and has thus raised the water table. In this respect Southern Rhodesia, considering its small white population, leads the whole world; and this is largely due to the generous and expert advice on anti-erosion measures from the United States.

It will be recognised that without an abundance of native labour little progress could have been made, such as has been discussed, and it should be realised that Southern Rhodesia is, in a certain sense, a big experiment in the administration of a country with a mixed population of Europeans and Africans, in the proportion of about one to twenty, respectively. Southern Rhodesia is thus unique among British Colonies and Dominions. Has the experiment proved a success? Opinion is divided on this question. Many regard the Colony as essentially a black man's country and say we should get out; others maintain that the native should be segregated, to develop in his own way, independent of the white man. Others, again, are in favour of allowing the native to mix freely with the white population in his capacity as a worker, but not socially; that he should receive technical education to make him more efficient as a worker, and that the bulk of the native population should be relegated to the Reserves, while those who come out to work be confined to the compounds near the towns where they can enjoy the amenities of civilisation: brick houses, water sanitation, etc. It is generally agreed that the native should not

be "kept back," and that he should develop in his own way, and not be forced to adopt the white man's way of living; there are some, of course, who would educate him according to European standards, in which case, as has been proved, he would develop little of the white man's virtue and much of his vice—as may be seen in "detribalised" natives about the towns.

It may well be asked: Has contact with the white man benefited the native? In a purely material way, undoubtedly it has; and in regard to the general development of the Colony it is true that many natives have become efficient workers and skilled artisans. For instance in the building trade; many too are competent drivers of tractors and transport vehicles—all of which has contributed largely to the expansion of industry. Has contact with the native benefited the white man? Industrially, it has; but morally, not so. The European tends to deteriorate, becoming too reliant upon the services of the native, thus relieving him of many activities which he would have to perform in his own country; this is specially noticeable in the youthful part of the community. Here we have an argument for the complete segregation of the native and of the white man? Must he carry on independently of the native and perhaps eventually leave the country for good? Against this there is the argument: We have the native and we must make the best use we can of him, for his own good and for that of ourselves. That seems to be the wisest course; but what is the best way to pursue it? That is the crux of the whole affair, and no doubt this will be fully discussed when the question of Federation or not with the North is to be decided.

One most important consideration in regard to the welfare of the native is his health; has this improved during the past 50 years of white administration? Generally speaking, yes. Such diseases as scurvy, beri-beri, elephantiasis, etc., have practically disappeared, but others have taken their place. Venereal disease and dental disorder have increased. In the matter of sanitation the native today is worse off than 50 years ago; he has been deprived of his former methods of sanitation and has not been given anything adequate to take its place. Formerly, in his tribal state, the native had his pigs, dogs and fowls to act as scavengers around his homestead, but now these primitive, though often very efficient means of sanitation, are no more. Consequently hookworm and bilharzia are rife, since there is little or no enforcement of sanitary regulations. This may seem a comparatively trivial point; but it is not so, since the health and efficiency of the native is of the utmost importance if he is to supply the labour needed for future development. In regard to diet, despite greatly improved rationing by employers of natives, the average native is inefficiently fed. He copies the white man in his preference for certain foods, notably white bread and refined sugar; this alone causes a vast amount of preventable illness. Synthetic drinks, too, form a large part of his regime. Unless there is radical reform in these matters, the future generation of natives will be a poor lot and very inefficient workers.

The foregoing are some of the points in the Colony's history which are not likely to come to the notice of visitors at the Centenary Exhibition; there, the things most of all to the credit of the Colony will rightly be given prominence. Little has been said about industrial development; but this will no doubt be well represented at the Exhibition to be held in Bulawayo,

although the exhibits will be mainly cultural and political rather than commercial. As to education, the Colony's education system is no doubt of a very high order, and compares favourably with that of any other civilised country; but, like most education of today, it is mainly forced instruction, and mostly materialistic. For instance, only a small section of the youths leaving school know anything about the basic principles of life which comes to us though the soil—from the cosmos. That seems to be something completely beyond their grasp; yet most of them can tell you a good deal about the mechanism of a motor-car, or at least show a lively interest in anything mechanical. But this need not be, if we had teachers to enlighten them—in an elementary way of course—about the spiritual powers behind the material world. How many schoolboys know anything about food values or the correct treatment of disease? Not even young men entering the medical profession know this. It is all to the good that more boys than formerly are being trained for agriculture and forestry, but the number might well be increased if agriculture were made more attractive financially. People grudge the money for good food, but pay the chemist exorbitant prices for curative drugs; the farmer in many instances is denied adequate prices for the fresh food he provides, which is far more efficient for maintaining health than any drug in the pharmacopoeia. Is this logic or common-sense? Finally, let it be realised that the pressing need of Southern Rhodesia today is not simply industrial expansion, Federation or Dominion Status, but for health-giving, home-grown food—not to be processed for export, but to be consumed by Rhodesians. In this way economy would be effected, the cost of living reduced and, most important of all, there would be better health, clearer thinking and greater ability to tackle the problems that lie ahead.

G. C. WATSON.

Hartley, Southern Rhodesia.

BISHOP COLENZO OF NATAL

THE centenary of the consecration of John William Colenso as Bishop of Natal recalls a controversial figure of Victorian times: a Christian who questioned the authority of the Bible, and a white man who questioned the justice of his own government's action towards a native race. With him both protests came from the same source—a passionate devotion to truth, with which there went a Victorian conviction that it was bound to prevail; that is, that men wanted to know facts and when they knew them could not but act upon them—a proposition no longer as self-evident as it then appeared to be.

Colenso was a Cornishman. Born at St. Austell in 1814, he was the second son of a mineral agent who had lost money in tin-mining. At a Mr. Glubb's school in Dartmouth, where he went as pupil-teacher, his outstanding ability was recognised and he was encouraged to apply for a foundation-sizarship at St. John's, Cambridge. The economy he had to observe and the time he had to spend on editing textbooks and taking pupils wore down his health—he wrote home that he was "wisht as a winnard"—and his tutor appealed to his parents for some relief that

would enable him to get the good class he deserved. An uncle undertook to make a loan, and in 1836 Colenso passed out Second Wrangler and second Smith's Prizeman. He took orders and was elected a Fellow of St. John's, but gave up his fellowship and was appointed to the living of Forncett St. Mary in 1846 on becoming engaged to Sarah Bunyon—appropriate partner for Mr. Valiant-for-Truth.

He did not enjoy the profits from his highly successful arithmetic books—the bane of Victorian schoolrooms—as he had to dispose of the copy-right, £2,400, in order to pay off the debts incurred on his education and to help his family. While at Forncett he went into the questions then agitating the religious world and took up his own position in regard to them. He was an ardent supporter of F. D. Maurice in his “advanced” doctrinal ideas. They appealed both to his speculative cast of mind and to the gentle humanity of his nature. As a father he revolted against the current teaching on eternal punishment and hell fire. He wrote to a friend about his daughter, then aged five and a half: “The truth is, I cannot bring myself to set before her little mind the terrifying doctrines which are to be found inculcated in some of Watts’ Hymns for little children.”

As a token of his personal admiration for Maurice and his indignation at the persecution which had forced him to resign his professorship at King’s College, he dedicated a volume of sermons to him, and also in an open letter to the Primate answered some of the charges made against him by *The Record*.

In 1853 Colenso was offered the Bishopric of Natal, a diocese carved out of Cape Town with the Bishop there for Metropolitan, but still coming under the Province of Canterbury and, therefore, the jurisdiction of the Church of England as by law established—a point on which much was to turn later. It might be thought that a mathematical scholar with a bent for theological speculation was not the man for the mission field, but to Colenso it was a call with thrilling prospects; he considered himself selected for special service. And indeed he put his abilities to good account: he learnt Zulu from the natives and in turn taught them how to write it down and showed them how to print their own grammar and a dictionary on a press sent out from England. He also showed an unexpected practical ability: hewing wood and carrying water with the humblest workers in order to add to the one-roomed hut that was his place. From the first he and his wife loved the natural beauty of the Natal Table Mountain that rose “like a majestic altar, always peaceful and benignant.” He soon established such good relations with the native chiefs that they were willing to entrust their sons to him for education, and he was also on excellent terms with the white settlers. No doubt they were surprised and pleased to have a Bishop among them who did not mind soiling his hands, and who, Cambridge Fellow though he had been, was not “stuck up” about his learning. He could often be seen lying full length on the ground explaining the stars of the Southern Hemisphere to an entranced audience.

Some of the missionaries, however, were shocked that he did not back them up in their sweeping condemnation of native customs. With regard

to polygamy, for instance, he considered that more harm resulted from turning off a convert’s extra wives to virtual starvation in the *kraal* than by allowing them to be retained, provided it was made clear that no others must be taken on. Again, with regard to native festivals, he believed in turning them to good account. Of the Feast of First Fruits he wrote: “This has undoubtedly a right meaning at the bottom . . . our wisdom will surely be in accordance with the sage advice of Gregory the Great to adopt such as are really grounded on truth and restore them to their right use, or rather raise them in the end still higher by making them Christian celebrations.”

His gift of patient exposition had full play with his Zulu pupils. One at a time they would come to sit on a stool beside him in his library to read the Bible story and put it into their own language as he explained it. Taken simply and slowly, *de novo*, like this by minds that had “the simplicity of children, but withal the earnestness and thoughtfulness of men,” certain passages normally taken for granted needed explanation. How did slavery come to be tolerated by the white man’s God, and the vindictiveness of Jehovah admired, when all Christian teaching was opposed to it? Certain patent absurdities could not be glossed over—the number of animals crowded into the Ark, or the amount of people who had to be fed on the corn brought by ten asses from Egypt. The ordinary pulpit explanations were unsatisfactory; the Bishop had to look into the Bible again for himself. As a result, he published in 1861 his *Commentary on the Romans*, and in 1863 the first part of his *Critical Examination of the Pentateuch*. The fact that his researches had been inspired by the “intelligent Zulu” gave rise to the current limerick:

A Bishop there was of Natal
Who took a Zulu for his pal.
Said the Kaffir, “Look here,
Aint the Pentateuch queer?”
And converted the Lord of Natal.

Attacks on Colenso were bitter and widespread: he was called “blasphemer,” “heretic,” “instrument of Satan.” Bishop Gray held a “trial” at Capetown and excommunicated him—an action approved by the Lower House of Convocation in 1865. Countless replies poured from the presses: one engagingly called “Moses Right, Colenso Wrong.” Charles Kingsley was among those who published his own Sermons with a Preface dedicated to Dean Stanley in which he referred to “that book”: “I found that book if not always read, yet still talked and thought of on every side among persons whom I should have fancied careless of its subject and even of its existence, but to whom I was personally bound to give some answer as to the book and its worth.”

On Colenso’s head broke the storm that had been gathering since the publication of the advanced *Essays and Reviews*, and F. D. Maurice’s *Theological Essays*. The disturbances then had been comparatively local, confined to interested parties, ecclesiastical authorities, and the religious press, but over Colenso laymen as well felt themselves involved. That devoted High Anglican, Charlotte M. Yonge, made the children in the *Pillars of the House* refuse to do their sums out of Colenso’s *Arithmetic* as they could not be expected to come out right since they were set by a

heretic. And in Cuthbert Bede's *Muttons and Mattins*, the Parish Clerk, Mr. Dibbs, lumps together Bishop Colenso and steam ploughs as innovations of the devil: "they be all of a piece: *Essays and Reviews*, and posturings and monkeries and goin' dead agen the scriptures."

Colenso had his supporters: the British Association, when Sir Charles Lyell was President, cheered him to the echo when he appeared at their meetings in Bath in September, 1864, and opponents who met him personally had to acknowledge his honesty and his courage—with the exception of Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, "Soapy Sam," who had preached the sermon at his consecration, and now refused to return his greeting when they met in the street. F. D. Maurice was one who let him down: not only did he refuse support or sympathy, but he went out of his way to declare that Colenso held "the accursed doctrine that God has nothing to do with nations and politics"—a peculiarly inept accusation that could only come from a mind tortuously turned in upon itself. Of other prominent churchmen, Dean Stanley showed himself fair-minded and chivalrous. Although he regretted the controversy, he admired Colenso's sincerity and, intolerant of intolerance, refused the use of the Abbey to the Conference of the Anglican Episcopate called in 1867 at the instance of the Canadian Synod, with the main, though unavowed, intention of upholding Bishop Gray's sentence. Later, when Colenso was over in England to intercede with the Colonial Office on behalf of Chief Langaibalele, Stanley invited him to preach in the Abbey—an offer and a refusal to accept which does credit to both men. Stanley felt that Colenso was being persecuted because he was "unfriended and absent": an aspect of the matter on which Thackeray dashed off another limerick:

This is the bold Bishop Colenso
Whose heresies seem to offend so.

Quoth Sam of the soap,
"Bring faggot and rope,

For we know he aint got no friends, O."

Dean Stanley may also be quoted in answer to a current sneer at Colenso repeated again only recently in Dr. Alec Vidler's book, *The Theology of F. D. Maurice*. Referring to the storm produced by the clash between scientific discoveries and traditional Biblical history, he goes on to say, "It raged with a special ferocity in South Africa, where Bishop Colenso of Natal, though he seems to have spent much of his time in England, was busily occupied in exposing the incredibility of the pentateuchal narrative." The injustice of this had been enough in 1881 to stir Stanley from his habitual urbanity into an indignant protest at an S.P.G. meeting. "The Bishop of Natal," he declared, "is the one colonial bishop who has translated the Bible into the language of his diocese. He is the one colonial bishop who, when he believed a native to be wronged, left his diocese and journeyed to London and never rested till he had procured a reversal of that wrong. He is the one colonial bishop who, as soon as he had done this, returned immediately to his diocese and his work. . . ."

In Natal his congregation, led by Sir Theophilus and John Shepstone, stood loyally by him. When he returned there, hundreds of whites were on the quay to cheer him and a boatload of his Zulu converts put out to

sea—an element they hated—to be the first to greet him. "Well, my Lord, we've come through water to you, as you've come through fire and water to us." Colenso took the ex-communication issue to the Privy Council, where Bishop Gray was over-ruled, but Dean Green refused to accept this, and there had to be further legal action to force him to open the Cathedral to the Bishop. When Macrorie was appointed he could make no headway against Colenso's personal popularity, but some of the clergy were obliged to support him, since the S.P.G. withdrew its grants to those who did not accept the ex-communication. To this day Crockford's refuses to acknowledge the Erastian victory, and lists Colenso among Bishops of Natal as (deposed).

The "discoveries" made by Colenso are now a dead issue: even at the time they were commonplaces of the German Higher Criticism which had been largely ignored in England, partly on account of a temperamental distaste for speculation, and partly from a subconscious fear of what might happen to the edifice if the foundations were pulled out for inspection. To Colenso it mattered intensely that the foundations should be sound: only so could men come to true belief and the seeming opposition of science and religion reconciled. For him facts had to be true, for "he lived at a time when such accuracy was assumed to be essential to their spiritual authority," as it has been recently put by a Dale Lecturer, Dr. H. G. Wood, with the inference that today truth to fact can be bypassed as irrelevant. Colenso could not have accepted that.

"I was ever a fighter, so one fight more" . . . The next battle was to be on an issue at first sight unrelated to theological argument, but to Colenso's mind equally necessary for proving the truth of his beliefs: it was a test of Christianity in action. He had been disquieted over the treatment of Chief Langaibalele and had secured him some redress. Stirred by this, his conscience—that intellectual conscience which had to find out facts for itself—impelled him to go and see a chief nearer home about whom lurid stories were being put about—Cetewayo of Zululand. He trekked off to his *kraal*, where he formed the opinion that Cetewayo was not the monster he was made out to be, either in the justice he meted out to his own people, or in his intentions of launching an attack upon Natal with his powerful *impis*. The Transvaal was another matter: here he maintained that the Boers had encroached on Zululand (a conclusion supported at the time by Shepstone and later by an independent tribunal). The annexation of the Transvaal, which Colenso disapproved, meant that the territorial question was transferred to Britain—and Shepstone changed his mind on it.

As tension increased, the Bishop's championship of Cetewayo lost him white support: Sir Henry Bulwer, the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, was courteous but unconvinced, while Sir Bartle Frere, sent out by the Colonial Office to put through confederation, had no time for him. Only Colonel Durnford remained loyal; a young man who had proved himself a brilliant leader of native troops he could not be stampeded by pre-judice. To Frere the removal of the Zulu threat to Natal and the achievement of confederation, with himself as the first Governor-General, went hand in hand. The late Sir Reginald Coupland in his book on the battle of Isandhlwana, *Zulu Battle Piece*, for all his admiration of Bulwer's

sheep farming further requires a great deal of hard work from a man and some of it, such as haymaking or clipping several hundred sheep, is, in direct contrast to hunting, very monotonous. It requires planning too. A sheep farmer must plan how many sheep he will keep through the winter and base his estimate on how much hay he can get in and how many sheep that hay will feed; in turn, on the number he sends to slaughter depends his income for the year—the money available for food, clothing and tobacco. Many of the Greenlanders in Kassiarssuk have gone straight out from Julianehaab without training and with no other experience than their own hunting and fishing life. Some have not been able to organise their work, many have been desultory in the matter of haymaking and others have succumbed to an easy temptation in the winter and eaten too many sheep; a few have made excellent farms with flocks of 200—400 sheep.

Living as they do in Kassiarssuk among the ruins of the earlier settlers, it is not surprising that the Vikings have become a part of their supernatural beliefs. There was an old Greenlander of the present time in Kassiarssuk who on one occasion left his house and went off up into the mountains. He was away three days with no food and his family wondered what had become of him. When he came back he was utterly convinced that he had met the Norsemen. He had seen them in the mountains and had talked to them; he described them—particularly their beards. This was a feature a Greenlander would notice for they do not themselves grow much face hair; the Eskimo word for Norsemen or Norwegians is simply "bearded." One meets similar tales in Iceland where the Norse farms have continued in unbroken line to the present day.

In Igaliko (Greenlandic for Gardur) they have a more tangible connection with the past. In the very centre of the present day settlement where the houses encroach on the ancient cathedral ruins, the skeletal remains of a Norwegian bishop were excavated in 1926. The episcopal ring was on his finger and in his hand was his bishop's staff of ash. He was thought to date from the thirteenth century. After removal to Copenhagen for examination, the remains were re-interred in their former resting place among the cathedral ruins and inscriptions on a stone tablet record his burial in the Danish and Eskimo languages. People in later times were not slow to appreciate the value of the site the Norwegian bishops had chosen and as early as 1784, Gardur (or Igaliko) was resettled. This was then the only settlement away from the outer coast, and was made by a Dane. Anders Olsen had founded two Danish Colonies during his lifetime's work for the Danish government on the West Greenland coast, and when he retired he took his Greenlandic wife up Igaliko fjord to settle on the old Viking site and farm cows and sheep. The sheep were a failure but Anders Olsen's descendants have kept cows and combined that occupation with seal hunting right up to the present day. And when the Sheep Station was founded in this century, they quickly took up sheep farming again, and this time with great success. There are now 25 families in Igaliko and they enjoy a higher standard of living than most other Greenlanders. Their houses are built solidly of stone, clean and airy. Their diet, with mutton, milk, eggs and vegetables, is far more nutritious than the usual Greenlandic diet of rye bread, margarine, ships

biscuits and codfish. The people, after six generations of these advantages, and also due to their Danish ancestry, are bigger, sturdier and healthier than the average Greenlander. They have their own style of humour too. The Norse remains indicate much greater buildings than the Greenlanders have ever seen and it must have been with a certain dryness of humour that they renamed Gardur (Igaliko), the old kitchen.

Not all the Greenlandic sheep farmers are so happy about the Viking ruins. Their interests are more practical than academic, and one, more articulate than the rest, recently wrote to the *Greenland Post* to complain. Authority forbids them to move the stones of any Viking ruins, regardless of whether it is Gardur's cathedral or some insignificant Norse settler's byre. The Greenlandic farmer complained that the regulation was causing great inconvenience, that the ruins were always on the best sites, just where they wanted to build their houses and outhouses and interfered with grazing. Well might this particular man complain, for the path from his own farmhouse down to the water's edge has to make a semi-circular detour right round a pile of stones that represents a former Viking home. The sheep farming was very different in medieval times from what it is now. In the Viking period the sheep were kept for their milk. They had also larger numbers of cows than now, but the meat eaten (according to archeological finds) was mainly seal. In these times the Vikings most probably did as their cousins in Iceland, that is they penned their sheep each night apart from the lambs and milked them in the morning. The milk yield would vary very much through the year and would be especially low in winter because of the difficulty of supplying enough winter fodder. Milk in preserved forms was a staple of their diet. Butter, as in Iceland, could be "kept" for years and relished in the sour state and a sour milk dish, *skyr*, was made and preserved in barrels. Fish they could get from the sea, but probably they rarely, if ever, tasted bread. Grain crops ripen only very exceptionally in southwest Greenland. They had to supply themselves with everything for communications were spasmodic and uncertain. The women spun and wove cloth from their sheep's wool on home made looms, remains of which have been excavated. The houses in which they worked were of local stones solidly packed together with turf and sometimes a metre thick. Their isolation from the rest of the world was nearly complete and on their own homesteads they were self-sufficient.

It is very different nowadays. The sheep are kept for mutton, only part of which is for consumption on the farm, and the greater part of the surplus is sold to slaughter each autumn at the factory of the Royal Greenland Trading Company. Smoked, canned and frozen mutton is exported to all the Colonies along the coast of Greenland to to Denmark, while the sheep farmer has a cash income with which to buy clothes from the trading store and food to supplement the meat and vegetables he has on his own farm. There is nothing today corresponding to the big chieftains with their vassal farmers of Norse times. Instead the farmers and part time farmers combine in a Sheep Breeder's Association with an elected President, Secretary and so on following the European pattern. This Association of Greenlanders has its own duplicated periodical and is a sign of growing independence. The big difficulty which has confronted

the sheep farmers, both Norse and Greenlandic, is to keep the animals alive through the winter, to provide adequate shelter and fodder for them through the cold and snowy weather. If one judges from the ruins, the Norsemen looked after their animals better than the Greenlanders do today, a circumstance one might expect for the Norsemen had generations of European training behind them. Among the ruins, stalls for the animals are numerous and are bigger and better built than the houses for the people themselves. Many of the stalls were for cows, which gave a much larger yield of milk for dairy purposes, and it is in some ruins possible to recognise a hay barn adjacent to the stall for animals. It was absolutely necessary to collect hay and supplementary fodder for the cows, for whereas sheep can forage for themselves and frequently survive a winter out of doors, cows, which are more delicate, must always be kept inside for feeding.

There is an interesting climatic connection between these times and the present. It is thought that in Viking times the Greenlandic climate was milder than in the modern period, and a milder climate, in these latitudes means a wetter, snowier climate, which makes conditions more difficult for sheep, and it is then all the more important to provide them with stalls. But the experience of the last few decades indicates that winters are again becoming milder. There has been rain in December in the last ten years.

It would therefore seem that it is now becoming especially important to take great care of the animals in winter and that the Greenlanders should farm along Norse lines. But this is just where the Greenlanders are weakest. Though they do not kill domestic animals they have not yet learnt how necessary it is actively to take care of them, and only a few make adequate provisions of stalls and winter fodder. There are over 200 part-time Greenlandic sheep farmers who, living on the outer coast, combine keeping a few sheep with fishing cod and a little hunting, and they are really only just beginning to learn about the care of animals. But inland on the ancient farm sites one finds among the thirty full-time farmers a dozen or so extraordinary successes. And there are more uninhabited inland sites waiting for Greenlanders with the pioneer spirit. Visiting such a solitary farm, with its well built house of wood and the Viking ruins nearby, its homefield and vegetable garden, the sheep stalls and the hayloft, the home made bread and butter and rhubarb jam and the talk of sheep round-ups, wool clips and the price of mutton, the similarity between these and the Icelandic farms which were founded by the same Norsemen is very impressive.

MARJORIE FINDLAY.

BISHOP BERKELEY

"When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter

And proved it, t'was no matter what he said!"

THAT fleering quip of Byron's, though still quoted with appreciative amusement, has rather lost force in these days, when there is a considerable revival of interest in the good Bishop's life and philosophy, and when it may be frankly admitted that what he said—and still more what he meant—matters a good deal to modern seekers after abstract

truth. Two hundred years have passed since his dust was laid to rest in the Oxford Cathedral of Christchurch—the warm Irish heart at last, stilled, the fertile Irish imagination at last, quiescent. But his contribution to the world's sum of wisdom remains alive and active. The grave has not closed on his thoughts.

Born in 1685, in the pleasant valley of the river Nore, in the province of Wicklow, George Berkeley came of Anglo-Irish stock and of mainly bourgeois antecedents. His biographers have noted, however, a certain mystery about his birth, and have suggested that his father, William Berkeley (who was apparently a Customs Officer) may have been twice married and his eldest son George, as the fruit of an earlier and less satisfactory union, may have grown up, like one apart, in the family circle. An alternative suggestion is that William's wife was a Roman Catholic and did not conform to her husband's Protestant faith till after the birth of her eldest son, which would make George the issue of "a mixed marriage" and, in view of the intolerant conditions of the time, even throw some doubt on his legitimacy. But this is all conjectural and leaves us only with the curious fact that, despite his known warm-heartedness, the relations between Berkeley and his family seem hardly to have been cordial. At least, there is no record that, in his ripened youth, he ever re-visited his old home or even saw his parents.

It was at the age of eleven that the precocious and clever boy was sent to Kilkenny School, at which Swift had been one of the many illustrious pupils and which was known as "the Eton of Ireland." Here he remained for four years and then, at fifteen, "man-entered his pupil-age", in other words, matriculated (apparently, with phenomenal ease), at Trinity College, Dublin. Thirteen years were spent in this obscurely famous haunt of learning; at first as a student, and later as a member of the teaching-staff. The College, which had been founded by Queen Elizabeth and constituted the University of Ireland, diffused a scholarly atmosphere and upheld a scholarly ideal in the not very scholarly city; but it could hardly have enjoyed a great measure of scholarly serenity. Religious controversy was the order of the day and it was full of its tempestuous echoes. The conflict with Deism and the Deists was in full cry; and the headship of the College was held by the then famous Dr. Peter Browne, the fervent opponent of the Irish freethinker John Toland, whose notorious book, *Christianity Not Mysterious*, had so violently agitated and annoyed the Orthodox and had become (so went the popular story!) largely responsible for the decay of Christian preaching and teaching in the churches. For the minds of the various Divines were so influenced by the surrounding controversies that they were said only to have argued in their pulpits about one philosophy or another, instead of instructing their hearers in Faith and Morals.

However that may be, Berkeley seems to have been able to pursue his own path, to prosecute his own studies. It was at Trinity that he compiled his *Commonplace Book*; an autobiographic collection which dealt less with the concrete than with the absolute facts of life, with inner thoughts rather than outward actions. His mind soared rather than stepped, and his readers need a kind of wings to follow it in its lofty journeys. Already, young though he was and full of youthful spirit, he was profoundly serious;

taking his own way and refusing, in spite of his enthusiastic admiration for the philosophy of the Englishman, John Locke (1632-1704),* to be over-influenced by any teacher however eminent or esteemed. To quote his own recorded words: "I do not pin my faith as the slave of any great man . . . I do not adhere to any opinion, because it is an old one or a revived one or a fashionable one. . . ." But, despite this uncompromising declaration of independence, the fact remains that even a mind so self-reliant as Berkeley's must needs owe much to contemporary opinions and also derive shape and colour from those of the past.

The philosophy of Immaterialism—of the virtual non-existence of "dead Matter" and the operative supremacy of mental concepts—with which his name is popularly associated was not, for all its popular title of "the New Principle", in any real sense to be considered new. He gathered it largely from Locke, as Locke himself had gathered it from his predecessors—Plato, Bacon, Descartes and many another. But that its popularising by Berkeley took the general public of intelligent but not formally instructed persons by surprise is proved by the interested comments which it excited. When he, Berkeley, said there was no matter, the world paused to listen; in fact, the challenge of his unusually lucid literary style gave the world but little choice. Also to be reckoned with was the charm of his personality and, we may add, of his person, which possessed, it seems, considerable attractiveness. An early oil portrait of him (fortunately obtained by his industrious biographer, Campbell Fraser for reproduction in the Biography) shows us a singularly pleasant face, with lofty brows, expressive eyes and disarmingly humorous mouth. In 1729 he was described by an American reporter as "a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable pleasant and erect aspect." Obviously, though then past his first youth, he remained what, in our irreverent modern phrase, we call "a good looker" and "easy on the eye."

To return to his life at *Trinity*. Despite what must have been his many exacting duties (He had taken Holy Orders and treated his priestly responsibilities very seriously, in addition to his scholastic ones!) Berkeley accomplished much of his literary work whilst there. For instance, it was at *Trinity* that he composed and published those two once exciting *Essays* on *A New View of Vision* and on *The Principles of Human Knowledge* which are among the earliest ripened fruits of his youthful philosophic musings on the true character of the world of sense and its relations with the Eternal Verity. The objects which we see around us, he argues, are not exterior actualities so much as presentments of the interior eye, the distance at which they appear to manifest being an appearance only. This immaterialist nature of vision applies to all material things, the whole Universe necessarily and logically existing in our minds, since mind alone has any genuine existence, that is to say, any life, matter being practically non-existent, because dead and of the nature of nothingness. *The Three Dialogues Between Hylas and Philobonus*, a little work based on the Socratic pattern and designed, we are told, to prove "the incorporeal nature of the soul, and the immediate providence of the Deity" was also written in Dublin, though not published until its Author's migration to London. In it occurs the uncompromising state-

* Berkeley founded a Lockeau Society in Dublin.

ment that things perceptible by sense, in the case of our personal annihilation, might indeed still exist, *but only in other minds*. As the Berkeley-influenced Coleridge was to write, long afterwards:

"Oh, Lady! We receive but what we give
And in our life alone doth Nature live,
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud."

Berkeley says that his journey to London in 1713 was largely prompted by a desire to give the *Dialogues* a wider audience. He sensed, too, that their reception by the English Intelligentsia might be more discerning than by his own countrymen. Both he and his work found appreciation and made warm friends for themselves. The young Irish cleric, whose breadth of mind and tolerant sympathies made him seem so unclerical was accepted by the best intellects in London, and being emphatically "a good mixer", gained entertainment as well as edification in the Society of the English Capital. Steele, a fellow-Irishman, welcomed him with enthusiasm*, and Swift, with the nearest thing to enthusiasm of which that haughty genius was capable. Pope (whose wit and learning, "despite his papist faith", Berkeley naively acknowledged) presented him with a copy of *Windsor Forest*, Addison apparently provided him with "a side-box" at the *première* of *Cato*, where it is pleasant to get a happy glimpse of our young philosopher "with two or three friends and two or three flasks of burgundy and champagne," and with his earnest eyes fixed on the immaterial but enchanting stage-scape. Followed those European tours—the former as Lord Peterborough's chaplain, the latter as tutor to the Bishop of Clogher's son—which gave him an almost cosmopolitan view of continental ideas and ideals and showed his singular broad-minded judgement of them. Much as he loved scholarly solitude he was no retiring recluse like his contemporary, Bishop Butler, though he shared some of Butler's tastes.

In 1720 we find him again in London, with his lovely and lovable inconsistency terribly distressed by the material disasters of an immaterial world; with the sufferings, namely, of the English people, through the total failure of the South Sea Scheme—rightly known as "the South Sea Bubble" and originating in the groundless hopes of access by Britain to the untold wealth of Southern America.

Eagerly he produced his *Essay Towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain*, flung himself more fervently than any materialist into practical projects of relief. Characteristically, it was the prevailing lack of religion which vexed his truly religious spirit. There and not in mere symptoms of degradation—such as the corruption of the arts and sciences—he saw the cause of the threatened disaster. And then there arose that passionate desire, provided Great Britain refused to "return to God and good morals," to found "a better Republic than Plato's, "a stronger Utopia than More's," on the other side of the Atlantic. "Westward the tide of Empire moves." So he had written in his still-quoted prophetic verses and he himself, with his newly wedded wife, the daughter of Justice Forster, resolved to move thither and to obtain a Government Grant for the purpose of founding a college for "the conversion of the American savages to the truths of the

* Berkeley and Steele. Commissioned by Steele, Berkeley wrote several essays for *The Guardian*.

Gospel." But in spite of the strange windfall of half a fortune, bequeathed him in the Will of Swift's broken-hearted Vanessa* and by the numerous solemn governmental promises, the splendid dream came to nought. His three years in Rhode Island were productive only of hopes deferred and of the writing of his once celebrated *Alciphron*, a delightful treatise against "the minute philosophers" or freethinkers, which he composed, in the midst of his growing family, in a country villa he had built and characteristically named *Whitehall*. His wife (who we are told was of quietist sympathies and admired Fénelon and Madame Guyon!) would doubtless have accompanied him to the brink of financial ruin, but she was only required instead to accompany him home again; when, his main aim frustrated, he and his family in 1731 took ship for England. But his was one of those high failures which overleap the bounds of low successes, and it is no wonder that his memory has left a halo in America, where there are more signs of his sojourn than either in Ireland or England. Various places bear his honoured name, and his house in Rhode Island is lovingly cared for by the Guild of Colonial Dames.

He was fated never to return to the Western Continent. After a few years in London he was made Bishop of Cloyne, in County Cork, and in this sequestered diocese he ministered for about twenty years, though his faithful labours attracted comparatively little notice. In 1752, already a very sick man, he resigned the Bishopric and returned to England. He was not yet old; but the death of a favourite and promising little son had helped to age him, and there had fallen on him one of those premature conditions of ill-health with which the physicians of the period showed themselves singularly unable to cope. By a rather pathetic irony, he was occupied in his latter days with an energetic and enthusiastic effort himself to cope with the question of disease; with the qualities of tar-water, with which he had interested himself in America and learnt to credit with the cure of practically all fleshly ills.† There was, despite his great intellect, a capacity for childlike faith in the good Bishop, whose last work, *Siris*,‡ an essay on the virtues of the said tar-water, became his most popular and a best seller in more languages than one. But in spite of these practical activities, the longing for academic quietude had returned to him, and his wearied thoughts turned towards the congenial environment of that learned city which he had once visited in youth and never forgotten. To Oxford therefore he journeyed as a fitting place for final rest and, early in the year 1753, that rest came to him; under a quiet roof in Holywell Street, in the midst of his family and without struggle, pain or previous illness; just such an end as he himself would have desired—and, we may feel, deserved. Oxford may be proud of enshrining the dust of a great thinker who was also a great philanthropist; a dreamer whose dreams were never selfish, a lover of Divine Reason who could also love and compassionate human folly, error and delusion, more earnestly than many a lesser soul.

G. M. HORT.

*Berkeley and Vanessa. A lady whom, he says, he had only met once at a dinner.

†*Tar-Water*. It will be remembered that it was to this American-Indian panacea that the name of the "cup that cheers but not inebriates" was first applied.

‡*Siris*. The title "*Siris*" means "a chain." Although the book is practical propaganda, it has a metaphysical element and is intended to point out the goodness of God and the power of the Supreme Mind of the Creator in bestowing the gift of the wonderful tar-water on His creatures. The many links, or chain of facts, are regarded as evidence, reasonable and incontrovertible of this. A humorous touch is supplied by the bottles of the elixir with which the Bishop, apparently, fed his garden and plants.

COAL AND STEEL OR BLOOD AND IRON

SEVERAL pseudo-representatives of East European peoples were recently brought to Berlin to watch a new East German army parade down the Unter den Linden in a uniform which has not been seen before. The full significance of this development can only be assessed later, and it is perhaps too early to draw conclusions from a symbolical demonstration; the Russian mind is keen on symbolism, the German mind is sensitive to it. Events in Eastern Germany are known a little better than those behind the Iron Curtain. They ought to lead us to meditate on some aspects of the question at stake, on which there is as yet no unanimous opinion in the West. The British Government, supported by the authorised voices of the two opposition parties, gave a solemn pledge in January 1952 never to recognise the Soviet domination now prevailing over East-Central Europe. Diplomatic relations between Britain and the puppet governments are purely formal, and of an unprecedented emptiness. Both American platforms in the recent presidential campaign gave the same pledge as Britain, and the principle was reiterated in a resolution at Strasbourg, although there the effect was somewhat spoilt by the introduction into the debate of the unpleasant new slogan of "peaceful co-existence." The importance of British and American pledges may only be theoretical at the moment, but nothing more practical than a moral pledge could be suggested in the circumstances. Principles at least are clear on East-Central Europe. They are less obvious concerning Eastern Germany, though Germany's right to reunification has already been stressed officially by Britain. Yet, while the situation is sadly static in Eastern Europe, there have been acute developments lately in Germany. Since a part of Germany has freedom of action and speech, ideas on Germany's future can be freely expressed and diplomatic action has been possible with the free governments of German-speaking lands in Bonn and Vienna. Mr. Eden gave a qualified approval to the West European community at Strasbourg in September, 1952; and a little later, in Vienna, Austrian independence was reaffirmed by him, as an integral part of the principles upheld by the Atlantic powers.

Meanwhile German Socialists at Bonn maintain a firm opposition to German participation in the Western Union and the Atlantic Community. There would presumably be a unanimous German opposition to the Neisse-Oder line if this question were raised, while many exiled Poles, who cannot be suspected of any Soviet sympathies, are inclined to consider this line as the Western frontier of a future free Poland. Finally, Austrian Social-Democracy, though since its rebirth in 1945 it has constantly discussed and revised its former principles in its various organs, has not dissociated itself from the principles of the *Anschluss*, first proclaimed under Social-Democrat influence in November, 1918, and which it has never repudiated as a Social-Democrat principle in the subsequent years of the free Austrian state, not even after Hitler's annexation of Austria in 1938. Exiled Austrian Social-Democrats raised general objections against Hitlerism, but did not put forward the defence of the Austrian state as a principle. Social-Democracy is still an integral part of both the German and the Austrian political structure, although

many of its sympathisers, as well as its opponents, have described it as obsolete and incapable of evolution. As an opposition it speaks with the authority of a possible alternative government. British, French and Italian Socialists, like their predecessors of 1918, identify German unity with the principles of the late President Wilson. "German unity" sounds as though it were a right which follows from the "self-determination" of the peoples, that vague ideal which a generation ago had such an appeal to popular emotion, and which still prevents in some quarters imaginative thought on new realities. In other quarters political thought seldom goes beyond expediency. It has taken for granted that history spoke the last word in 1871, when Bismarck united Germany, and that no other German problem exists apart from the restoration of the *status quo* of 1938. Nothing is less certain.

When Bismarck's "Blood and Iron" united Germany, the model before the eyes of the German statesman was France, still the strongest Continental power in his day. Britain and Russia, as early nineteenth century German publicists like Friedrich von Schlegel and Gentz emphasised, were stronger than France only as regards their extra-European territories and populations, which, before the full development of modern transport and modern methods of production, could not be thrown into the balance of European rivalries. Louis XIV was defeated and so was Napoleon, internal revolution shook France again and again, but Bismarck's contemporary, Napoleon III, had the reputation of restoring French power. Austria had the advantage over Prussia of a greater population, and to a great extent of a better diplomatic position, through alternative alliances with Russia and the West (the first operative in the 1849 crisis, the second tacitly so in the Greek War of Independence and during the Crimean War, or whenever the Russian drive to the Balkans threatened Austrian interests) though she was at a disadvantage through her incomplete coherence in a composite state. The Prussian statesman could therefore only visualise for his country equality with a rival Austria and a potentially hostile France, and freedom of movement, without relying on an uncomfortable alliance with Russia, to be obtained through a coherent Germany, with Prussia at the helm. The French model of unity was not only obvious, but so to say classic, to statesmen of the nineteenth century, not only to Cavour and Bismarck, but also to Schwarzenberg, who attempted to give greater coherence to Austria by forcible means, and who was so much admired by the young Bismarck.

No German statesman of the present can consider France as Bismarck did, either as the "hereditary enemy," or as the rival and obstacle to Germany's place in Europe, not even as a model for a "strong Germany." The whole context of the Franco-German quarrel has vanished, very likely for good, to such an extent that the Franco-German community of interests is now considered by practically all the national parties in France, and by the majority of responsible Germans, as the backbone of the new system in Europe. Yet while a "Community" is being formed in the West on the basis of coal and steel, some anxiety is already being voiced as to whether the "Blood and Iron" tradition is finally buried in Germany. Is it genuine liberation that East European nations have to expect at some future date from the West, or a new German *Drang nach*

Osten? When the opportunity comes, shall we see a new separation of Germany from the West, a new German expansion towards Austria, and beyond Austria to other countries?

Bolshevism will one day be no more, but there will always be a Russian power. The possibility of a combination between Germany and Russia, to the detriment of East European nations, can always reappear. Russia is already at present keeping "two irons in the fire," as Bismarck said in one of his famous political precepts. The freedom left to Catholicism in Poland, very relative, it is true, but still unusual behind the Iron Curtain, the occasional flattery of old Polish ideals, or alternatively, the staging of the old familiar military spectacles in Eastern Germany, a recent reference in one of Malenkoff's speeches to the "inevitable" resurgence of a German rival to the West, are all clear indications of the Soviet intention to play off the Slav-East European fear of the German *Drang* against the alternative appeal which Russia has always had since 1813 for the Prussian partisans of German unity. In other words, we are being invited to forget, under the now fashionable name of "co-existence"—called a "division into spheres of influence" between "two forms of Democracy" in 1943-45—the old question of the fate of European Europe between Germany and Russia. But Russia does not forget it, and a German alternative to the old formulas has not yet been proffered by those Germans who are to play a part in the new Western Union, apart from sincere, but conventional, pacific pledges.

European unity will remain incomplete without East-Central Europe. Such union as now exists in the West needs a definite policy, though this may be elastic in its future application. The "co-existence" of two systems can never be lasting, and whenever Europe was divided into two groups in the past, even less hostile to each other than the present ones, the clash was never far off. A greater safeguard for a true balance may, however, lie in a threefold division, which may open up the first perspective for an eventual reintegration, not only of the now submerged East-Centre, but of Russia, into Europe. Western Europe, not counting Britain and Spain, who with their close American affinities and overseas interests can never belong unconditionally to it, would represent a population of about 150 millions. Eastern Europe, with East Germany, almost the same strength, and European Russia—without her Asiatic dependencies—amount to about the same number. Three groups, each of roughly 150 millions of inhabitants, may hold the secret of the balance of Europe, leaving Asia to its own future systems, to which Asiatic Russia would belong, and equalling the two great American systems of North and South in global importance.

No principle has been more often buried than the "balance of power," but it has been so often unearthed that it can be unearthed once more at some future date. The chief question which will face the statesmen who one day will bear the responsibility for Europe will be the reintegration of Russia. Our struggle against Bolshevism cannot be won until we can count the Russian people as our ally and until it is made certain that our aim is the integral restoration of Christian civilisation in Russia, rather than the subduing and the partition of Russia. Just as Germany—even those Germans who had nothing to do with the origins of the Hitler-

movement in the Weimar era—could not reconcile herself to countries which were meant to be a “bulwark against German aggressiveness,” so Russia will only admit confederations on her Western border which are not primarily directed against her. No confederation or union can last long if it is based on a negative principle. Russia ought to form the East of Europe, and between this East and the West there ought to be a Centre, in which Germany should be represented by some German member states, who need not renounce their nationality. Economic interests connect the East Germans with Poland, Danubia and the Balkans; their cultural links with Western Germany would remain intact. If Germany can belong to two systems, to West and East-Central Europe, Russia can also be simultaneously part of Europe and of Asia.

A final German settlement is only possible within such a framework. A completely isolated Austria cannot live. No German ethnic group will ever be satisfied with a “minority statute,” while at the same time a strong Germany left with a free hand to practise a power policy towards Russia will always inspire fear in liberated Poles, Czechs, and even Hungarians, Croats and Slovaks. Three German states within an East European federation, Austria, Saxony and Prussia—each with a precedent in its own history of combination with non-German lands—may become a new formula, historically and economically sound. “East-Central Europe” is hardly possible without three such centres of her culture and economy as Vienna, Leipzig, and Berlin used to provide. Canada is British. She maintains her link with Britain, and yet this link does not prevent her from being a factor in the American political and economic system. If Bismarck had known such precedents for unity as this, as he knew from history the French pattern of unity under Richelieu, who can say whether he would not have conceived German unity altogether differently from the federal pacts of 1867 and the Versailles proclamation of 1871? There ought to be no minorities, whether German or Slav, in Central Europe, whom “racial brothers” try to “liberate,” either by *putsches* from Moscow, or by *Drang* from the Rhine. Historical and geographical units, both German and Slav, ought to belong fully to an integrated Central Europe, with no “homelands” or “liberators” outside it.

As to the Germans of today and tomorrow, the French model may have less attraction for them than it had for Bismarck. The German fear of French power under Louis XIV and Napoleon was still a vivid memory for Bismarck; it is difficult even to reconstruct it mentally now. As the English-speaking, Spanish-speaking, and Portuguese-speaking peoples belong to two or more political systems inside and outside Europe, the Germanic peoples could also belong to two systems within Europe. Let us not forget that even the unity of France does not include all the French-speaking peoples—of Brussels, Lausanne, or Geneva—and let us, on the other hand, recall that while Europe feared the *Drang nach Osten*, there has been since the beginning of the century an alarming depopulation of the German East. The population of Silesia and Saxony migrated towards the industrial West, upsetting the whole economic structure of Germany. With German partner states within an East-Central European federation, the unsound pressure on the population of the German West

could be relieved. It is time for the Germans to consider their geographical position as a piece of good fortune; they are the only nation to play a future part both in the West and the East-Centre, not in one European system, but in two. A lasting and workable system can be visualised by regional federations of 120-150 millions of inhabitants all over Europe; anything smaller would lack the strength necessary for a relative autarky, greater ones would lack real coherence. A relative self-sufficiency is considered to be a legitimate advantage by most nations, while coherence is the condition of efficiency.

Plans for Central European union and federation have been in the air for over a hundred years. Perhaps the most elaborate and the most topical to recall at present was that of Prince Schwarzenberg in 1851. The Austrian statesman projected a Central Union of 70 millions, i.e., equal in strength to the Anglo-French system (which he saw coming) and to Russia. He wished to give this union a slight non-German majority, as a reassurance to the West that German nationalist aspirations concerning Alsace or Schleswig-Holstein—the topical questions of the day—would find no support from the non-German partners. Many circumstances have changed since then. Britain's interests now do not only lie in a European system; France, the Netherlands, Italy and Western Germany have grown naturally together; an East-Central Europe of the future would include the Balkans, which, in 1851 were still Ottoman provinces, while finally, the population of the whole of Europe has increased enormously. The figure for a future regional union or confederation of Europe is nearer to 150 millions, but the three-fold division may still be a right principle. At the beginning of the war, the eminent German political writer and close collaborator of Stresemann in the Locarno era, Dr. Stern-Rubarth, wrote that a true division of Germany into East and West would be a “restitution,” not a partition. The East-European nations, which are now only represented at Strasbourg by exile-observers, can include this “restitution” amongst their future aspirations. Strasbourg, where so much is said now of Charlemagne's Europe, is the city of the Rohans. Perhaps a paraphrase of their device would be of service to the Council: *Charlemagne ne puis, Bismarck ne daigne*.

BELA MENCZER.

THE SITUATION IN CHILE

THE signing of an economic treaty on February 21st between President Peron, of Argentina, and President Ibenez, of Chile, will undoubtedly have important political repercussions throughout South America. Although the immediate purpose of the treaty is to establish an economic union between the two countries by means of increasing mutual trade, reducing tariffs and facilitating currency exchange, its ultimate aim is to form a basis for uniting all Latin America. It can, therefore, be described as the beginning of a plan for extending Peronism

throughout the Continent. The deterioration of Chile's economic position over the last five years was probably the main reason why General Carlos Ibanez was elected President for a six-year term in the election last September. Under the circumstances many Chileans of all classes felt the need of a strong leader whose ability was not unknown to them. General Ibanez was President from 1927 to 1931 when his overthrow was caused by the reaction to his propensity for severe repression of opposition. His election as President for a second term has, however, marked a turning-point in the country's history, for it has put an end to a fourteen year period during which Aguirre Cerda, Rios Morales and Gonzalez Videla, three Radical Presidents, led the country through the crises of the second World War and after, with political support varying from the Communists to the Social Christians.

During this century Chilean politics have been subjected to a series of splits and re-fusions because personalities are more predominant than policies. This has caused many confusions, and it is, therefore, impossible to align the political manoeuvring carried on for eighteen months preceding the presidential election. Conservative, Conservative Traditionalist, Democratic, Popular Democratic, National Falangist, Liberal, Liberal Progressive, Socialist and Popular Socialist were the nine official parties. The other parties were the Communist Party which has exerted considerable influence on Chilean politics during the last twenty-five years, and which the Gonzalez regime rejected; and the Chilean Women's Party which represented most of the 328,000 women who voted for the first time in a Presidential election. Their vote greatly helped to elect General Ibanez. Women voted for the first time in the Congressional elections of 1949 as a result of legislation passed that year giving them the right to vote. The Communist votes probably gave the Gonzalez regime its majority in 1946, and for an initial period the two parties attempted co-operation. However, the latter adopted an anti-Communist attitude, and afterwards gained its support in Congress on a coalition of Radicals, Social Christians and National Falangists. This group also supported the candidature of Senor Pedro Enrique Alfonso, who was the designated heir of the Gonzalez administration. His three opponents included Senator Arturo Matte, who was predominantly Right and had support from the Liberals, Conservative Traditionalists, while some support came from the Agrarian Labour, Socialist and Democratic Parties. The candidate of the extreme Left was Dr. Salvador Allende, who tried to rally support from those dissatisfied with the Gonzalez regime and General Ibanez who stood as an Independent Nationalist.

However, General Ibanez had the advantage over the others in his fourth presidential campaign, because many efficient reforms and public work programmes were introduced during his former administration. Though he had no political influence from the time of his overthrow in 1931 until he was elected Senator for Santiago by a record majority in 1949, he entered the presidential election without the backing of a major group. He relied mainly on his own personality and his past experience as an administrator, and, of course, on the dissatisfaction which all other political parties caused among the voters. He travelled over the whole country pleading for a mandate to restore confidence in the Republic's

government, and had the assistance of only one national daily newspaper, three or four weekly journals, and one major broadcasting station. It became clear that public opinion was behind him for he obtained 47 per cent. of the votes cast. The results were: Ibanez, 436,345 votes, Matte, 257,066, Alfonso, 187,044, and Allende 52,348. A Congressional vote of 132 to 12 confirmed this choice in October, which was necessary in this instance, because the Constitution provides that unless the candidate secures more than half the votes, the decision as to the choice of President is left to Congress from the two leading candidates. Thus on November 4th, 1952, General Ibanez was inaugurated, on his seventy-fifth birthday, into his second term of office as President.

President Ibanez is now faced with the difficult task of stabilising Chile's economy, which has seriously deteriorated during the last five years through continuous and unchecked inflation. This has been seen in the respect of budget deficits, heavy State borrowing, high taxation and high prices. In 1952 the cost of living increased by 100 per cent. over that of 1948, and daily earnings per capita in manufacturing, which were less than 13 pesos before the war, rose to over 150 pesos in 1951, when Government expenditure amounted to 27,640 million pesos. It was estimated that this expenditure would exceed 42,000 million pesos in 1953, of which 12,000 million would account for salary increases of civil servants and employees of semi-governmental institutions. There were 375 pesos to the pound sterling in the autumn of 1952 compared with 180 pesos in the spring of 1951. This situation has caused an almost continuous sequence of strikes and threatened stoppages from all classes throughout the country for further wage and salary increases to meet the rising cost of living. But as soon as these demands were met prices again rose which resulted in further demands. There is no doubt that the powerful Communist organisation in the country exploited the situation, but even after the Gonzalez regime outlawed the Party, the financial crisis still persisted and gave rise to a continuation of strikes. President Gonzalez was, therefore, obliged to yield to most of the demands, but he failed to curb the rising inflation.

The Gonzalez administration's industrialisation policy has certainly been a powerful economic factor in the present crisis, though the late Government rightly freed the Chilean economy from its 75 per cent. dependence on mineral exports. There was considerable saving of foreign exchange by home production and funds were earned by new exports, including iron and steel goods and petroleum, while Chile's industrial fabric has also improved since 1946. The Development Corporation, partially financed by over \$100 million in credits from the Export-Import and International Banks as well as receiving considerable support from private capital, is responsible for this expansion. It aims at developing Chile's resources of power and raw materials for the nation's benefit, and its most important achievement so far has been quadrupling the pre-war electricity production, which has increased by 50 per cent. since 1948, and has proved a vital development in the progress of other industrial projects. It has also developed the Magallanes petroleum field, without surrendering the ownership of the resources to foreign interests. This field is now exporting considerable quantities to Uruguay

besides supplying the southern provinces of Aysen and Magallanes. Output is over 8,500 metric tons monthly from thirty wells, and is increasing by 20 per cent. annually, and it is estimated that the country will in the near future become self-sufficient in petroleum and its by-products because of recent discoveries of the extension of the field on the mainland north of Magellan's Strait. Although about £8 million was spent on hydro-electric and petroleum developments in 1952, it has been planned to restrict production to 150,000 metric tons yearly so that the supply can be retained as long as possible. The Corporation has also established a modern iron and steel industry at Huachipato, near Concepcion, and production averaged 2,500 metric tons monthly in 1948 and 1949, but this increased to over 20,000 tons monthly in the latter half of 1952. The Export-Import Bank in 1952 was prepared to grant a further \$10 million in credit for a 50 per cent. expansion of the plant, contingent on the raising of another \$5 million in the country.

On the other hand agricultural progress has been less promising, because of the country's rising population and of the advancement in industrialisation which now employs more than half the nation's population; thus it is becoming less sufficient in food supplies for its 6 million people. Before the war it normally exported wheat, but in 1951 £10 million were spent on importing 234,000 tons of wheat and 8,200 tons of flour; home production of meat has also decreased, and the export of mutton is now one-twentieth of what it was six years ago. These deficiencies are now met with supplies of wheat, meat and sugar from Argentina, Cuba and Peru. State expenditure on agriculture has steadily risen in recent years; for instance, tractors and equipment from Germany, Canada and Italy cost some £10 million, while another £3 million was spent on the irrigation of 180,000 acres; and the Agrarian Credit Institute has advanced £28 million in credits to farmers since 1947. Moreover, the investment of some £3 million for increasing sugar beet production in Bio-Bio province, and the establishment of a refining factory near Los Angeles will help to reduce food imports.

The first step the new regime must take in handling the economic situation is to check inflation. The exact methods to be adopted are not yet fully known, but it appears that State expenditure and borrowing will be drastically reduced, and the first move in this direction is the co-ordination of the many social security services into one unified system. The austerity programme includes the restriction of imports to essential needs, the limitation of credit and a simplified exchange system, and a wage and price stabilisation scheme. There is no doubt that agricultural development will be given priority over the industrial field, which means a reduction in the rate of the Development Corporation's programme. President Ibanez is not opposed to the importation of foreign capital providing it works under the same conditions as Chilean capital. Inflation could in fact be retarded by the investment of domestic capital on a sound basis in industrial development. Nevertheless, the backbone of Chile's economy are the copper and nitrate mining industries which provide most of the country's foreign exchange. In May 1952 President Gonzalez denounced a year-old agreement under which 80 per cent. of the exports from the three North American companies' mines in Chile

were sold to the United States at 27½ cents per lb, and placed all copper exports under the jurisdiction of the Central Bank, which sold at world prices. After three weeks Chile received an additional 9 cents per lb. for its copper from the U.S.A. besides finding other markets owing to the shortage of copper. This move was done a little late to gain support for the Government, and the supporters of Ibanez criticised the three Radical Presidents of submitting to American pressure. It seems that the new Administration does not intend to nationalise the industry providing that foreign capital observes the conditions of equity; if not, there will probably be a demand for nationalisation.

President Ibanez's election was strongly criticised in the United States because of the fear of nationalisation and his opposition in the Senate in July 1952 to the ratification of the Military Aid Pact with the United States. This agreement met with strong opposition throughout Chile, which gained much support for the new President. Though President Ibanez desires friendly relations with the West, he wishes to establish commercial relations with Russia, and denounces any foreign interference with Chile's sovereignty. His election has thus shown the desire of the Chilean people to follow the road to nationalism like their Argentine and Bolivian neighbours. Still it must not be overlooked that Chilean nationalism contains some anti-Argentine features which have prevented close co-operation between the two countries in the last century. It was, however, hoped that the signing of the economic treaty would create greater unity between Chile and Argentina, but recent events have not proved too promising in this respect. For instance, the supply of Argentine commodities to Chile have been smaller than expected, and Chile is also competing with Argentina for commodities that are in demand in the United States. Moreover, the Chileans now realise that they can obtain dollars or sterling for their mineral exports with which they can purchase commodities not obtainable in South America. Such a position might possibly cause a breakdown of the economic union for to ensure a cure of Chile's economic ills President Ibanez might be unavoidably forced to divert many of Chile's exports from the Argentine market to more reliable dollar and sterling purchasers. Such a move by President Ibanez might see the beginning of the end of Peronism through South America, because Chile's economy is complementary to that of Argentina.

The results of the general elections held in March have secured President Ibanez's Peoples National Alliance about 50 per cent. of the 147 seats in the Chamber of Deputies; the Right parties about 30 per cent. and the Leftists about 20 per cent. The Communists were, of course, unable to present official candidates, but they are willing to support the President if he will fulfil their basic needs which include recognition of the Communist Party and the establishment of relations with Russia and her satellites. President Ibanez must now decide whether to appease the Communists or to follow his original moderate programme to the right. His decision will affect not only Chile but the whole of the South American continent.

E. H. RAWLINGS.

DR. JOHNSON'S 'THE RAMBLER'

ANYONE who has had the application and patience to read through the four volumes of *The Rambler* must agree with Sir Walter Raleigh. He describes it as "that splendid repository of wisdom and truth which has ceased to attract readers." The reason for this neglect is probably due to their didactic moral substance. The Doctor himself recognised his inability to capture the same kind of atmosphere created by the earlier essayists, like Addison and Steele, in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. His outlook on life formed by early contact with the world and the experience thus gained would militate against the light touch of Addison, for instance, with his suavity and gentle outlook. Johnson is the Moralist superb. His essays contributed six years later to *The Idler* are generally much lighter in substance and treatment. The Doctor in an early number (3) says "Though the nature of my undertaking gives me sufficient reason to dread the united attacks of this virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto persuaded myself to take any measures for flight or treaty."

It was in March 1750 Johnson decided to launch this bi-weekly collection of papers which consist largely of moral and religious tracts. He was then in his early forties. "Johnson" says the *Cambridge History of Literature* "was deficient in the qualifications of a periodical writer." It was therefore not surprising that in their original form the essays were not popular. In these papers Johnson has revealed his views on life as it appeared to him in middle age. Smollett styled the Doctor the Cham of literature. He might also have added of Common Sense as well. *The Rambler*, says Hazlitt, "is a splendid and imposing common-place-book of general topics, and rhetorical declaration on the conduct and business of human life. . . . Johnson has as much originality of thinking as Addison; but then he wants his familiarity of illustration, knowledge of character, and delightful humour." Arthur Murphy in his life of Johnson talking of *The Rambler*, says "of this excellent production the number sold on each day did not amount to five hundred: of course the bookseller, who paid the author four guineas a week, did not carry on a successful trade. His generosity and perseverance deserve to be commended; and happily, when the collection appeared in volumes were amply rewarded. Johnson lived to see his labours flourish in a tenth edition." While at the same time he was working on these weekly papers he had the *Dictionary* on hand and was also helping brother journalists.

In comparing the Ancient writers with those of his own age Johnson says "The task of the present writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by solitary diligence, but must arise from general converse and accurate observation of the living world. "If," he says in No. 10, the writer "is a mere essayist, and troubles not himself with the manners of the age . . . even the genius and correctness of an Addison will not secure him from neglect." In No. 14 the Doctor deals with a question which arises with every generation of writers and readers: how near in personal relationship should the former allow themselves to appear to their followers. His attitude is this "Those whom the appearance of

virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whose performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent reason to repent their curiosity . . . the phantom of perfection has vanished when they wished to press it to their bosom . . . for many reasons a man writes much better than he lives." A modern writer, F. L. Lucas, says "I never met an author who was more than the pale shadow of his books." The same writer observes, elsewhere, "A man may easily have more than one personality; and the one that writes may be very different from the one that lives." In No. 23 he remarks "Some were angry that the *Rambler* did not, like the *Spectator*, introduce himself to the acquaintance of the publick by an account of his own birth and studies, an enumeration of his adventures and a description of his physiognomy. Others soon began to remark that he was a solemn, serious, dictatorial writer, without sprightliness or gaiety . . . but they do not know or do not reflect, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himself, and selects those subjects which he is best qualified to treat by the course of his studies, or the accidents of his life." It is well known that Johnson was most happily married and that his wife's death was a severe blow to him. His remarks therefore, on Marriage and "the unhappiness caused by wrong motives of choice" in No. 18 are all the more to the point. "Marriage" he says "is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship; that there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and that he must expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim." The Doctor was prepossessed with a contemplation of Death and Eternity, or, as he preferred to call it, Futurity. "It seems to me remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. . . . That wickedness, which we feared for its malignity, is now become impotent, and the man whose name filled us with alarm and rage, and indignation, can at last be considered only with pity or contempt."

On the writing of Biography he remarks: "no species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than biography since none can be more delightful or more useful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition." To this we would to-day add especially is this so when the writer excels at his task as James Boswell did at his. In No. 68 on the study of man's home life the Doctor says "It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence . . . if we trace him through the round of his time and find that his character, with those allowances which mortal frailty must always want, is uniform and regular we have all the evidence of his sincerity, that one man can have with regard to another; and indeed, as hypocrisy cannot be its own reward, we may, without hesitation, determine that his heart is pure." In No. 89 we come to something very dear to the Doctor, the pleasure to be derived from conversational intercourse of which he is a recognised master. "After the exercises," he says, "which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to

actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiced in free and easy conversation . . . where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased." Is it possible that Goldsmith was in Johnson's mind or were his own Gough Square days and the attic the inspiration for No. 117? This is entitled "The Advantages of Living in a Garret" . . . "a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, some have imagined, that the garret is generally chosen by the wits, as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aerial abode but on the days of payment; others suspect . . . it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat . . . and some tell us the faculties are enlarged by open prospects."

In No. 121 we are presented with a comparison between Homer and Virgil with perhaps a strong and proper inclination towards finding greater merit in the former. "The warmest admirers of the great Mantuan poet," the Doctor writes, "can extol him for little more than the skill with which he has, by making his hero both a traveller and a warrior, united the beauties of the Iliad and the Odyssey in one composition: yet his judgment was perhaps sometimes overborn, by his avarice of the Homeric treasures; and, for fear of suffering a sparkling ornament to be lost he has inserted it where it cannot shine with its original splendour . . . When Ulysses visited the infernal regions he found . . . his competitor Ajax who died by his own hand in the madness of disappointment . . . Ulysses endeavoured to pacify him with praises and submission; but Ajax walked away without reply. This passage has always been considered as eminently beautiful; because Ajax, the haughty chief, the unlettered soldier, of unshaken courage, of immovable constancy, but without the power of recommending his own virtues by eloquence, and enforcing his assertions by any other argument than the sword, had no way of making his anger known, but by gloomy sullenness and dumb ferocity. . . . When Aeneas is sent by Virgil to the shades, he meets Dido . . . whom his perfidy had hurried to the grave; he accosts her with tenderness and excuses; but the lady turns away like Ajax in mute disdain. She turns away like Ajax; but she resembles him in none of those qualities which gave either dignity or propriety to silence . . . Virgil had his imagination full of Ajax and therefore could not prevail on himself to teach Dido any other mode of resentment." Our reaction to this particular comparison must surely be that it is unfair to the Mantuan and out of all perspective.

Dealing with the frequent ignorance of ordinary ways and means of life by men who devote their time and energy to scholarship and learning we find Dr. Johnson in No. 137 remarking "Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. . . . The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life."

The last *Rambler*, on March 15, 1752, was used by Johnson as his valedictory message. He affirms the initial purpose and scheme he had

in mind at the outset of the venture. He maintains he has stood for all that is worth while in literary work. *The Cambridge History* says "in *The Rambler*, the periodical essay reasserted itself." "Time" says the Doctor, "which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows has likewise concluded the labours of the *Rambler*. Having supported for two years, the anxious employment of a periodical writer and multiplied my essays to four volumes I have now determined to desist. . . . The seeming vanity with which I have sometimes spoken of myself, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of those who have published essays before me, and by the privilege which every nameless writer has been hitherto allowed. . . . I am willing to flatter myself with hopes, that by collecting these papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either shame or repentance. . . . Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind, I have at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence. The essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure which no blame or praise of man shall diminish or augment." "I thought very well of you before", said Tettie after a few numbers of *The Rambler* had come out "but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this." Here approbation, says Boswell, may be said "to come home to his bosom." To conclude this survey of Johnson as essayist we may perhaps agree he has taken us at times through tiresome paths and difficult thoroughfares, but in the main we have been led to think on whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, and whatsoever things are of good report.

W. H. GRAHAM.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"SELF-DETERMINATION"

ONE of the century's typical muddles in the diplomatic field has been the conflict of motive between two main principles. On the one hand an ideal has been fashioned out of what President Wilson in his Fourteen Points of 1918 called the "self-determination" of nations, which, pursued through a generation, has resulted in a violent bid for national independence on the part of hitherto immature national entities. On the other hand the fear of war has suggested an ideal of international co-operation and collective security such as was attempted on a theoretic basis by the United Nations in 1945. The one slogan was independence; the other, interdependence. The two motives could have been harmonised if an overriding and operative principle of mutual help and faith had been in control of high diplomacy; but such control being for the most part lacking, the conflict of the mutually incompatible trends has been a main cause of the century's distress.

In the retrospect it is hardly surprising that the co-operative impulse should have spent itself in vain, for it had to compete against a powerful and even, apparently, uncontrollable surge of nationalist rivalries and fears on the part not only of the so-called Great Powers but of the small nations as well. To read such an account as is given in Sir Walford Selby's "Diplomatic Twilight 1930-1940", just published (John Murray), is to appreciate the formidable nature of this particular obstacle to good sense in international affairs. Sir Walford was at the heart of the decisive events in the century's catastrophes. He battled against muddle. Not the least of the muddles, as Sir Walford makes clear, was the crippling of the expert by the political side of Downing Street in the years between the two wars. The more general muddle is in effect an old, a very old, story, made unprecedentedly catastrophic by the scientific sharpening of the weapons with which the incidental conflicts were prosecuted.

The kernel of the diplomatic problem is to discipline human beings in so wide a field. There are three stages in the disciplinary enterprise which we all have to face. First there is the family, where the individual human being meets the problem in its narrowest and simplest form; next the nation, where government by consent of the governed provides at least an authority and a machinery of discipline; and thirdly the world at large, where there is no central authority and therefore no machinery. The United Nations cannot pretend to real authority in the international field because its members retain their full separate sovereignty. If the problem in its successive stages is to be understood, it is necessary to keep in mind the cardinal fact, as old as creation, that human beings are essentially undisciplined and chaotic unless they be governed by the super-human authority, that is by the grace of God, which is freely offered for the purpose, but may be rejected, if man, who has free will, choose to reject it. The said grace of God flows into the heart of the individual human being, the main channel of the flow being the sacraments of the Church founded by Christ.

In family life the individual faces the enterprise in a clear-cut form, and is equipped for it, if he accepts the equipment, by God's direct provision (direct, that is, to the individual human heart); yet even here the incidence of failure is alarmingly large. In the national scope the enterprise is made more difficult because the individual sense of responsibility and even imagination tends to be swamped in the magnitude and complexity of what takes place. The individual thereby tends to lose touch with the grace of God. The modern processes of the political "welfare state" with its nationalisation of the materialist means of welfare under the materialist sanction of an electoral vote are an example of the inevitable inadequacy of political governments as an agent of welfare. The obvious reason for such inadequacy is that the only effective agent of welfare is the grace of God, working through the individual. Until therefore individuals are developed enough in their spiritual life to be able to make a spiritual contribution to political life (instead of merely regarding a government as fair game for short-sighted self-interest) these "welfare states" are bound to be the fiasco they have so far proved to be. Finally in the international scope the enterprise is crippled at the outset by the circumstance that individual responsibility is still more widely swamped.

There has not yet been fashioned even a machinery of effective international discipline or co-operation. There is no higher authority yet recognised to which the separate national sovereignties are willing to subject themselves.

The talk of international law is one of the political impulses in wishful thinking. Such impulses would be valuable as a form of prayer, if they were consciously conceived as such; but restricted as they are in motive to the materialist field, they lead nowhere. There is no such thing as international law in the true sense. There can be no law without authority. We have a vast corpus of agreed and signed international instruments which, in default of an accepted authority to impose them, are of little practical value, and which normally in an emergency are disregarded by one or other or by all the parties concerned. The prevailing relationship between nations is essentially one of chaos. War, latent or open, dormant or active, cold or hot, is the clear and only possible upshot in the diplomatic contacts of nations, until the problem be solved of the establishment of a supernational authority, a world government, which in its turn becomes possible only when individual spiritual development is advanced enough to substitute faith for fear as the motive of international relations. From beginning to end of the enterprise therefore the problem (in common with all the problems of human behaviour) is religious in kind; and religion in its technique is an individual thing. *The beginning of the process is man's, the result God's; man sows the individual seeds, God gives the harvest.*

We have to contemplate the apparent paradox of individual human beings seemingly helpless before the nightmare of war and international diplomacy, and yet being ultimately responsible and presently capable by faith of altering it all and putting it right. Miracle is one of the commonplace features of human life. Life itself is a miracle and a mystery. The incidental circumstance of our life on earth is one of miracle, the only effective instrument of our welfare being the operative faith of every separate human being. The enterprise of mutual help on the several scales—family, nation, the world at large—is therefore itself seen to be something of a paradox because although collective in purpose it must remain individual in motive and in origin. Every individual counts. In that truth lies the answer to the problem, yielding the incidentally comforting thought that the problem is after all not hopeless, and that every individual has an equal opportunity and responsibility in its solution. Such indeed is the true basis of democracy, when properly understood. The conflict above mentioned that has waged with peculiar ferocity in our time between the supposed ideal of national independence and sovereignty on the one hand and mutual interdependence and co-operation on the other, falls into its place in the human enterprise as a whole if one remembers the main precept given by Christ for our guidance, namely that we should love one another: a precept of gigantic simplicity and power. If we loved one another, the very idea of national sovereignty would lose alike its substance and its sting. Mr. Anthony Eden once excellently observed that the business of diplomacy was to take the sting out of national sovereignty.

The operation of that sovereignty has become chiefly interesting as the

means of waging war. War is the outcome of fear. The only thing that drives out fear is love, which includes faith as the greater includes the less. On every hand we are given instances and object lessons in the divine simplicity of our job on earth. Can the nations in fact be independent of each other, or are they necessarily dependent upon each other? There is no need even to answer such a question, which, the moment it is asked, appears to be so unnecessary as to look silly. The first condition of life is that we do all depend upon each other. Now it happens from time to time that episodic attempts are in fact made in this business of international co-operation. The former dual monarchy of Austria and Hungary, which functioned for a century (1815-1918) was a case in point. The political conception of distinct racial and national entities—Czech, Slovak, Slovene, Croat, Serb, Magyar, German, Roumanian—being associated into a single political entity was made possible by the binding virtue of a common religion and a common Church. When the individual person became slack in his religious motive and the ruling Germans and Magyars allowed selfish motives of personal greed and power to sway their actions, then the whole conception was balked of its logic, and the “ramshackle” empire, as it came fairly to be described, collapsed of its own rottenness.

The like truth was applicable to the rottenness which ate into the Russian polity, chiefly into the Church itself, and gave entry to the atheist materialists who in our time have led the world a dance. There is a connection between the two cases; for when the Danubian nations in 1919 broke apart into self-determined separate national entities, having lost the religious bond, they fell an easy prey, a generation later, to the atheist tyranny marauding from Moscow. Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary and Roumania all fell victim to it. They did not hang together under the mixed political and spiritual unity of the Dual Monarchy, and they hanged separately under Moscow. Lord Acton once observed: “The Dual Monarchy was the perfect example of Christian policy because it bound together a large number of distinctive nationalities by common attachment to Church and Crown”; and the Czech historian Palacky once went so far as to surmise that “if the Austrian Monarchy did not exist, it would be necessary to create it quickly in the interest of Europe and of humanity.” The movement that started in the later years of the first world war for the liberation of the small Danubian nations from German-Magyar control was a true tragedy, because it was rooted in a sincere desire to free them from an undoubted and cruel tyranny (into which an essentially good conception had degenerated); yet it was not the right solution, as the sequel has proved.

There is indeed to be seen a symbolic evil in the communist practice of the past half century in destroying, or attempting to destroy, both the Church and the Monarchy in all the countries they have overrun: the principle of monarchy being a valuable ally to the Church because it is a human institution, as distinct from the impersonal and inhuman dictatorship of a bureaucracy such as the Kremlin. A monarch is a human being, an individual, and therefore a potential channel of the grace of God in the function of government. The further away we go from the principle of human individual competence in affairs and the more we become enmeshed in political, bureaucratic and materialist tyranny, the more

difficult we find it to encompass the welfare of nations. The balance that is necessary in the duality of the authority in civilised life—fairly to be summarised as the law of God and the law of the State—is hard to maintain. If it be not maintained, the result is catastrophe. The issue is at this time being fought out in Yugoslavia, as it was fought out, and lost (temporarily, as we pray) in Russia.

As in most aspects of the human adventure there is a vicious circle at work, the divine purpose of which is perhaps to make things more difficult and thus to exercise God's gifts to man of brain and spirit. If the gifts be not logically used and danger manifests itself on the diplomatic horizon, fear takes hold of the people, and the power of governments is thereby automatically swollen. In the first world war the political conscription of life as well as of property became an almost universal practice and was the first fatal blow, the first of many, to what we glibly call the free world. Be it noted that it had nothing to do with Russian communism. Indeed Russian communism was one of its consequences. There was no such thing in 1914 as Russian communism nor any communism as an established political menace. The Pope of Rome was proved right in his diagnosis of conscription as the root of the evil, when in 1917 he tried to combat what he saw as the worsening of the evil in the succeeding years. (His suggestion that compulsory military service be suppressed as the necessary first step to disarmament and lasting peace was conveyed in a letter from Cardinal Gasparri to Mr. Lloyd George dated September 28th 1917). At that time the general plunge into the adversity that was to characterise the first half of the twentieth century had only just begun, and in the fever of madness the Pope's suggestion was totally ignored.

In the subsequent history, today still unfolding after more than a generation of suffering, it becomes clear as we look back that the lack of a guiding principle has been mainly responsible for the obstinate failure to secure peace. The 1919 prescription of the self-determination of nations reflected a blind attempt to deal with symptoms rather than with the disease. The contrasting prescription of the League of Nations and again of the United Nations as a method of mutual and interdependent service was never given a chance of becoming effective because every nation concerned was too firmly wedded to its separate sovereignty and to its armaments, which are the instrument of that sovereignty. The provision of the “veto” which ruined the United Nations Charter from the moment of its drafting was merely an expression of intransigent, independent national sovereignty on the part of the Great Powers. It was incidentally an expression of mutual fear, which killed the condition of mutual faith, that essential first condition of progress.

Those who have seriously followed this disastrous chain of events which has brought with it a crescendo of adversity through half a century have discovered that there is such a thing in affairs as a first principle, simple to see, hard to apply. The principle is that we sink or swim together. In other words, we either love and serve, or hate and destroy, each other. There is no middle way. The more a man contemplates the diplomatic scene, the more convinced he becomes that the first step to peace is disarmament, and that until we take that step we waste our

breath in diplomatic conference about the incidental symptoms of what is wrong. In the family circle we are disarmed. It is not the usual practice for members of a family to be armed in the supposed cause of self-defence against each other. The family therefore is a working example and a clue to the general problem that faces human beings in their earthly sojourn. The family—despite the exceptional and relatively small failures—is a bit of heaven on earth. In the nation we are likewise disarmed. It is not the usual practice for co-nationals to go about with cocked rifles for the purpose of self-defence in the streets or in public assemblies. There is therefore a beginning of wisdom in that field. We have not yet advanced far from the beginning because politics, a theoretic sanction for nothing more than practical convenience, have got beyond themselves and usurped a function which truly belongs, not to the political, but to the spiritual, province of authority; and the agency of love paramount in the small circle of the family, tends to be lost in the wide circle of the nation. None the less there is a beginning of the appropriate function within the confines of a nation. We at any rate recognise, though we do not adequately apply, the principle of mutuality in welfare.

In the international field, by contrast, there is as yet no beginning of wisdom. So long as the nations are armed in the theoretic cause of self-defence against each other, there can be no beginning of wisdom, no security, no sense. When people are armed, sooner or later they shoot. The nervous tension serves the devil's purpose of mutual fear, to the exclusion of God's purpose of faith and love. Disarmament therefore is the first cause of redress in international affairs. We shall go on suffering until that basic truth be recognised and acted upon. It is reasonable to hope (for God after all is of a boundless resource) that science will one day make armaments so terrifying that they will die a natural death from the swamping of international fear by the greater general fear of impartial and universal destruction. Alfred Nobel, the inventor of modern explosives, entertained such a hope, and in his time was disappointed. He may yet prove to be right. Such a solution of the problem presented to man would however be itself a form of failure. The better way is through the triumph of love, faith and reason as the God-given instruments of our welfare. The prospect is no doubt a long one, and may need—why not?—another of God's miracles in the upshot. The particular miracle for which we pray is the conversion of every individual heart to a recognition of the obvious fact that love and the grace of God are the only dependable instruments of high diplomacy. The moment such conversion became a fact, the deed would be done, and peace at the last would be the reward.

In one sense therefore the fashionable cry for national self-determination could be merged in the better cry for national co-operation and mutual help because the said self-determination could as its highest expression choose and determine, not the dangerous expedient of an armed separate sovereignty, but the fool-proof expedient of a true internationalism based exclusively upon faith. The encouraging sign is that the century's enormities have in fact prompted an increasing number of people, not confined to any one country, to give their minds and their resource to this very exploration. The *New York Times* of April 28th last for instance

published a summary of proposals made by an American pioneer, Mr. Frederic C. Smedley, in this field of thought. His was an uphill initiative, all the more meritorious thereby. Mr. Smedley, one understands, sent a summary of his proposals to other American newspapers as well, but it was not published. His particular argument was the clearly sound one that the *limitation* of armaments is a useless objective, and that only the full *elimination* of armaments can serve the purpose.

"War" he says "is a cancer which must be removed from the body politic. In excising cancer, no competent surgeon operates piecemeal. He removes the whole malignant growth. If he fails to do so, the remnant he leaves in his patient's body quickly replaces the part which was removed, and the patient almost invariably dies". He recalls an interesting remark made by General Eisenhower himself in 1946, when he was the Chief of Staff in the United States army. The remark, made in the course of an address to Boston University graduands, was this: "It is your business to put us out of business". Mr. Smedley attractively suggests that a bid for total immediate disarmament from the United Nations Disarmament Commission would be likely to achieve its purpose whether it were agreed to by all the parties concerned or not; for the dissident still-armed governments would be the object of revolt on the part of their peoples.

A popularly roused opinion in this matter could indeed be the instrument of the miracle suggested above. Once achieved, it would promptly lose its miraculous aspect and would become a normal achievement falling within the normal competence of commonsense. The taking of the plunge is the difficulty. If only the nations' representatives in the United Nations were to take their courage in both hands and draft a proposal for total, immediate and permanent disarmament, the obstacles would probably fall before their astonished eyes. Big acts of faith, once launched, are the easiest thing on earth to carry through: for of such is the omnipotence of God. But man must first make the bid; for God gave free will to man, and God's gifts are not a sham.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

June 11th, 1953.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

STUDIES IN ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETRY

The sub-title of this fine work of exposition is *Studies in English Romantic Poetry*; and, turning its pages, the reader may ask how the author can include, under such a heading, poets so divergent in style and thought as Wordsworth, Hopkins, Whitman, Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound. Have we not been told by the two latter that they are on the side of classicism; whilst Wordsworth in theory, and the other two in practice, have clearly proclaimed themselves romantic writers? Challenging us first with an incongruity, Sir Herbert Read's book both poses and settles the dilemma of this strange juxtaposition. For whatever these poets have said about their work, all of them have shared one experience: a like first response of their public, who greeted their verse with loud abuse. All were branded as revolutionaries, and it is amusing to

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

compare the statements which Jeffrey made about the poetry of Wordsworth with those that Alec Waugh committed on the subject of T. S. Eliot's early poems. Accused by an intelligent though limited mind of writing like "a drunken helot" (whatever such a mode of composition implies), it is perhaps a little quixotic to insist on the classicism of one's approach, if by that term one means an art of general conformity. Such was the position of T. S. Eliot, who suffered the same misunderstanding as Gerard Manley Hopkins, when he asserted that his own efforts in sprung-rhythm were not to be viewed as complete innovations, but as a return to early English practice.

Sir Herbert Read's concern in this book has not been with that stimulation which non-current methods of handling verse can offer to the creative artist. Instead, he has concentrated on the germinal power inherent in personal thought and perception. In this sense, his work has emphasised not the traditional aspect of what at one time or another has been described as revolutionary verse, but rather its evolving aspect—the tendency for fresh and first-hand impressions to find their own fresh formal equivalents. This train of thought would find corroborator, it seems to me, in Croce's *Aesthetic*; but since the arrangement of Sir Herbert Read's book is chronological (beginning with Coleridge), he finds his theory enunciated in the words of Coleridge's contemporary, Schelling. According to the latter thinker, the artist or poet should not imitate the outward form of any object but its spirit or its essence. This spirit or essence constitutes "the creative life within" the object, which is responsible for its "perfection"; and when we ask how we can arrive at a knowledge of this primal energy, whose configuration in each object is unique, the answer is—by intuition. Such an aesthetic derived, of course, from Schelling's nature-philosophy which wore, in its own time, a transcendental dress. Sir Herbert Read frees it from this, and goes on to trace the idea as it manifested itself through the theory and practice of subsequent poets: through Coleridge's notion of "organic form"; Wordsworth's concern with natural speech as a corrective to Augustan conventional diction; Keats' rejection of the tyranny of Milton; Hopkins' definition of his key-term "inscape"; T. E. Hulme's addiction to the image; and the summary of this art of individuation in the verse of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. In the course of this exposition, which contains some of the best verbal analysis this critic has written, Sir Herbert Read has cause to reject the characteristic practice of Walt Whitman and D. H. Lawrence (as a poet). For all their apparent modernity, he finds that their use of language, which resorts to a formal device that Hopkins termed a "figure of grammar," sets them in the camp of writers who look upon poetry as a species of rhetoric rather than a mode of innate expression.

This book also contains four *Essays ancillary to the main theme*. Three of these are reprints of earlier pieces: *Coleridge as Critic*, *In Defence of Shelley*, and the *British Book News* supplement on *Byron*. The fourth, *Wordsworth's Philosophical Faith*, is new, being the text of a Centenary address at the University of Leeds, in 1950. As an interpretation of the general ideas sustaining the development of verse from 1800 until to-day, *The True Voice of Feeling* must be warmly recommended.

The True Voice of Feeling. By Herbert Read. Faber & Faber, 25s. DEREK STANFORD.

STALIN

Mr. Fischer has lived for many years in Russia. He saw the struggle over Trotsky at close quarters and the rise of Stalin to absolute power. The book was written before Stalin's death but came out just after it. It has in the last two chapters some shrewd comments on the situation that would arise, some of which have turned out to be accurate. The earlier part described the conflict

of personalities that followed the death of Lenin. A good deal is already known of this period but it is well to have it retold from time to time. The most important feature of the book is the portrait of Stalin's character. Typical of his outlook is the following. When asked, what is the purpose of socialism; is it to create happiness? he replied: "No. Society is a pile of wood blocks. Life's aim should be to rearrange it. Happiness is irrelevant. It is a middle class ideal." Nothing was any use to him unless it fitted into the dogma which he had adopted. During the 1930's Stalin had built up a centralised police state in Russia and he had ruthlessly removed all rivals. He surrounded himself with people loyal to his person. No one dared resist, for he had his agents and spies everywhere. It was a gigantic system of espionage and terror. While the portrait is correct in outline, Mr. Fischer has perhaps overdrawn it. He makes out Stalin to be a ogre with scarcely a spark of humanity in him. One has a feeling that it is impossible for anyone to be quite so evil. The account given of the meetings at Teheran, Yalta, Moscow and Potsdam with the Western statesmen, Roosevelt, Churchill and later Truman shows that Stalin was well able to take advantage of their weaknesses. Roosevelt naively thought that he could "manage" him by friendly intercourse but became disillusioned before his death. Churchill tried to keep him out of the Balkans during this period by making a deal with him over Rumania and Greece, but Stalin double-crossed him when he fomented civil war in Greece. Roosevelt seemed at one time to have thought that "British imperialism" in Asia needed checking as much as Russian imperialism in Eastern Europe.

Towards the end of the book, Mr. Fischer correctly analyses the situation which has actually arisen since Stalin's death. Beria and Malenkov, he thought, would succeed Stalin and here he is not far wrong, though Beria is probably less powerful than he was. "The heirs of Stalin", he thinks, "will be compelled to make gradual concessions to the Soviet people, yearning for more groceries and more liberty". This was written before Stalin's death and it seems that that is just what is happening now. But the struggle will go on in one form or another. The author thinks that much will depend on the way things go in the Middle East and Southern Asia where there are weak and corrupt nationalist regimes whose people see no alternative to their present condition except Communism. But that struggle has only just begun and has been by no means decided, nor is likely to be for some time yet.

M. PHILIPS PRICE, M.P.

Louis Fischer. *The Life and Death of Stalin*. Jonathan Cape. 15s.

PARADISE LOST

It would not be surprising if we stood on the brink of a Milton revival. On the negative side none of the charges made against him in the 'thirties seem relevant any longer. Milton is no use to us, poets used to tell us, as a model; so he must be of no use to you as a poet. This is a pretty leaky syllogism and Mr. T. S. Eliot (who first propounded it) has now gracefully recanted and left his followers high and dry. If fashions in taste matter more to you than taste itself now would seem the moment to admire Milton in public. And now would seem the moment, one would think, for a great university press to undertake a definitive edition of the poetical works based on a text ordered (for the first time) on consistent principles, with a commentary that would set Milton's intentions in the clearest light and a critical introduction that would assess his achievement with acuteness and sympathy. It is a matter for deep regret that the book before us is nothing of the kind*. Miss Helen Darbishire, the new Milton editor, gave us in 1931 a facsimile edition of the manuscript of the first book of *Paradise Lost* and no better textual editor could have been found for

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

the whole poem. And indeed all the evidences of patient scholarship are here: textual variants noted in abundance, a commentary on them provided, with an introduction discussing Milton's theories on spelling and punctuation. The poem has been neatly disinfected of impurities and hung out to dry. In fact the job is so well done that it seems ungracious to wonder whether it was the right job to do, whether it is not, in the end, dangerously misleading to represent Milton as a pernickety old man fighting a losing battle with his secretary and his printer over the proper function of the apostrophe and the nature of the syllabic consonant. We are by now hardened to the kind of scholarship that exposes the frailties of the mighty dead, but at least sin and notoriety go hand in hand. Miss Darbishire's unwitting caricature of a great poet strikes one as exceptionally cruel. It is a long sad journey we must make back to the Milton that matters, back to the commentary that Verity made half a century ago. It is a fussy affair and its scholarship is outdated, but it is about the poem that Milton wrote. It puts poetry before proof-reading, the faiths and legends of Europe before one man's theories of English orthography. The present edition, so far as it goes, is a fine one. It is the first text of Milton we have ever had based on all the evidence. But we may still permit ourselves to wonder whether the present craze of English scholarship for the letter is not an insanity, and to hope that it may prove a passing one. The reader knows very well what he wants of an edition of *Paradise Lost*. He can tell at a glance that the poem is not an isolated fact, that it exists in an elaborate context of theology and myth, and he wants to ask and be told what that context of belief really was. If scholarship disdains a task as important as this it must be sadly adrift.

GEORGE WATSON.

**The Poetical Works of John Milton. Vol. I: Paradise Lost.* Edited by Helen Darbishire. Oxford University Press. 30s.

HIMMLER*

Readers of Willi Frischauer's biography of Göring are aware of his zeal in gathering up every crumb relating to the subject of his choice. His portrait of Himmler is similarly enriched by the testimony of witnesses who stood close to the most diabolical of the Nazi chiefs, above all his elder brother and General Wolff, his closest surviving associate in the dreaded Blackshirts. From his wife there was little to learn, partly because she was unable to talk calmly, partly because her husband had long transferred his affections to another woman by whom he had two children. The result is one of the most repulsive books of our time, in which almost the only ray of light shines from the portrait of his respected Bavarian parents.

If Hitler can claim the partial excuse of paranoia and Göring found at any rate two kindly women to love him, Himmler is portrayed in these pages as a cold-blooded monster destitute of every human feeling. That he was an able organiser is clear from his rapid rise in the Nazi hierarchy, beginning as secretary to Gregor Strasser and ending as the second personage in the Reich. It would be unfair to dismiss either him or his Führer as mere adventurers, for both were inspired by a fanatical ideology which partially explains their colossal crimes. That ideology was racialism—the conviction that the Germanic race was so infinitely the finest in the world that every method was justified by the need to eliminate foreign elements. From the first Himmler shared Hitler's hatred for the Jews and worked with Rosenberg and Julius Streicher for their systematic extermination. His detestation of the Slav races was only a little less, and for such sub-human "vermin" mass-murder appeared to him the appropriate treatment. The concentration camps, of which he was the principal author, were filled not only with actual or potential foes of the Nazi

regime but with multitudes whose only offence was their non-German blood. In this ruthless campaign he was assisted by the Blackshirts who rose to power on the ruins of the Brownshirts and, under his fostering hand, threatened the life and liberty of everyone except Hitler himself. When the second World War began Göring stood next to the Führer in the hierarchy, but when his Luftwaffe failed to preserve the Fatherland from foreign bombs his bloated figure shrank into insignificance, and Himmler stepped forward to take his place.

Was Himmler a strong man? Not so strong as he seemed, answers the author. One of the novelties in this volume is the revelation of the immense influence of Heydrich on his chief. After expulsion from the navy for misconduct, he enlisted in the Nazi movement where his brains brought him rapidly to the front. If the author is correct, Heydrich, not Himmler, was the strong man, every ready with daring projects and flinching from nothing to carry them out. Himmler himself was always in poor health. The chronic and agonising cramp in the stomach, the result of nerve strain, was partially relieved by a masseur Felix Kersten who has described his experiences in a volume recently published in America. During the hour daily devoted to massage Kersten was allowed to talk with a good deal of freedom, for he was almost the only human being whom Himmler regarded as indispensable. With such opportunities he naturally became a person of importance.

When the tide of war turned in 1943 and the Generals began to despair, the Führer and Goebbels resolved to fight to the bitter end. Himmler, on the other hand, and his trusted subordinate Schellenberg speculated on the prospects of military defeat and even envisaged the necessity of removing Hitler as the main obstacle to peace. When the final crash came and Hitler was immured in his bunker beneath the Chancellery, Himmler dreamed for a brief moment of succeeding the Führer and negotiating with the Western Powers. It was merely a dream, not only because his name was anathema to the Allies, but because he proposed a continuance of the struggle against Russia. Our last glimpses of the Bloodhound, as Göring called him, are in the diary of Count Bernadotte and in the report of the last days and hours in which the once dreaded chief of the Blackshirts hid ignominiously behind a false passport and swallowed poison when he was caught. "Immortally, beyond all mortals, damned," wrote William Watson long ago of the Red Sultan who slaughtered thousands of his Armenian subjects in cold blood. A similar verdict will be pronounced by readers of this terrible book on the man who slew an infinitely larger number of human beings and left a dark stain on the German name.

G. P. GOOCH.

**Himmler: the evil genius of the Third Reich.* By Willi Frischauer. Odhams Press. 16s.

A GERMAN LOOKS AT MODERN BRITAIN*

Foreign correspondents are on the whole exceptionally well qualified to write books about the countries in which they exercise their calling, and the author of this interesting study of modern Britain, who is a distinguished German journalist and who spent several years in this country as foreign correspondent of a leading Swiss newspaper, is no exception to this rule. In this capacity he had ample opportunities for a close study of the British way of life in all its various aspects and was in a position to observe British politics from very close quarters and even, as his publishers claim, to have a look behind the scenes. About thirty years ago the same publishers who now place this intelligent and lively account before the German reading public published Wilhelm Dibelius' two substantial tomes on England which influenced and shaped the "Englandbild" of several German generations. I do not know whether the author intended to bring Dibelius' famous book up to date, but he has certainly succeeded in producing a valuable supplement to the work of his predecessor. His book,

though modest in size, is very comprehensive: it deals with the foundations of British political thought, with the position of the Monarchy, the relations of Church and State, and describes the many changes that have taken place within the framework of British parliamentary democracy. In addition, the author devotes a considerable amount of space to a discussion of the problems of the modern welfare state, and it is interesting to see how he manages to convince his readers that what is "new" in England is often based on very old foundations and has in any case become inextricably mixed up with the traditional forms of British life. He also deals, though perhaps rather too briefly, with the problems of British defence, and even the lighter side of British life does not escape the attention of this careful observer who obviously likes Britain and the British and who has some very flattering things to say about the British national character, even if he does not seem to be impressed by British provincial hotels and remains ominously silent about British cooking. He has clearly taken great care about his facts and supplements his personal observations with the study of official documents and statistics such as the Report of the Royal Commission on Population. As a result the book is singularly free from errors and misstatements so often found in books of this kind and it should make a valuable contribution to the cause of Anglo-German understanding. DR. R. ARIS.

**Dous neue England.* By Wilhelm Wolfgang Schutz. Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart.

The latest collection of Mr. Pritchett's literary criticisms, *Books in General*, (Chatto & Windus, 1953) is a delight. His knowledge of modern literature is extensive, his judgment sound, his style of exceptional distinction. All the items except 'The Art of Koestler', the longest in the book, appeared in the *New Statesman*. The volume is almost equally divided between Anglo-Saxon and foreign authors. The former includes Clough, T. E. Lawrence, Henry James, Samuel Butler, the young Ruskin, the Carlyles, Boswell, Swift, Smollett, Sterne, Poe, Dickens, Meredith, Gissing, Conrad (who must be reckoned among British rather than among Polish writers), Ouida, Firbank, Jacobs, Faulkner, Wyndham Lewis. The foreign authors are Benvenuto Cellini, Manzoni, Verga, Svevo, Perez Galdos, Maupassant, Daudet, Zola, Stendhal, Gide, Dostoevsky, Tolstoi and Hoffmann. To comment on every dish in this rich feast is impossible in a brief notice. It is enough to recommend lovers of literature to take their place at the table.

DR. SCOTT LIDGETT

The Directors and the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW desire to place on record their regret at the death of Dr. Scott Lidgett, C.H., in his ninety-ninth year. For two decades after the death of Sir Percy Bunting in 1911 he was Joint Editor, and he remained Chairman of the Company till the end. A man of marked ability and unwearying zeal, he won distinction in several fields. The first of his interests was always theology. He was the leading figure in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and in his closing years he deserved the title of the Grand Old Man of Nonconformity. He wrote and preached till almost the end, and his last book was published a few months ago. He founded the Bermondsey Settlement, of which he was the Warden for sixty years. He served on the London County Council, and he was the last leader of the Progressives on that body. For many years he was a member of the Senate of London University, and for two years served as its Vice-Chancellor. He took a prominent part in the lengthy discussions on reunion and won the confidence of successive Archbishops of Canterbury. In politics he was a Liberal. His only son fell in the First World War. His closing years were spent at the home of his married daughter. His many friends and fellow-workers mourn the passing of a fine Christian citizen.

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THE OUTLOOK IN THE FAR EAST

IN the perspective of history recent events in Indo-China may seem to have been more important than events in Korea. In the much shorter perspective of a monthly publication, the latter, which are more topical, may properly be dealt with first. When this article was in preparation there was an embarrassing number of possibilities, and a variety of ways of treating them. There might, it seemed, be no armistice, in which case the fighting, presumably, would continue, together with all the human suffering and economic waste which it entailed. Alternatively there might be an armistice, in which case the spot-lights of the Korean stage would concentrate themselves on the post-armistice conference and the issues involved in it. Or there might be an armistice which President Rhee did not, and would not, sign, in which case almost anything might happen. The nightmare-like possibilities which that contingency presented were to some extent relieved by comic opera elements. Upon the Korean stage would then stand, front to front, the most powerful of the antagonists, utterly fatigued by war and anxious to shake hands; while between them strutted an irate and bombastic old gentleman declaring that he had not had enough, and was all for going on. The more one considered these possibilities, the clearer it became that what mattered most were the ways in which the events which resulted in such a medley of uncertainties have affected the aspect of the Korean question as a whole. And as the events concerned have for the most part been associated with President Rhee's behaviour, his conduct furnishes, as it were, a unifying link.

There are first the effects of the promises made to him by President Eisenhower in his letter of June 7th and, subsequently, by the latter's personal representative, Mr. Robertson. President Eisenhower said that "after the conclusion and acceptance of an armistice," he would be prepared promptly to negotiate with him "a mutual defence treaty along the lines of the treaties heretofore made between the United States and the Philippines and Australia and New Zealand." It is arguable that if President Rhee does not accept the armistice, this promise becomes null and void, and need not, therefore, be considered any longer. There was, it is true, a very personal note in President Eisenhower's phraseology, but if the promise was made to Rhee personally, and not to the South Korean State, it cannot but heighten the effects of Rhee's policy upon pre-existing conceptions of that state. For whether an armistice is signed or not, can the United Nations, after all that has happened, continue to disregard the politically, economically and physically artificial character of the South Korean State? If an armistice is made and President Rhee signs it, can they be expected to shoulder the responsibility

of according to a mutual security treaty made with him the same respect as they would accord to the treaties made by the United States with Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines? It will at once be said, the artificiality of the South Korean State did not deter the United Nations from protecting it against aggression, nor thousands of brave men, South Koreans conspicuously included, from giving their lives for it. True, indeed, tragically true; but the man at the head of the South Korean State when the aggression occurred was conceived to be a very different personality from the one which recent actualities have revealed. To what extent, it cannot but be asked, is the artificiality upon which the United Nations set its seal due to the qualities, and perhaps conduct, which President Rhee has recently displayed? This question inevitably suggests a more fundamental one. Has Rhee's behaviour rendered desirable a re-examination of the circumstances in which the aggression took place? It will be remembered that no long period was given to examination of the circumstances at the time: they were authoritatively pronounced, and acted, upon very quickly. Indeed, the promptitude with which punishment to fit the crime was chosen was considered to be a feather in the cap of the United Nations, especially when compared with the hesitant decisions, and avoidance of decisions, of the League of Nations. In a re-examination would it appear that, had President Rhee not been there, had he passed into the Valhalla of All True Patriots, the North Koreans would have joined in the elections prescribed by the United Nations, even though supervised by alien observers, and that in those circumstances there would have been no artificiality about the State of Korea, peacefully united, albeit, possibly, Red? Needless to say, if President Rhee does not sign the armistice, and President Eisenhower's promise to him of June 7th is held to have lapsed, the United Nations will be rescued from the predicament of having to consider it. But in that case Mr. Eisenhower, in his Presidential capacity, will have made on behalf of the United States a promise held to be personal to an individual, and the artificial elements in the Korean question will have been enhanced.

Then there are the promises reported to have been made by Mr. Robertson to President Rhee. One was that the United States would stand "squarely" with the Republic of Korea in the post-armistice conference. It may be that no such promise was given. If it was, and the armistice is completed with President Rhee's signature upon it, the promise cannot but complicate the post-armistice conference and the task of unifying Korea by peaceful means. That statement would hold good even if President Rhee were an amalgam of all the virtues. For to unify Korea by peaceful means needs a meeting of minds free to choose between conflicting issues. A conference not even begun with such freedom would have small chance of success, if, indeed, it were not foredoomed to failure. The armistice, as stated above, may be completed without President Rhee's signature. In that case Mr. Robertson's promise, if it was made, would be less complicating, but it would remain awkward.

For there is that not unimportant aspect of all these considerations and contingencies to be included in this necessarily brief survey, the Chinese

point of view in regard to them. If an armistice is not signed, we shall know that their combined effect, plus the confirmation of pre-existing suspicions in respect of the prisoners-of-war question supplied by President Rhee's release of so many thousands of them, together with the reported inclusion of many of the younger men in the South Korean army, have been too much for the Chinese to digest. If an armistice is signed, as on July 8th and 9th appeared likely (taking post-Stalin tendencies in Moscow prior to the fall of Beria into calculation), the three chief issues in which China will be interested at the post-armistice conference—the future safety of her Yalu frontier, the return of Formosa, and representation in the United Nations—will not have been rendered, at all events from the American point of view, any easier.

To turn to Indo-China and the "solemn declaration" to its three Associated States, Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia, made by the French Government on July 3rd. A difference between the headlines which *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian* placed over this declaration provides the quickest way to the heart of Indo-Chinese affairs. The headlines of *The Times* were:

A Sovereign Indo-China

Time Now Come for Independence

The headlines of the *Manchester Guardian* were:

Ending the Colonial Outlook in Indo-China

Offer Of Greater Independence but Within French Union

The declaration itself is too long to quote in full: part of it, however, must be quoted. Having said that the brotherhood in arms between the forces of the French Union and the national forces of the Associated States had grown ever stronger, while the civil institutions of the three countries had "equipped themselves to assume all the powers which devolve on modern states," the declaration continued:

"France considers that these conditions justify the completion of the independence and sovereignty of the Associated States by the transference, in agreement with each of the three Governments concerned, of those powers which she has hitherto retained, in the interests of the States themselves, on account of the perilous situation created by the state of war.

"The French Government has decided to invite each of the three Governments to agree with it on the settlement of such questions as each shall see fit to pose, in the economic, financial, judicial, military and political fields, while respecting and safeguarding those legitimate interests of each of the contracting parties. The Government of the Republic expresses its hope that agreement on these various points will serve to make closer the friendship which unites France and the Associated States within the French Union."

The French Union, both conceptually and institutionally, is young and developing. Prior to 1944 it did not exist. The Constitution of the French Republic of 1939—the Third Republic—did not know the French Empire: it ignored it. In January and February, 1944, the French held a conference at Brazzaville and decided that highly centralised conceptions of the French Empire should yield to a federal conception. Decisions as to the ways in which this was to be done were, however, rejected, largely owing to a speech in a Constituent Assembly by M. Herriot, who

denounced them as "*acephale et anarchique*." A compromise was finally reached, embodying the principle of federation and, under the leadership of France, an evolution towards self-administration. "I underline," said M. René Pleven in an address in London in 1949, "the word *self-administration*: the Constitution does not say *self-government*." Another decision reached was the institution of an *Assemblée de l'Union Française* and of a High Council. The former is a consultative body only, the latter an organ of *liaison* and information only. Associated States, in which category come the Associated States of Indo-China, can be represented in both. They can also elect deputies to the French National Assembly—what we call Parliament. In 1949 France made conventions—*Conventions Inter-États*—with the three Associated States of Indo-China. Nobody can fail to admire the combination of precision and equipoise with which they were linked in a theoretical freedom to France, or see in what sense they were really free. What is plain is that analogies between the French Union and the British Commonwealth are justifiable only by the misleading similarity of their titles, and by some of the spirit which pervades both. Roughly speaking, both sets of headlines quoted above were right. In those of *The Times* emphasis was upon the head of the "solemn declaration"; in those of the *Manchester Guardian* it was upon their tail.

As already said, the French Union is in process of development. France has now invited Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia to revise, in consultation with herself, the *Conventions Inter-États*, and in doing so appears to be abandoning the distinction between self-administration and self-government emphasised by M. Pleven. The first response of Cambodia was unfavourable. Viet Nam and Laos, after a little delay, said they were grateful, the warmth of Viet Nam's reply being more marked than that of Laos. Up to July 6th none of them had indicated any of the questions which they had been invited to "pose." All three cannot but have noted that they had been invited to do this "on account of the perilous situation created by the state of war." During April and the first week of May this had become very perilous. The Viet-Minh were invading Laos and came within eleven miles of its capital, Luang Prabang. On May 3rd Mr. Dulles, American Secretary of State, said that the Administration had been following developments with "grave concern." A day or two later Sir Winston Churchill said in the House that the Government was "anxious." Quite suddenly, and for reasons only partially explained, the Viet-Minh retired. Subsequent news from the Red River Delta in Tongking was somewhat disturbing.

The outlook is as unpredictable as, at the time of writing, it is in Korea. That the two outlooks are to some extent inter-dependent is certain: to what extent this is the case is disputable. The main forces at work in the South-East, as in other parts of Asia are large and irreducible to a few sentences. They are nationalism, social unrest expressing itself in Communism, and looking in varying degrees to Communism for salvation, and an overriding dislike, amounting in many minds to detestation, of the insufferable superiority of so many official and unofficial representatives of the West, and of some of the West's doctrines.

E. M. GULL.

THE ITALIAN GENERAL ELECTIONS

THOUGH the campaign was not as lively as that of April 1948, little escaped the politicians in an attempt to obtain the elector's vote. Even sport did not remain untouched, and an international football match lost by Italy to Hungary at Rome became the excuse for the Fascists to recall the regime when Italy held the world championship, and for the Communists to boast of the fruits of a People's Democracy. Certain commentators who suggested "only a democracy can lose" reflected unconsciously the fundamental issue of the campaign which, though simple to formulate, was yet difficult for the electors to grasp and keep predominant in their minds: how to give the country a stable democratic government for the next five years. The Centre parties grouped together by the Electoral Law (the Christian Democrats 306 seats in the dissolved Chamber, the Liberals 15 seats, the Republicans 10, and the Democratic Socialists 33) offered to the people this possibility, but could not do more than await the confirmation of at least 50 per cent. plus one of the votes of the electorate. The campaign of the opposition parties, the Communists and the Nenni Socialists, the Fascists, and the Monarchists was in the first place to attack (and it must be admitted it was done with great efficiency) the Electoral Law, declared nothing more than a "swindle" by which an oligarchy attempted to maintain itself in power. Secondly, they exploited the inevitable dissatisfaction with any government that has been in power for five years, the long-standing economic and social problems of Italy, and finally the small democratic experience of the masses and the equally slender desire for such experience on the part of certain sections of the middle and rich classes.

This university city of Pavia, forming part of the constituency of Milan-Pavia, may be taken as reasonably typical for Northern Italy, since it is at the centre of a large agricultural and rice-growing region of the Po Valley, with much light industry concentrated in the suburbs. In 1948 the constituency returned eighteen Christian Democratic deputies, four Democratic Socialists, and fourteen Social Communists, who fought together on a Popular Front. The absence of any right wing deputies shows clearly how the Christian Democrats profited by anti-Popular Front votes, and how in this election the crucial votes were those of the middle classes, who, voting Monarchist or Fascist, would fatally reduce the strength of the democratic Centre. Precisely this happened, seats were lost by the Christian Democrats and the Democratic Socialists, and gained by both the oppositions. The most obvious signs of the electoral campaign were the party posters and the meetings. The amount of money spent on the former completely surprised the English observer, used to low expenses. The walls of the city screamed menaces and promises, insults and exultations in almost equal quantities. The two mass parties clearly determined the atmosphere of the whole campaign. The Communists wished for a low poll on the hypothesis that this would prevent the Centre obtaining a majority, and they therefore held few meetings and concentrated their party workers on the poorer parts of the city, the factories, and the farms. Frequently they succeeded in the country areas in preventing attendance at meetings of the other parties. The importance

of the so-called "Civic Committees," parish bodies organised to direct the Catholic vote towards the Christian Democrats, was undeniable, and a re-elected Christian Democratic deputy confirmed to me the value for the party of these committees, especially in the country areas. In the city the workers of the Committees, instead of conducting a house-to-house canvass, seemed to concentrate more on bill-posting. A handbook for them emphasised the poster's psychological power to mobilise a maximum poll, and gave the idea: a poll of 80 per cent. and the Democratic Centre had lost, 95 per cent., and they had won. Actually the city polled 97 per cent., and the oppositions were in a slight majority. However, the more subtle Communist tactics prevented the Committees using posters of the type "In the secrecy of the polling booth God can see you, Stalin can't," as they did in 1948. Indeed, one priest told me they attempted to mobilise votes indiscriminately for the Democratic Centre, to explain the Electoral Law and how one voted: both matters of considerable complexity for the average elector. The diocese felt a liberal influence from the Bishop, though in the country parishes some "grumbling" suggested the Committees were more out to win than to convince, speaking often of the unity and discipline of the Catholic vote.

Two things immediately struck me about the meetings: the complete absence of heckling (despite brilliant opportunities) and the serious attention with which a speaker was followed. One candidate suggested to me that was because only the older people were used to such meetings, the younger people remembering only Fascist parades. Secondly, the comparative absence in speeches of an exposition of a party's programme. The two extremes invited you to vote for them *against the Democratic Centre*. The Christian Democrats, criticising fascism and communism, cited their work of reconstruction for the country. In this their approach seemed sound and one of their electors, a bank clerk, told me he never believed any election promise, and looked much more to what De Gasperi had done for Italy. The Liberals, speaking generally in a club (emphasising their non-popular character) alone hazarded a programme which they would have actuated if they had been affirmed in sufficient numbers. The city, by being visited by both Saragat and Nenni, had the full debate on Italian Socialism brought before it. The former courageously criticised the conduct of the party since the end of the war, and showed how no realisation of its programme was possible without some middle-class support. The latter sought votes by appealing for working class unity and world peace. The meetings of the Fascists were well attended, with the return of Trieste as their main argument. One white-haired speaker wished for an agricultural policy which would free Italy from a need to import foreign grain, and thus allow her to pursue an independent foreign policy towards England. These observations, however, did not prevent him five minutes later from pleading for greater exportation to England of fresh fruit—or the crowd applauding enthusiastically. The parties held their meetings, nearly always in a piazza, to convince their sympathisers, and perhaps to try and shake the indifferent as he or she passed by or drank in a nearby café. The most attended meeting was organised by the Democratic Socialists, and given by a Spanish ex-officer of the International Brigade who described the

conditions of the Italian prisoners he had seen still held in Russia. When a Communist tried to deny his observations, the crowd rushed on the near-by seat of the Communist party. The police, who, armed, attended every meeting, at this point intervened. Sounding a trumpet, they drove their jeeps rapidly across the piazza to disperse the entire crowd. The other methods of propaganda often showed all the Italian ingenuity. The Democratic Socialists, for instance, at their meetings in the country distributed George Orwell's *Animal Farm* in a little booklet reduced to the form of comic strips. The city, too, was visited by the Exhibition of Beyond the Iron Curtain. By showing the cost of living there in relation to that in Italy, the imprisonments and the denials of liberty (*Pinocchio* is apparently among the banned books) an attempt was made to dissuade the people voting Communist. Perhaps, however, it was fortunate that the attendance appeared slight as towards the end of the campaign the Communists put out large posters revealing the photographs of "a priest maltreated in Poland" as actually having been taken of an Italian priest in Rome.

The elector seemed held at some distance from the candidates. Though the newspaper he read became increasingly partisan during the campaign, neither the local candidate nor the great national leaders seemed to have personally *touched* him, and it is significant that there were no party political broadcasts, though the news bulletins favoured the Government. In a word, "kissing the babies" would have appeared unthinkable. Perhaps for this reason it is necessary that the vote should be compulsory, though one may return a blank ballot paper. In a country where there are still four million illiterates, the complexity of the campaign and of the voting procedure were clearly enormous handicaps. In this constituency the worker or farm labourer, leaving aside Communism, had yet four types of Socialism to choose from. The Monarchists exploited this ignorance by suggesting that the poll was a referendum, and voting for them would bring about the return of the King. Few expressed preferences, as under proportional representation they are entitled to, the more so because a mistake here voided the entire ballot paper. The reply to me of a waiter in a bar that he would vote for the prettiest party symbol he found on the ballot paper is therefore not surprising but indicative.

The response of the Italian people was perhaps another case of the political experts being proved wrong. Despite the amazingly high poll (a national average of 94 per cent.), the Centre only secured 49.18 per cent. of the votes. The De Gasperi policy of trying to make of the three lay parties a future alternative government was definitely rejected. Their votes fell from 13.4 per cent. in 1948 to 9.1 per cent.; meanwhile, the votes going to the Social Communists rose from 31 per cent. to 35.5 per cent., and to the Fascists and Monarchists from 4.8 per cent. to 12.7 per cent. The immediate cause was the Electoral Law, but more fundamentally it is difficult not to attribute the *radicalisation* of the political scene of the twenty years of Fascism, which did more than one hundred years of Marxist teaching to make the class struggle a sad reality in Italy. The common people did not trust the Democratic Socialists allied with the Christian Democrats, and certain sections of the middle and rich classes

have preferred an authoritarian to a liberal solution of the democratic problem.

How will a government be formed? The Christian Democrats with 261 seats must form an alliance with another group. According to events during the life of the new parliament, they may ally themselves now to the left, now to the right. Their left wing suggests with the 75 Nenni Socialists. But even if the Communists (with whom there is a pact of unity) would allow this, great changes in foreign policy, such as loosening of Italy's membership of NATO, seem to make such an alliance impossible with the party of De Gasperi. With the Centre parties then? The 14 Liberals and the four Republicans are willing, but the doubtful ally might be the 19 Democratic Socialists. If they should refuse to collaborate, following the influence of their rank and file (which believes co-operation over the Electoral Law to have been disastrous) the Christian Democrats would be pushed to seek an alliance with the 40 Monarchists. The latter's eagerness to join a government surprises nobody: monarchism appeared a good issue to exploit to get into Parliament. The predominant quality of the situation remains therefore its indecisiveness; only time will decide where the balance finally settles. The Italian people by the elections has shown itself to be almost equally divided in its estimate of the Democratic Centre which forms the political basis of the newly established liberal republic. The responsibility, however, remains with these parties to save Italy from the long-term threat of totalitarianism. If the Centre, and particularly the Christian Democratic party, does not succeed in formulating and pursuing a social and economic policy that will obtain the support of a larger proportion of the Italian people at subsequent elections, the Communists would be ready to attempt a *coup d'état* on the shoulders of a Popular Front, or the Right, backed by authoritarian elements which exist within the Christian Democratic party, to instal a régime similar to that of Salazar in Portugal.

RICHARD WIGG.

Pavia.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ELECTIONS

WHILE I was discussing the constitutional crisis in this magazine in July, 1952, something else had begun in South Africa which relegated that crisis to the comparative background and itself dominated the general election. The Defiance of Unjust Laws Campaign was launched on June 26th, 1952, under the auspices of the African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress as a non-violent protest against laws which discriminate on the grounds of race or colour alone. During the next six months over 8,000 Africans and Indians defied these laws, accepted arrest peacefully (even joyfully), and duly submitted themselves to the verdict of the courts, preferring always to go to prison rather than pay their fines. Despite a fair amount of police provocation and ill-treatment in prison, they and the crowds who watched their demonstrations behaved with a dignity and restraint that even sympathetic observers did not believe possible; and the whole campaign

displayed a unity of purpose and degree of organisation never previously approached by non-European political movements. In October and November, however, there occurred vicious little race riots at Port Elizabeth, East London, Johannesburg, and Kimberley in which six Europeans were murdered by berserk mobs of Africans, thirty-one Africans killed, and over 150 wounded by the police. Since the Government refused to hold judicial commissions of inquiry, it has not been possible to establish the whole truth about the origin of these riots. But in no case did they arise from Defiance demonstrations or involve organisers of passive resistance. And in all cases there was some measure of administrative or police provocation which, while not excusing murder and arson, help to explain how the existing dangerous state of racial tension (of which the Defiance Campaign was only one symptom) was brought to the flash-point at which the hooligan and criminal elements took control.

The riots came at a very convenient time for the Government. A few days later on November 13th the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court declared "illegal, null and void" the Government's device to disfranchise the Coloured voters by creating a "High Court of Parliament" superior to the Appellate Division. As late as September 15th, while the Government's appeal against a similar finding in a lower court was pending, Dr. Malan had committed himself to the truculent statement: "I can give this assurance: that with all the implications of this matter, we as a Government cannot allow ourselves to lose." But in the event it was able with hardly a murmur of protest to drop all the emotional claptrap of April and May about "a Third South African War for Freedom" freeing South Africa from "the constitutional enslavement to the legislation of a superior British Parliament," because the Defiance Campaign, with the gratuitous assistance of the Mau Mau, had so aroused the White electorate's traditional fears and colour prejudices that the Government's victory was assured even on the existing rolls. Malan's Nationalists, therefore, accepted the decision of the court subject to "an appeal to the final court of the people for a mandate to establish the sovereignty of Parliament"; and constitutional attitudes yielded to colour policy as the central theme of the election.

This was, in fact, logical, since the whole constitutional controversy arose from the Government's determination to "maintain the European dominance over the overwhelming majority of non-Europeans." The tone for the Nationalist election programme was set by Dr. Malan at Odendaalsrus on November 14th (immediately after the riots and the Appeal Court judgment): "In April the people will be asked whether, in view not only of the internal disturbances, but also in view of interference in our domestic affairs from abroad (UNO, India, the Labour Party, and certain sections of the British and American press being the chief offenders), the country should have a weak or a strong government. In other words, you will be asked whether you are prepared to commit national suicide." On another occasion he said: "The colour question is by far the greatest and most serious of the country's problems. Therefore it rightly dominates the election. The Government will stand or fall by its *apartheid* policy."

The Nationalist Government immediately began to prove itself "strong" by throwing its weight around in all the riot areas, and by introducing in Parliament two new laws which gave it totalitarian powers to suppress any recrudescence of passive resistance or other form of non-European agitation. Soon after the election this attitude was made explicit in the Minister of Justice's address to the police: "Let anyone now try to defy the law and he will be hit hard. We will not play with these people in future." And the Commissioner of Police replied: "We know now that the boot is on the other foot. We will get no more 'please explain' demands when we have acted." No wonder that to one overseas visitor the South African police seemed more like an army of occupation than a police force.

This is, of course, the administrative concomitant of a policy which seeks to "retain all power in our hands." The Nationalist doctrine of *apartheid* has meant many different things to many different people, ranging from total territorial partition with exchange of populations to little more than South Africa's traditional colour bars. But it has always had this particular significance for White voters: it stands for the permanent uncompromising retention of exclusive White political control (the *baasskap* or White Domination, as the Nationalists now honestly call it), the subordination and control of non-Whites in the "White areas" (80 per cent. of the country), and possibly, though there is yet no visible evidence of this, the grant of "a measure of self-government consonant with overriding White control" in the Native Reserves (12 per cent. of the country, housing but not supporting 40 per cent. of the African population), which are to be the Bantu "national homes and fatherland." Thus *apartheid* denies any political rights or economic opportunities other than unskilled employment to African "visitors" from their "homeland." It provides the White electorate with the maximum of cheap Black labour with a minimum of inconvenience and discomfort (social and residential segregation will see to that) without the necessity of making any concessions in the direction of "the detestable doctrine of human equality."

The electoral appeal of this policy in the South African context is so obvious that Smuts' United Party, now led by J. G. N. Strauss, decided to jettison entirely its own mildly progressive tradition which it held responsible for its 1948 election defeat, and to bid for "floating" Nationalists by pledging itself (in terms hardly distinguishable from the Nationalists) to the industrial colour bar, segregation and other repressive aspects of "the traditional South African way," and by wooing them with a glittering forest of economic Christmas trees. This strategy, however, suffered from three fatal defects. The Christmas trees were too blatantly synthetic and meretricious to attract anyone. The Nationalist Party being rather the Afrikaner "nation" in arms than a political party in the ordinary sense, its supporters do not "float" in appreciable numbers even if offended by their leaders' legal improprieties or disappointed in their bread-and-butter hopes. The residual emotions of the Great Trek and the Boer Wars, reinforced by Calvinist religious dogma and literal scriptural sanction, plus the deliberate indoctrination of Afrikaans youth in church and school, are too strong for appeals to reason and a wider morality to

succeed. Thirdly, in a competition to "put the nigger in his place," the Nationalists have reserves of ruthlessness which absolutely ensure their outbidding the Opposition. "White supremacy with justice," to which the United Party pinned its faith, is a far less effective battle-cry than "White Domination" (and, incidentally, hardly less repellent to non-Europeans); and the U.P.'s admission that Africans are permanent residents in the "White economy," its objections to some of the Nationalists' more arbitrary laws, and its scruples in regard to administrative brutality, while a credit to its fundamental decency, were only an embarrassment in an election apparently fought to decide White leadership in a race war that seemed already to have begun. Hence, partly, the U.P.'s inglorious support for the Nationalists' totalitarian laws passed in February.

But such electoral opportunism availed it nothing. On April 15th the Nationalists won a decisive majority of 29 seats in a House of 159. It is true that they only polled 45.6 per cent. of the 87.8 percentage vote; but this represents a considerable advance on their 41.7 per cent. of the 78.9 per cent. vote in 1948, especially since most of the extra 9 per cent. turn-out was Opposition voters too confident to bother last time. The fact is that the Afrikaans community is outbreeding the other White races. Today it comprises 64 per cent. of the White population, against 56 per cent. twenty years ago. Since at least 70 per cent. of Afrikaners are Nationalists, the mere passage of time increases their advantage, which is further assisted by their more even distribution throughout the country (compared to the U.P.'s huge useless majorities in the towns and Natal), the loading in favour of the solidly Nationalist rural constituencies, the over-representation of German-dominated South-West Africa, and the White stampede on the colour question. All these factors will work or will be worked increasingly in the Nationalists' favour during the next few years; so that Afrikaner Nationalism will become virtually impregnable within the limits of the White electorate, and South Africa will be in fact, if not in form, a one-race, one-party dictatorship.

What of the future? The hope that a clear majority will moderate Nationalist policy is sure to be disappointed. They have already promised to press on with more restrictions upon non-Whites. Since, however, both parties have seen that the Coloured franchise is no obstacle to a Nationalist victory (and this hope rather than a genuine concern for non-European rights was the mainspring of the U.P.'s fight), there is a chance that the constitutional issue will not be made a matter of life and death unless the present republican rumblings erupt. The graver and ultimately far more fundamental danger than this quarrel between Whites is that of a polarisation of South African politics between White and Black nationalisms, implacably opposed. Since most of the Congress leaders have been proscribed under laws that allow them no redress in the courts, and since the new laws make passive resistance as hitherto applied almost impossible, one cannot forecast what overt form the increasing non-European resentment with Nationalist racial policy will take. But clearly it is as unwise as it is immoral to stop up all outlets for the expression of grievances, and then apply the pressure even more intensively, as the Nationalists evidently intend. The U.P.'s failure so far to oppose the Nationalist *herrenvolk* ideology on a firm basis of principle has led to the

emergence of two new European political parties. One seeks to combine a tentative racial liberalism with the English-jingoistic reaction to Afrikaner Nationalism in the hope of staking out a small position of power in Natal from which to argue with the Nationalists. But some of the Federal Party leaders and most of the Natal electorate are so notably illiberal that the movement may either have to shed its liberalism or abandon its "jingoism." The new Liberal Party represents the still small voice of European conscience, pledged to the old Cape doctrine of equal rights for all civilised men and equal opportunities for all to become civilised. As yet it is only a pressure-group of widely scattered intellectuals with more enthusiasm than wisdom or political experience. But on its ability to form a bridge between White and Black, to win the United Party back to some semblance of its old mildly liberal tradition, and to sustain the heroically patient refusal of the handful of non-European leaders to give way to purely anti-White nationalism, may depend whether South Africa can continue precariously to avoid the abyss for which Nationalist domination seems headed, until the still distant day when sanity again prevails among the enfranchised White community.

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THE RUHR TODAY

SPENDING a day in a coal mine not only involves heat, sweat, damp and dirt: it also makes one think. How easy it is, even if justified, to complain about the rising price of coal! Yet how difficult and dangerous it is to work forty odd hours a week far under the ground to win this precious fuel—for others! There is the dust which corrodes the lungs; the peril of gases; the necessity to crouch while piercing the black wall with a hydraulic drill, for there is scarcely room to stand upright; the danger of being buried or injured by a collapsing ceiling which, to a visitor at least, appears so insecure; the darkness insufficiently dispersed by naked bulbs and miners' torchlights: the modern slavery. The impressions of a day in a Ruhr coal mine cannot differ greatly from those met in visiting a similar mine in Wales or Newcastle or anywhere else in the world. But what does strike one in a coal mine in the Ruhr—I went down one near Essen—is the zest of the miners there. Pressure is felt—not only the pressure of the "mountain," as they call the mass of coal and earth which lies heavily on the precarious ceiling of the shaft; there is pressure of the imperative need to increase production, less an order from above than the consequence of the will of each miner. This, by the way, is typical for the Ruhr in general. One meets well-nigh a fanaticism for work, as if they all fought for survival, whereas they really fight for a higher standard of life for everybody.

For everybody where? In Germany, would be the obvious answer, in western Germany. But is such limitation possible today? There is still a cold war which welds the western world into one unit, regardless of frontiers; and there is the Schuman Plan which combines the coal and steel production of the majority of the countries on the Continent of Europe this side of the Iron Curtain. It was good to realise down in a

Ruhr mine this European feeling of interdependence, of belonging to each other, of working for oneself and one's neighbours. Herr Alfried Krupp is no longer the uncrowned emperor of the Ruhr, that most precious part of western Europe; he is a very rich man, a sterling millionaire, but he is not allowed to own a coal mine. Forty million pounds are no trifle, but he cannot invest them so as to create another edition of centralised heavy industry. The work, now done underground there, on both sides of the Ruhr river, a tributary of the Rhine, is not for a dynasty of industrial barons and through them for the armament ideas of a Wilhelm the Second or Hitler the first and last; it is not even done in order to feed a heavy industry, which if existent could easily be transformed into gun manufacture, but for improving the standard of life of Germany and the neighbouring countries by increasing production of consumer and export goods. The Allied Ruhr policy has, to my mind, been a success, and the *Deutsche Bergbau-Leitung*, the coal mining authority, today conducts, from its seat in the *Glückaufhaus* in Essen, the coal mining in the country, synchronises and adjusts it where and when necessary, and does it apparently very ably. It is conducting, synchronising and adjusting, but not dictating, for coal is not nationalised in Germany.

If one considers that only eight years ago Germany—bombed to pieces, utterly defeated—surrendered unconditionally, and that it is only five years since the western Allies introduced their magic currency reform, one must see in the renaissance of the Ruhr a miracle. In 1945 western Germany produced 35,484 million tons of coal, in 1952, 123,280 million tons, in 1938, at the peak of the Nazi rearmament, 137 million tons, only slightly more than in 1952. And though German coal production is much lower than that of Britain, Germany is leading in this respect among all the Schuman Plan countries (Western Germany, France, Belgium, the Saar, the Netherlands, Luxembourg and Italy). Just as British coal production is a little bigger than that of the Schuman Plan countries (in 1950, 15.7 per cent. of world production as compared with 15.5 per cent.), so is the west German coal output a little higher than the combined production of all other Schuman Plan countries (in 1950, 110.8 million tons, as compared with 106.2 million tons). Somebody once said that statistics can prove anything, but these figures show that the Ruhr today is one of the most important assets of the western world in the present cold war, just as it offers a great temptation to the Russians. This means that not only is it a great help in the defence programme of the western world, but also well worth-while defending.

Naturally they have their troubles and worries in the coal mining industry of the Ruhr. There is the need of modernisation for which millions are necessary, when only a fraction of these millions are available. There is the lack of young men who on leaving school are willing to become miners: in prosperous western Germany other jobs are more alluring and more comfortable. These worries are also known in Britain. But taken all in all, the machinery is working efficiently, as proved by the output which is rising from year to year. There is hardly any friction between the owners and the miners, particularly as in many cases the ownership of a mine is in its structure of a co-operative character: this is called *Gewerkschaft*, a term used in this connection to mean not Trade

Union but a kind of collective ownership. Payment is relatively good: a first rate skilled miner earns 28 Shillings a shift (7½ hours), and there are many benefits available such as cheap dwellings. Though Germany is no Welfare State in the British meaning of the word, the care for the well-being of the miner is exemplary: a care of the "capitalists," *horribile dictu*. Their logic tells them that it pays to finance this care. While I was in the Ruhr, I had the opportunity of a private view of a new miners' rescue centre which was just being completed. It is a unique institution as it is the most recent and therefore the most modern in the world. It could have been put into action on a smaller scale and with much less money. However, the mine owners did not try to save, and built a rescue centre which may well become a Mecca of its kind for the world, quite apart from the fact that it offers the Ruhr miners today a greater chance of conquering the perils incurred in their daily or nightly work. It is equipped with the latest oxygen apparatus, carried by the rescuers to the danger spots of gas-infested shafts. The rescuers are specially trained for their jobs at courses held in the Centre. They can even sleep and eat there. To make a thorough training possible, a complete model of a coal mine—behind airproof glass—was erected in the Centre. It has four floors, can be filled with poisonous gases, and the inside temperature can be regulated so as to reach 40 degrees centigrade. There the trainees learn their work in practice, while they receive their theoretical knowledge at lectures held in a big hall. Another important part of the Centre consists of laboratories where experiments are being made and inventive improvements sought. The Centre serves all the Ruhr mines in case of explosion, fire or any other large scale disaster. In case of a lesser emergency the local rescue squads go into action. A miner in the Ruhr knows that science, human courage and an excellent organisation are ready to help him in time of danger. That, too, is a stimulus for his devotion to work. The Centre has its own large car park and a stock of 40,000 sandbags.

The importance of the Ruhr lies not only in coal mining: the other part is presented by industry, particularly steel. Therefore, to receive a more complete picture, a visit to a steel plant was necessary. For this the Mannesmann plant in Huckingen near Duisburg was chosen, where seamless tubes are manufactured, indispensable for oil pipe lines. The main impression gathered in a steel plant is in a way akin to that of a coal mine; with the difference that in a steel plant the heat is even greater, and the flaming liquid metal reminds one of Dante's *Inferno*. Here they go, the small carriages with ore—from France, from Sweden, or from other countries—up by lifts to the furnace. Standing near to it and watching the two flaming streams—one of pure steel, the other of slack—both of them spitting angry little balls of melted metal, is like being in hell. The same sensation takes possession of the visitor when he later sees in an immense hall how machines and men mould the liquid flames into white-hot blocks, how these in turn are pressed, cut, shaped, until big, seamless tubes emerge from the last process. Trains bring the goods on a local railway to the nearby Rhine harbour—Duisburg claims to be the largest interior port in Europe—where they are loaded on barges on which they go down the Rhine to Rotterdam; there they are transferred to cargo

vessels, and begin their journey to distant countries, to South America or the Middle East. A number of British engineers are now temporarily working in the Mannesmann plant, in exchange for several Germans who went to the Midlands of England: thus experience becomes mutual and serves both countries. In Huckingen one was again struck by the care for the welfare of the workers—and one has always to remember that Germany is no Welfare State. Lovely little houses were built by the management for the workers—the rent is very low. And a big house, with doctors, nurses and special mineral baths stands near the factory, offering the employees most modern treatment which aims at preventing disease. To make it even more attractive to the workers, the time spent on treatment is paid for exactly as work time: no loss of wages is incurred while preserving health. Then there were talks with the officials of the *Landesregierung* in Dusseldorf, with managers and workers in the Ruhr, with their wives. They all had two wishes only: to earn more by working harder and to be left in peace. They know that they are on an upgrade curve after the catastrophe brought about by Nazism, but they are not yet satisfied. They seem to be continually egged on by the inner imperative to produce more, to create new things, to rebuild completely what is still destroyed, and to build anew. This zest should not be underestimated: kept in proper channels it immeasurably increases the value of the precious asset of the Ruhr.

The Ruhr is western—in outlook and geographically—but when the Berlin revolt broke out, the eyes of all naturally turned to the East. And they remained fixed on the East. There, the seemingly impossible has happened: a revolution of working men against "their own" Government broke out. As a German to whom I talked put it: "Since the Spartacus days, shortly after the end of the first world war, there has been no rising of workers against a Government in Germany, and there had never been any before the first world war; it is the Marxist-Communist Government in the Soviet Zone which now can claim the distinction of having forced workers out of the factories and into the streets to demonstrate against the red flag and for the flag of the Federal Republic." It is a fantastic thought, but based on reality: while west German workers are in complete harmony with the "capitalists"—not counting the usual, democratic party strife—those of the Stalin-Allee in East Berlin rose against the Communist oppressors. The revolt itself—an act of great courage, considering the Soviet might behind the Grotewohls and the Ulbrichts—may yet prove the beginning of a new era in many respects. The "People's Government" has been discredited, the Russian occupants have reverted—eight years after the end of the war—to the use of arms: thus the mask has fallen. Now it must be clear even to the sceptics that the Soviet in eastern Germany—and probably in all other satellite countries—are only very precariously situated. It also is clear that the half-hearted Communist "leniency" towards the population only creates an appetite for more freedom. Malenkov's post-Stalin policy must now cause much headache not only in the East Berlin Karlshorst, the seat of the Soviet High Commissioner, but also in the Kremlin itself. What will Semoyonov, East Germany's real ruler, do? Can he—a "liberal" of sorts—reimpose the former policy as introduced by Yudin? The Russians themselves

apparently know that this is not easy, now that the latent forces against them have been awakened. But this is *their* predicament. On the other hand, there is another side of the story, as far as Germany is concerned. Western Germany was settling down to its own existence when the Berlin revolt broke out. The repercussions were very strong. The dilemma—to continue the integration to the West or to work for national unity—became burning. Before June 17th, 1953, the question of German unity was a matter of the future and of discussions; now an immediate reply and action are wanted. There are as yet no signs that the Russians would really be prepared to leave their Zone, to let their German puppets fall, and to withdraw to neighbouring Poland. But even if they did this, what about Bonn? There two schools are still opposed to each other: Dr. Adenauer and his Coalition believe that unity of Germany should in no way prejudice the integration to the West; the Social Democrats, on the other hand, think that unity should come first and with no or little regard for the consequences, in other words, they are ready to take the plunge. The majority of the population in western Germany is torn between the two: to continue on the present road of hard work and pleasant prosperity, or to wish and act in the direction of a united country. One thing is to the western Germans obvious: that they are on the right road, as proved by results. They would not like to deviate from it. But they are Germans and they cannot shut their eyes either to the fate of their brethren under the Soviet rule or to the future of their country.

The attitude of the western Allies is unambiguous; though they are resolved to go on with the integration, they are in favour of free all-German elections as a first step to unification. They will certainly draw their lesson from the result of the impending election to the *Bundestag* in Bonn. The Federal Government, too, will have to draw their lesson from it. Dr. Adenauer's chances of being returned to power are good. But the wish of the population to unite central Germany (now "People's Republic"), including the whole of Berlin, with the Federal Republic is growing. In the more distant future there looms also the problem of the territories east of the Oder-Neisse line, now forming a part of satellite Poland. All this is the other side of the picture: there are headaches not only in Moscow, but also in Bonn. Meanwhile work in the Ruhr will continue, good hard work for peace and prosperity. It is an asset which should never be lost. The question is only whether the spirit now prevailing in the Ruhr will penetrate into the Stalin-Allee in East Berlin and win it over for good, or whether the present uneasy division will remain a kind of necessary evil from which there is no way out, for the moment at least.

SIMON WOLF.

FORMOSA

FORMOSA, or to give the island its Chinese name of Taiwan, formed part of the Chinese Empire some 700 years ago. Today the Chinese regard it as forming part of China. It has been occupied by the Dutch, Spaniards, the Dutch again, who drove out the Spaniards, and the Japanese, until finally in December 1949, Chiang Kai-shek and his

defeated armies sought refuge in Formosa after having been driven out of China. By the Declaration of Cairo in December 1943, the Governments of Britain, America and China agreed that "Territories that Japan had stolen from the Chinese, such as Formosa, shall be restored to the Republic of China." In 1945 President Truman and Mr. Churchill stated in the Potsdam Proclamation that "the terms of the Cairo Declaration shall be carried out." With that statement Chiang Kai-shek concurred. Three days after the invasion of South Korea in June 1950, Mr. Truman announced a policy of neutralisation regarding Formosa, and he ordered the American Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack by the Communists in China on Formosa. He gave as his reason for this order that the occupation of Formosa by the Chinese Communists would prove a very real danger to the Pacific area and the United States forces engaged in that area.

This situation has been radically altered by the removal of the fleet and the restrictions which prevented Nationalist raids on the mainland. It has also left Formosa open to attack by the Chinese. It is known that the Chinese have retained their fleet of motorised junks along their coast, but it is doubtful whether they would be in a position to run the gauntlet of the hundred miles crossing which would take at least ten hours in the junks in face of the Nationalist fleet and air arm. Whether Russia would support such an attack, or whether the Americans would intervene in the defence of Formosa, is a moot point. In either case such intervention by Russia or America might well be prelude to the third world war.

There is no doubt that the occupation of Formosa by the Japanese brought many blessings in its train, although all the advantages were not on the side of the Formosans at the time. The Japanese greatly improved the natural resources of Formosa, and encouraged the cultivation of rice and sugar, the latter then being the staple crop. True, most of the crop was exported to Japan, but at the same time the Japanese conferred immense improvements in the system of agriculture, and gave many advantages to the farmers. Motors for the farms were introduced, electricity installed, food and clothing of the peasants were greatly improved. Railways and excellent motor roads were constructed through the length of the island, schools and hospitals were built, and education was made compulsory. Trains ran to time, and heaven help the station and engine staff if trains were late on arrival. The porters and staff lined up and bowed to the trains as they arrived and departed.

Several Chinese traders and landowners whom I met at Singapore a few years ago gave me a good insight into the economic situation prevailing in Formosa. A large landowner who had vast estates in the fertile plains on the west of Formosa told me his principal crops were rice and sugar. Many of the sugar factories of the island had been destroyed by the American bombers, but they were being rebuilt rapidly. Rice, however, was fast taking the place of sugar as the most important crop. Formerly the peasants, though industrious and hard-working, were in reality very poor. Their holdings, which often did not exceed four acres, were insufficient to support a proper condition of life, while the rapacity of the old world landlords, who exacted anything up to 70 per cent. of the crop by way of rent, took most of the farm produce and left practically nothing

for fresh seed and other necessities. In addition, the peasant had to pay high prices for fertilisers, as well as a large deposit to the landlord for securing his lease. My Chinese friend assured me that he had long since reduced his rents to less than half the former amount, and now under the new land enactments, rents had been reduced by about 50 per cent., or about 37 per cent. of the crop. Public land is now let to farmers at a rent of 25 per cent. of the crop. Under the rule of the Japanese a credit system for farmers had been set up by which they could obtain loans at a reasonable rate of interest. With the surrender of the Japanese, however, and their evacuation of the island, this system came to an end, and now the moneylenders, those parasites of the East, have it all their own way. Farmers had to pay anything up to 150 or 200 per cent. for a loan.

Another man assured me that the Economic Co-operation Administration (the ECA) is doing a great work towards restoring the economic prosperity of Formosa. Funds are provided for various purposes, part of which is recovered from payments by farmers for fertilisers and other commodity goods. These repayments are not remitted to America, but are used to finance other grants for the use of the Formosans. In other words, all the money they pay for goods supplied by the ECA remains in Formosa for their own benefit. I was at the same time impressed with the future of Formosa as an exporter of sugar and rice, which would be an important factor in the economy of the island, and would enable the Government to pay for those consumer goods which are urgently required. Much of the exchange trade would naturally be with Japan, where the sugar is in great and growing demand. My informant told me at the same time that he hoped that trade with Great Britain would continue, and he mentioned the demand for British bicycles, which, he assured me, were the best in the world.

I made extensive enquiries about the industries of the island, and was given to understand that important new works are in progress. Cement works are now producing vast quantities of cement, which was formerly exported to Australia. Now, however, my friend remarked, with a smile, "we want every bag of cement for our own defences and gun emplacements." Besides cement there is a great oil refinery at Kaohsiung, although oil in only slight quantities has been discovered in Formosa, and there is a magnificent harbour at Keelung at the northern tip of the island. The mountain streams that run down to the west would be capable of supplying all the electricity needed for the development of Formosa.

The burden of supporting the large army deemed necessary for defensive purposes and also for carrying out the constant raids on the mainland is a grievous burden on the revenue, and amounts to some 70 per cent. of the total revenue. Now that all restrictions on sea activities have been withdrawn, more than ever must the Government be prepared for defence against a possible attack from China. The lesson of the attack on Quemoy in which the Chinese were decisively defeated has not been forgotten. In short, I was assured, the Nationalists under Chiang Kai-shek are determined to make Formosa a model island, both politically and economically. The budget is balanced in spite of reduced taxes, and the revenue has increased. While drinking tea in one of the tea shops in

Saigon in Indo-China I met several Chinamen from Formosa who spoke perfect English. They compared the menu with that supplied in the Formosan restaurants, where, they told me, snakes are considered a delicacy, though men from the northern parts of China prefer duck. You can buy a six-foot python, they said, which is useful to catch rats in your house, much the same, I remembered, as the familiar rat snake that lived in the roof of our old Indian bungalows and caught the rats.

The enormous flood of immigrants from the mainland has had the inevitable effect of introducing numbers of spies and Communist agents, many of whom are provided with neat little Russian transmitter sets. Blackmail is frequently used to induce otherwise innocent people to act as agents by the threat against relatives who still remain in China. The Formosan Secret Police, under the command of the elder son of Chiang Kai-shek has absolute power to arrest and interrogate suspects, many of whom have been so roughly handled during their interrogation that they have to be carried to the execution posts on the old race-course, where they are tied up and shot. The posts, I was told, remain in position as a grim reminder to the populace. When caught, spies are tried by a military court and summarily executed. Nationalist agents are active in Hong Kong and Macao, where much valuable information is gleaned from the throng of travellers who are constantly passing through these places, and are willing to tell all they know for gold.

I was told by Nationalist officers whom I encountered at Saigon and Singapore that the morale of the Nationalist forces is now very high, and they are very different from the defeated and discredited troops who, together with Chiang Kai-shek were driven out of China by the Communists. They are now well trained, though they lack modern arms and equipment. "These will be supplied by America," they assured me, "and then we shall attack the mainland." This may be so in the future, but at present all activities are confined to raids on the coast-line, which have the effect of practical training of the troops, all of whom take their turn, while they help to maintain the general morale of the army. At the same time they afford great encouragement to the guerillas who are operating against the Communist lines of supply both to Korea and to Indo-China. When Chiang Kai-shek left China, he left behind numerous skilled engineers to organise resistance. They trained men in the use of dynamite for the destruction of bridges, many of which have been destroyed. Flimsy wooden bridges are set on fire with paraffin. All these guerrilla activities have the effect of encouraging the farmers who are discontented with Communist rule, which they say has failed to fulfil its promises of general prosperity, while they compel the Communists to retain considerable forces in the coastal regions who might have been employed in Korea or against Indo-China. Resistance to Communism on the mainland may be said to spring from three main sources, viz.:

- (a) Organised military groups who act under the command of the Formosan Government as part of the Nationalist forces.
- (b) Remnants of Chiang Kai-shek's armies in China who have refused to surrender, and still continue warfare against the Communists.
- (c) Bandits and pirates who are opposed to any government.

One of the difficulties which confronts the Nationalist army is that of replacements of sick and aged men. Morale has been adversely affected by the activities of political officials attached to all units from company level upwards. These men report on the activities of officers and men, and through their agency many officers have been arrested. A spirit of suspicion and distrust has been engendered despite the efforts of the American Mission. Each battalion has a political section as an administrative unit, whose task is to "politically educate" the soldier. They detect "defeatism," and break down all opposition to the régime within the armed forces. Those arrested are usually executed at once.

The army consists of about 500,000 men under arms, organised in twenty-one divisions. The general age is high, about thirty or so, but the advantage of having older and trained men is considered to outweigh other disadvantages. They have been under training for about three years and have become generally very efficient. Several French officers whom I met at Saigon spoke about the raids by the Nationalists on the mainland, and said that a large-scale raid on the island of Hainan would be to the advantage of both the Nationalists and the French. For the former it would act as a rehearsal for a mainland landing, much in the way that the raid on Dieppe assisted in the D Day landing in France, while it would be of great help to the French in Indo-China by putting a stop to the supply of arms and equipment to the forces of the Viet Minh which were ferried across by night in motor junks. Owing to their strict neutrality, the French were powerless to intervene, as Hainan was Chinese territory, and any irruption by the French might lead to Chinese intervention with armed forces into Indo-China, from which they had hitherto refrained.

Chiang Kai-shek and his troops are said to regard a third world war as inevitable, with resultant famine and disruption of the social life of the people. So strong is this belief that practical steps have been taken to formulate a planned programme of action to be followed in three successive stages, viz.:

- (a) The pre-reoccupation period.
- (b) The reoccupation period.
- (c) The post reoccupation period.

That the Chinese Government are fully alive to the threat of Nationalist raids against their supply lines is evident from the importance they attach to their protection. Important bodies of troops have been retained for guarding railways, bridges and other essential points, in addition to large troop concentrations in the coastal regions as protection against the incessant raids which are carried out from Formosa itself. Coastal defences have been strengthened, batteries installed, air-fields constructed for immediate defence, while larger air-fields have been established much farther inland. The troops engaged in these defences are constantly on the move, which renders any reliable estimation as to their numbers a matter of some difficulty. French officers whom I met at Saigon told me that they knew of large dumps of supplies which had been collected by the Chinese far inland for the supply of the Viet Minh troops engaged in Indo-China. Owing, however, to the policy of strict neutrality imposed by the French Government, the French Air Force were pro-

hibited from carrying out raids on these supplies.

What of the future of Formosa? It is obvious that under no circumstances will the American Government countenance the occupation of Formosa by the Chinese Communists, but without American assistance in arms and equipment, it is hardly possible that the Nationalists would be able to offer any effective or prolonged resistance should Mao Tse-tung decide to launch an all-out attack on the island. At the same time, regarding Formosa from Mao Tse-tung's point of view, the island must present a running sore to the Communist régime in China. The Nationalist army, well disciplined and well trained, and imbued with a high morale, constitutes a very real threat to the mainland, while it offers a ready refuge and welcome for every discontented man in China who has been disillusioned by the non-fulfilment of Communist promises, and has at length discovered that the rule of the Communist King Stork is, if anything, rather more oppressive than the former rule of King Log.

The present negotiations in Korea may possibly lead to an armistice and eventual peace, in which case the Chinese "volunteers" in Korea would be available for large-scale operations elsewhere, which might lead to an attack on Formosa or Indo-China. Russian diplomacy is tortuous in the extreme, and it is idle to consider results of a highly speculative character.

H. E. CROCKER.

MEMORIES OF WITTE

THE history of Russia is closely connected with three outstanding figures: Peter the Great, Witte and Lenin. Peter envisaged a survival and expansion of Russia through "military measures" bringing up to date the apparatus of the State; Witte saw the only salvation of Russia in cultural, economic and social reforms, whilst Lenin decided to achieve his aims through a violent revolution. Witte said to my grandfather: "Our government does not realise that a great national body, like a flood, is always in a permanent surge forward, and one has enough to do to regulate and direct it. But if one blocks its way, then comes a revolutionary bursting of the dam." In a prophetic memorandum he told the Tsar: "Police action cannot suppress or hold back a spiritual movement. Freedom must become the watchword of the Government. There is no other way to save the State. The historical process is not to be stopped. Freedom will develop, either through Reforms or Revolution. In the latter case it will arise from a cataclysm which will destroy for a thousand years the existence of nations. The Russian Revolution, senseless and pitiless, will turn everything to ruin. In what form Russia will emerge out of this disease we cannot guess, but the horrors will surpass everything known in history. Through foreign intervention the state may be parcelled out. There will be an effort to introduce the ideas of theoretical socialism; it will fail, but it will have definite consequences all over the world. All this will destroy the family and the religious life, private property and the foundations of law. The state therefore must take the initiative in the freedom movement. There is no other way out."

He went on to remind the Tsar that one third of the population of the Russian Empire were not Russians. He had in view chiefly the Poles and the Jews, for whom he demanded equality of rights.

The middle of the nineteenth century was the epoch of a great drive inside Russia as well as of her expansion outside. The liberation of the serfs, the Law Court Reforms, and the introduction of self-governing bodies called *Zemstvos* came one after the other. The liberation of the serfs undermined the power of the ruling classes, and it seemed imperative to reinforce their material basis. Russia was becoming more and more part of the European Concert though the greater part of her dominions lay in Asia. This New Russia started her expansion in the direction of the Near, Middle and Far East. The Caucasus was conquered. Whilst in the Caucasus it was a question of military suppression of the heroic mountaineers, in New Russia it was a question of exploiting the enormous natural wealth. Without distinction of rank and birth the most energetic people took the lead. Witte, born in 1849, was the son of an obscure civil servant of German origin. His mother was a Fadeew, daughter of Princess Dolgorouky, one of the noblest of the aristocracy. Witte, though proud of his descent, was sent to a non-privileged school and then to Odessa University. The southern capital was alive with feverish energy, building the great harbour and constructing the Russian Volunteer Fleet. Travelling by coach through the steppes of the Ukraine he realised the importance of railways to exploit their riches. Then and there he resolved to start building. He was a staunch Monarchist and saw salvation in the introduction of a Constitutional conservative monarchy which believed in progress. He was a staunch individualist as well, for he realised the importance of private property coupled with civil freedoms. He said to my grandfather: "Ideas of Socialism have found welcome in Russia because we have a very limited esteem for law in general and in particular for the rights of property, which are encroached upon daily by Government officials." When he was summoned to save Russia from complete disintegration in the revolution of 1905, he told my uncle: "I have made it possible to withdraw her disorganised army from the Far East without bloodshed. Next I organised the Duma, and after that even a donkey could cope with a revolution." His next task was to build a trans-Siberian railway and the prosperous cities of Harbin and Dalny. The Tsar, however, persisted in returning to an absolutist police régime coupled with brutal aggression and annexations. When Russia, defeated by Japan, had to negotiate peace, she had again to seek for Witte's help, despite the Tsar's saying "anybody but Witte." He went to America for this purpose. In America all public opinion was against "the Despot," and therefore against his envoy; yet in a week he succeeded in turning opinion against Japan.

The only man in Europe who had understood the genius of Witte was Bismarck, then in retirement, who foretold for him a great career. After the ruinous war Russia was bankrupt, and no loans seemed possible; yet Witte, owing to his prestige in Europe and America, arranged huge loans. As Minister of Finance he had introduced the gold standard, covered Russia with a network of railways, not strategic but commercial, and overcome at the last minute the revolution of 1905. He was then accused

by the Tsar's Camarilla of "plotting against the Tsar." He bitterly complained at that time to my uncle: "Only one thing will save me: my staunch belief in the sane political instinct and the constructive and productive forces of the great Russian people." He started in a humble position as a railway ticket collector and step by step reached the highest position. When that took place he started to unite the private railways which had squandered money received as subsidies. Those builders became millionaires. All were thrown out while the honest and the talented men, such as the Jew Kirbiz (constructor of the East Chinese line) or such as his assistant Abrahamson, were retained. When slanders of Witte reached the ears of Alexander III, saying that he had stolen 10 million roubles, the Tsar replied: "If he stole 10 millions and saved Russia 100 millions, good luck to him." In fact Witte turned a 48 million gold rouble deficit into a profit for the Treasury of a few million roubles a year. He realised that the development of Russo-Asiatic relations was the right way to proceed, and that the "window on Europe" built by Peter the Great did not give scope enough.

Witte was called in to help whenever something went wrong, as when a severe epidemic of cholera broke out in 1892 on the Volga. After the epidemic he went to see for himself the work of the Nigni-Novgorod Fair, where Asia and Russia meet and large transactions in bartering goods went on by rich but illiterate merchants. Returning to the capital he said to my grandfather: "If only the Tsar would give education, these people would rank amongst the foremost in the world." He immediately built the St. Petersburg Polytechnicum which cost 12 million gold roubles, where I met a student named Scriabin, later known as Molotoff. In Turkestan he started huge irrigation systems which were completed by the Soviets. He completed the line from Moscow to Jaroslaw, linking it up with the White Sea, Archangel and Murmansk, and Libau was turned into a first-class harbour linking Russia with Western Europe. But his main interest was in the Far East where he built the Ussuri line, which connected Vladivostok with Khabarovsk. The question arose how to build it round the Chinese territories lying in between or through Chinese lands. Witte secured permission from the Chinese government to build it through Chinese territory, an unprecedented case in international relations. He persuaded the Chinese Government that China and Russia were natural allies, as he believed himself; but the Tsarist Camarilla, aggressive and expansionist, wrecked this policy. He sadly remarked to my uncle: "I have doubled the Russian railways, but the War Office hindered me. Strategic lines were built for a war in the West, much money was unproductively squandered, and finally a war came in the Far East." On becoming Minister of Finance he carried out a gigantic programme: (1) improving the finances; (2) the introduction of the Alcohol Monopoly; (3) the introduction of the Gold Standard, and (4) foreign loans. By the Alcohol Monopoly the State earned large profits and drunkenness diminished. When he took over the Ministry his predecessor declared that "Russia was financially at the end of her tether." There was no money to pay the salaries of civil servants from August to February, 1892. The introduction of the gold standard, making the rouble equal to two francs instead of four, raised a general protest; but

the Bank Rate was reduced from 6 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and foreign loans on an unprecedented scale poured in.

The defeat in the Japanese war ruined Russia once more. Witte was called in and succeeded, owing to his personal prestige, in raising a loan of 800 million gold roubles, and so restored financial order. He liked the English. The French, he said, were "republicans with a weakness for monarchs and titles." He had a great admiration for Americans and they liked him. Simplicity appealed to him. Coming to the U.S.A. he was warned not to go to the emigrant quarters, where many former Russian subjects, fleeing from Tsarist persecution, lived. He went there unguarded, kissed their children, and shook hands with humble people; soon it was known that he vehemently opposed the pogroms and they took him to their hearts. His humour and common sense appealed to them, and on many occasions people, seeing him, told my uncle, who used to accompany him on such errands, that if he were an American he would become the President. But all that was of little avail with the weak-willed, ignorant Tsar and his reactionary camarilla, with their programme of Absolutism, Orthodoxy and chauvinism. "I am a nobleman", he remarked to my uncle; "but it is unfair to improve the position of the minority (nobility) and not to care about the majority (peasantry.)" He wished to give equal rights to the peasants and to make them owners of their property, warning the nobility of the coming frightful revolution if this were not done. He objected to the making of the Greek Orthodox Church into an instrument of the Government and also, as he put it, "to dressing up everybody in a Moscow Kaftan (coat,)" since the people had long outgrown it. Russia was a conglomerate of many nations. Self-respecting nations, he declared, could not indulge in pogroms, either against the Jews or anybody else. He demanded in vain from the Tsar the granting of equal rights to them with the other subjects, as throughout civilised Europe. He proposed to nationalise the land after paying fair compensation and to divide it amongst the peasantry, especially the poorest. He succeeded, against violent opposition, in granting the Ukrainians the right to publish the Bible in their own tongue. He shortened hours of work for the labourers, but the Tsar gave powers to the police which annulled the effects of this law. The famous reactionary Minister Plehve created a semi-official organisation "The Black Hundred" which arranged Jewish pogroms on a large scale. Witte warned that this policy would lead to the non-Russian nationalities, who had only asked for local autonomy, demanding the secession from Russia, as happened in the 1917 revolution.

Witte realised that the splitting of Europe would mean war, and he stood squarely for a peaceful united block. He wanted Germany to return Alsace-Lorraine to France, and tried to make Germany an honest broker between Russia and America. He was the initiator of the Peace Conference at the Hague in 1898. He vehemently denounced the madness of Russian Pan Slavism. He stressed the role of Russia in Asia, advocating the building of railways, including the trans-Caucasian line to Persia. He wanted to build a railway to Afghanistan in agreement with England. He argued that a mighty and peaceful China would be the best alliance for Russia, and warned that partition would lead to cataclysms. He even

suggested an agreement with Japan on spheres of peaceful co-operation in Korea. "But what I offered," said Witte to my grandfather, "was considered by the Tsar high treason and folly." Time and again he drew attention to the fact that even backward China sent missions to study conditions in Europe in order to improve conditions of life at home, and that Japan had become a mighty Power by copying the West.

Being in the U.S.A. not long after the Portsmouth Treaty, I had the honour to meet Theodore Roosevelt, who repeated to me several times: "Witte is the greatest living man, who saved Russia on the brink of catastrophe unprecedented in her history." Witte told my uncle, "I came back with peace with honour for Russia and I settled the revolution, but I shall be declared by the Tsar, who hates me, that I am the enemy of him and the people." He added, "So Fate plays with men through men." He was a great admirer of Washington, and expressed his hope that the tree he planted would be the symbol of friendship between the United States and Russia.

The evil forces which brought Bolshevism to Russia were prepared by the mad Tsarist reaction. The murder of Alexander II and the political death of Witte were irreparable blows. Somebody rightly said that on the sarcophagus of the Tsar Liberator stood the true inscription, "February 19, 1861" (the date of the liberation of the serfs), whereas on the tombstone of Witte (who died in Russia in the First World War, forgotten and despised by those whom he had saved for the time being) ought to stand "October 17, 1905" (the date of the granting of the Constitution.) The tragedy lies in the fact that the connection between those two dates was broken, and a drunken revolutionary soldier destroyed the monuments which bore the figures and all they stood for.

V. DE KOROSTOVETZ.

INDIA'S FIVE-YEAR PLAN

INDIA'S 360 million people received recently their first deal since independence—a Five-Year Plan which will cost £1,591 million (Rs. 2,069 crores), and is the initial of a series which by 1977 is calculated to double the nation's *per capita* income. The Plan was given a flying start in the House of the People (India's House of Commons) when Mr. Nehru made the clarion call: "Let us remake India." And it received the stamp of final approval on January 18th, when it was unanimously adopted by the Indian National Congress at its annual session in Hyderabad. Essentially a preparatory deal for the creation of a welfare state, the Plan (period 1951-56) has already run two years. That may appear strange. What has happened is that many of the major irrigation and power schemes that were brought into operation soon after independence have been incorporated in the Plan. During the past decade or so many countries have drawn up blue-prints, but this Plan, in the given context, is the first of its kind. The aim here has not been the mere effective utilisation of resources, human and material, to obtain a larger output of goods and services. Direction posts and milestones have also been set up for a richer and more varied life, and the consequent evolution of a better human being.

The maximum emphasis in the Plan is laid on agriculture, as it is rightly believed that if the food front cracks, everything cracks. In recent years the country has, on an average, imported about three million tons of food grains a year—and the cost of it since 1948 has been about £576 million. This makes a big dent in the nation's treasury—and it hurts, for there is ample scope for eliminating, by stages, the need to import food. Towards this end of self-sufficiency in food about £407 million has been earmarked. This amount will be used to aid the farmer in every practical way. There will be more water for his land, and more land for his children—an area of about 27 million acres will be brought under cultivation by 1955-56. He will be provided with better seed and fertilisers. Today the only seed he knows of is what he has been able to grow or procure on his own initiative; and the only manure he has ever used is the cow-dung that is left over after providing for his home fires—in rural India, cow-dung is mixed with a sprinkling of hay and made into cakes, which after being dried in the sun, provide the cheapest form of fuel. Then there will be the rural extension services, which will carry to the farmer the know-how of technical improvements. Crop plans will be prepared which each farm in a particular area will be expected to follow to enable it to utilise the available physical resources to the maximum. The Plan also envisages provision of finance for agriculture. This will be a boon to the farmer. Today he finds himself badly handicapped for whenever he needs funds for financing a crop (he is too poor to be able to save for the purpose) he is driven to the village moneylender, whose technique is usurious. (Before the war, agricultural indebtedness in the country amounted to about £1,400 million, and it was only as a result of high prices during the war and a series of legislative measures that this indebtedness was more or less wiped out. A great endeavour is also to be made to vitalise rural society by modern methods of group effort. The Government is attaching great importance in this context to community projects now in operation in selected areas all over the country. The idea is to provide energetic leadership to village communities in the tackling of economic and social problems in an organised and co-operative manner. A part of the battle for self-sufficiency in food will be directed to fisheries. A survey of waters is being conducted, and high priority given to matters relating to the supply of requisites of fishermen, mechanisation of country craft, or introduction of new mechanised boats, provision of cold storage, and transport facilities, and necessary harbour facilities. It is anticipated that as a result of the schemes, fish production will increase from one million tons in 1950-51 to 1.5 million tons in 1955-56.

It has often been said that India does not wish to go the China way. This has been given practical shape by the planners, who have taken every pain to see that a beginning is made in the sphere of agrarian reform. For, if one remembers aright, it was the lack of foresight in introducing the badly-needed land reforms in China that led to the curtain being wrung on Chiang! The declared aim of the Plan is to "reduce disparities in wealth and income, eliminate exploitation, provide security for tenant and worker, and finally, promise equality of status and opportunity to different sections of the population." To achieve this aim it is proposed to fix an upper and a lower limit—the former to reduce disparities, and the

latter to maintain cultivation at a certain level of efficiency. Where land with any individual will be in excess of the limit, the general policy will be to encourage the tenants to become owners. This principle will, however, not be adopted doggedly. A provision is made for larger-than-limit holdings where public interest demands. Where holdings are below the minimum limit, every encouragement will be given to the small and middle owners to organise themselves, as far as possible, in co-operatives. The setting of the lower limit is of as much importance, if not greater, as that of setting the upper limit. As a result of the crumbling social structure in the country—the joint family system making place for the single family unit—fragmentation of holdings has, for some decades, been the bane of agriculture. At times the individual holding has been reduced to nothing more than an area covering two tennis courts. Fortunately the landless worker is not forgotten. The planners concede that it will be difficult to maintain a system in which, because of accidents of birth or circumstances, certain individuals are denied the opportunity of rising in the social scale. They have, therefore, proposed a co-operative system of management in which land and other resources of a village can be managed and developed so as to increase and diversify production, and to provide employment to those willing to work. Although the emphasis is put on agriculture and land, the industrial sector of the economy has also been given its place of pride. For, in the words of Mr. Nehru: "We have to catch up as rapidly as possible with the industrial revolution, which came long years ago to the Western countries. Moreover, we cannot remain a free country unless we build up our major industries, which are so very essential for defence."

The planners have taken great care to see that the errors of the industrial revolution, as taught us by history, are not repeated. In this they have completely rejected the *laissez-faire* doctrine. That does not mean the State is taking over everything. It certainly is not. All that is envisaged is an economy divided into two sectors—private and public—and the private sector fitting into the pattern of a controlled economy. Certain industries, like arms and ammunition, the production and control of atomic energy, and railways, are reserved exclusively for the Central Government. In the case of certain others, such as coal, iron and steel, aircraft manufacture, shipbuilding, telephone, telegraph, and wireless apparatus, further development is to be the responsibility of the State, except to the extent private enterprise is felt to be necessary. The rest of the field is left to private enterprise, individual and co-operative, but central regulation and control are envisaged for certain specified industries which are of special importance. As to the existing enterprises, there is to be no "nationalisation as most of the purposes can be served by judicious regulation."

Although to finance industrial development nearly £72 million (Rs. 94 crores) will be needed, all the amount may not be raised at home; foreign aid is welcome. The Plan emphatically reiterates the assurances already given to foreign capital as to non-discrimination, reasonable facilities for transfer of profits, repatriation of capital, and of fair and equitable compensation in the event of nationalisation. The only footnote to this is that foreign capital will be permitted in spheres where new lines of

production are to be developed, or where special types of technical skill and experience are required. The question of foreign capital has been something of a delicate issue for a long time—all the more since 1947. Occasionally, fears have been expressed that this help from outside may interfere with India's freedom—in fact, it has been blatantly suggested that such an act will be tantamount to aiding and abetting foreign imperialism to enter through the back-door! What is Mr. Nehru's answer to such critics? He says: "Almost every nation has done with help in various ways from other countries in the past, and I do not see any reason why we should prefer not to take aid, even though that aid does not influence our policy or our activities in the slightest."

In the sphere of commerce, a "remade" India will seek her share of the cake. The policy during the Plan will not merely be to maintain exports at the present level, but increase them by over 10 per cent.—this increase will be in relation to the exports in 1950-51, a boom year. The increase is expected to take place mainly in cotton piece-goods, jute yarns and manufactures, manganese ore, oils, coal and coke, tobacco, and woollen manufactures. In addition, small machine tools, dry cells, chemicals, matches, cement and paper. But what of the employment problem? In this direction one can only hazard a guess, as there is practically no data that is available. It is believed there are nearly 50 million people in the country who are unemployed or under-employed—that is, as many as the whole of the British nation! The planners hope that as a result of various schemes, about five million people would find employment. But in the period, at the present rate of half-a-million a year increase in population, there will be two-and-a-half million extra mouths to feed by 1955-56.

One of the important pillars of the Plan is the question of industrial peace, since the pace of economic progress will ultimately be decided by whether or not the workers co-operate. The Plan, therefore, recognises the workers' basic need for clothing and shelter and for improved health services, social security, better educational opportunities, and increased recreational and cultural facilities. His right to organize and access to impartial machinery is also recognised. However, it is made obligatory on the worker that only lawful means will be adopted by him to promote his interests. In the programme for transport and communications, the most serious problem facing the country is the rehabilitation of Indian railways. The Central Government have already set up a workshop for the construction of locomotives at Chittaranjan, and it is expected that during the period of the Plan, 300 locomotives will be manufactured. Another firm will supply 200 locomotives. But this will meet barely 25 per cent. of the country's needs. It is estimated that by March 1956, the total stock that will need to be replaced will be 2,092 locomotives, 8,535 coaches, and 47,535 wagons. Naturally India will look to Britain and the Commonwealth for making good the shortage. The development programme for shipping will increase the tonnage in the coastal and overseas trade to about 600,000 by 1955-56. As for national highways, the Plan provides for the construction of 450 miles of new roads and 43 very large bridges, besides a large number of small bridges. A central road research institute will be set up at a cost of about £150,000.

The importance of laying new roads in the Plan will be appreciated when it is realised that there are thousands of square miles of land which have not even a single all-weather road. For instance, the recurring problem of famine in the State of Bihar would never be as acute if there were roads to carry food grains into the inner districts during the monsoons. In the sphere of civil aviation, a corporation like the B.O.A.C. is envisaged. This, the planners assert, is necessitated because under the present conditions in transport, companies cannot work on an economic basis.

It might sound incredible to people in Britain that today in India we have innumerable villages with a population of over 2,000 where there are no facilities for post offices—and telephone and telegraph are but a dream! The Plan hopes to make amends, and it is proposed that a village with a population of 2,000 or over will have a post office.

The problem of social welfare is an important limb of the Plan, as the objective is the evolution of a better Indian. There is, for instance, the evil of trafficking in women and children. The Plan recommends adequate legislation, and effective machinery to enforce it. With regard to children, specialised institutions to educate the feeble-minded are to be set up as also a large number of creches to look after the children of working mothers. Today the children are either left by themselves, or accompany their mothers to work—usually the site of some building works, where the child is left to play about in brick and mortar and lime tanks! The Plan stresses the need for organising family welfare services. In respect of youth welfare, it is proposed to promote a co-ordinated and powerful youth movement, and to encourage the Scout movement. While Britain is in the throes of a discussion as to whether or not to bring back the "cat" for "hardened" criminals, the Plan advocates a change in the existing penal administration, bringing it in line with the requirements of modern science of correctional administration. Connected with the social problem is the question of hundreds of thousands of aboriginals—yet, there are many tribes which are not only a few decades, but quite a few centuries behind the times! The setting up of a commission to look into their conditions is recommended, and a sum of about £30 million is earmarked for helping them to advance all round. Nearly 50 per cent. of the allotment for social services, that is about £120 millions, is to be spent on all-round educational development. The number of primary schools (up to fifth form) will increase by 17 per cent., secondary schools (high schools) by 18 per cent., and technical and vocational education by 57 per cent.

The mention of India conjures up in the minds of foreigners—most of whom have never been near the Orient—the thought of a land where one has to defend oneself against innumerable mosquitoes! The position is not so bad. In fact, the menace has been, more or less, overcome in large parts of the country. But to such foreigners it will come as a relief that under the Plan top priority has been given to step up its war against these "screaming raiders." As a mosquito dives to unload its treacherous "bombs" one can hear a soft piercing sound which grows louder and louder as it approaches the target. A sum of about £13 million, of £70 million allocated for health plans, has been provided for the "war." It is hoped that nearly 200 million people will be protected through anti-malaria spray measures. Moreover, two D.D.T. plants are to be

constructed. Next to malaria, the major public health problem is tuberculosis, and it is proposed to increase the present number of beds by nearly 3,500.

For the first time the issue of population control has come to the forefront. It is conceded that there has to be family limitation to secure better health for the mother, and better care of the children. The Plan allocates £500,000 for family planning measures. It also suggests a population commission. India, too, has her housing problem. If not more acute, it is as bad as anywhere else. A provision of about £38 million is made, and top priority given for building houses in industrial centres. It will come as a great surprise that the planners have also addressed themselves to the question of public administration. "A continuous war against every species of corruption" is suggested, and some machinery to ensure high standards in public life and official positions recommended. Where will all the money for the Plan come from? To begin with, £568 million will come out of public savings—savings out of current revenues. Private savings through loans, etc., will yield about £400 million. And credit for £120 million is taken for external assistance already received from foreign resources, such as the International Bank, the U.S., Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. This leaves a gap of about £511 million. This will have to be met from further external resources, or, in the absence of it, by additional measures of internal taxation and borrowing, and from deficit financing. *Prima facie*, the Plan may not look very ambitious, yet it has in it the seed of towering ambition—the hope to make this land not only a place where all available resources will be utilised to provide increased amenities for a higher standard of living, but a land where all citizens, regardless of caste, colour or creed, will be given the opportunity for a richer and more varied life. The important thing is that the journey has begun.

INDER JIT.

ST. CLARE OF ASSISI 1194-1253

ON August 12 of this year Assisi will be celebrating the seventh centenary of the death of the second of her Saints, Clare, who survived her spiritual father, St. Francis, by twenty-seven years. The two are closely linked in Franciscan history, and in the devout affection of their fellow-citizens, who pay Clare a special meed of gratitude for having traditionally preserved Assisi from attempted enemy assaults. Her story, familiar as it is, may be briefly retraced here.

Clare was born on July 16, 1194, the eldest daughter of Count Favorino, of the noble family of the Scifi (or Scefi), whose palace is still to be seen near the Porta Nuova.¹ Rufino, part-author of the *Legend of the Three Companions*, was her cousin. We read that the name Clara, or Chiara, was chosen because of a prophecy to her mother, Ortolana, that she should bear a shining light; the name lent itself later on to much pious word-play. Most of our information about Clare comes from an anonymous *Legenda*, or *Life*, compiled in 1256, probably by Thomas of Celano, an early

¹Some doubt on the matter has recently been expressed.

biographer of St. Francis. It is printed in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and a critical edition by Professor Penacchi appeared in 1910; this has been translated into several languages, and forms the basis for *Lives of St. Clare*, such as, in English, those by Father Pascal Robinson, and Mrs. Balfour, both of 1910. Some of Clare's correspondence is also preserved, notably letters to a Bohemian princess named Agnes.

We learn that as a young girl Clare was given to prayer and works of charity, and that she set aside suggestions for marriage alliances. She must have been moved by the startling drama of the "conversion" of the young Francis Bernardone, and by the derision heaped upon him. By the time that she was eighteen, however, derision had given place to reverence, and when, during the Lent of 1212, Francis was preaching in the Cathedral, crowds flocked to hear him, Clare among them. He set forth a way of life to which her own spirit had already inclined her; she sought counsel from him, and he, after putting her sincerity to the test, agreed to receive her. Clare was sustained throughout by a kinswoman, a devout widow, named Bianca. It was arranged that they should go down, on the night of Palm Sunday, to the little settlement and Church of the Portiuncula in the plain below Assisi, and that Clare should there take her vows. At High Mass on that day of such tremendous import, Clare, wrapt in her thoughts, did not leave her place with others to receive her palm at the altar; the Bishop, we read, came down and himself placed it in her hand.

At the Portiuncula, Clare was ceremoniously met by the little group of Brothers; her hair was shorn, and she was clothed in the rough habit, and veil. This, as has been pointed out, was quite uncanonical, Francis being merely a deacon. But, in his single-minded simplicity, he had invested her just as he had invested his Brothers. When he had introduced Giles, a labourer, to his three first recruits, a magnate and two clerics, it was with the simple words: "God has sent us a good Brother;" now he felt that God had sent them a good Sister. In so far as it was possible for a woman, she should live, as was her own intent, the same life of utter poverty, the "life after the manner of the Holy Gospels."

Until some permanent settlement could be arranged for her, Francis placed Clare in first one Benedictine convent, then another. Count Favorino, naturally incensed, sought his daughter out, but could not shake her resolve. When a younger daughter, Agnes, fled to join her about a fortnight later, one is hardly surprised that his indignation redoubled; he sent armed men to drag Agnes away, but she was saved as by a miracle.

After a couple of years, the Benedictines who owned the little church of San Damiano, just outside Assisi, and a humble house adjoining it, gave them over to Francis, and here Clare was established, with a few Sisters. It is a sacred place, as it was here that Francis had heard the voice from the Crucifix bidding him "repair My house," and had, largely with his own hands, rebuilt the small ruinous church. The grey building among the olives has, happily, been left unspoilt,¹ and one can realise how narrow and primitive was the Sisters' dwelling: part of it is now *clausura* to women. In the church is preserved the breviary written by Leo for Clare; the historic Crucifix is now in Sta. Chiara. Clare's tiny terrace

¹Or was so, twenty years ago. Assisi escaped war damage.

garden, where she cultivated a few flowers, is fragrant with her memory. Francis appointed certain Brothers to care for the "Poor Ladies," as they were first called, alike in spiritual things, and in collecting alms of food for them; they were lodged in wattle huts outside the convent. In return, the Sisters prayed for them, wove and made their habits, clothes for lepers, and fine altar linen; they tended the sick who came to their door. In 1215, Clare was reluctantly compelled, by direct order from Francis, to become head of the Community, which she ruled, wisely and beloved by all, until her death. She had the joy of receiving the faithful Bianca, and her mother when widowed.

Once only does Clare seem to have gone outside San Damiano. A charming account is given by the *Fioretti* of her visit to the Portiuncula, with a companion, at the invitation of Francis. A frugal meal was to be shared, but the two Saints became so rapt in holy converse that it lay neglected, while the building appeared as if bathed in celestial light. On two other occasions, her life closely touched that of Francis. When he was debating whether he should continue preaching, or retire to the contemplative life, Clare was one of three whose counsel he sought. Lastly, when in an access of infirmity and temporary blindness, he lay sick in a wattle hut outside San Damiano, she ministered to him, and it was there and then that he composed his triumphant *Song of Brother Sun*. Two years later, on his deathbed, Francis sent her a consolatory message, and, when his body was being borne from the Portiuncula to Assisi, a stay was made outside San Damiano, that Clare and her Sisters might mourn over it; the scene has been depicted very tenderly by a follower of Giotto in the Upper Church of San Francesco.

Legend relates a startling interruption to her quiet life, when in 1234 some marauding Saracens from the army of Frederick II are said to have attacked San Damiano. Some were actually scaling its walls when St. Clare confronted them, uplifting the ciborium containing the Blessed Sacrament, which she had received permission to reserve; the assailants fell back, and retreated. This traditional incident was roughly frescoed on the façade of the convent: there is a beautiful full-page illumination of it in the Sforza Book of Hours (British Museum.) Some time after, a bigger detachment from the same army advanced on Assisi, but, in answer to the prayers of St. Clare, a tempest is said to have arisen, which overturned their tents and put them to flight.

The story of the Rule to be observed by the "Poor Ladies," or "Poor Clares," as they came to be called, is a long and complicated one, and can only be summarised here. Francis had only given them an informal Rule. Clare's unswerving loyalty to his teaching and ideals throughout the years that separated her death from his is all the more remarkable in that certain members of the Order were already seeking relaxations of the strictness of their original Rule, and that these were actually pressed on her by successive Popes. These testified their deep regard for her in various ways, and Clare was no rebel; she was, however, determined to win the sanction of authority for her claims. The two most important of these were that the Sisters should remain an integral part of the Franciscan Order, and that their convents, equally with individual Sisters, should be forbidden to hold property. Cardinal Ugolino, the early protector of

St. Francis, had in 1219 drawn up a Rule abandoning this, but when he, as Pope Gregory IX, visited Clare in 1228, and offered to release her from her first strict vows, she replied in memorable words: "Holy Father, absolve me from my sins, from following Christ I do not desire to be absolved." It was in answer to this that Gregory formally confirmed the unique grant, the *Privilegium Paupertatis*, which she had obtained from Innocent III when she became Abbess.¹ After Gregory's death, his successor, Innocent IV, made further attempts to modify her Rule, but Clare, though now weak and ill, successfully resisted to the end; Innocent's formal signature to the solemn confirmation of the Rule for which she longed, and of which she was almost certainly part-author, being appended two days only (August 9, 1253) before her death.² Beside this supreme consolation on her deathbed, Clare had that of the presence of three of the early and faithful Brothers—Leo, Angelo and Juniper. The Pope came from Perugia to attend her funeral. Two years later, in September 1255, she was canonised by his successor, Alexander IV; his Bull recounts her life. A local architect, Fra Filippo Campello, was entrusted with the building of the new church, Sta. Chiara, which incorporates part of San Giorgio, where Clare's body had found a temporary resting-place; on October 3, 1260 it was solemnly buried deep beneath the High Altar. As in the case of St. Francis, the secret burial was probably designed to foil relic-hunters; both coffins were only found in the last century. A shrine in the crypt was erected in 1872 to contain her body. A wooden panel in the church, dated 1283, but much over-painted, shows her figure, surrounded by eight scenes from her story. The design of the beautiful Italian-Gothic church, with its tall campanile, and alternate bands of rose and creamy stone, recalls San Francesco, at the opposite end of the town. The Sisters were transferred from San Damiano to inhabit the adjoining convent.

St. Clare is, naturally, a favourite figure in Franciscan art, as a pendant to St. Francis, or singly, or in a group of Saints. Her exquisite figure by Simone Martini, in the Lower Church of San Francesco, breathes the spiritual refinement which the Sienese knew so well how to convey. There is a striking ideal representation of her in later life by Alvise Vivarini (Academy, Venice), her face combines firmness and benevolence, the perfect type of an Abbess. She is sometimes pictured holding the ciborium, or a crucifix, a lily, or a book. She kneels in the foreground of Andrea della Robbia's masterpiece in the Church of the Osservanza, near Siena.

Less than fifty years after her death, the Poor Clares, or Minoresses, had founded convents in several European countries; the name Minorities perpetuates the memory of their London House. These were all offshoots from one who humbly described herself as "a little plant set by Blessed Francis in the garden of Holy Poverty."

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

¹The document is preserved in Sta. Chiara, and is included, together with St. Clare's *Testament*, and the 1253 Rule, in a volume of original texts. (Quaracchi, 1897).

²A modified Rule was, however, accepted by a number of convents.

MENTAL HOMES

IN the part of the hospital where I am writing this as a certified mental patient the doors are always open, most patients are on a voluntary basis, and two or three times a week somebody goes home. I have climbed back up the Jacob's ladder of graded wards and am on my way to the outside world. Perhaps it is a salutary reminder of my good fortune that I should just be able to see through the trees as I look out of my window the high iron railings behind which some of the patients of the "Main Block" take their exercise, and the grim-looking erection of water-tower and chimney which is the chief landmark of almost every mental hospital.

Questions in Parliament and newspaper articles leading, so it is said, to a special investigation by the Board of Control, seem to indicate a widespread feeling that in spite of many and much-advertised reforms all is not yet well with the treatment of the mentally sick. The inherent difficulties of the problem are greatly increased by the simple fact that with mental illness the inevitable questions of authority and discipline as well as, in the case of certified patients, legal status, tend to produce an opposition between patients and those responsible for their care and cure which is absent in other forms of illness. There cannot but be two sides of the fence, one of which all too often remains in shadow. My justification for thinking that I may be able to throw light upon it is that as the result of a long-standing mental disturbance which recurs fairly regularly, though fortunately for short periods, I have been inside no less than seven different mental hospitals, both private and public, and have been certified at least as many times. Yet I retain a clear memory of happenings even in my most disturbed phases, and the fact that *Wisdom, Madness and Folly* was largely written in hospital as a certified patient is perhaps evidence that I retain a sufficient measure of balance to give a fair picture at least of the patient's point of view.

The interest of the general public in the whole problem can probably be summed up in three questions. Firstly, is there an appreciable number of certified patients kept confined without adequate reason? Secondly, does actual ill-treatment, more especially of a violent nature, still take place? Thirdly, can any serious criticisms be advanced against the general procedure for dealing with the mentally disturbed, including the vexed question of certification as well as the vital problems of rehabilitation and after-care? In attempting to answer these questions I shall confine myself chiefly to personal experience, though now and then using credible evidence from other patients as corroboration.

The first question is not easy to answer with any degree of certainty. Obviously mistakes are made on occasion, and the case which led to one of the parliamentary questions referred to above, that of a man who escaped after fifteen years in a mental home, served satisfactorily in the Army, and then got a permanent job as a miner, does not stand alone. Official psychiatric opinion points to the fact that while many patients escape from mental homes, only in the rarest instances do they succeed in remaining at large for the statutory period of a fortnight and subsequently in establishing themselves in civil life. Yet this answer surely fails to take account of the extreme difficulty which a wanted man,

probably with little money and no knowledge of the technique of concealment, has in keeping out of the hands of the police. I have myself escaped three times, and the longest period for which I kept at large was three days.

None the less I do not think that with the modern extension of the "parole" system and home leave it is likely that very large numbers of patients are held forcibly against their will. Once a patient gains contact with the outside world and demonstrates that he retains a sufficient measure of self-discipline not to get into trouble, if he is really anxious to get out he will probably be able to persuade the authorities to give him a chance. Here lethargy, the collapse of home life, unwillingness of his family to have him back, and in general the difficulty of rehabilitation, are more important factors than the legal deprivation of freedom. Such cases, moreover, are often put on to a voluntary basis, which places the responsibility of choice squarely on the patient's shoulders.

There is, however, one important qualification of this view which I can illustrate from personal experience. It is possible for a patient to fall foul of the authorities to such an extent that sheer resentment on his side appears to those responsible as an incurably violent and intractable state of mind, or even as delusions of persecution. In one large mental hospital from which I escaped, I was so unfairly and cruelly treated, particularly after my recapture, that my family and I succeeded in obtaining an investigation by the Board of Control. Although the Medical Superintendent of the hospital in question told my wife at that time that I was incurably insane and could never expect my release, I was actually at home as a free man six weeks later. The apparent miracle was simply due to the fact that, either as the result of the investigation or of pressure from my family, I was transferred to another hospital. There I was considerably treated and expressly told that my "bad record" would not be counted against me, with the natural result that my resentment disappeared and with it my symptoms of mental disturbance. It is true that this might have happened in any case, but I have often thought that had I not been transferred, a permanent delusionary system might well have formed round the sense of persecution associated in my mind with that particular hospital.

This of course raises a different point. Few things are more likely to hinder a patient's recovery than resentment at what he considers unfair treatment. Yet with excitable patients in need of discipline a certain amount of resentment is bound to be engendered. Paraphrasing the famous principle of justice, the ideal is that treatment should not merely be fair, but manifestly be seen to be fair. Only if this is the case is the patient likely to recognise that his resentment is unjustified when he returns to a more normal frame of mind, so that the vitally important relationship of confidence, more especially with his own doctor, can be re-established. One of the difficulties I have to contend with myself is that of finding a hospital I can fully trust in this respect, so that I have no fear of going for early treatment on a voluntary basis.

Here the problem of violence is obviously of great importance, since it can produce not merely resentment, but real terror. Unfortunately I can affirm without the possibility of doubt that violent and even deliberately

cruel treatment has by no means entirely disappeared from mental hospitals. At the hospital referred to above I was regularly "beaten up" on eight separate occasions, each time by four male nurses, and once to the verge of unconsciousness. To the best of my recollection I only offered violence myself on two of these occasions, though actually this is legally irrelevant. Striking a patient is held to exceed the limits of reasonable restraint and constitutes a common assault. Yet it goes on, not merely in that hospital where a "beating-up" was, as in the "bad old days," a recognised method of quietening an obstreperous patient, but as far as I can judge, in many others. Of all the mental hospitals where I have been confined there is only one of which I can say with fair assurance that the firm action of the Medical Superintendent had succeeded in reducing violent handling to a minimum. He always investigated such cases himself, attributing, where it seemed reasonable, weight to the patient's word, and unnecessary violence meant the sack. In three hospitals of my total score of seven I had no means of discovering what happened in the "bad wards," and in the remaining two I have reason to believe that rough handling and striking went on, though certainly not to the degree prevalent in the hospital where I underwent my terrifying experiences.

Let me take the hospital where I am at present as an example. It has an excellent reputation and I should make clear that I myself have received considerate and intelligent treatment during my six weeks' stay and have seen no signs of serious abuses. For this very reason it was rather a shock to find, as soon as I planned this article and began to make cautious enquiries among fellow-patients, that practically every one I asked (at least on the male side) had circumstantial stories to tell of rough handling going beyond the legally permitted limit. Patients had been kicked with obvious intent to hurt, on one occasion merely for being late for breakfast; heavy bunches of keys had been thrown at them; they had been "clipped on the head" to make them take pills; and they had been thrown to the ground and pummelled with severe blows into submission. Most of the stories were not from sufferers but from eye-witnesses, patients on what one might perhaps call the "sane fringe" of the hospital, and who certainly were not deluded or hallucinated in any way. Some were distinctly unwilling to talk and asked me on no account to mention their names in case it should go against them with the authorities. Another disturbing feature was that some of these incidents had taken place in the relatively better wards. It is at least probable that the most serious abuses occur in the "bad wards," or in padded rooms with the door shut.

This very afternoon a man I know well and like described his treatment during the excitable and aggressive fits to which he is unfortunately subject owing to war injuries. On two occasions he had struggled when being put in the padded room. Each time the procedure had been similar. As soon as the door of the room was closed (so that the nurses had presumably achieved their main object) he was held down by three nurses and hit by a fourth. Once he received such a heavy jab with the knee in the solar plexus that he was for some time in pain and for several days found it hard to get up, and on the last occasion, only a day or two ago, he received another jab with the knee in the lower part of his body and was also hit on the head. Complaints to the Medical Superintendent elicited the

reply that he was probably not in a state to know what really happened. Yet in my own experience hallucinations, inner voices and delusionary flights of ideas are readily distinguishable from brute facts such as those my friend described. I should put him down as a conscientious person, and to me at any rate his story had the ring of truth. He was indignant, had written various letters of protest, and was contemplating legal action when free. I had to tell him—and it is a sobering thought—that so far as I knew, hardly any successful actions for assault, or for that matter for anything else, had been brought by mental patients against nurses or hospital authorities, and that he obviously had no hope of proving his case. The word of a mental patient is not accepted when it conflicts with that of the "sane," and one mental nurse frankly told me that in any public enquiry the staff would back each other up regardless of the truth as a matter of simple self-preservation and bread-and-butter.

The third question, of possible defects in the general procedure applied to the mentally sick, is too wide to treat exhaustively within the compass of this article, even if I were competent to do so. My own feeling is that under the heading of ensuring manifestly fair and considerate treatment a great deal remains to be done, and can be done by unremitting propaganda, and energetic action by the Board of Control, voluntary bodies and the Press. In this connection there seems to me to be something wrong with the procedure for certification and the means for appeal against it. Although my family and I did secure an investigation by the Board of Control on the grounds of cruelty, on two other occasions when I appealed against my certification I never even received an answer. Looking back, I think I was rightly certified, but the failure of the Board even to reply was surely unpardonable. On those two occasions justice was done, but it was certainly not "manifestly seen to be done." Then the greatest care should be taken to explain matters clearly to the patient and to make him feel he has every chance. For example he might be allowed to call in a doctor of his choice where this is possible. This is a request I invariably make when being certified by strange doctors, but it is equally invariably ignored. In no circumstances should an incorrect statement be made. The last time I was certified, in a psychiatric clinic, my wife was coming that day, and I was expressly told by the certifying magistrate that I should see her and that I would not be certified until she had been consulted. She was late, the assurance was ignored, and I was actually transferred to another hospital ten minutes before she arrived, so that it was a fortnight before I could see her. Is it to be wondered at that I arrived at this hospital boiling with resentment?

Apart from what I have indicated above, my suggestions would chiefly follow the usual lines. My own experience of this hospital is that it is outstanding both for individual treatment and for intelligent occupational therapy, but others are badly in need of improvement. Inadequate accommodation too often still makes proper segregation difficult. Then more might be done to fit patients, particularly that numerous category whose home life has broken up, into suitable niches in the outside world, though the extensive provision of social workers both in hospitals and for after-care is obviously doing much good in this direction. Finally, I would put forward a practical proposal based on my own experience of

successful transfer. As on the previous occasion, the transfer from the psychiatric clinic to this hospital, where I have the sense of being fairly treated, has helped me to get back to normal. Few things are more important than atmosphere to mental patients, and I cannot help feeling that if a systematic experiment were made by hospitals in the exchange of difficult, refractory and resentful patients, making it clear that they were being given a fresh chance in which their previous record would not be allowed to count, surprising results might be achieved.

JOHN CUSTANCE.

ISRAEL AND HER NEIGHBOURS

IN view of the abnormality of the chronic deadlock in Korea, one is inclined to forget that a similar situation exists also elsewhere. Under the pressure of the United Nations, Israel and her Arab neighbours concluded in 1949 armistice agreements, which were subsequently guaranteed by UNO. In contrast to the usual international practice, however, they were not followed by a formal peace. As the frontiers are closed all affairs between the states and the countless incidents are left to the decision of the Mixed Armistice Commissions. How then does this organisation consisting of UNO representatives and warring semitic brothers function?

The Headquarters of the UN-Armistice Commissions, whose cars with the blue flag are permitted to cross the frontiers, or better, armistice lines—without restriction—is extraterritorial. From the Israeli and Jordan controlled parts of Jerusalem, every hotel porter can establish a telephone connection. Appointments are fixed without delay. One drives along the old city walls, past an Israeli army camp to the Jewish "frontier post." The guard has been notified of our names and time of arrival and quickly checks the passports. Then we cross into No-man's land. The next guard, a Brazilian UNO-man in uniform, rings up Headquarters before we are permitted to continue. At the last bend of the road, a signpost warns the driver "Sound your horn." General William Riley, chief of the UNO-Commission, resides with his staff in the former Palace of the High Commissioner, built by Lord Samuel, first trustee of the British mandate. Not without symbolic significance, it overlooks the Holy City from a majestic height. A second road leads from here to the more romantic Jordan-occupied parts of Jerusalem, with its countless holy places. Without formalities, an American UNO officer took us to see General Riley. About fifty years of age, he has more the appearance of a cautious diplomat than of a general. General Riley has an instinctive feeling for whatever the situation demands. During crises he generally takes the line of least resistance. This mere opportunist attitude is preferred by many delegates from both sides to a missionary one.

Armistice commissions have only been established with countries directly bordering on Israel, i.e., Jordan, Egypt, Syria and Lebanon, while Yemen, Iraq and Saudi-Arabia were merely put under obligation to refrain from hostile acts. Every Mixed Armistice Commission has a UN-delegate or observer in the chair. Israel and the respective partner

(Jordan, Egypt, Syria or Lebanon) send two representatives each and often advising experts, only if unanimity cannot be reached, the chairman has the casting vote. In addition to official, there are also unofficial meetings without, however, the right to make decisions except in the case of unanimity. Although General Riley delegates his UNO-officers into the various committees, he retains the right to take over the chairmanship at any time. During crises he has often availed himself of this privilege. The UNO-representatives (either Americans, French or Belgian) are not allowed to give orders or to initiate resolutions and they have to adhere to the Agenda agreed to by both parties. Practically, their mission consists of mediation and observing convoys, reunion of families etc. Since neither the Israelis nor the Arabs, in spite of the latter's clamouring for the second round, desire to resume hostilities at the present moment, Riley and his collaborators enjoy a strong moral position. Complete freedom of movement, which enables them to control incidents on the spot, facilitates matters. Nevertheless, the task before these representatives of the United Nations is not easy nor enviable. Often it is the fate of a UNO-officer to be accused of partiality by both sides.

While the Arab delegates time and time again suffer from being equipped with insufficient powers and often have to return home for consultations, the Israeli government adheres to the decisions made by her representatives. Senior delegate is Colonel Shaul Ramati. As he serves at the same time as liaison officer of all committees to the Foreign Office, this still very young leader of the delegation enjoys important political backing. Born in Warsaw, he came to Britain when he was six years old. (He is a graduate of Oxford and former officer in the Scottish Highland Corps.) The war first brought him into personal contact with Israelis, when Ramati came across the Jewish Brigade in Belgium. Quickly, he developed an active interest for the new state. He volunteered for service in Israel's War of Liberation and was several times severely wounded. Because of his dexterity—energy mixed with charm and elasticity—Colonel Ramati has overcome many difficult situations. It is interesting to note that he is more popular amongst the Arab delegates than amongst the UNO-representatives. (In his opinion, agreements between the two parties could be achieved much quicker without any mediators.) Ramati, too, can take over meetings of the four individual commissions at any time and does so, like General Riley whenever a crisis threatens. No language barrier exists. French and English are used during meetings with the Lebanese and the Syrians and English with the Egyptians and Jordanians. But on the Israeli side there are always delegates who speak Arabic and on the Arab there are some who understand Hebrew. In order to give an idea of the Israeli difficulties, only one figure need be mentioned: this one and half million people has to defend a hostile 750 miles border. According to Prime Minister David Ben Gurion, Israel has suffered 200 casualties since 1949. The number of killed Arab infiltrators has not been published but can be estimated as much higher.

While Israel, Egypt and Syria send only high-ranking officers as delegates, one of the Lebanese members is always a police-officer. So far, this armistice commission has held some 130 meetings, which take place one week at Metulla (Israel) and the next at neighbouring Nakura, which

belongs to Lebanon. Almost all Lebanese delegates are Christians and therefore belong to that part of the population which is not absolutely hostile towards Israel and desires peace. (Although no one would dare express this openly. Lebanon is after all the smallest of Israel's neighbours in addition to being under strong Syrian pressure). Slowly, an almost cordial atmosphere has developed at these sessions. For a long time both countries have refrained from putting in any formal complaints and there is a set agenda: (1) staking of the border; (2) border incidents (cattle, which strayed over, for which a small fine plus expenses for their keep have to be paid.) For such "mobile property" of the Maronite Bishop fines have been waived; (3) reunion of Arab families, repatriation, crossing of the frontier. According to the agreement, certain personalities are entitled to cross freely, amongst them the Greek Catholic Bishop Georges Hakkim, an Arab with headquarters at Haifa and Nazareth.

Even the exchange of prisoners, which often leads to a lot of trouble at other armistice lines, runs quite smoothly here. The Israelis hand in a list, which is checked within a week. All sorts of things can happen to an Israeli who involuntarily strays over the badly marked frontier. As soon as he is a prisoner, however, his treatment is correct and he is returned after serving his sentence. This applies more or less also to the other Arab countries. After the meetings, the Lebanese-Israeli delegation sit down for lunch and drinks. Host is the country on whose territory the session has been held. Any peace treaty with Israel will doubtless be signed by Lebanon—like the Armistice Agreement—as the second Arab state.

About seventy Syria-Israel sessions have been held. In the beginning one week at Rosh Pina (Israel) and the next at the Syrian customs house nearby. Since the Huleh conflict, meetings take place only once a fortnight. There are no informal sessions or sub-committees. The atmosphere is usually strained—with constant tension and dangers threatening. According to Israeli opinion, the Syrian dictator Colonel Shishakli needs Israel to bolster up his own position. With an eye on the "expansionist neighbour," he can take draconic measures, increase the size of the army, introduce conscription and popularise his slogan of the second round. In view of this tendency, it is obvious that Syria is not particularly keen on very cooperative delegates. The most critical danger to the UNO-peace was so far the Huleh conflict. Although an end of the malaria epidemics would be of equal benefit, for the Syrians as for Israel, they insisted on preventing the Israelis from draining the Huleh swamps. They attacked the demilitarised zone under Israel control and killed seven policemen. The then French UNO-chairman Bussavie—shortly before he had been assailed by the Egyptians for "partiality"—used his own rather peculiar method. He always considered that state guilty of a breach of the agreement which had provided the stumbling block, even if it had the incontestable right to any action. When Colonel Ramati asked to go to the spot, he refused. Only then Israel's senior delegate told him that he had lost all confidence and Bussavie was recalled.

With the consent of the Syrian delegate, Ramati then managed to go to the spot. He was fired at, but got back the bodies, prisoners and weapons. Afterwards a meeting was arranged four kilometers inside

Syria between the then Israeli Chief of Staff General Yigal Yadin and Colonel Shishakli, then Syrian deputy chief of staff. Firing went on the whole time and one could almost feel the nervous tension. For ten minutes nobody said a word. Shishakli tried to light a cigarette, but was so excited that he could not manage. Only when the talks started he controlled himself. Since then a repetition of such explosive episodes has been avoided, yet they represent an ever present danger.

Since this article was written the following changes have taken place: Conferences of all Arab armistice commissions are now held regularly and have led to a stiffer Arab attitude. Jordan-Israeli incidents are on the increase, and it remains to be seen whether the new agreement between these two countries, concluded under American and British pressure, will alleviate the situation. This agreement was still reached under the chairmanship of General Riley, who has resigned as chief of the UN-commission. He was succeeded by the Danish General Vagn Bennike, who suggested a meeting of the Chiefs-of-Staffs of Israel and the Arab League countries to conclude a real peace instead of the Armistice agreements.

A. J. FISCHER.

GEORGE ROBERT GISSING (1857-1903)

ONE of the ablest of the non-romantic school was George Robert Gissing (1857-1903). If we could imagine Dickens without a sense of humour, we should have no bad notion of the character of Gissing's work. It abounds in shrewd and close observation, it vibrates with the struggle for life in a great city; but on the whole, it is an arid, dusty, and cheerless world that the novelist describes. There is no geniality, no light-hearted extravagances, or, on the other hand, such intensity of imagination as may compensate for the pall of gloom that hangs over its denizens. Mr. Hardy's pessimistic outlook on life is chastened by his humour and his passion. Gissing is gloomy and dry-eyed. Yet the power and actuality (up to a point) of many of his books—for instance, *Demos* (1886), *New Grub Street* (1891), and *The Town Traveller* (1898)—is unquestionable. Had we not read *Thyrza* (1887), *Beside the Ionian Sea*, and *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, we might imagine he was untouched by art and by the beauty of life, and that he was lacking in tenderness. But he had deep down, a poetic imagination, though he kept it imprisoned and confined. A man of sensitive culture, he had for many years to fight desperately against adverse circumstances, and the iron went into his soul. Privation and suffering mellow some natures; it embitters others—and Gissing was among these. Yet he was a fine artist, and never sought facile short cuts to popularity by insincerities and cheap sentimentalities.

Judging Gissing, as we may fairly do, through the obvious self-revelation of Ryecroft, we feel that, under happier conditions, Gissing would have given a far better account of his considerable talents. But he lacked that elemental sturdiness that, in the case of some men, triumphs over adverse fates; he was too great a man to become a literary opportunist;

too small a man to shake himself free of the meanness, the pettiness, the drab horrors that he saw in the life about him. It obsessed him and at times overwhelmed him. No mention of Gissing, however, can pass unnoticed the critical genius (for it is criticism of the highest quality) of his book on Dickens. It may seem strange that this artist in grey, this coolly deliberate and ironic exponent of the seamy-side of life, should not only have admired Dickens so immensely, but have analysed so powerfully and eloquently his essential greatness. But there is the fact for those who read his critical study. And the insight and beauty of this criticism give us a higher opinion of Gissing's potential gifts, and make us the surer that he is only partially revealed in his harsh, realistic studies of contemporary life. Gissing is at his best in such passages as the following, where the imagination of the man, touched by some familiar sight, loses for the moment its cold rigidity of outlook, and glows with warmth.

"Do you know that music of the obscure ways, to which children dance? Not if you have only heard it ground to your ears' affliction beneath your windows in the square. To hear it aright you must stand in the darkness of such a by-street as this, and for the moment be at one with those who dwell around, in the blear-eyed house, in the dim burrows of poverty, in the unmapped haunts of the semi-human. Then you will know the significance of that vulgar changing of melody; a pathos of which you did not dream will touch you, and therein the secret of hidden London will be half-revealed. The life of men who toil without hope, yet with the hunger of an unshaped desire; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labour and misery; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigour, knowing the darkness of the years to come; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood and revolts against the lot which would tame it; all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes speaks to you as you listen. It is the half-conscious striving of a nature which knows not what it would attain, which deforms a true thought by gross expression, which clutches at the beautiful and soils it with foul hands." (*Thyrza*).

Gissing's attitude is always that of a man wronged. The lot should have fallen to him in pleasant places, in a dignified old-world house with a quiet garden, a roomy library stocked with carefully chosen books, and a sufficient income to free him from the cares of earning a livelihood, in order that he might spend his hours in leisurely study and the bettering of his own powers. Instead of this, alternations of garret and cellar were his dwelling, the common parks of London his garden, the reading-room of the British Museum his library, and for many years, according to himself, he knew no place to wash in save the unattractive lavatory of the Museum. His lot was hard; but it may be that unconsciously he magnified his sufferings. From the age of twenty-five onward he seems always to have been able to earn a small livelihood. Temperamentally he was debarred from contentment and happiness; but it was possible for him to live and eat during the greater part of his working years, though his surroundings may have been dreary and drab. To the end he bore a grudge against life. He was not unfriendly, but shyness, lack of tact, and an inability to stoop to the common ways of preferment hampered him. To this it may be added that he married twice and disastrously to his

happiness on each occasion. The wonder cannot be great, therefore, that Gissing walked through life an embittered man. In his later years his income was better, and in *Veranilda* (1904) he turned from writing realistic novels of contemporary middle-class life to a romance of Rome in the time of Belisarius, and in *Will Warburton* (1905), his last complete novel, although he returns to mean streets the tone is kindlier and more gentle. Neither of these can be accounted typical of his work, and the latter was written in an easy mood as a money-making book. In good and comfortable circumstances Gissing would have been another man; his nature was friendly and sympathetic, but years of struggle with poverty and ill-success hardened him into a mood of revolt against the kind of life he knew well and hated intensely. We must take Gissing as the social world and his own mistakes of judgment made him—a man labouring under a sense of the injustice of circumstance.

His boyhood and youth might well have been spent under conditions less promising. His father, resided at Wakefield, where Gissing was born, was a man of intellectual attainments. Gissing received a good education. At Owen's College, later becoming Manchester University, he won a Shakespeare scholarship, an English poem prize, and a classical prize. For unexplicable cause, unfortunately, Gissing's career at the Owen's College collapsed, and he disappeared and was not heard of for several years living the life of a vagrant and outcast. We hear of him later as a clerk in a shipping office at Liverpool; later he crossed to America and earned his living indifferently as a classical tutor, then a gas-fitter and casual labourer. He returned to Europe in 1877 and with some money saved in America proceeded to Jena where he spent a quiet period in study and relaxation. In 1878 he was in England and published at his own expense a novel, *Workers in the Dawn*, which proved a financial failure and effected nothing save the impoverishment of the author who was flung back upon tutorial work and journalism, which, at that time, were both unremunerative employment.

With *Demos* (1886), Gissing showed his power as a writer and artist; it is a study of Socialism and its influence upon the working classes. This book displays qualities and characteristics which marked his work throughout—thoroughness, patience, the closest observation. *The Unclassed* (1884) and *Demos* (1886) set the tone and pitch of Gissing's writing for many years. *Thyrza* (1887) is the story of a factory girl, endowed with finer thought and feeling than her fellows, beset with the gross squalor and misery of life in South London. *The Nether World* (1889) is a realistic picture of misery, vice, and heartrending struggle for bread among the sunken multitudes of Clerkenwell. And in this struggle we see that the battle is not to the idealist nor the race to the eager and hopeful, but to circumstances which overpower all alike. It was not, however, till he wrote *New Grub Street* (1891) that he met with any recognition of the quality and power of his work. Yet it is by no means one of his best books. Its direct appeal in subject matter to the ordinary critic and man of letters probably accounted in a degree for the greater measure of notice the book received. *New Grub Street* is not autobiographical, but the story of the conscientious and responsible artist who fails of success while the writer of commonplace fiction prospers is a

theme upon which Gissing, more than any other writer of his day, could write with feeling and intensity. *Denzil Quarrier* (1892) removes the scene to a life of easier circumstances; and in *Lilian* we find one of the most attractive of Gissing's feminine characterisations. This book is an attack upon the immorality of those marriage laws which bind a spouse to a partner who has grossly deceived the other. *Lilian* chooses to live with another man whom she thinks she can love, but the force of public opinion is too strong for her, and her story ends in suicide. Apart from *Lilian's* character *Denzil Quarrier* is not a successful book, nor free in passages from a failing we can rarely attribute to Gissing—exaggeration and melodrama.

To the same year belongs *Born in Exile* (1892), a longer, more ambitious and far more striking book. Here again is a hint of autobiography in the struggle between belief and doubt in the hero's mind, who is a strange mixture of strong idealism and abject hypocrisy. Ambitious to rise in the world and meet with cultivated society he fights to persuade himself into a belief in the Christian Creeds, that he may take clerical orders and receive the hall-mark of respectability. The attempt collapses, both on account of its inherent falsity and the crooked perversion of the hero's character. Gissing never surpassed this remarkable study of the complicated character of Godwin Peak, idealist and materialist, who continually excites our contempt for his double-dealing and persevering efforts to lure himself into a wholly false state of mind, while he never wholly alienates our sympathy. Never before in fiction has a finer picture been drawn of the man whose environment irks him, till he is forced into retreat, exhausted and wearied by a guerilla warfare with sleepless circumstance. *The Odd Women* (1893) is not so strong or complex a book, but it is not less pitilessly realistic. It describes the lot of superfluous and indigent gentlewomen, and the unhappy fate of a girl who marries for the sake of a home. In *The Year of Jubilee* (1894), a satire on middle-class vulgarity, and *The Town Traveller* (1898) he attempts to extract ore from worn-out workings. And this is also true of *The Whirlpool* (1897), which has for its motive the fatal spell of the pleasures and excitements of London.

The greatness of Gissing's work lies in its strength, independence and thoroughness. His *Charles Dickens* (1898) is the best book ever written on another and very different historian of the London streets. It shows how thoroughly and sympathetically he had read his Dickens, how in a measure he derived inspiration from him. Yet he could not, like Dickens, recognise gladly the humour as well as the misery of the under-world. Dickens was as earnest as Gissing, he sympathised no less with the helpless and unhappy, but he did not, like Gissing, doubt the integrity of the universe, and he could therefore be joyous where Gissing was moved only to despairing wrath. *By the Ionian Sea* (1901), the fruit of a holiday, reflects a side of Gissing's nature starved in the years of poverty and struggle—the instincts of a gentle and scholarly mind. But the very best of his later writings is the delightful and personal *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* (1903), a happy mingling of autobiography and fiction, reflecting the musings of a recluse. In this book he raises the veil and shows the intensity of the mental suffering through which he passed in the

dark years when it was only with great difficulty he preserved unspoiled those things which are "quiet, wise, and good." But those who know his work well, need not to be reminded—for they know from his admirable monograph on Dickens—that he was a critic of rare insight; and above all they know, from his *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, that he was one of the foremost of recent essayists. Henry Ryecroft is fiction but cannot be classed as a novel, for it has neither plot nor, strictly speaking, story, and only one character, unless we count the housekeeper as a second. Neither has it any unity, except that which the personality of Ryecroft, who in essentials is Gissing himself, imparts. "Probably Gissing began with some more or less definite idea," writes Walker, "of making the book a unity." He hints as much in the preface, where he speaks of the papers of the imaginary Ryecroft; "I suspect that, in his happy leisure, there grew upon him a desire to write one more book, a book which should be written merely for his own satisfaction. Plainly, it would have been the best he had it in him to do. But he seems never to have attempted the arrangement of these fragmentary pieces, and probably because he could not decide upon the form they should take. I imagine him shrinking from the thought of a first-person volume; he would feel it too pretentious: he would bid himself wait for the day or riper wisdom. And so the pen fell from his hand."

And so, instead of an unreal unity, we have in this volume one of the most fascinating collections of "dispersed meditations" in the English language; one of the most pathetic too, when we contrast Gissing's anxious and frustrated life in *New Grub Street* with the delicate sensitiveness here revealed to the beauty of sky and field and flower. Alone of all his books *Henry Ryecroft* was written "for his own satisfaction"; and it is so greatly superior to anything else he has written that we are tempted to speculate as to what has been lost through the untoward circumstances which denied him the liberty to write always for his own satisfaction. He himself asks what would have been the result upon him if he had achieved success early, and he answers, "nothing but good." We may accept the answer. The world would have been richer, had it made Gissing richer.

Henry Ryecroft gives Gissing a place among that group of essayists of whom Lamb is chief, a place higher than that of any other writer in his time except Stevenson. He who knew so well the value of time, and who has written about it with unsurpassed wisdom, was condemned to write for money, and to write what was not his best because his mind was not in tune. "Time is money—says the vulgarest saw known to any age or people. Turn it round about, and you get a precious truth—money is time. I think of it on these dark, mist-blinded mornings, as I come down to find a glorious fire crackling and leaping in my study. Suppose I were so poor that I could not afford that heartsome blaze, how different the whole day would be! Have I not lost many and many a day of my life for lack of the material comfort which was necessary to put my mind in tune? Money is time. With money I buy for cheerful use the hours which otherwise would not in any sense be mine; nay, which would make me their miserable bondsman. Money is time, and, heaven be thanked, there needs so little of it for this sort of purchase. He who has overmuch is wont to be as badly off in regard to the true use of money, as he who has

not enough. What are we doing all our lives but purchasing, or trying to purchase, time? And most of us having grasped it with one hand, throw it away with the other." The range of *Henry Ryecroft* is very wide. Its subject is, not whatever men do, but whatever a singularly rich and thoughtful mind broods over. Nature, books, art, science, politics, the English Sunday, the ultimate problems of life and death, morals, stoicism, all are touched upon, all are more or less fully discussed. There are lighter things as well—sea-coal fires, tea, English cookery—discussed with a wholesome insular prejudice; for, though Gissing abhorred Jingoism, and looked upon the possible coming of conscription "with the sickness of dread and of disgust," he was genuinely and deeply patriotic. But perhaps the most wonderful feature of the book is the evidence it affords of a capacity for deep joy in the country on the part of this denizen of the city. His descriptions are always beautiful, and sometimes highly poetical. Winter is "Nature's annual slumber," and sunshine at that season is "the soft beam which is Nature's smile in dreaming."

Of a man of this temperament and lofty thoughts we learn without surprise that every instinct of his being is anti-democratic; that he dreads "to think of what our England may become when Demos rules irresistibly;" that, to him, "democracy is full of menace to all the finer hopes of civilisation"; that though there has been a day when he called himself a socialist, he is in reality in every fibre an individualist. So, surely, must the artist always be. Gissing's is no bad definition of art; "an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life." But each man must feel the zest himself, or for him it does not exist. And great part of the charm of *Henry Ryecroft* is due to the fact that it is a revelation of the temperament of an artist. There are confidences as intimate, and almost as delightful as those of Charles Lamb. Ryecroft's freedom contrasts with a harder and more grinding slavery than Lamb's had ever been. He chuckles over the sympathy offered to him in his supposed loneliness. Though the rich humour of Lamb is not to be found in Gissing, he has enriched the English language with a book which belongs to the same order as the immortal book of Elia.

J. B. PRICE.

MORE FOOD FROM THE FARM

MOST townsmen must have been startled when they learned that British farms were to produce fifty per cent more than before the war. Yet this gigantic task has already been achieved, and the national target has been stepped up to sixty per cent over pre-war. Can this be attained as quickly? And if 60 per cent why not 100 per cent? Have we really been cultivating our garden so poorly till now? Summer visitors from New Zealand and Holland will assure you: "English pastures are grossly under-stocked. Your grass is running to waste." Certainly a traveller across England by rail must be astonished at the green emptiness of the landscape. The apparent lack of population is deceptive. Hidden behind the clumps of trees are roofs of cottages and farms, visible to the traveller by road. Untrodden pastures, so lush in

summer, are bare in winter. Grass does not grow here all the year round, as in New Zealand. This was the tune the cow died of, according to our old rhyme. In our latitude, tempered as it is by the Gulf Stream and the South West Wind, the limiting factor for the head of stock we can raise is winter keep. If, for instance, we could discover a variety of early-ripening maize which would grow as tall here as in the basin of the Danube or Mississippi, pig and poultry keepers could fill our larders with ease. The old rocks of which our land surface is composed have broken down eastwards into fertile loams, which even before the war grew corn unequalled in yield per acre anywhere in the world, except in the Low Countries and Denmark. But at least one-third of the whole country, West and North, is moor, hill and crag, peaty, acid and steep, infertile and inaccessible to the plough, fit only for the hardier breeds of sheep and cattle.

The problem of raising the general fertility of the country is therefore two-fold: first how to raise the yields in the richer lowlands; and second how to use best the hills of the West of England, Wales and Scotland. Some think it would be better to concentrate on the richer lowlands, rather than to pour money and fertilizers onto the less rewarding uplands. Others, who seem to have a truer instinct of husbandry, think that the uplands should keep their traditional role of nursery for the lowlands, the breeding ground for milky ewes to mother crossbred meaty lambs of Southdown type; and for thick-coated heifers to stock the chalk and granite hills of the South and West, with calves at foot. These calves can now be got from the best bulls of any breed by artificial insemination. There is also argument to whether more resources should be put at the disposal of agriculture as a whole, or whether the same result could be obtained by better use of its existing resources—land, labour and machinery for instance. We have six times the number of tractors that we had before the war; four times as many milking machines. How many days a year is each tractor employed—12, 24 or 48? The Minister of Agriculture tells us that each farm worker now produces 25 per cent more than before the war, and that the lessening manpower is enough for a 60 per cent increase in yield. But is this increase in output per man sufficient, considering the sixfold increase in machines, which has made our farms the most highly mechanised in the world? As the economists put it: "Is the performance per man, per machine, good enough?" Their answer is "No." The way to raise production therefore is by more economical use of men and machinery, not by employing more of either.

The problem will be worked out in the field by individual farmers, aided, if they are wise, by their County advisory officers. Three-quarters of our farms are a bare 150 acres or less, and produce half the total food grown. Each of these farmers answers the problem in his own fashion. The best way to find out what is being done is to go round the country and ask. The other day in the Kent Weald I put my question to a young farmer, college educated: "Is your farm producing 50 per cent more to-day than before the war?" He replied: "More. Farming was backward on this heavy clay land before the war. My predecessor had about 5 acres of hops, as I have. The rest was permanent grass, with just enough oats for his horses. I have no horses and no permanent grass.

I have ploughed it all up, and used the stored fertility to produce 10 times as much corn as he did. After three or four years the field goes back to a grass and clover ley. On this I graze cattle and a few sheep in winter, with the help of the hay I take off it in summer, and the straw from the corn. I must have the stock to manure the hops. I must have cash crops of corn to pay for the stock and fertilizers. If I had more money I could double my turnover." A great pile of fertilizer bags lay in the barn, between a litter of pigs, under an infra red lamp, and three week-old calves just bought. The farmer told me he had already used five times as much fertilizer as I saw on the hops, besides the manure from the stockyard. Harvesting here is done by contract, which keeps down labour costs. An elderly man and a lad to drive the tractor are the only two regularly employed. A woman sometimes helps in stringing the hops, and an expert takes charge of the oast house at drying time. Picking is still by hand in the old style. But contracting seems to point the way for small farmers, in default of co-operation. Under the apple trees in a neighbouring orchard were rows of cider barrels, for which there is a ready but limited demand. A fortune seems to be going to waste because English people do not drink apple juice.

South-westwards nearer Romney Marsh I was shown long-woolled sheep, which even a New Zealander would find hard to criticise, and red Sussex cattle, soon going overseas to South Africa and Texas. On the chalk the princely Southdown sheep are now hard to find; but behind Beachy Head on top of the down, I saw several wheat stacks, and in combs beyond, running down to the Seven Sisters cliffs, were hundreds of black-nosed Kerry Hill ewes from Wales with their well-rounded lambs, fathered by Dorset Downs. At the cliff edge, black yearling cattle with white faces disclosed their Hereford—Aberdeen Angus parentage. The black cows were grazing in a sheltered valley with their suckling calves. Here is a revolution in South Down farming. There are no yards or folds. The cattle, young and old, stay out all winter with the sheep. The young Scotch shepherd does his rounds on horseback. On the Hampshire Downs, round Winchester, I found Clun Forest sheep had replaced Hampshire Downs. Like the Kerrys they require no folding. On Salisbury Plain were fewer sheep than formerly, but more dairy cattle and much more corn. I passed grass-drying plants by the roadside, witness of another revolution in English farming, only yet gathering way—scientific conservation of high-protein fodder. Big white factories in Somerset were evidence of a growing demand for conserved milk products. I visited one of the rare farms where Cheddar cheese was still being made, and then I turned aside to see a Dorset dairy factory where a short train-load of cheese—35 tons—is loaded every day in June.

Much still remains to be done on the Somerset Plain between Bath and Bridgwater and the hills to the West; but much has already been achieved, even on the bleak, intractable soil of Exmoor. Here I saw good pasture being grazed by Cheviots, as well as by the hardier Exmoor Horn sheep, where a few years ago was nothing but heather, peat and sedge. Both here and on Dartmoor and Bodmin Moor sturdy Galloway cattle have been introduced with success to cross with Shorthorns. Bodmin Moor has been in part enclosed, by agreement among the commoners, and here

I was shown their varied stock of North and South Devons, the latter a great double purpose, or triple purpose breed. The sheep were Devon Longwools. All were grazing excellent pasture, where bracken, heather and gorse used to have it their own way. Shell sand from the seashore, containing 50 per cent lime, works wonders here. Some patches of open moor which had been merely limed and left unenclosed, were bright green and were being eagerly grazed by moorland ponies. Crossing the Bristol Channel I spent a day in the green Vale of Towy. Carmarthenshire farms I found well stocked with sweet-smelling hay and silage for the dairy herds. A co-operative grass-drying plant was taking the farmers' fancy. We do not yet know our debt to the high priests of grass at Aberystwyth. In Wales I learned to have faith in the future of the Welsh Mountain sheep, as a mother for English lambs, and in Welsh Black cattle, for both beef and milk. Thrifty on the hills of the mainland they respond at once to generous feeding on the richer pastures of Anglesey. One which the owner invited me to handle felt as taut as steel.

Wishing to compare English hill sheep with the Welsh I recrossed the Border near Welshpool, where, in Powis Castle Park, I saw a flock of Black Welsh Mountain sheep, carrying heavy fleeces of the finest wool. Travelling on through highly-farmed districts of Shropshire and Cheshire I reached the western slopes of the Pennines. Here the horned and hardy Lonk ranges the heather, crossed often on lower ground with the bigger Wensleydale ram. North of Lancashire, in Westmorland, the Rough Fell ewe replaced the Lonk. Here on the high, open hillside only the pure-bred Rough Fell can survive in winter, and then only in its second year. When the fell shepherd sees his flock coming down towards the farm he knows a blizzard is brewing. Rough tracks lead up from the road along the steep side of the dale to the limit of the enclosed land, where the shepherd lives. At one such place, on the borders of Westmorland and the West Riding I found the shepherd living in a rebuilt stone house, well warmed and lit, with new barns and byres outside, the barns crammed to the roof with hay and pea straw. The hay comes from fields too steep to plough, but well manured by Galloway steers, and generously limed and fed with phosphates in the form of basic slag. Even without reseeding this has made an enormous difference to the yield. Geese and poultry were kept round the farmstead. Output was evidently on the upgrade here. Wherever possible ploughs were breaking up the fell for reseeding.

Making a jump to the Western Highlands, I found the same process at work. I walked over a green hill above Loch Etive with a farmer who pointed proudly to the mixture of grasses beneath our feet. "Last year this was all bracken," he said. His Highland cattle were grazing on the heather higher up. In winter the yearlings are yarded on hay, roots and some bruised oats grown by the Loch. The cows are stall fed till they calve to provide manure. Second winter heifers stay out on the hill. The further one goes north on the mainland or islands the more pressing becomes the problem of winter keep. On the East Coast winds are chillier in winter than in Argyll, even as far south as Lincolnshire; but the soil is kindlier. Here I saw Lincoln Red Shorthorns growing fat on land reclaimed from the Wash, and excavators throwing up a fresh sea wall over the salt marsh. I saw the latest kinds of cabbage planting and potato

harvesting machines at work; new factories for pea canning and freezing; and in Holkham Park lucerne being cut to supply a large scale grass dryer. It was here that Coke of Norfolk gave prizes to children for specimens of good grasses, another reminder that in grass and the skilled control of its use we have the first key to bigger food output. The second is to feed the land with animal humus and chemical fertilizers also as an extra spur. To these aids we can now add labour-saving machinery and better control over pests and diseases. All hinges on the fact that the land inspires a loyalty less often found elsewhere. New farm institutes are opening. Young farmers' clubs are looking over the hedge, and judging the crops and stock of their elders. Agricultural colleges are opening their doors to schoolchildren. A young farmer I spoke to laughed at the Law of Diminishing Return. "Not on my land," he said. "Not in my lifetime."

ANTHONY DELL.

THE WAYS OF A RAVEN

RAVENS are among the earliest of British birds to turn their attention to domestic matters and it is not unusual for eggs to be laid in February. Indeed, some years ago I watched a pair renovating a former nest on January 20th and although the next few days saw many showers of snow and hail, accompanied by bitterly cold winds, the ravens did not slacken their activities. Perhaps one reason why they are so go-ahead in family affairs is because they pair for life, the wedded couples remaining faithful to each other until death or accident divorces them. Thus the delays involved in choosing a mate and courtship are avoided; so are the preliminaries of searching for suitable nesting-sites, for they have a fondness for familiar areas and I recently visited a group of tall firs in which were four old nests belonging to the same pair of ravens. Each of those nests had been occupied again and again, after renovations had been carried out, but so far as I know the owners never used the same one in consecutive years. Instead, they preferred to leave each nest unoccupied for a year or two. Both sexes share the task of making the nest habitable, often showing their fondness for each other by cuddling close together—the very personification of marital love and devotion. At different intervals, during each day's activities, they sit on the rim of the nest holding each other's beak for quite a long time. Certain ravens, however, prefer coastal areas for nesting-quarters choosing inaccessible situations among the high rugged cliffs, and I know of a cavity on the Cornish coast where a pair (presumably the same two birds) have nested for many years; for each successive occupation fresh furnishings are provided, so that this ancestral home has now developed into a throne-like structure about three feet in height. It can be seen clearly from the cliff-top, being at least seventy feet above sea level and in a difficult position for photography, but an ideal sanctuary from the ravens' point of view. So huge is the nest that it fills the ledge on which it rests so completely that there is not an inch of standing room for the owners. A normal raven's nest is about two and a half feet in diameter, and made of sticks, twigs, roots, turf and

heather, to which is added a cosy lining of sheep's wool. Most of the twigs needed are plucked from growing trees, involving much hard work yet strangely enough, if a twig happens to fall from the birds' beaks during transport they seldom go to the ground to retrieve it. At the foot of a certain fir where I photographed nesting ravens quite a pile of twigs accumulated and I afterwards took them home to kindle fires.

Remembering that a raven is a large bird of twenty-six inches in length, I am always impressed by the small interior of its nest, but the eggs, too, are smaller than one would expect for the size of the bird. They vary in number from three to seven, the most common appearance being pale bluish-green spotted and blotched with brown and black, but I have seen eggs almost devoid of any pattern, the shell being of a distinct blue shade. They also vary in size and shape and it is not uncommon to observe noticeable differences among the eggs in the same nest. Incubation involves a period of twenty-one days in which male and female share, the young remaining in the nest for a long time. In common with the crow tribe (of which the raven is the largest member) the chicks have enormous appetites and it must indeed be a great relief to the industrious parents when at last, their brood become self-supporting. By means of a long ladder I once reached a raven's nest in the topmost branches of a tall pine where the lusty youngsters were snuggled together: they were so large that they were obliged to squat *on* the nest rather than in it, and occupied the whole of its area. With angry gaze their brownish eyes watched my approach and although they were fully feathered, their plumage was not quite so lustrous and iridescent as their parents; but they had well developed pouches at the base of the mandibles. It is in this pouch that the adults convey food to their nestlings, then, in a semi-digested condition, pump it into their open beaks. They have the advantage of a varied menu with a preference for carrion and seem to have an almost uncanny way of locating such tasty fare due, I believe, to their keen powers of smell. I know there are those observers who will not agree with such a suggestion, but I have watched ravens hovering over decomposed bodies that were so completely hidden from view that only a highly developed sense of smell could have induced them to search so thoroughly for the feast. Its fondness for carrion, however has earned it a bad reputation, but I very much doubt if some of the charges brought against it are true. Personally, I have never been able to establish to my own satisfaction that ravens have killed lambs unless they happened to be of a sickly constitution, for the fact that they may be seen feeding on the dead body is not proof that they slew it. I once saw a carrion crow kill a rabbit held in a steel gin, but before the trapper came on the scene a raven had driven the crow from its victim and was eating it. The trapper naturally blamed the raven for the death of the rabbit. Of course, I am not suggesting that similar crimes have never been committed by ravens, but trying to establish my own belief that they are often falsely accused. A rogue the raven certainly is, with a character as black as its attire yet, for all that, I am convinced that it is often blamed for the sins of its neighbours.

Although credited by most ornithologists as having more than the average intelligence I have never found ravens more difficult to study or photograph than rooks or carrion crows, for so sincere is their attachment

to their progeny that they do not hesitate to visit the nest in order to minister to their needs and even after they have left the nest the family party keep together. I have seen parents passing titbits of food to their offspring weeks after they have been on the wing. The superficial likeness of the raven to the rook often causes confusion among country folk, but in addition to the former's voice being more deep and harsh it is a noticeably larger bird, being six or seven inches longer than the rook. It possesses remarkable powers of flight, its broad wings giving it many advantages. One of its most remarkable aerial acrobatics is to soar upwards then, turning suddenly, to dive downwards accompanied by much turning, twisting, swooping and croaking. Locally, the raven is the victim of much stupid superstition and said to be a bird of ill-omen; in Cornwall, for instance, it is commonly believed that if an isolated raven passes over a dwelling and is heard to croak three times there will be a death in that house within three days. Needless to say, there is no truth whatever in this belief. Yet, in spite of such a sinister reputation many people keep ravens as pets, and they respond quite satisfactorily to domestication. There are instances of some having become quite fluent talkers, but let it be known that it does not aid their linguistic abilities to slit their tongue with a silver coin. Personally, I have never known a bird whose tongue has been so treated utter a single syllable.

B. MELVILLE NICHOLAS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

STEPS TO DISARMAMENT

THIRTY-NINE years have passed since the war was declared that started the still continuing habit of international conflict and chaos on the cruellest scale known to history. In a detached point of view it is so odd as to strain credulity that the collective mentality of the men who have successively held high political office in the countries of what we call the Great Powers has been proved to be consistently bankrupt of good performance for so long a period. Despite the stimulus of worldwide distress, persisting and worsening through so many years, political thought has failed to answer an elementary challenge. It is obvious that armaments are incompatible with peace; that they are in themselves a main cause of war; that there can be no peace or security among the nations until armaments be totally excluded from what our factories produce. For forty years every politician in every country, including Hitler, has protested his wish for peace. Yet not a single effective step in that period has been taken towards peace.

There are simple souls who have thereby been constrained to wonder if the world after all is to be accepted irretrievably as a cockpit of failure, even in its Maker's conception and purpose, made so from the beginning for a reason which is mysterious. What else can explain a state of affairs in which everybody wants peace and yet by their own deliberate choice refuse to do the only thing that would give them peace? There is something so unreasonable in this particular human failure that it constitutes a challenge to the very faith of our fathers. Conferences have been held, the diplomatic channels have been filled with exchanges, books written,

speeches made, decade after decade, all without effect. For nearly two generations (if one may be allowed to quote Burke's famous words from another context) "we have been lashed round and round this miserable circle of occasional arguments and temporary expedients. I am sure our heads must turn and our stomachs nauseate with them. We have had them in every shape; we have looked at them in every point of view. Invention is exhausted; reason is fatigued; experience has given judgment; but obstinacy is not yet conquered." If this were a matter of only academic import, lacking moral substance, physical convenience or practical consequence, or affecting only a few people, eccentric to boot, it would still be remarkable that it should go on so long without a solution, but little harm would be done.

When by contrast it is a matter of daily and drastic concern to every man, woman and child in the world, involving nothing less radical than life or death, sanity or insanity, in the widest possible scope, the bankruptcy of remedial resource becomes an outrage upon decency in the moral, and upon commonsense in the material, field of man's circumstance. We are so tired of it; we have considered it so often, failed so often, that we are tempted to give way to despair. Almost we no longer care if the next war does descend upon us and finish off this whole business of life on earth. Such, with scarcely an exaggeration, is the effect already produced upon many otherwise sanguine and normal people who ponder this particular enigma of high diplomacy. It is recognised that the world is a school of training for human souls, and that if things went too well, the said souls might droop from lack of exercise; but this failure in our time of high diplomacy to make progress in a matter so important and so urgent seems to exceed the bounds of what is needed for the good of our souls aforesaid. There is something almost obscene in the diplomatic pantomime. Yet—for the mercy, omnipotence and love of God are as limitless as they are impalpable to our human comprehension—the hope of international peace and the effort to attain it, spring eternal. The effort goes on. There is in fact no despair.

Again in this very year the representatives of what are called the Great Powers have been conferring with each other about the problem, vaguely defined, or not defined at all, of "peace" and the lessening of the international "tension." Why should there be tension? What is it all about? If there were no armaments, there could be no tension. It is an essential part of the madness that none of the parties concerned could say what it was afraid of, except—war! And they all go on piling up armaments against each other, thereby making more likely the one thing they are all afraid of. Fear normally produces the thing that is feared. Such is one of the main mysteries in the divine basis of what we call life. Only faith can produce security. Fear (which is the devil) is the one enemy, the opposite of faith. Armaments are the handmaids of fear. Hence it is that the history of half a century of diplomacy devoted to this problem of peace is the history of consistent failure, the obvious and only reason for the failure being that the participants have been actuated by fear, have never agreed to risk (though in the paradoxical event it would be the only course free from risk) that gesture of faith which alone could ensure peace through disarmament.

It is more than half a century since this modern phase of fruitless diplomacy began. On the very eve of the present catastrophic century, in 1899, there was held that first Hague Conference which was given the specific name of a Peace Conference, as though a presentiment was felt of what was in store if peace could not be ensured in advance. There is irony in the fact that at that time when the diplomatic enterprise was launched, the initiative came from Russia; today by contrast after the half century's failure it is Russia that constitutes the main continuing obstacle to that same enterprise. The Hague Conference of 1899 and its second session in 1907 resulted from a suggestion made by the emperor Nicholas II of Russia. The object, as it was defined by his Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Mouraviev, in a note dated January 11th, 1899, was to negotiate an "understanding not to increase for a fixed period the present effectives of the armed military and naval forces, and at the same time not to increase the budgets pertaining thereto; and a preliminary examination of the means by which even a reduction might be effected in future in the forces and budgets above mentioned." *Even a reduction!* A gleam of light seemed thus to penetrate the folly. But the folly was not dispersed. By another stroke of the irony it was Germany who at that time was mainly responsible for the failure. It was her military delegate who objected to the discussion of a reduction in armaments, which discussion was therefore abandoned. By contrast a generation later (in 1932) it was Germany who at the League of Nations Disarmament Conference took the initiative for a reduction in armaments, and it was France and Britain who defeated the project.

In 1899 the twenty-six participating Powers had to be content with the adoption of certain conventions of an academic quality about the pacific settlement of international disputes and the humanisation (save the mark!) of the methods of war by land and sea. Those conventions were academic because reason suggested, as experience later proved, that so long as armaments were available for war, no agreement between nations previously reached could restrain their use in war. It is an interesting fact that fear makes of men not only cowards but dolts. The notion of making war in a humane fashion is about as intelligent as would be the notion of getting wet in a dry fashion. Nor can cowards or dolts retain whatever sense of humour with which they might originally have been endowed. After the first world war, in which a new weapon, the submarine, had played an important part, a big-Power conference solemnly discussed a project for humanising a submarine. Now a submarine's only function is to approach a surface ship unseen and to sink it. In common with a tiger's claw, a submarine can either be used or not used. If used, it cannot in its nature be used in a humane manner. The like truth applies to the whole story of instruments agreed or proposed in our time about the "rules" of "civilised" warfare. War is the negation of rule, the bankruptcy of civilisation. The only way to civilise war is to stop it. A thing cannot be both black and white at the same time. In high diplomacy it is necessary to make statements such as this, although in other walks of life it would be regarded as so elementary and obvious as not to need the stating.

When the 1899 conference was in progress the scope presented to the imagination of those concerned was confined to war on land or on the sea.

There was no such thing in being or in contemplation, as an organised air arm comparable in importance with an army or a navy. But there were such things as balloons. It reminds one of the speed with which the technique of war has been developed in our time to recall that in 1899, that is within living memory, a conference of nations did solemnly agree upon a declaration to the effect that there should be prohibited the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons or other similar "new methods." It was ten years later (in 1909) that Blériot in an aeroplane first flew the twenty-miles from Calais to Dover. When the first world war broke out in 1914, aeroplanes were still unknown except as an adventurous vehicle for a twenty-mile hop, being incapable of carrying petrol for any longer hop. By the end of that war air forces were an organised fact (the British force being called the Royal Flying Corps), and bombs had been dropped on London. By the time the second war started, after an uneasy respite of twenty-one years, gas masks had been issued and underground shelters built in advance, it being taken for granted that the civilian population, men, women and children, would be bombed as a normal method of war; and by the time, less than six years later, that the war ended, the science of armaments had forged ahead so fast and so far that bomb-carrying aeroplanes were flown without the need of human pilots, bombs had been rocketed across the famous twenty-mile channel without the need even of an aeroplane, and the first atomic bombs had been dropped. "Mischief, thou art afoot; take thou what course thou wilt!" was by now the cry. Diplomacy had made its unconditional surrender to the devil.

The second war came to a sort of end, in the sense that a sort of surrender was made by the one side both in the west and in the east, but the general situation was so chaotic that no peace treaties could be negotiated; the factories went on producing armaments on a scale hitherto undreamt of; and the former allies (on paper the victorious allies) without pause ranged themselves against each other in readiness for potential new war, this time among themselves, engaging meanwhile in what was called a "cold" war by way of preparation. In particular the atomic piles in three continents went from one crazy height to another in the production of successively more devastating bombs, clouds and shells for use in war. The circumstance of life on earth had indeed reached a climax, taking the form of an elaborate provision of the means of universal, total, impartial suicide, the while a so-called United Nations performed a strange episode of cold war within its very walls. Its so-called Disarmament Commission, though it produced proposals for the limitation of the scope of future war on the basis of a Great Power maximum of 1,500,000 men apiece in their "peace-time" fighting strength, never even attempted to discuss disarmament, and never got within measurable distance of agreement on an alternative basis of limitation.

As the headlong plunge in the scientific sinews of war could be measured by the development of air warfare, so the diplomatic deterioration could be measured by the comparative record of what was talked of, though not achieved, by the League of Nations that followed the first, and the United Nations that followed the second, world war. Let it be recalled that the Treaty of Versailles which established the League of

Nations as an integral part of the machinery for the "firm, just and durable Peace" it promised, did at any rate show some appreciation of the connection between armaments and war, disarmament and peace. The first paragraph of Article VIII of the Covenant read thus: "The Members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations." It was not a very intelligent observation, but it was a tentative, if blind, bid in the right direction. It betrayed an instinctive feeling that there was something wrong in armaments as such. Armaments, even at "the lowest point" are not consistent, they are inconsistent, with national safety. The only difference between the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Charter of the United Nations, so far as their theoretically peaceful purpose was concerned, was that whereas the former postulated armaments for the "enforcement by common action of international obligations," without setting up a definite organisation of the forces thus postulated, the latter went to the length of setting up what became in effect a United Nations army.

Articles 42-47 of the Charter made detailed arrangements for action by joint "air, sea or land forces" (Article 42) and for a Military Staff Committee to assist the Security Council in the "application of armed force" (Article 46). An odd and muddled phrase was inserted in article 47, which defined the function of the Military Staff Committee as being to advise and assist the Security Council on military requirements, and on "the employment and command of forces placed at its disposal, the regulation of armaments, and possible disarmament" (my italics): a curious hotchpotch in the programme. Needless to say, the possibility of disarmament never came within the agenda. There came to pass, by contrast, a war in Korea: a virtual war between the United Nations as a whole and one of its own members. The text of the United Nations Charter begins thus: "Article 1. The Purposes of the United Nations are: 1. To maintain international peace and security . . ." The Preamble begins thus: "We the peoples of the United Nations determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind . . ." It was signed in San Francisco on June 26th 1945. Only five years later the United Nations was itself engaged in war. In effect, though vicariously, it was Russia who launched that war, and she was, and remained, a member of the United Nations.

There has been, as it were, a cumulative quality in the morbid irony attaching to the quest for peace in our time. The Treaty of Versailles disarmed Germany, the defeated party in the war then ended; but the Preamble to Part V of the Treaty (Military, Naval and Air Clauses) which effected that disarmament stipulated that Germany was to be disarmed "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." No step was taken, however, towards such a general end. When the Locarno Treaty was negotiated with Germany six years later (1925) the Versailles promise of a general reduction in armaments was repeated. Again no step was taken towards that end. Germany was admitted to membership of the League of Nations in the

year following the signing of the Locarno Treaty (1926), her only interest in the League being constituted by the said prospect of a reduction in armaments. At last, in 1932, the League did in fact convene what was called a Disarmament Conference. It quickly became obvious that whatever else might be discussed or done by the conference, disarmament would be neither achieved nor discussed, and the German delegation therefore made its proposal, as a *pis aller*, of at any rate an agreed limitation of armaments on the part of the four Western Powers on whom the peace of the world could be expected to depend. She proposed that France, Britain, Italy and Germany should undertake not to exceed 300,000 as the peace-time strength of their armed forces. France and Britain rejected that proposal on the ground that they were not prepared to accept a status of equality with Germany in the matter of armed forces. Fear again was in command.

Germany walked out of the conference and out of the League of Nations. Three months later, in January 1933, Hitler became Chancellor of Germany by the democratic process of being elected as such, and the second world war was thus foreshadowed on the diplomatic horizon. Germany, who in 1899 defeated a Russian proposal for the reduction of armaments, was in 1932 herself defeated when she in her turn made a proposal for such a reduction, and in the post-1945 period, when Russia has maintained a greater array of armaments than any other country in the world, now or at any time in history, and has been the chief obstacle to international peace, Germany has not even had a voice in the incidental diplomacy. She is not a member of the United Nations, and has therefore made no contribution to its Disarmament Commission. Could folly and obstinacy in any imaginable circumstance do more harm to the sum of human welfare than in our time they have in fact already done? And is there to be no end to it? Any person of average commonsense, not concerned in the professional processes of international diplomacy, could at a moment's notice draft a fool-proof scheme of full disarmament such as by itself would ensure peace in our time.

A general machinery, operative in all countries, and constituted in each country by the representatives of every *other* country, empowered simply to prohibit the manufacture of armaments, would without the possibility of failure achieve the object. There is an overwhelming mass of popular opinion throughout the world available to support and ensure the success of such a scheme. There is evidence that public opinion is at last becoming roused, is becoming impatient of the diplomatic failure. The New York *Times* for instance of April 28th last published a summary of a letter written by a certain American citizen, Mr. F. C. Smedley, who deplored the fact that President Eisenhower in his first important announcement had not made a bid for the full elimination, as distinct from the mere limitation, of armaments. "War" he wrote "is a cancer which must be removed from the body politic. In excising cancer, no competent surgeon operates piecemeal. He removes the whole malignant growth. If he fails to do so, the remnant he leaves in his patient's body quickly replaces the part which was removed, and the patient almost invariably dies." He even submitted that total disarmament is a practical possibility, whereas the limitation of armaments is a proved impossibility. "Only complete

disarmament" he wrote, "meaning zero quotas in all categories, could ever be agreed upon without negotiations getting all snarled in technicalities such as have prevented all past efforts to reduce arms by quotas and categories from being successful." He recalled that General MacArthur, when giving evidence on his dismissal in May 1951, advocated "the abolition of war" as the only possible successful answer to militant Communist aggression: an interesting observation to be read in the context of half a century of history wherein two world wars gave to communism the opportunity it could not otherwise have had. Mr. Smedley also recalled the fact that "the President himself, in 1946, while he was still our Chief of Staff, told a Boston University graduating class during his Commencement address to them: 'It is your business to put us out of business'."

He ended his argument by answering those who imagine that no scheme of total disarmament could be put into operation unless it were first unanimously agreed to by all nations. His answer was that if the United Nations Disarmament Commission boldly adopted a scheme for total disarmament, it would in practice be impossible for any dissident nation to hold out against it. "Holdout governments" he wrote, "would soon be placed in a position, even if they do not engage in war, wherein they would have to go along with the programme or be overthrown by revolution."

It seems indeed possible that this great need of our time, the need to remove from the hands of governments the means of making war, must be met after all by an upsurge of determination and an act of faith and of will by the common people: the remedy thus coming from below, not from above. President Eisenhower on April 16th last made his proposal, not indeed for full disarmament, the more's the pity, but for still another attempt at an agreed limitation; but he at any rate fortified the proposal by an appeal to public opinion. He suggested that the money and energy now wasted on armaments—he put it no higher—might be diverted to provide a means of attack upon hunger and poverty. "The purpose," he declared "of the United States in stating these proposals is simple and clear. These proposals spring—without ulterior purpose or political passion—from our calm conviction that the hunger for just peace is in the hearts of all peoples—those of Russia and China no less than of our own country. They conform to our firm faith that God created men to enjoy, not destroy, the fruits of the earth and of their own toil. They aspire to this: the lifting from the backs and from the hearts of men of their burden of arms and of fears, so that they may find before them a golden age of freedom and of peace."

In the name of that faith he invoked, and of his very purpose to lift that twin burden of arms and of fears (rightly so linked, for they are cause and effect), why, oh why, did he not burn his boats and plunge boldly for disarmament, total, immediate, permanent? Faith is impossible if there be left open a back door to the old fears, the old armaments. Is it not obvious after all that it is the peoples who by a miracle of contrivance (miracle being the commonplace and easy reward of faith) must lead their Presidents and Prime Ministers into the only way of peace?

July 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LORD PAKENHAM

There has recently been an extensive outcrop of political autobiographies and biographies. In the Labour Party section of the field anyone who turns, like this reviewer, from the Letters, and also the life, of Harold Laski, with their violent anti-religionism and their recorded Voltairean belief that wisdom lies in the borderland "between wit and malice," to Lord Pakenham's *Born to Believe** enters a spiritually and morally different world. He is not guiltless of maintaining that ambition is necessary for a politician—I should not have thought that Lansbury or Henderson or Attlee or Lawson or Creech Jones, all politicians of senior rank, were characterised by it—nor is he occasionally guiltless of taking himself perhaps just a little seriously, as indeed in some circumstances he well may. But this brief autobiography guilelessly shows a character of great charm, of even greater conscientiousness, free from the canker of ambition for personal advantage and vanity, and quite singularly dedicated to the public service. It is refreshing and encouraging at the beginning of a new reign to know that there are such people about, and that, in British political life, they are entrusted with not inconsiderable power. It adds flowers to the garland of public life, in too many countries a despised thing.

This brief autobiography shows us the son of a peer, later a peer in his own right, a man capable of such charming eccentricities as riding horses the wrong way round a racing track, and who counts among his ancestors one Edmund Pakenham, "Clerk Controller of His (?) Majesty's Revels and Tents" in 1595, becoming from Conservative beginnings a Labour Minister and from a Protestant Irish landlord becoming a Catholic convert. In many ways Frank Pakenham's characteristics are those of the present Duke of Norfolk; but he wears his sense of duty with a difference, just as he has undergone metamorphoses of which the head of the House of Howard is innocent. Those of us who became Socialists neither from personal resentment nor from class interest, but from the sense, which early youth enjoys, for social justice, and have remained non-Marxists, will enter into the sentiments of moral shock which brought Lord Pakenham over into the Labour camp, which for him, in social philosophy, could appropriately be called the Christian Labour camp. It is against the views of men such as this and the ex-Lord Privy Seal that (a thing of wonder in Continental Europe) the doctrinaire rationalist semi-Marxism of Professors Laski and Cole can, for all their sophistication, make no headway unless the Socialist Party is prepared to risk a schism in its ranks. One should perhaps add that a Pakenham, a Stokes, and others such, might be powerless unless so much of politically powerful Lancashire and Clydeside thought the same way. Nevertheless this reviewer would be prepared to sacrifice several pages of description of what happened at the Ministry of Civil Aviation, and even the photograph of "the author as a Minister of the Crown," for more pages of the spiritual Odyssey of a certain delightful and intelligent person called Frank Pakenham. There have, in British history, been a round thousand or more Ministers of the Crown and, with the exception of the Premiers and Foreign Ministers, their names are mostly forgotten. Who, however, has forgotten the name of a Bunyan, a Pascal, a Wesley, a Newman? Who cares to remember the names even of the succession of Ministers of Supply, or of the last ten Home Secretaries? If Lord Pakenham died tomorrow, *absit omen*, he would probably be remembered as, first, an eminent Catholic in contemporary England, and, secondly, as a man who, taking the junior position of Chancellor of the Duchy, made it something by acting as a conscience to that great but dominating man, Ernest Bevin, and deeply affecting for good, when placed in the invidious

position of a conqueror, the lives, happiness, and hopes of millions of Germans. In the then emotional condition of Britain this was both unusual conduct and required exceptional moral courage. And what mattered here was, not the politician, since a leading soldier or civil servant might have been in like position, but the religious and devoted man into whose hands authority had been placed for a whole people at a moment of destiny. However, despite the title *Born to Believe*, Lord Pakenham may have felt that to have let us more profoundly into the problems of his religious evolution would unduly shift the proportion of his book and make it too controversial. Anyone who has seen, over a generation, much of parliamentary candidates, not least of the Left, may perhaps be pardoned the judgment that, of all the lives of themselves or about themselves, recently published by politicians or their editors (usually at far too high prices, as if we were all millionaires or public librarians), there is no single one more calculated to give pause to the young aspirant to think, and to deepen his whole outlook, than this God-fearing little testament.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN.

*Lord Pakenham. *Born to Believe*, an *Autobiography*. Cape. 18s.

THE PRINCE REGENT*

With the exception of Charles II, declares Miss Stuart in her Preface, no English monarch has been more constantly and unfairly misrepresented than George IV, mainly owing to the hostility of the disgruntled Whigs and to Thackeray's celebrated caricature in *The Four Georges*. Her object, she explains, is not to whitewash a man whose failings were notorious, but to scrape off some of the blackwash. In this endeavour she has been completely successful. The Regent—for it is only with the Regency years that she is concerned—emerges as a human being, capable both of feeling and inspiring affection, kindly disposed by nature, a lover of the arts, who won the liking and respect of Walter Scott and others whose good opinion was worth having.

If it is too much to say that he was more sinned against than sinning, he was at any rate singularly unlucky in his marriage. Though Caroline of Brunswick plays a minor part in the drama unfolded in these pages, for they only spent a year together, she is always mentioned in a tone of severity rarely adopted by the author in this and her other books on a period which she knows so well. "She is a devil, a very devil," exclaimed her husband to the royal physician, and Miss Stuart describes her as more than a little mad. He consoled himself with other women, as most princes of his time would doubtless have done if saddled with such a partner. The story of royal marriages throughout the ages has been a story of broken hearts. "George IV", declared Wellington, an excellent judge of character, "presented the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy, and good feeling, in short a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good." That weighty verdict is accepted by Miss Stuart. The most attractive feature in the portrait is the devotion and gratitude of his sisters. If no one could salute him as a model son or a faithful husband, he was at any rate a good and helpful brother. With his father he had too little in common for loving intimacy; to his aged mother he showed real tenderness in her last hours.

Miss Stuart is equally charitable in dealing with the public record of the Regent. Broadly speaking, the Hanoverians were an unattractive dynasty, but he was by no means the worst of the lot. Indeed, she maintains that he was the best fitted for the task of ruling England during one of the most glorious periods in her history. "Could the dull, morose George I, the spluttering, strutting George II, the virtuous, voluble George III have done it with such *panache*? And *panache* was precisely what the times and circumstances

required." Against his addiction to women and strong drink may be set his genuine love of the arts, his patronage of the Royal Academy, his encouragement of Lawrence and Nash. He lives, if by nothing else, in the Windsor Castle of today, in the stately terraces of Regent's Park, in the ornate splendour of Carlton House Terrace, and in Buckingham Palace.

Miss Stuart has made no attempt to tell the whole story of the life of the first-born of George III and Queen Charlotte, of the long years of youthful dissipation, of the political opposition under the banner of Fox, of the final decade when he exchanged the Regency for the throne. She is more interested in character and social life than in party politics, diplomacy and war. This limitation of time and subject relieves her of the necessity of delivering final judgment on his position in the broad perspective of English history. When all has been said for him which can justly be said—which she has done with keen insight and literary skill—the Recording Angel must still pronounce that he, like his brother and successor William IV, let the Monarchy down and left it weaker than they had found it. Nasty old men, exclaimed Lytton Strachey as he traced the youth of the great Queen who cleaned up the life of the Court, restored respect for the Crown, and lived long enough to earn the veneration of her peoples at home and beyond the seas.

G. P. GOOCH.

*Dorothy Margaret Stuart. *Portrait of the Prince Regent*. Methuen. 18s.

AFRICA'S FUTURE

Mr. Vernon Bartlett's survey of countries throughout the length and breadth of Africa, with its fascinating personal glimpses of places and people seen, and things heard, is not only good reading but also most instructive. The problems he depicts are human problems, closely affecting the peoples' lives. One feels, as one reads his pages, that with goodwill none of them are insoluble. But that spirit of goodwill is essential, and without it the future is dark indeed. How are prejudices and fears to be cleared away? How is a renewed outlook of trust to be developed among the Africans and to be met by a spirit of sincerity and co-operativeness, by a sacrifice of pride, on the part of the European? That this is needed is Mr. Bartlett's contention and then, he suggests, the partnership between White and Black, Black and White, which is the only true solution, may become a reality.

Perhaps the most alarming picture is that of South Africa. There the strife between Black and White is rendered all the more obstinate by the rift between the dominating European races. He does not advocate the placing of the Native on the same electoral footing as the white man. "British democracy," he writes, "was not invented for a plural society." He maintains that "the crime of the Nationalists is less that they want to maintain the dominance of the white man than that they are doing so by destroying the hope and faith of the black man." "Apartheid," he maintains, may break down through its own anomalies and absurdities. But there may not be time to avert the threatening crash. Possibilities of the States of the Union forming a Republic and seceding give rise to an interesting speculation. Might Natal perhaps refuse to join the Republic, and remain in the Commonwealth, forming a focus which might be joined by the neighbouring Protectorates of Basutoland and Swaziland?

Mr. Bartlett wishes to see Africa's resources developed for the sake of the African peoples and that of the world. But it is his conviction that the African must be a partner in the whole business of development. Happy examples of such partnership are described in his pages, such as the wonderful Gezira scheme in the Sudan, where, with the advice of Europeans, the administration is as much as possible in the hands of village and estate councils. The standard

of life of the whole community is being raised and, writes Mr. Bartlett, "probably nowhere in Africa is the ordinary peasant receiving so thorough a grounding in the practical side of democracy." Another amazing experiment in co-operation is the Kilimanjaro Native Union in Tanganyika with its vast Community Centre—its reading rooms, printing press and restaurant, for which the initiative came from Mr. A. L. B. Bennett, but the development was due to the Chagga Chiefs and tribe. On the whole one has the impression that it is not through the transference to the African of ready-made schemes of democratic administration but by co-operation in which White joins with Black that Mr. Bartlett sees most hope. Of the West African he writes: "If we hand over to him the seals of office almost before he begins to ask for them. . . . will he be grateful for all we have done for him in the past and prepared to co-operate with us in the future? In Kenya, as elsewhere, the African must have rights, political and social, according to his capacity, without question of colour. But to aim at a black man's continent means 'bitterness, revolt, suppression and bloodshed.' 'We must,' he writes, 'make partnership a reality and we have little time in which to do it.'"

MOSA ANDERSON.

*Vernon Bartlett. *The Struggle for Africa*. Frederick Muller. 15s.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE WORLD

The first volume of a work entitled *Historia Mundi* has just been brought out by a distinguished Swiss publisher, and nine further instalments are to follow. For the first time after the last war a group of historians of many nations has joined hands to produce a work of this kind. The list of contributors shows many prominent names, and there is no doubt that the work will embody the most recent results of scholarly research. The originator was Professor Fritz Kern, formerly of the University of Bonn, who during the war lived in exile in Switzerland. His name became famous through his studies in medieval history. Unfortunately he died before the work began to appear, but he has explained some of his ideas in a short introductory chapter. He reminds us that it was always great catastrophes such as the last war which have stimulated the historical sense, thinking on human nature, and a critical attitude to many illusions. Former ages would have seen in such events a terrible judgment of God, and later writers have tried to give them a philosophical interpretation. Kern mentions Toynbee whose religious outlook has his sympathy, though he does not believe in a cyclical determinism, and would include also the civilizations of the pre-historic and primitive peoples. This extension backwards, however, has already been proposed by other schools with which Kern entirely disagrees. They both assume an evolution in a straight line from the ape-man to the present level of civilization, but one believes in continuous moral progress, while the other stresses the struggle for life and glorifies force as the motive power in human development. In contrast to these theories Kern adheres to the school of historical ethnology founded by Graebner, Ankermann and Schmidt which has greatly enriched our knowledge and understanding of the development of civilizations. These ideas of the planner of *Historia Mundi* explain the fact that the whole first volume deals with the earliest vestiges of human activities and the primitive forms of society. The necessity of giving more attention to these early phases has also been recognized by other newer works of this kind for example by the great series *L'Évolution de l'Humanité*, edited by Henri Berr, which devotes several volumes to them. But *Historia Mundi*, being published thirty years later, can utilise many recent discoveries of great importance.

The later periods will be treated with unusual attention to the countries outside Europe, too often merely regarded as secondary subjects. Today however, when so many long-neglected peoples claim to have reached the full status of nationhood, we must try to learn more of their history and to look at it not merely from the European point of view. The successor of Fritz Kern as editor is Professor F. Valjavec of Munich, author of several important works in the field of modern history, in particular that of South Eastern Europe. Among the co-editors each of the following countries is represented by a well-known historian: United States, France, England, Sweden, Germany, Spain, Austria, Switzerland and Italy.

DR. FREDERICK HERTZ.

Historia Mundi, Ein Handbuch der Weltgeschichte in zehn Bänden, begründet von Fritz Kern, herausgegeben von F. Valjavec. Erster Band: Frühe Menschheit, 560 p. Francke Verlag, Bern. Price Fr. 27.55.

ROYAL PALADIN*

Of all the English words which have lost caste "romantic" has perhaps suffered most severely; yet in its earlier sense, with its trumpet-sound, "On Fontarabian echoes borne," it is peculiarly appropriate to that authentic Paladin, Rupert of the Rhine, who has now found in Major Bernard Fergusson a biographer both sympathetic and discriminating. His story ought to be written in three stages—by a soldier, a seaman, and a man of science respectively. The late Clennell Wilkinson devoted a whole study to the military stage, but he could not, as Major Fergusson can, survey the battles of the Civil War with a soldier's eye. It is a saddening experience to trace again the chronicle of those years when Rupert, the professional soldier, was failing so disastrously to make professionals of the Cavaliers at the very time that Cromwell, the amateur, was so successfully performing that office for the new Parliamentary levies. The Prince's activities as a naval commander and a naval administrator are not underrated, and he is here credited once more with the invention of the art of mezzotint, of which some recent authorities have considered him to be merely one of the earliest as well as one of the best exponents. If the last years at Windsor are somewhat summarily dealt with, we must accept the author's plea that materials become inevitably more scanty as the long, eventful life wanes to its close. No mention is made of the fine, falcon-like portrait of himself presented by Rupert to the City Fathers of the royal burgh, nor of the lease in their archives authorizing Mrs. Elinor Gwyn to add to the grounds of her house near the Castle a portion of the garden which had been his. Only in one respect does this well-painted Kit-Kat seem a little out of drawing. Surely this grim, sardonic, masterful Prince was not justly to be described as "boisterous"? Boisterousness carries with it a suggestion of geniality, the William IV touch, and it is difficult to imagine that even in his wildest moods there can ever have been anything genial about Rupert of the Rhine.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

**Rupert of the Rhine*. By Major Bernard Fergusson. *Brief Lives Series*. Collins. 7s. 6d.

MARY SHELLEY IN HER LETTERS*

A considerable literature has grown up recently round Mary Shelley, based mainly on her letters and journal. The present editors have put together an attractive selection of the letters, which have not previously been available in any single volume; they acknowledge their indebtedness to former biographers. They concur in the more favourable estimate of Mary's somewhat enigmatic personality that some have expressed, and, in a valuable Introduction, they examine the disparaging views of others, among them T. S. Eliot and Herbert

Read. Her friendships, and the vicissitudes of her life, are discussed, and attention is called to her creative work. The notes supplied to the letters are admirable; an index of their contents would have been a useful addition. The book is beautifully produced.

The editors maintain that the eight years of the Shelleys' married life was a happy period for both, in spite of well-known difficult circumstances, and of Mary's occasional fits of depression, aggravated by ill-health and the deaths of her infants. While Shelley would probably never have found any woman to satisfy his dream ideal, they consider that Mary approached it as nearly as any could. She shared his passion for Nature; they read poetry together, Mary delighting in Spenser and Ariosto; she is enthusiastic over Greece's declaration of independence. Mary made Shelley's interests her first consideration, and, after his death, was engrossed by the memory of "that bright planetary spirit (who) raised me to the height of happiness." Her letters reveal her as impulsive, generous, loyal to her exacting father, Godwin, and her friends. Her correspondents include leading literary figures of the day. One letter, among many, to Trelawny expresses deep gratitude for his services at the time of the tragedy; another is a dignified remonstrance to Byron on Leigh Hunt's behalf; another assures Thomas Moore that Shelley had appreciated his poems. Mary's own novels are mentioned, but not discussed; she does, however, describe a performance of *Frankenstein* in London. A pleasant note is struck by her friendship with the Lambs, and by her happy relations with her surviving son.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

**My Best Mary*. By Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford. Allan Wingate. 15s.

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Sir Drummond Shiels is the Advisory Editor of a popular and copiously illustrated symposium on *The British Commonwealth, A Family of Peoples*.* The main aims of the volume are to describe, in simply written authoritative articles, the growth of the Dominions and Colonies, the character and place of the Commonwealth in world affairs, and the chief geographical, political, social and economic characteristics of the individual parts, including the United Kingdom. On the whole the volume provides a balanced picture of this vast subject in less than four hundred pages. There are, however, exceptions. The Sudan, for example, deserves more than half a page to itself. Indeed most of the colonies are given much too brief and scanty treatment. In addition to Sir Drummond Shiels, the contributors include Dr. J. A. Williamson on the development of the Commonwealth, Mr. A. Creech Jones on the United Kingdom, Eire and the European Colonies, Professor G. S. Graham on Canada, Sir Ronald Cross on Australia, Professor W. P. Morrell on New Zealand, Sir William Clark on South Africa, Sir Frank Brown upon India and Pakistan, and Sir Charles Collins on Ceylon. Lord Boyd Orr writes on Commonwealth food resources, Professor Sir Arnold Plant discusses economic problems, Dr. D. Mitrany deals with functional co-operation in the Commonwealth. Mr. Frederick Madden discusses the constitutional growth and characteristics of the Dominions and the Colonies and their relationship *inter se*. The place of the Commonwealth in world affairs is considered by Professor Nicholas Mansergh. This volume, packed with information concisely and lucidly expressed by experts, should appeal to those seeking a first introduction to this vast and inspiring subject.

*Odhams Press, 25s.

A. DE MONTMORENCY.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1953

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN RUSSIA ?

"We are entitled to assume that, after a period of relative quiet, competition for the sole source of power is likely to commence again. This competition between Malenkov, Beria and others may not break out into open conflict, as the Stalin-Trotsky struggle did. On the other hand in a police state like Russia with its tradition of conspiratorial politics from the earliest times, possibilities of this nature cannot be altogether excluded."

I wrote these words for the May issue of the *Contemporary Review*. I was clearly contemplating the possibility of some such event taking place, like the arrest of Beria and another purge, but not its certainty. Above all I was not expecting such an event now but only after some six or eight months. Events in Russia have moved much quicker than I had thought likely, yet they have moved in that general direction, the possibility of which I contemplated. As in ancient Rome, so in modern Russia, Triumvirates have a way of breaking up. For in a country where rule is authoritarian the sovereign power cannot admit any views but its own or any centre of power which does not conform to its monolithic structure.

It is difficult to decide in a regime of this sort how much personal rivalry influences the course of political events. Personal ambition has throughout the ages been an important factor in human history but has probably done no more than deflect for a time the course of events. During the May Day celebration in Moscow this year newspapers carried photographs of the three triumvirs together receiving equal bouquets of flowers from children. The previous year there had been only one person who had been the object of respect, indeed of adoration. Clearly a Triumvirate was ruling last May, but it would be beyond human experience to expect that one of the three would not claim a larger share of the power sooner or later. Political altruism is rare enough in the political life of this country, experienced as it is in public affairs after several centuries of education. How much less is it to be expected among people whose whole tradition is one of authoritarian rule and personal autocracy, modified though that rule has been by a rigid Communist dogma. Yet Lenin by his immense intellectual power dominated in the early stages of the Revolution and Stalin by intrigues and ruthlessness dominated the recent stage. It is the nature of things that power should tend to get into the hands of one man, given the general set-up that prevails in Moscow today. Yet fundamentally it is probable that personal ambition is not the only, nor indeed the main, cause of recent

events in Moscow. The advocates of class conflicts and clashes of Community interests, which is basic to Marxist doctrines, are probably right in claiming these as the "locomotives of history." It is true there is not today a class war of the classic Marxist type of capitalist versus proletariat. Such over-simplification, if it ever existed in Russia, no longer exists. Competing social forces are now much more complex and the borderlines between them are blurred. Behind the veil of the Iron Curtain one can however perceive forces at work which must be exerting an influence on recent events.

First of all there is the urban population, factory and industrial workers, clerical staffs, civil servants and professional people. The Stalinist policy of cold war, hostility to the non-Communist world, and heavy rearmament has hit these people hard. However much they may have been influenced by the official party line and by Government propaganda, because they hear no other, there can be no doubt that they are as peacefully minded as the people of Western Europe and America and are terrified at the thought of a general war. The Stalinist policy has resulted in scarcity of vital consumer goods and high prices for these people. Austerity and the armament drive has moreover been accompanied by increased vigilance by the secret police, and people have been frightened and cowed by "doctors plots" and anti-foreign scares. There is no doubt that at least the urban population has been longing for a relaxation of the Stalinist terror regime. The rule of the Triumvirate that followed Stalin's death caused a definite break with the past. The police regime became lighter, an amnesty was proclaimed, prices of certain consumer goods were lowered, and the whole tone of the press towards non-Communist countries became less hostile. People began to breathe again.

Again in the vast Russian countryside there have been difficulties. There nearly always are, because the Russian peasant, though compulsorily organised into collective farms, still retains much of the individualist mentality which even authoritarian governments find it hard to harness to their plans. The evidence, such as it is, tends to show that food production from the villages all over the Soviet Union is not increasing as fast as industrial production and that the 5-year Plan is not being fulfilled as far as the agricultural side is concerned. The peasant policy of secret sabotage against what he does not like is something which the regime is powerless to deal with. It seems that the post-Stalin Triumvirate have attempted to reassure the peasants that the compulsory food deliveries from the collective farms will be kept within bounds and that the individual peasants holdings will receive more consideration.

Changes have also taken place in the regime for the government of the non-Russian population of the Union. Beria, the Georgian and Triumvir in charge of the secret police, brought about a palace revolution in Tiflis, cleared out the local Georgian Communist bosses, and put in others who were reputed to be more liberal towards the Georgian population. The Stalinist policy of Russification seemed to be in process of reversal, because a similar clean-up and purge took place in the Ukraine, also initiated by Beria. In Russia there have always been alternating policies of Russification of the non-Russian areas on the one hand and the encouragement of local cultural autonomy on the other. The notorious

Bobrikov, the Tsars Governor General of Finland, will long be remembered, as will the liberal regime towards nationalities that characterised the rule of Alexander II. After the October Revolution the Bolsheviks literally forced Ukrainian culture on the Ukrainians, Uzbek culture on the Uzbeks, and Georgian culture on the Georgians. But Stalin later in his life became the 20th century Bobrikov and suppressed cultural nationalism even in his own Georgia. Beria, though in charge of the secret police, initiated a policy of liberalism towards the nationalities once more.

The same thing was true of Russian policy towards the satellites. Under Stalin they were designated to become the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Soviet economy. This economy was harnessed to the Soviet war machine. "Norms" or production quota were fixed in the Czech and German factories without consultation with the workers concerned. Factory output was exported to Russia and collectivisation forced on the peasants of Hungary and Poland. Here too a breath of fresh air began to circulate after Stalin's death. But here it seems that the change came too late. What was accepted by the Russians as a new policy of liberality became for the workers of Czecho-Slovakia and Germany a tocsin for revolt against foreign exploiters. Just as the reforms of Alexander II came too late to save him from the assassin's bomb, so it seems that the gesture of a more liberal policy towards the satellite states was taken as a sign of weakness and an indication that it was now safe to strike a blow for freedom and liberation from the whole Soviet regime. The blow was struck on June 17th, and the industrial workers in the Soviet zone of Germany and especially in Berlin turned a demand for a revision of their factory output or "norm" into a grand political demonstration for the end of the German Communist "stooge" regime. The events are well known and have become a landmark in post-war history. The Communist regimes in the satellite states have been unmasked as a hated terror regime by the East German workers. Never again can the Russians pose as the saviours of Eastern Europe, though the hatred of the masses seems to have been directed mostly against the despised German Communists and instruments of the foreign dictatorship.

The events of June 17th had of course an important reaction in Moscow and set forth a chain of events that are still continuing. The advocates of a more liberal policy became at once discredited, and the advocates of a tougher line, perhaps the old Stalinist line, have been vindicated. Who the various personalities are is difficult to say for certain. Indeed it may be that some of the leaders have changed their views and their tactics as a result of June 17th. It may quite well be that Beria has fallen, not because of his greater liberality in policy towards the nationalities and to the workers of the factories and peasants of the collective farms, but for reasons connected with the struggle of different cliques of leaders for power. The danger to the Moscow regime of a relaxation after a period of terror like that of Stalin's is that the people, overjoyed at the lightening of the load, tend to lie back, rest and enjoy themselves. There were signs that after Stalin's death factory production began to drop and food deliveries from the villages fell. In the satellite countries the

break in the terror seemed to herald the hour of national liberation. But the rulers of the Kremlin could not allow that the very existence of the defence system of the Soviet Union should be put in jeopardy, for a fall in industrial production and in food deliveries by endangering the internal economy of the countries concerned would do this. This is always the danger for a dictatorship. It cannot so easily as a government resting on a parliamentary majority appeal to the people for sacrifices. If austerity has been enforced by a police regime, a relaxation means a concession of authority to the people and is naturally interpreted as such.

But now comes the extraordinary spectacle of the fall of Beria. He was the person who carried out the liberal policy towards the non-Russian minorities of the Union. He has now gone, and purges of all his trusted men have been going on since then in the provinces. One must not necessarily assume that his disappearance will mean a reversal of this liberal trend. It is true that the regime cannot tolerate indiscipline or a fall in industrial or agricultural productivity because of a more liberal policy. But there is no reason to suppose that Beria would have opposed a policy of greater severity and of imposing more discipline again, if it was clear that state interests were endangered. It seems more likely that other causes brought about his downfall and that this was due not so much to the discrediting of his policy as to the fact that he became a scape-goat in a struggle for power. The head of the secret police is always a most formidable power in a Communist state. In the days after the war, when Coalition governments were the order of the day in Eastern Europe, the Communists always insisted in having under their control the Ministries of the Interior, the Ministry of Justice and the secret police, particularly the latter. Once in possession of these, other people were at their mercy. So the simplest explanation is probably the most correct. Beria fell not because of his liberal policy, for he was not alone responsible for it, but because he was becoming too powerful. This is where the personal element in history comes in, deflecting temporarily the course of events. It seems as if on the civilian side Malenkov, and others not known, came to the conclusion that Beria's private army inside the secret police organisation, like the Gendarmerie of Tsarist days, was too powerful to be allowed to exist under that leadership, and that if it was to continue it must come under someone else. So the Triumvirate has broken only four months after its creation.

But could this have happened as a result of action by Malenkov alone? The only other force that could be pitted against Beria's gendarmerie, and indeed could easily overshadow it, was the Red Army. And there we come up against what is probably the major factor in the recent drama in Russia. The Red Army is undoubtedly an important factor in the situation. During the late war it became a force in the land, a centre of public admiration, but many of its commanders at that time were not Communists, for Stalin had in that crisis to select commanders of ability outside the ranks of the party. When the war was over steps were taken to remove these non-party commanders to less important posts and fill their positions with party men. That is the position to-day. All leading commanders must be members of the party, and among these most prominent figures are Marshall Bulganin, Minister of Defence, Marshalls

Zhukin, Scholovsky and Konev. There is almost certainly rivalry and jealousy among these generals, and it is not improbable that the rivalry and jealousy on the political Triumvirate has been reflected in the upper ranks of the army. It is impossible to be sure of anything in a country like Russia, where so much is done in the dark, but it is very likely that Malenkov in his struggle with Beria has succeeded in getting allies among the army commanders and that Beria has failed to get them or has only got those without the necessary power. But what price the army will demand from Malenkov for its support for him against Beria remains to be seen. And one is naturally interested to know how all this will affect Russian foreign policy. All the evidence so far seems to show that the fall of Beria and the purges that has taken place inside the Union have not affected foreign policy. If the theory is correct that it is a palace revolution, mainly concerned with personalities, there is not likely to be a serious change either in home or foreign policy. For the economic situation inside Russia remains unchanged; there are difficulties both in industrial and agricultural production. A relaxation of the burden of armaments is as important for internal Russian affairs as ever. This has already been reflected in the Budget statement made recently to the Supreme Soviet, where an important cut in military appropriations was made. On the other hand the danger of revolt among the satellites since June 17th is certainly no less and this calls for a firmer attitude and even for repressive measures if things are not to get out of hand. One has the impression that those in power now in the Kremlin are undecided what line to take and are putting off awkward decisions as long as they can. On balance however it looks as if they realise that it would be dangerous to risk a forward foreign policy just now and that the line taken after Stalin's death will be continued, though one may expect to see greater toughness towards Germany because of the greater danger to Soviet interests that exists there.

One pointer to no fundamental change in foreign affairs can be seen in an article in "Pravda" on July 26th. The keynote of the article was—co-existence of the Communist and capitalist worlds, in other words the post-Stalin policy. Thus: "We have attained conditions enabling us to exist alongside capitalist powers, now compelled to enter into trade relations with us. . . . We believe in the lasting co-existence and peaceful competition of two systems, because we firmly believe in the superiority of the Soviet economic system, the Socialist structure."

One feels that a time has been reached in the relation between Russia and the rest of the world when the economic difficulties in both camps, caused by rearmament and the cold war, are creating an atmosphere in which a *détente* between the two sides is not only desirable but possible. This probably goes also for China, the biggest and most independent of the satellites. For how can one interpret China's acceptance of the armistice after the gross provocation of Syngman Rhee and the releasing of the prisoners except on the assumption that she was ready to wink at it and carry on? Everything points to the fact that the Korean war is holding up industrial development in China and making it difficult to control incipient famine in that country. The Western world too has plenty of economic difficulties such as our Balance of Payments troubles,

near-bankruptcy in France, political instability in Italy, and a Congress elected to lower taxation and cut American aid to Europe. Russia will no doubt do her best to make all the trouble she can by playing off Europe against America, France against Germany, and both against us. Yet the stage seems set after long delays no doubt and hard bargaining for a *modus vivendi* between the two worlds.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

SENATOR JOSEPH McCARTHY

AFTER a tour of eight European countries this summer one of the ablest of American foreign correspondents said in London that his experience had driven him to one disturbing conclusion. This was that for Western Europeans generally the United States and its affairs are at present embodied in Senator McCarthy. His activities had been publicised to an amazing extent. They had provided a flow of news for which there was no parallel in the case of any other American politician. No man of the year has been more widely discussed. He is a standing challenge for the travelling American, who is required to account for this singular product of the Middle West and for the rapidity of his rise to power. The curiosity concerning him is hardly surprising since for the past three years the American press has kept him in the news, presenting him latterly as both a political issue and social portent. With the aid of abundant factual illustration McCarthyism appears as a repressive force which, spreading from the offices of the Central Government, has come to dominate local affairs, to threaten the colleges and even the churches. As a consequence the outside world has been led to infer that, within a few years of the Roosevelt epoch, this greatest of republics has fallen into the grip of an Inquisition such as is unknown to the peoples of what we call the free world and is happily unimaginable in Britain.

One may meet this view at the outset by saying that, whatever may be the general character of American life in these times, the United States is emphatically not what in Europe we mean by a Police State. The everyday phenomena are not of that kind. Nevertheless we have to recognise that the American people have allowed themselves to be carried into a deep shadow of fear and suspicion, of multiple obscurantism, which before the present hour of confusion and bewilderment, could never have been associated with the nation that is now the most puissant, and should be by far the most secure, on the globe. Hence the European observer, looking across the Atlantic with the old friendly feeling in which we have all shared, is surely not wrong when he affirms that the spectacle of Senator McCarthy, his allies and victims, is wholly and glaringly un-American.

It may be well to consider first the personality and career of the man who, in 1953, has been designated by many prominent Americans, virtually in Mr. Attlee's words, as seemingly stronger than the President himself.

Joseph R. McCarthy is of Irish stock, born on a Wisconsin farm in 1908. The family, then barely emerged from the log-cabin stage, were

becoming well-to-do. They were energetic members of a Roman Catholic Community. From early boyhood Joseph worked feverishly. His schooling ended at fourteen and he soon left the farm for jobs in a nearby town. Realising his lack of education he took the unusual step of entering a high school at twenty years of age, going through at high pressure. This was the prelude to a brief college course and law school. An incipient law practice, as so often happens in America, turned his mind to politics and being Irish-American he was naturally a Democrat. For an ambitious young politician, however, this was the wrong party in Wisconsin. McCarthy changed sides and at thirty was elected to a circuit judgeship. His reckless way of dispensing justice became notorious. He cared nothing for the rules, and in one case was censured by the State Supreme Court for "an abuse of judicial power." When the United States entered the war he enjoyed a brief spell of service in the Marines, and later was able to exploit this venture with legendary effect in the political field. As Captain Joe and still a circuit judge he became in 1944 Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate, committing thereby a plain breach of the State constitution. Therein it is laid down that judges of the circuit courts shall "hold no offices of public trust, except a judicial office, during the term for which they are elected." McCarthy's defiance of the law on this occasion was characteristic as was the gay assurance with which he went along. As a judge still holding office he was actually disqualified, yet he won the election and, despite a Supreme Court judgment that his candidature was "a clear violation," he retained his seat. After six years in the Senate he was re-elected by a large majority. Political rewards are never more astonishing than in the case of an uninhibited demagogue.*

The Senator from Wisconsin was headline news from his first year in Washington. Already an adept at shock tactics, he began with a combination of personal attack and wild obstruction on behalf of special interests (as in the case of a federal Housing Bill which had even the support of Senator Taft), and went on to a number of sensational causes which displayed an almost incredible lack of consistency. Thus, in 1949 he was the most conspicuous figure in a Senate investigation of what was known as the Malmédy Massacre—atrocities committed in Belgium by the first S.S. Panzer regiment, including the killing of 150 captured American soldiers. Forty-three of the accused were sentenced to death by an American Court. After complicated manoeuvres for the delay of execution, a Senate sub-committee of three was appointed for the inquiry. McCarthy was not a member, but he demanded the right to sit in and thereupon proceeded to act in defence of the Nazi criminals. He stigmatised the trial judges as morons, and denounced the Senate hearings as a deliberate "attempt to white-wash the American military." These proceedings kept up in committee for several weeks, led in Germany to pro-Nazi protest meetings and the commutation of the death sentences. The utter contradiction in such a case as this would seem to offer an insoluble problem unless we assume that the sole McCarthy motive was

*The Senator's career is set forth in *McCarthy GI the Man, the Senator, the ISM*. By J. Anderson and P. W. May. (Gollanz, 18s.). The authors and the American publisher say that the statements of fact in the book have been carefully checked.

the destruction of a political enemy. Senator Baldwin, chairman of the sub-committee, was eliminated.

It was early in 1950 that Senator McCarthy entered upon the crusade by which his name has been carried to the ends of the earth. It may well be thought that the late 1940's had provided the American public with ample material as the basis, if not justification, for emotional concern over the essentials of national security. Alarming events and disclosures connected with them had followed one another in a continuous course of sensation. There had been the treason trials of Nunn May and Fuchs; the confessions of informers lighting up the elaborate Washington spy ring, from Elizabeth Bentley to Whittaker Chambers; the two trials of Alger Hiss, with their unending implications and the tortuous winding of suspicion around public servants and others hitherto of unblemished repute. "The air was full of poniards," as Fouché would have said. All the same, it could reasonably have been asked, why this spectacular entrance upon the scene of the Senator from Wisconsin? The traitors had been judged; the Courts and Congressional committees had dealt with scores of suspects; the Federal Bureau of Investigation (F.B.I.) was an expert and unrelenting agency; Alger Hiss had been convicted and sentenced. The loyalty tests inaugurated by President Truman had been systematically applied throughout the government departments. Was not, then, the inception of a supplementary one-man inquisition altogether superfluous? Certainly a great number of sound American citizens were convinced that it was.

On this side of the Atlantic there is a widespread belief that Senator McCarthy has been allowed to go on his way with almost no serious opposition. This is by no means true, although it has to be admitted that until a late hour the protests in the Senate against what one of its eminent members called "the debasement of public life" were scattered and ineffective. But on the other hand the leading daily papers were outspoken from the beginning, while the critical weeklies have all along been alert and uncompromising. Moreover, when the nature and scope of McCarthyism became evident, the liberal elements in the country were solid in condemnation.

The McCarthy technique presents several unvarying features. The keynote is defiant repetition, against no matter what precise facts in rebuttal. Thus, the Senator entered upon his most daring stage by announcing that he held a list of 205 Communist party members in the employ of the State Department. Challenged again and again, he reduced the number to 81 and then to 57. When a sub-committee of the Senate, presided over by Senator Tydings of Maryland, found the charges without foundation, and it was shown that the alleged suspects were on an official list and had all been investigated under the regular loyalty procedure, Mr. McCarthy turned upon certain public men of standing. These included Mr. Philip Jessup, the most respected of President Truman's special envoys with a shining record of service, and Professor Owen Lattimore of Johns Hopkins University, a one-time adviser of Chiang Kai-Shek and an acknowledged expert in Pacific affairs. Mr. McCarthy declared that he would stand or fall by the Lattimore incident. After three years of conflict in the Courts and

continuous harassment elsewhere, evoking an influential movement for the defence, the case is still in suspense. It is hard to avoid the inference that the Senator glories in the title of witch-hunter-in-chief and in the shocking licence attaching to that position. How else should we explain the effrontery he displayed in accusing both Generals Marshall and Eisenhower of being leaders in a conspiracy to advance Soviet Communism and to destroy the United States? And yet it was after this unique *bêtise* that Mr. Eisenhower was persuaded to give his personal support to the Senator in his campaign for re-election!

The crusade is organised by the Senator himself. He has a flexible group of associates and financial resources no less ample than mysterious. He works apart from the Department of Justice and the F.B.I. He has his battalion of secret agents overseas, spying upon the embassies and legations and upon the U.S. offices of information. In consequence, it is stated, those centres are virtually emasculated. The situation in this respect is not without irony: for when there arose a furious outcry against the burning of books, by Communist authors and others, that had been cleared out of the libraries after visits by two of his flying detectives, Mr. McCarthy could point out that the purge was carried out by order of the Secretary of State. The decree, naturally, was cancelled out of hand.

In Washington McCarthyism has led to an expansion of the Congressional probes that have been unusually active since the closing stage of the Truman Administration. There is no institution more native to the Congressional system than this. We may concede that some such means of radical inquiry is advisable, or necessary, for a great Federal Government; but even so, the American people have become acutely aware that it is open to almost unlimited abuse. The most patent, indeed the inescapable, danger lies in the Smear, or what in present-day America is often described as character-assassination. The summons to a hearing must be obeyed. There is no legal protection. As a rule the suspect has no knowledge of the topics upon which he is to be interrogated, and the process may be of the utmost rigour. In the end he is permanently marked, even when the formal result is a clean bill of health. The only remedy for a smear is the passage of time.

In the committee room, as in a court of law, the citizen has the right of refusing to answer if he should deem that his testimony might lead to self-incrimination. He relies upon the famous fifth amendment to the Constitution, which enjoins that no person is required to give evidence against himself. The theory, of course, is that the exercise of a constitutional privilege should not involve any injury, but the actuality is far other. Refusal to testify, as we should expect, is taken to be a tacit confession of guilt (that is, nowadays, of some Communist connection); and hence the shadowed citizen goes in fear of his livelihood.

In partial defence of McCarthyism, particularly as regards the orgy of interrogation, it is argued that the net result has been the smoking-out of Communist agents and other dubious characters to the undoubted benefit of the public life. But this contention would seem to be disposed of by the records of hearings, trials, and purges that were being wound up when the Senator first took the field. It is impossible to deny that the exposures, before and after the devastating Hiss affair, proved the

existence of an espionage network on a startling scale, together with the Communist infiltration of progressive societies in every kind, causing the easy recruitment as fellow-travellers of young men and women the great majority of whom, we may be sure, were incapable of harbouring a thought of disloyalty to the Republic. In any case, however, while it is not criminal to be a Communist, one question asks itself at every turn: Where could be the sense, and what the motive, of "subversive" operations in the United States; that is to say, in a land where every great organised body, from the political parties and the churches to the most radical of labour unions, is ranged and massed in the opposing camp, all alike proclaiming their entire devotion to "the American way of life"?

Senator McCarthy still flourishes, and no one would be so foolish as to under-rate his hold upon the multitude of his countrymen. Nevertheless, it can hardly be over-optimistic to believe that he is on the wane. We may look for a significant change of opinion and tone in Congress when the winter season begins: 1954 is another election year. There will assuredly be a halt to the campaign of slander and suspicion that has raged over the colleges since it is so patently a union of darkness against the reign of knowledge and enlightenment, of genuine study and free inquiry. As for the ludicrous charge against a section of the Protestant ministry, as hidden allies of Soviet Communism, it could be merely a boomerang. The political root of McCarthyism is embedded in the hard old American tenet of isolation. It appeals directly to the still unassimilated European masses, especially in the industrial centres of the Middle West—Russians and Poles, Germans, Irish, Italians. And inevitably, it serves as an irritant of the lurking anti-British elements, which are altogether unaffected by the fervours of popular enthusiasm for the British Crown.

We are left, it would seem, with two main considerations in respect of this extraordinary movement and its commanding figure. First, that they provide a most distressing demonstration of the truth that in any war upon an evil system and dogma there lies the worst of all perils: namely, that the conqueror may be infected by the poison he believes himself to be uprooting. And secondly, that the social force now universally named McCarthyism is working towards the destruction of American influence and prestige throughout the Old World; and this in an hour when the nations that are struggling to keep or to regain their liberties are calling out with united voice for a renewed outpouring of the creative spirit, the organic idea, without which the Western Republic could never have been born.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

GEORGES BIDAULT

ON the left bank of the Seine between the spacious Pont de la Concorde and the sumptuous gilt and marble of the bridge named after Tsar Alexander, reclines rather than rises one of the most graceful buildings among the many Government offices in Paris. It is hardly a century old, this palace of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, inaugurated in the first year of the reign of the third Napoleon. The

wide front garden lines the chestnut-bordered pavements of the Quai d'Orsay, and often a passer-by stops to gaze at the monument which immortalises the greatest peacemaker among French Foreign Ministers, Aristide Briand. Here in a gobelin-hung study with brocaded armchairs on deep Aubusson carpets, with the sun streaming through the tulle curtains of high French windows, amid all the elegant taste and wealth of French tradition, from the Sevres vases on cloisonne tables to a waste-paper basket of bronze filigree worthy to receive a statesman's doodles, works a one-time teacher of history and leader writer, now one of the men shaping the future of Europe, Augustin Georges Bidault (who has long dropped the solemn Augustin for the much slicker Georges).

The pupils of the Lycées where he taught would not really recognise their old teacher in the present Foreign Minister. Neither, for that matter, would his journalistic cronies from the times that they foregathered along the marble-topped counter of the Press Gang's favourite *bar tabac*, at two in the morning, after the paper had been put to bed. When, during the occupation of France, the Gestapo started breathing down his neck, clever Georges thought of a transfiguration as simple as it was perfect. He had always worn his clothes with the carelessness of the typical *Quartier Latin* bachelor and had never owned a hat. As a disguise he began to dress most meticulously, up to an Anthony Eden hat; dispensed with his glasses, grew a neat moustache, and boarded, as a wealthy, sedate, Protestant student of divinity with two old spinsters in a quiet street near the Luxembourg Palace. Little can he have dreamed then, that he would one day open there the Peace Conference between the Allies and the Axis Satellites States after a war, in which he himself was—so very much underground—engaged. He has long since shaved off that moustache, but his security-enforced elegance has become second nature to him. He still owns a hat, but as the biggest available size is just a trifle too small for the wide span of his head, he prefers to carry rather than wear it.

Georges Bidault is three months older than the century in which he is playing a leading role. He was born at Moulins, in the heart of France, the son of an insurance inspector. The early death of his mother (when Georges, youngest of four children, was two years old) turned his father even more aloof. Compared with the austere discipline of home, the Brothers' boarding school, where he was sent at a very early age, was heaven. From his 10th to his 16th year he attended a Jesuit college in Northern Italy. There he learned not only fluent Italian but such excellent Latin that he can still converse in it. It also shaped him into a staunch Catholic. He is not merely practising, as distinct from the barely nominal Catholicism of the majority of his countrymen. He has an intransigence of principle all the more striking for the courtesy with which he defends it, although he is far from a fanatic. He is no ascetic, he likes good food and wine. He is far from a prude, but draws the line at risky stories. The late Cardinal Verdier once said of him that he had a clarity and simplicity of faith as would grace a true priest.

Soon after he had begun his studies at the Sorbonne he was conscripted. The end of the First World War caught him at 18, and after two years in the French Army of Occupation in the Ruhr he returned to the University.

Graduating with the highest honours, he became the youngest *professeur* on record and from Valenciennes—his first post—was called to the most distinguished college in Paris, the Lycée Louis de Grand, where, at 30, he still looked so boyish that *concierges* frequently ordered him about, mistaking him for a pupil. It is interesting to recall that two of the best-known contemporary French Statesmen—Herriot, now President of the National Assembly, and ex-Premier Daladier—were also ex-college teachers of history. From his earliest students' days, when he was Vice-President of the Catholic Youth Movement, young Bidault had contact with social-conscious Catholics. They were not so much "left-wing" as Christian "New Dealers," out for a more dynamic Christianity in politics, to win back the lower middle class and the workers. For seven years he wrote a daily column on foreign affairs for the newly-founded Catholic democratic *L'Aube* (*The Dawn*). It was established by publisher and bookseller Francisque Gay, later a cabinet minister and ambassador. Bidault's influence became noticeable; not only was he a cultured writer of lucid prose but he held consistent views. And all that, as he once remarked, "writing in my overcoat over a pot-bellied stove, defying anyone to open the windows." Every weekend he went to the country speaking for the *Nouvelles Équipes Françaises*, forerunner of the present MRP. As a candidate for the "Popular Democratic Party" he failed to reach the Chamber of Deputies; when subsequently the Party—joining Socialist leader Blum's "Popular Front"—proved to be more Red than Christian, he left it.

Altogether his was a voice crying in the wilderness, but his daily column on foreign affairs left an impact on the intelligentsia because of its convincing consistency. Bidault decried Japanese aggression as well as Hitler's, castigated the Hoare-Laval Pact which torpedoed Collective Security—and then the League of Nations—over Mussolini's conquest of Abyssinia which could so easily have been stopped. He condemned France for (as he saw it) the "pretence of saving Christian civilisation with methods that brutally violate it." He was, needless to say, dead set against the Munich appeasement which, let us not forget it, was practically forced on Chamberlain because Britain's French Allies were the first to state bluntly that they did not want to fight for the Czechs nor "to die for Danzig." When war broke out once more Sergeant Bidault was called to the colours again and served the phoney phase as a barracks postmaster in his native town. Sent to the front when the invasion started in earnest, he was taken prisoner in May, 1940, and spent a year running errands for a Mecklenburg grocer, who, awed by the solidity of his arguments, nicknamed him "the professor." Released in 1945 as a combatant of the previous war, he took up teaching history again, this time at Lyons. He also returned promptly to his greater love, journalism. Not quite so openly, for the thrice weekly *Bulletin de la France Combattante* was a very hush affair—yet not too hushed to land the Editor in jail from which he found it easy to escape, "dressed in a beard."

When the Germans overran the Vichy zone Bidault returned to Paris. He had taken an active share in the formation of the National Council of Resistance. The idea had been de Gaulle's, who wanted all the political parties, trade unions and resistance movements to combine in a sort of

underground government. Bidault—going under the name of "Xavier" (no surnames ever were used)—represented the Catholic group, in which his sister and two brothers were also active. When the mysterious "Max," de Gaulle's parachuted Envoy, was arrested by the Gestapo, "Xavier" was unanimously elected President. It speaks volumes for his tact that not one of those most divergent groups, ranging from Catholics to Communists, from aristocrats to proletarians, seceded from the National Council; Bidault had a happy knack of making them all pull together. It was, in effect, a French Underground Government—though not anything as openly as the Sinn Fein Government in the Irish struggle—but then, the Gestapo way was a great deal more brutal than even the Black and Tans. The 17 members of the National Council never met in a larger group than five, and never at the same place. By the spring of 1944 the Gestapo knew that "Xavier," the No. 1 Maquisard, was Georges Bidault. They got hot on his trail—in one razzia he only slipped through the net because the German list of wanted leaders spelled his name (near phonetically) as Bidot. Such were the chances which he took, yet as a good Catholic he steadfastly refused to carry the "suicide pill" provided to underground leaders in case of capture and torture.

Bidault received General de Gaulle, whom he had never met before, on the liberation of Paris, for which he himself had given the sign of rising five days before the Germans capitulated. That very evening he called at the building where the German soldiers, wounded in the battle for Paris, were being attended, and spoke words of sympathy, wishing them a brighter future once they would be home again from the wars. He had a very personal reason for this friendly gesture. Bidault married in 1946 his then *Chef de Cabinet*, dark, lissom and chique Suzanne Borel, who was his closest collaborator in underground days. One evening she had volunteered to carry across Paris a small suitcase full of papers too important to be destroyed. Having gone down the Metro station, she suddenly found herself marshalled in a queue of intending passengers; the Germans were inspecting all luggage, to run in black-marketeers. Her thoughts racing, she had an inspiration. She screamed piercingly, and explained to the officer who came running along that a soldier had molested her. Her ruse was based on the fact, which most Frenchmen now readily admit, that the *Wehrmacht* (not the S.S.) prided itself on exemplary behaviour. The dumbfounded soldier was marched off, and the apologetic officer himself carried her suitcase, conducting her to the platform, by-passing the queue.

Once France was liberated and General de Gaulle's Government recognised, Bidault became Foreign Minister. Ironically enough in the light of hindsight, de Gaulle and Bidault's first journey abroad was to Moscow in 1944, to sign a French-Soviet Pact of Alliance and Mutual Assistance. France was not invited to the Yalta Conference nor to Potsdam, but was one of the founder nations of UNO where Bidault represented France at San Francisco. As host to the 1946 Peace Conference with Italy and the Axis Satellites—Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria—he presided over most of the sessions in the Luxembourg Palace, prolonged endlessly by Molotov's persistent attempts to wear out the combined patiences of Byrnes, Bevin and Bidault. Bidault's technique

kept me spellbound. Answering Molotov's hair-raising hair-splitting, he would appear facially completely emotionless, his arms resting on the green braid of the conference table. Only his hands were conducting the orchestra of his arguments. It was in the rapid flutter of his fingers that he scorned, attacked, defended, reasoned, dismissed—a fascinating performance.

Bidault has a captivating personality. Short and slight of build, he still looks, as he always did, much younger than his age. His neatly-parted, sleekly brushed dark hair is only greying at the temples; the almond-shaped eyes underneath the arched eyebrows have a smile as quizzical as his habit of cocking his head. His voice is surprisingly firm, as is the slightly dimpled chin underneath the sensitive mouth in the somewhat pallid face. He is not an outdoor man; already at school he disdained sports, his hobbies are stamps and books. When he became Minister he did not own a stick of furniture, only a library of over 10,000 volumes. Nobody, not even his wife, is allowed to touch the piles of books on the desk, chairs and carpet of his den. As mentioned already, he married some years after the war Suzanne Borel. The first woman to win the first place in the competitive examination for the French Diplomatic Service—and a graduate of Oriental languages to boot—Suzy Borel, who had been Bidault's Aide in the underground days, became his official Chef de Cabinet as Foreign Minister. She is a lovely, green-eyed, slim and petite woman, elegant, vivacious and a fascinating talker.

Post-war French politics have not changed their unstable character of short-lived insecure cabinets. Within the last eight years Bidault himself has been many times Foreign Minister and twice Prime Minister. As leader of the MRP (for *Mouvement Républicain Populaire*), best described as a Christian New Deal Party, he had to manoeuvre all the time. The four biggest parties in France are the Gaullists, the MRP, the Socialists and the Communists. The MRP is close to the Socialists in its social programme, but the anti-clerical fanaticism of the Socialists against subsidies for Catholic schools prevented firm collaboration. The MRP differs markedly in progressive liberal ideals from the rightist authoritarian Gaullists. Yet it has to tread very warily here, since both parties are rivals in their appeal to the Catholic vote and to the most stable elements among the electorate. Of the prominent MRP leaders only Bidault has never lost close personal contact with de Gaulle. Since the General's powerful "Rally" split over support to the previous Pinay cabinet, de Gaulle now appears to consider a coalition with the non-socialist parties. As that could not come about under de Gaulle himself, Bidault is frequently rumoured to be the most likely Premier of such a Government. Numerically it would be a strong Government, but it carries two great risks. Inside France it would throw Socialists and Communists into one working-class opposition. Worse is its prospect on foreign policy since de Gaulle's price is bound to be a renunciation of the previous French championship of European Unity. The worrying fact is that so far M. Bidault appears to be soft-peddalling his predecessor's—Schuman's—far-sighted European policy, for which there is no workable alternative. The peace of Europe hangs on an understanding between France and Germany, since without German participation (as

all the military experts are agreed) free Europe cannot be defended against the Soviet menace. Very much depends on Bidault's key position in shaping the future policy of France. Since President Auriol's term of office ends this year, the Gaullists even hold out the glittering prize of Head of State to the ex-history teacher and newspaperman. Will Bidault be able to provide a working compromise for Franco-German understanding, the only basis of a united free Europe? Or will personal ambition and the jockeying for position of party-politicians shipwreck European unity in sight of a safe harbour? The next few months will tell.

KES VAN HOEK.

THE ROMANCE OF ELATH

ELATH, Israel's outpost and port on the Gulf of Akaba, that leads to the Red Sea, and her window to the Orient, is the most romantic place in the Jewish State. Four years ago, when a small detachment of the Army of Israel swept down to the Southern tip of the Negev, and to the strip of ten Kilometers on the Western shore of the gulf which had been part of mandated Palestine, there was nothing but sand and a small police post. To-day Elath is a little town, a municipality, with 500 permanent civil inhabitants, a larger shifting population, a garrison, and an embryo port. Its name, meaning Terebinth trees, comes from the Bible, and formerly belonged to the township on the East side of the gulf—in the Kingdom of Jordan, which is now known as Akaba. It lies in a stupendous scene of nature. Bare volcanic mountains, red, green, gold and black, lie all around it. Beside it is the desert valley of the Araba, which is part of the world's Great Rift, from the Jordan Valley through the Dead Sea and the Red Sea. From the lowest place on the globe 1,300 feet below sea level, the Araba rises 1,500 feet, and then drops again gently to the Gulf of Akaba.

Elath is 180 miles distant from Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem, and separated from Beersheba, the nearest town of Israel, by 100 miles of fantastic desert. To the visitor it gives a thrilling sense of spaciousness when he comes from the crowded towns and the coastal plain and the country of the North. It gives him, too, a sense of adventure and of the Wild West. He meets constantly young men walking around with pistols in their belts. Yet he may get also a sense of isolation. Two buses a week make their toiling and dusty way through the desert from Tel-Aviv to Elath; and a daily airplane service to and from Israel's air-port at Lydda is advertised. But if the plane breaks down, as sometimes happens, the town is cut off for two or three days, without letters and without newspapers.

Hidden in the mountains on the West, above the town, is Israel's fortress guarding the frontier with Egypt on the West and the Kingdom of Jordan on the East. Four states meet in a space of 15 miles of the horseshoe crescent of the Gulf of Akaba. On the East side of the Gulf, Saudi Arabia and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, and on the Northern and Western sides Israel and Egypt. And there is a fifth military force in that perimeter. For the British Army and Air Force have a base at Akaba. From Elath you see in the day the white barracks,

and in the night the gleaming lights, of the two camps, of the Arab Legion and the British base of Akaba. The frontier between the two states is marked by block-houses separated by a few hundred yards of scrub and sand. And in the Wadi, which runs between Israel and Jordan, you may see the excavations, made a few years ago, of King Solomon's port of Etzion Geber—meaning the Giant's Spine. From that port, 3,000 years ago, the ships of Judah sailed down the Red Sea to and from the Land of Sheba, carrying the copper from King Solomon's Mines, and bringing back the frankincense and the spices of Arabia and the Orient. In the Middle Ages, too, Akaba was a great mart and one of the principal stations of the Moslem Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina.

The town of Elath is spreading rapidly on the foothills above the desert valley of the Araba and along the shore of the Gulf of Akaba. Already it boasts a few roads with well-built stone-houses, an area of prefabs for the floating population of casual workers, and a tiny civic center, which includes the municipal office, a kindergarten for the dozen infants, a cooperative shop run by the Tenuva, which markets the agricultural produce of Israel, a consumers' cooperative store, which provides everything else, a post-office and a cultural club of the Labor Federation. The pride of the town is a park and botanical garden, which have been planted by Israel's botanists. Many species of sub-tropical trees and rock-flowers and cactus make a green oasis between the bare airfield and the Gulf. The water for the town and the garden has hitherto been brought from a spring some 12 miles away, which bursts out in another romantic gorge to the North. Here there was formerly an Arab encampment. Now there is a training center of the youth maintained by the Israel Army. Groups of boys and girls are brought there from the schools of Israel for a few weeks of mixed agricultural and military training. The place has been renamed "Byer Ora" (the Spring of Light), and it has become both a military post and an outpost in Israel's struggle against the desert. The youth groups are engaged in a novel form of cultivation by hydroponics. Seeds are placed in containers above tanks of water, and in a few days become tomatoes and onions.

A few kilometers North of the Spring of Light you come to the first workings of the copper-mines. That is the beginning of a mineral development, of copper, manganese and phosphate rock, which is one of Israel's greatest hopes, and which may turn the Central Negev from empty desert into a productive treasure-house. And a few kilometers further to the North, we come to another spring, more copious than the Spring of Light, which is to be henceforth the source of the water-supply of Elath. Here is another military post manned by young men and women, who have completed their military training and remain on the frontier in the fashion of the Roman 'colony' of antiquity. They are cultivating the soil and are ready at any moment to resist invasion. Yet the essential destiny of Elath depends on the sea and not on mining or agriculture. And its magic for Israel is that it opens a vista for the future on the Asiatic and African seas. The principal industry of the inhabitants already is fishing. Two groups are stationed by the Gulf. One is of Jewish youth, the other of Italian fishermen, who have been brought to Israel by a Jewish enterprise and sail their Italian smacks and throw their

Italian nets. The Gulf of Akaba abounds in fish of every kind and colour, from the shark to the painted tropical minnows. The store where the fishermen keep their catches is a wonderful sight. And a little museum of shells, coral, fish and maritime plants, which has been collected by an enthusiastic woman artist, is a joy for the eye. One day, no doubt, it will be a scientific storehouse. The Jews are not the first to make a systematic study of nature's wonderful variety in this section of the Great Rift which stretches from Palestine to Central Africa. A few miles South of the Jewish town, and close to the borders of Egyptian Sinai, there stands a solitary house, where, during the thirty years of the British Mandate for Palestine, lived an Englishman, an amateur scientist and explorer. His collections of the natural history of the Negev and Sinai, which would have been invaluable, have been lost or destroyed, and he himself has departed. One of his store-rooms has been turned into a factory for fishmeal.

The embryo port of Elath is constituted by a jetty which runs out less than a hundred yards to the deep waters of the gulf. It is used today more for unloading than for loading ships. For the Merchant Marine of Israel has not yet begun to operate in the Red Sea because of the Egyptian blockade. Since 1951, however, a few foreign vessels have brought cargoes from Africa and from Aden through the Gulf to Israel. The first, in 1951, carried, among more material things, the religious possessions of the Jewish community of the Yemen in South-West Arabia—the modern land of Sheba—which had emigrated en masse to Israel. The latest cargoes, brought by Danish vessels, have been more utilitarian; corn and cattle from Ethiopia and building materials from Kenya. The intention is to organise a regular service between the East African ports and Elath. The harbour-master is a romantic character, fitting the romantic place. Captain Peach, as he is known, is a pure German, a Christian, blonde, who had come to Palestine shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War. He was born to the sea, was a German Naval officer in the War of 1914, a comrade of Niemoller, and with Niemoller a victim of Nazi persecution. He was able to escape from Germany, and was befriended by the Jews in the National Home. He has trained the Jewish youth for years in fishing, and now he is training a few, including one or two immigrants from India, in the management of a port. He and his wife live in a tiny bungalow by the side of the jetty, and he devotes his life to imparting his knowledge and his sense of the sea to young Israel.

The infant navy of Israel has also a station at Elath; but it has no war-like installation. The main vessel is a small motor-launch bearing the name, Bar Giora, after one of the heroes of the Jewish war with the Romans. On the land is a modest headquarters for a few officers and ratings. The naval station is built on one of the three rocky knolls which rise picturesquely from the shore. One of the other peaks is occupied by "Government House," the residence and offices of the civilian administrator and the planners who are preparing a town for ten thousand inhabitants. The other is given to the soldiers' club which is, both in its design and its equipment, the best building in Elath. It includes recreation rooms, a music room, a restaurant and a library and a court for

dancing. The library, apart from the Hebrew collection, is mostly of American books and American glossy magazines. British books, which are much prized, are difficult to obtain. The soldiers are at present the favoured citizens, rightly, because they work in hard and solitary places. From dawn to dusk, and after, the ways through Elath are raucous with the trucks and the jeeps which carry them to and from their posts.

The garrison of Elath is ethnically a miniature of the people of Israel gathered from all parts of the world. The soldiers are of every colour and clime, from China to Morocco; but most of the officers are of the proud race of Sabras, (that is, natives of Israel), or drawn from the earlier European immigration. Elath, in its setting of nature, is the most romantic place of Israel. And it shares with all Israel the essential human romance of a past full of memories and relics, a present full of hardships and problems, a future full of visions and hopes.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

GREECE IN DIFFICULTIES

THE financial history of Greece has been marked by a series of defaults and devaluations. No great surprise was therefore caused by the recent devaluation of the Drachma to half its former value. In fact, for some years past, such was the public's distrust concerning the national currency that monetary contracts were recorded in gold sovereigns, despite a law forbidding the drafting of agreements in any other currency than the drachma. The latter had sunk to such a low level (200,000 dr.—£1) that the public had adopted as a monetary unit for its computations the "chiliariko" or thousand drachmae. One wonders where the 680,000 gold sovereigns, parachuted by the British to the partisans, and the two billion dollars of Marshall aid have gone to. In spite of the ravages of the war and the struggles against the communists, one would have expected to see some signs of prosperity resulting from the afflux of this considerable mass of wealth. Except, however, for the centre of Athens with its well-stocked shops and luxurious new buildings, erected by those who sought to safeguard their savings against the periodical depreciation of the drachma, one is met by appalling scenes of wretchedness and poverty. The whole plain of Attica has been converted into a sprawling agglomeration of shanties, where hundreds of thousands of refugees are miserably lodged, an easy prey to the communist agitators who exert in their midst an insidious campaign of hatred against the wealthy and the existing order.

In spite of the favourable ground for its development, communism has not made much headway in Greece. In the 1951 elections, 160,000 votes were recorded in its favour, in the 1952 elections, 178,000. If it were not for the Varsika agreement, imposed by Great Britain in order to propitiate Russia while the Yalta talks were going on, the communists would have been obliged to seek shelter behind the iron curtain after their failure to seize power at the end of 1944. The amnesty, however, which followed, permitted them to remain in Greece and prepare the revolt of 1947. The terroristic methods they had employed alienated most of their sympathisers, and when it became obvious to their leaders

that Russian help was not forthcoming and that they had to face the resolute efforts of the Greek army to put an end to their activities, they gave up the struggle and sought refuge in the neighbouring satellite states. The letter addressed by the commander of the communist forces, "General" Markos, to Zachariades, the secretary general of the party, who after being interned in Dachau by the Germans was flown to Greece in a British plane at the end of the war, is characteristic of the disenchantment they experienced and of the realisation of the harm they were causing. "If Albania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Moscow don't carry out their promises," Markos stated in conclusion, "I am resolved to repudiate every agreement and follow the path of a soldier who fought a battle and lost. For you must know that their plan will smash every stone in Greece and we shall be compelled to get into debt ten times more deeply than before to rebuild Greece. Our struggle consequently is without purpose if it is to bring us greater disasters." Greek communists apparently, judging from this letter, are not in their majority blind tools of the Kremlin, but have at heart the well being of their nation and to this may be partly attributed the cessation of their activities in spite of the propitious conditions surrounding them, such as the striking contrast between the indigence in the periphery and the opulence in the centre of Athens where the flaunting rich revel in displaying the signs of their wealth in the face of the half-starving poor, a spectacle disclosing a growing cleavage in the nation, pregnant with serious dangers.

The indifference of the well-to-do to the welfare of the nations may be gauged by the attitude of the Greek shipowners who control the third largest fleet after that of the U.S.A. and Great Britain. Prior to the war the mercantile marine was one of the main sources of the invisible imports which contributed to redressing the permanent deficit of the commercial balance. Today, income from this however does not exceed annually \$30 million, because 1,258 ships of 8,726,292 tons have been placed under foreign flags to evade taxation, while only a tonnage of 1,175,986 tons sails under the Greek flag, and this mainly because it is engaged in the coastal service, strictly reserved to Greek ships. If the whole tonnage, controlled, or owned by Greeks, were to pass under the Greek flag, a revenue of some \$200 million would flow annually into the national exchequer and would contribute substantially to placing the national finances on a healthier basis. It may be also noted that many of the shipowners acquired their ships from the U.S.A., thanks to the guarantee given by the Greek government. Another effect of these tactics of the shipowners is the resulting unemployment of the seafaring population of Piraeus, 50% of the registered sailors living actually on the dole, while ship-repairing yards are lying idle, the work available not exceeding 5% of that of pre-war years, costs being excessive in comparison with those charged in Italian and other yards. It must be admitted in the shipowners' defence that the attempt to convert Greece into a welfare state has increased operating charges, brought about by social legislation to such an extent that they seriously handicap Greek ships competing with those under other flags.

It is notorious that the wealthy classes are not contributing their fair share to taxation. Bankers and industrialists continue to hold the reins

and are able to flout even a dictator's decrees, such as that of the late General Metaxas, as the present writer showed in an article published by this review in July, 1939. It is affirmed that 60% of the financial aid granted to industry benefited seven industrialists. They were supposed to invest an equal amount of capital of their own in their enterprises, to sell their manufactures at reasonable prices, and pay a low rate of interest on the loans granted to them instead of the prevailing rate of 30%. None of these conditions were carried out and to make matters worse, they made further large profits by presenting fictitious invoices in which the machines and materials they imported were grossly overestimated. While salaries have increased 200 to 400 times since 1938, the cost of living to 366 times, manufactured articles are 460 to 600 times dearer. The income of the masses has increased 350 times, that of the industrialists and traders 500 to 600 times. There is thus a greater inequality, which confers on the favoured minority more spending power. Unfortunately their savings are not invested in productive enterprises but are used to hoard gold or exported for safety abroad. It is supposed that they will derive huge profits from the devaluation since they owed enormous sums of drachmae to the State's banks. The cost of agricultural produce on the other hand has only been raised by 300 or 350 times, which is not encouraging to the rural population since it is obliged to disburse a higher percentage of its income for the acquisition of indispensable manufactured articles. This may account for the low productivity of agriculture, though its fostering is the best way of improving the economic condition of Greece, and there is an immense scope for an amelioration since the yield of wheat per hectare is one of the lowest in Europe, namely, 950 kg. per ht. against 1,720 in France and 2,620 in Great Britain. If conditions in the rural districts were improved Greece could become self-supporting as regards cereals. Already in 1952 the yield of wheat attained 1,050,000 tons, while consumption is reckoned to amount to 1,250,000 tons. Unfortunately politicians so far have given little heed to the requirements of the countryside. The Minister for Northern Greece, returning recently from an inspection, declared that the terrible state of the villagers in N.W. Greece was scarcely imaginable and that the population of Eastern Thrace had been completely abandoned to itself by the authorities. General Papagos in a speech delivered at Kastoria lamented that there were 18,000 homeless in the district of Grevena and that only 30% of the refugees had been repatriated. An Athens paper last January reported that in the region of Lamia twenty villages had been abandoned by the 2,790 families inhabiting them because there were no roads, no schools, no telephones and no medical aid available, and only 13 old priests to comfort the suffering. The paper, further stressing the state of dereliction of the countryside, had inserted a photograph of a roofless and windowless school in which some 700 children of the region of Karpenisi were receiving tuition. A Lesbian paper complained that since 1913, when the island reverted to Greece, the roads had not been repaired and had become impassable, and that owing to the prevailing distress children fainted in the schools owing to being half-starved. The islanders admit that their condition was infinitely better while under Turkish rule, as was the lot of the Dodecanesians under Italian, but none would agree to

change Greek sovereignty for the former political status of their islands. Such indomitable patriotism is as rare as it is admirable, for few people would willingly starve rather than live under foreign rule.

Medical aid is altogether inadequate outside the towns. Of the 8,000 doctors in Greece, half reside in Athens, 400 in the Piraeus and 500 at Salonica. To remedy the situation, the government intends to compel graduating medical students to practice in the countryside up to the age of forty before allowing them to settle in urban districts. The unconcern of the politicians and of the general public about problems not affecting Athens is astounding. The provinces are being depopulated and an unceasing migration to the capital is in course. Its population, with its expanding suburbs and of Piraeus, has attained and probably surpassed 2 millions out of a total population of 7,600,000. In the financial year 1951-2, 16,951 buildings were erected in Athens at a cost of 1,021,404,861 drachmae. This continuous growth is a veritable danger to the country and in case of war the Athenians will be threatened with starvation. Already the water supply has become insufficient, local communications unmanageable, and the stranger meets insuperable difficulties in seeking accommodation for hotels are full to overflowing.

If Greece has not profited proportionately from American aid as other countries, this is due to the fact that a large share was absorbed in financing the fight against the communists instead of being spent on reconstruction. Most of the remaining funds were expended in building and equipping factories. These brought only temporary relief for their output exceeded local requirements. As both fuel and raw materials were imported from abroad, the manufactured articles were not competitive in price and had to be protected by high tariffs against similar imported goods. The attempt to export surpluses proved ruinous to the treasury as they had to be heavily subsidised, and even that method proved unavailing in the end, so that many factories are closing or working on short time. This is one of the reasons why the cost of living has risen to 366 times the level of 1938 and has rendered Greece one of the most expensive countries in Europe to live in. It should be remembered that Greece had been a victim of a deliberate aggression by the communists. The satellite states at the instigation of Moscow armed, trained and supplied the invading forces with all they required in their fight with the Greek troops. Rail and lorry convoys brought down supplies to the Greeks frontier and took back the wounded. Greece was left to deal single-handed with the menace and it is not surprising that Moscow, encouraged by the passivity manifested by UNO, decided to repeat the same stroke in Korea. Had international help been available to Greece and the requisite funds forthcoming, a Greek army of 500,000 could have been easily raised which would have put a rapid end to the communist threat. Recruiting from among the 960,000 unemployed would have been popular, for occasionally youths were reported to have been arrested while attempting to cross into Bulgaria with the purpose of joining the "Democratic" army because they would be "decently fed and clothed." Instead large sums were devoted to arming Tito's forces, which until lately had collaborated with the communists in Greece. This was a highly unpolitical act since it assisted Tito to crush the resis-

tance of the farmers in Yugoslavia who constitute a solid barrier to the expansion of communism and discourages the peasantry in the satellite states in its opposition to Bolshevism.

Much has been said of the incapacity and favouritism characterising the administration. Such evils are inherent in governments based on the spoils system. With every change of government the party acceding to office is obliged to fill the administration with its partisans who voted it into power. The present government has promised to put a stop to such practices, but this will prove a formidable task for it is widely held that access to political power is the easiest avenue to wealth, and it will be hard to alter this conviction since it was prevalent from classical times as is recorded in Plato's *Hippias Major* when the latter is made to deliver himself of this pronouncement while conversing with Socrates: "As to politics, and especially those connected with our country, what is finest is the possession of power and what is ugliest is the want of power." It is paradoxical that in Plato's birthplace his teachings are so completely ignored or misinterpreted. The universities are besieged and add to the general misery by turning out hundreds of unemployable law graduates whose main accomplishments are intellectual subtlety and mental dexterity. It would seem that Thrasymachus of the *Republic* and Calicles of the *Gorgias* have been erroneously chosen as models by the intelligentsia, though, to quote Berkeley, "Where the people are well educated the art of piloting a State is best learnt from the writings of Plato."

It is fortunate for Greece that at this critical period of her existence she has as Prime Minister a person enjoying the boundless confidence of the nation, for the programme of draconian austerity which he proposes to impose would strain the loyalty of an even more patient and frugal people than the Greeks, already impoverished and exhausted by the harsh bludgeoning of fate. With the ceasing of Marshall Aid, Greece was faced with a problem constituting the most serious challenge to the nation's statesmanship that has arisen since the German occupation. Owing to the very limited resources of the country there is a limit to the economies that can be effected. The national income per head is reckoned to amount to \$150 only, military expenditure absorbs 53% of the budget and is a crushing burden to an impoverished community. General Papagos declares that it is impossible to reduce the army which is double its pre-war size owing to the threatening attitude of the satellite states which continue to receive more military equipment than Greece. It behoves therefore N.A.T.O. to alleviate these charges by sharing expenses. It is to be hoped that the American Congress will favourably consider the modest programme for restoring the economic stability of the country which the Greek Minister of Co-ordination has submitted, and which consists mainly of investment projects for electric power stations which would reduce Greece's dependence on imported coal and enable her to exploit remuneratively her bauxite deposits. Cheap electric energy would also permit the creation of a chemical industry capable of supplying the artificial manure needed for the development of agriculture.

It may be of interest to know that General Papagos would have rendered

a signal service to this country had his advice been taken at the time. When British aid was offered to Greece early in 1941 both General Metaxas and General Papagos rejected the proposal as likely to provoke German aggression without being in a position to check it. General Papagos argued that nine divisions were needed whereas only 2 or 3 were offered, and he opined that it would be wiser for us to complete our victory in Africa where General Wavell was driving the Italians out of Libya. Unhappily after the demise of General Metaxas, on January 29th, 1941, the new Greek Prime Minister gave way to the growing pressure of the British Cabinet. Our troops were withdrawn from Cyrenaica and sent to Greece with deplorable results for all concerned involving heavy losses in men and needless devastation. Our interference in Greek affairs has seldom been felicitous, we involved the Greeks in the disastrous campaign of Asia Minor and then left them in the lurch. We provided the partisans in Greece with weapons to use against the Germans, but instead they were used against the Greeks. Sir Ian Hamilton's remarks in his book *The Friends of England* are still pertinent. "It was hard luck on the Greeks meeting Lloyd George, they have had a very rough time of it. . . . If ever the chance arises, I think we should try and compensate the poor Greeks for having brought them the gifts which have ruined them. When all is said and done, they are the only Balkan State which cares two pins for us."

G. C. LOGIO.

THE ALASKA HIGHWAY

TRAFFIC on the Alaska Highway has increased to a spectacular extent since this remarkable road was handed over to the civil authorities of the United States Territory of Alaska, and of Canada's Yukon Territory and Northern British Columbia in 1947. Indeed, these last six years have seen an increase of 566.3% in traffic and passengers heading for the mining and military "construction camps" supplied by this wide and excellently maintained highway. Last year it carried only three short of 35,000 construction miners and 13,593 vehicles ranging from private cars to great trucks with 18 wheels and a laden weight of eighty-seven tons. Log entries shown to me by the Canadian official at the "frontier post" on the border between Yukon Territory and Alaska indicate a 20% increase over last year's record traffic figures already, with the peak months to October still to come. For this great military artery has become of first rate importance as an industrial artery. Spanning the incredibly wild heart of Northern British Columbia, Canada's Yukon Territory and the United States Territory of Alaska, for strategical purposes its construction and constant improvement have opened to development hundreds of thousands of square miles of virgin territory rich in minerals, waterpower, timber, fish, big game—natural wealth once beyond broaching except where it lay close to the great navigable rivers of the Northlands.

The early explorers were alert to the mineral wealth of Northern British Columbia, Yukon Territory and Alaska. As far back as the middle of last century prospectors were penetrating this riven, sub-Arctic

wilderness in search of gold. They found fabulous riches in gold—and much more. But the natural wealth they discovered lay in the recesses of a vast wilderness that towered to nearly 20,000 feet, where the only means of travel was by dog-team in winter and in summer by canoe or flat bottom boat. Subsequently—and particularly following the gold rush to the Klondyke in 1898—horse-trails were developed, and then two one-horse railways, one from Whitehorse (now capital of Yukon Territory) to Skagway, on the Pacific coast of Alaska and a main entry-point for the Klondyke Gold Rush, the other from Fairbanks to Anchorage (both in Alaska). These improvements helped considerably towards the broaching of the Northlands gold deposits. But it was not possible fully to prospect this vast area, let alone broach, for example, the rich and extensive lead-zinc-silver deposits of the Keno-Mayo area, just south of the Klondyke. Why? Even ten years ago corners of the Yukon, of Northern British Columbia and of Alaska exceeding the size of France had yet to be mapped, let alone served by an adequate transport system.

The Alaska Highway not only linked the existing river network to the horse-trails and the two one-horse railways. It offered a spine from which to drive new roads towards known—and new—mineral deposits. Several major highways have been driven out from the Alaska Highway. One of these is the road that served the wartime Canol Pipeline (along which oil flowed to the Alaska Highway from Canada's Arctic oilfields). This road offers easy access to a truly huge area vastly rich in mineral resources. Another is the Hart Highway: 300 miles long it spans an area the size of France, linking the base of the Alaska Highway with Canada's Pacific coast. Completed less than 12 months ago, it has opened to development deposits of oil, iron ore, gold, base metals, coal, tungsten, and sources of hydro-electric power and timber. One thousand miles to the north of this new rib to the Alaska Highway another new road runs away through viciously wild—and mineral rich—country to the port of Haines, on Alaska's Pacific coast, and yet further to the north a third rib runs away from the Alaska Highway to the port of Valdez, through which the American Military and Airforce base of Fairbanks (also an important gold-mining centre) is supplied.

The two most important developments to date are those among the towering wild, ice-clad Keno peaks a little south of the Klondyke, and in the neighbourhood of Fort St. John, 37 miles up the Highway where oil has been struck. The Keno deposits are among the richest of base metals in North America. They cover an area of 14 square miles, and I was told locally that "Project Keno" is one of the most important post-war mining developments in Canada. The deposits were first worked way back in 1919; small quantities of ore were brought out by river to Whitehorse, terminus of the railway to the deep-water Alaskan port of Skagway, but the lack of suitable transport facilities made it possible to mine on only a very small scale. In 1951 a road was driven through from the Alaska Highway just north of Whitehorse, across 400 miles of mountains to the deposits. It cost \$5,000,000, an outlay already repaid by the constant stream of concentrates-loaded trucks that roar south from Keno into the Alaska Highway, towards Whitehorse for rail and sea transport to the smelter at Trail, near Vancouver. There is a probability that the

new Alaska-Highway-to-Keno road may be extended 80 miles to the Klondyke. This would greatly benefit the British-owned company operating seven gold dredges along creeks which witnessed the Klondyke Rush of '98, reducing its operating costs and thereby increasing its profits. It would also contribute towards further mineral development in the whole Klondyke area.

As for oil its discovery along the Alaska Highway is certain to prompt startling industrial developments in this rugged territory yet to be fully mapped. The Highway is served by a 4-inch pipeline from the Pacific coast, and this is to be supplemented this year by one of eight-inch diameter. Nonetheless a source of petrol on the spot would prove of great value, particularly to Highway traffic. The oil companies drilling in the wild country flanking the Highway are reserved in their statements. But I was told at Fort St. John that the gravity of the oil that spouted from a gusher there in November 1951 was the highest from any drilling in Western Canada (including those in the Alberta Oilfields) with a rating of 37.7, and that a refinery is to be built on the Highway to serve its growing traffic when the extent of the oil fields have been ascertained. Meanwhile the Highway is flanked by drilling derricks, some of them standing within a few feet of its flanking ditches. This magnificent road, on which speeds of 70 m.p.h. are possible, has made it possible for geologists to enter with ease regions once beyond the reach of all but the best-found expeditions. The Highway was forbidden to civil traffic during the war. But Canadian geologists "were almost queued up" at Mile Post Zero (Dawson Creek, B.C. at the railhead from Edmonton, Alberta) when the war came to an end in 1945, since when an increasing number of field parties have been at work on the vast areas of mountain and *muskeg* flanking the Highway and roads as that from Whitehorse to Keno.

This point was driven home to me during three months travelling up and down the Alaska Highway and its new ribs. There was evidence of drilling for oil every few miles between Fort St. John (Mile 37) to north of Whitehorse, a distance of more than 1,000 miles. While crossing wild (and up to 1948 almost unexplored country) north of Lake Kluane with an Indian I came upon three field parties of geologists, two from the Departments of Mines and Resources and one backed by mining interests. Nearly 100 miles from The Highway in Northern British Columbia I came upon a party engaged in surveying with airborne magnetometres. Privately backed, it was operating with Norsemen aircraft fitted with floats for landing on lake or river. Results of the work of previous summers is reflected in the development of extensive deposits of asbestos to the left of the Highway about 600 miles from its starting point at Dawson Creek (Mile Zero). I travelled some 200 miles up the Alaska Highway in one of the trucks carrying building material and machinery to the site of the new mine. At another point a newly bulldozed "road" leads to a deposit of tungsten, hard by which miners' quarters and mine buildings were being erected; and the work of locating further mineral deposits and of driving roads to them from the main artery of the North is being pressed ahead.

The big problem faced by truck operators on the Alaska Highway is that of maintenance. The gravel surface is "death to tyres": the road

is flanked by two long lines of blown outer covers. A breakdown means a major towing job, perhaps of 150 miles and more. The distances involved add considerably to the cost of spares and petrol. "Gas" at Burwash Landing (at Mile 1160) is twice the price it is at Dawson Creek (at Mile Zero), where the Highway is linked to the Alberta Oilfields by rail. Tyres increase in price at each pull-in on the way north, those at Fairbanks being more than fifty per cent higher than tyres at Whitehorse (500 miles to the south). This applies to everything from the hand fire-extinguishers to the food necessary to the sustenance of the trucker. The construction of the Highway is one of the great road-building feats of our time. In the course of only nine months and six days it was flung across a largely unexplored wilderness of rock, bog, forest and mountain, at a cost of \$138,000,000. At the height of the work 27,000 men were employed in road building. They laid more than 8,000 culverts, exceeding in all fifty miles in length, built 133 bridges (totalling seven miles).

With the return of peace control and maintenance of the Alaskan portion of the road was handed over to the Alaska Road Commission and the Canadian section to the Canadian Government for administration by army engineers under an organization known as the Northwest Highway System. But for the mobile maintenance gangs of the North-west and the Alaska Road Commission, truck services would be impossible, for except in the mountains the Highway's foundations are of earth, the surface of locally excavated gravel.

In summer, traffic is liable to be held up by subsidences, and 'washouts' following rains, in winter by what the Canadians call *glachiers*. I was held up by washouts three times between Whitehorse and Fairbanks. Just south of Burwash-Landing (Mile 1093), 100 yards of road had collapsed, and I was able to witness the speed with which the maintenance gangs get to work. We backed into a gravel pit and returned up the road to a telephone 'point' from which he called up a road-maintenance depot some ten miles away. Turning again, we headed back to the washout and awaited the arrival of the first yellow-painted truck. Arriving within twenty-five minutes, it was followed by heavy road-maintenance vehicles, and in the remarkably short space of fifty minutes the earth-and gravel-spreading vehicles pulled out of our way and we rolled cautiously across loose earth. The surface is generally better in winter than in summer. The gravel is covered with snow between October and April, and with the freezing of the first snow maintenance vehicles tow along the road toothed contraptions that scar the surface, giving it "grip." The cold, however, offers many hazards. Temperatures of 70°F. are not uncommon: engines seize-up, tyres split, working parts crystallise and shatter; and moisture in the ground, compressed between the frozen subsoil and the frozen surface, wells up to the surface there to freeze into veritable glaciers which, left to form, would quickly pile up to a depth of 15 or 20 feet over miles of road. These *glachiers* are the major winter problem of the road maintenance men, who counter them with dynamite, steam jets, burning oil, bulldozers and picks. Secondary hazards include foraging wolf packs (and the sub-Arctic wolf weighs anything up to 180 lbs. and measures up to 9 feet from nose to tail), charging moose, and ill-natured grizzly bears. There are records of

moose charging trucks and shattering private cars, and many more of ½-ton grizzlies and the even larger Alaskan brown-bear (the largest of the carnivorae) charging—and seriously damaging—vehicles. But despite cold that will freeze the moisture on a man's eyeballs and "gum-up" his truck, *glachiers* and blizzards, and the hazards arising from interrupting the normal way of life of the layer of the sub-Arctic's wild denizens, the traffic is kept rolling from the "first cold" of October and through the dark winter to spring, carrying military and mining gear "north" and returning south with mineral concentrates and machinery needing repair.

FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

THE TWO GERMANIES ONCE AGAIN

WHEN reading German post-war books on political problems, one immediately remembers the books written by Germans after the first world war because they are full of the same spirit as their predecessors. I propose to deal here with two of those writers who, between 1918 and 1933, did their best to help Hitler into power. One is Werner Beumelburg who, in 1928, wrote *Germany in Bondage* raging in the Hitlerian manner against the Treaty of Versailles. The nation, he then wrote, "was terribly embittered by the *Erfüllungspolitik* of the Government," with the consequence that young nationalists in 1922 killed the then Foreign Minister Walter Rathenau. He reproached the socialists and democrats for persecuting the nationalists and thus embittering the nation all the more. Hitler's *putsch* on November 9th, 1923, was called by Beumelburg "the great day of retribution for November 9th, 1918," which, he added sorrowfully, "ended tragically." But in 1930 he could enter in his chronicle with satisfaction: "Parliament has disappeared, the nation utters a sigh of relief." And once more he raged against "the ignominy which we have to bear. That system has fought the national idea for ten years." And he concluded: "Our prayer is that we may go the way prescribed by fate with vigour and resolution," thus taking up again the ideas he had uttered in the Preface: "The fight for our future has only started. The knowledge of this fact asks for courage and the utter exertion of our nationalism, if we do not want to get used to the chains into which we have been put."

Recently Herr Beumelburg has published a sequel to his first book which he called *Years without Pity*. But this book does not contain what one might expect from its title. Its aim is, the author asserts, to fight against "the preconceived opinions which we meet when people talk or write about the second world war. The German nation has a right to know what has really happened during those years without pity." His book pretends to be "a chronicle of the last war, and to avoid no question which must be dealt with for the sake of historical truth." He asserts that he has studied all the available sources, but adds that "the material of the Nuremberg trial" must be "studied with the greatest caution." Here are one or two examples of his way of telling his readers what has *really* happened in the years 1939—1945.

We hear that the SS fought very valiantly in order to justify the trust Hitler had put into it, but we hear nothing of what else they have done,

say, the burning of Oradour with all its inhabitants. He complains bitterly about the bombing of German towns and condemns "the officially sanctioned principle of mass-killing of innocent people" (not even Jesus Christ will, he knows, forgive this), but he never mentions the killing of 6,000,000 Jews, or any other of the innumerable crimes perpetrated by his fellow countrymen in nearly all the countries of Europe. He tells, as a matter of course, of "the great bombing" of Rotterdam which "caused a terrible massacre among the civilian population," and when speaking of Yugoslavia he says: "As usual, the German government delivered a note in Belgrade while German bombers, in repeated attacks, were already turning the town into a grave-yard." The Allied bombing of Dresden, however, on February 2nd, 1945, he calls "the work of the Devil. Since that day every German knew that there was no mercy for them either in the East or in the West." He concludes his book with the words: "May God have mercy on us all and give us peace." But if he were a true Christian as he pretends to be, he would know that what has befallen the Germans was the punishment for their horrible crimes; he would agree with Thomas Mann who said that in every German living room should be a placard with the words: "Why have our towns been destroyed? Why has Germany been torn into two parts? Because it has lost the cruellest war of history. Who has plunged us into that war? Adolf Hitler and the National Socialist regime."

Another German nationalist is Hans Grimm, author of the notorious novel, *Volk ohne Raum*, who once said: "Already before 1914, one fifth of the earth belonged to the English, one sixth to the Russians, and only one fortieth to the Germans. Divide the earth up according to the number of heads, and peace will be possible." Recently he addressed a lengthy Open Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury (translated into English under the title *Answer of a German*) alleging that his novel "had been misunderstood in Germany and abroad." The war, he adds, might have been avoided if his advice had been accepted. And "National Socialism would not have deteriorated into Hitlerism." Again and again he differentiates between the later deterioration of that movement, and what he calls the "early and genuine National Socialism, a moral, a religious movement" which, "at last, after nearly two thousand years of half-heartedness intentionally tried to realise the Gospel on earth." If we are to believe him, that early National Socialism "contained a unique promise for Europe, if only Great Britain had associated herself with the Third Reich as an understanding friend." For also in Great Britain there was then "a movement of renewal," that of Sir Oswald Mosley. The second world war was, he asserts, Germany's "greatest and belated war of defence." The Nuremberg Trial was unjust, and "the confession of guilt made by the churches premature." On the contrary, he says, the West "bears the terrible responsibility for the second world war." Again and again he complains about what the Poles and Czechs have done to the Germans in the East; he never mentions the German atrocities in Poland, Russia and Czechoslovakia, and the war against France he even calls "humane."

German Catholic writers, on the other hand, who had nothing to do with the madness and barbarities of National Socialism, try to rouse the

conscience of their fellow countrymen because of what they have done during thirteen terrible years, and exhort them to repent and abjure all nationalism. The Catholic poet, Reinhold Schneider, addressed his nation in a very moving sonnet: "On every bed crouches your Guilt, and, buried under ruins, without shroud and coffin, on the bare earth, it accuses you. . . . Do penance and pray! Honour your dead killed by your guilt. Do not ask God, ask your own hearts which accuse you bitterly. . . ." The Catholic novelist, Stefan Andres, said in 1952: "There are crimes which cannot be forgotten. We must keep alive the memory of the most ungodly and inhuman period of history. . . . But our National Socialist 'heroes' say in public—everything is possible again!—that they are keeping their faith in the Führer and his ideals."

The famous Catholic thinker, Romano Guardini, recently published his lecture on the German *Responsibility* in which he said: "Something terrible is inscribed in the pages of our history of the last two decades. It is guilt which burdens our conscience and asks for settlement." Continuing, he reminded his audience of university students that the Germans had "dishonoured, robbed, tortured, and killed a great number of innocent people. A very great number, five or six millions. They were not killed in the heat of passion but in accordance with a theory well thought-out and made the programme of the state. This was something new, never heard-of in previous history." Herr Grimm, however, is of the opinion: "If we leave aside the things done to the Jews, it must be said that more has been done for the health of German mothers and children in the years from 1933 to 1939 than ever before in any country." Guardini, in his turn, asked his hearers to consider what great Germans like Goethe, Hölderlin, Mozart, Bach, or the great men of other nations, Aeschylus, Plato, St. Augustine, Dante, would say about the conduct of the Germans—they could, he answered, "feel only speechless terror." But, added Professor Guardini, the worst of all was the German behaviour after the war. "It is a matter of great alarm how little our people thinks about what has happened. How can they go on living as if all this had not happened?" While Herr Beumelburg asserts defiantly that his chronicle is "not a book of self-humiliation," Guardini accuses all those Germans who "deny" or even "defend" the crimes perpetrated by their fellow countrymen, and who "hate those against whom they have become guilty." The reason is that they want to evade their responsibility. "If you are proud of the great things your nation has done, you must also accept the responsibility for the evil things." Nobody can say: "This is no concern of mine," everybody must "pronounce judgment over one's own self." He compares the deeds of the National Socialists with those of the Russian Communists who also decreed: "This or that sociological or ethnological group of men has no right to exist. . . . The totalitarian state thinks to be entitled to dispose of the individual. Such modern autonomous states throw off all inhibitions and deny man's inalienable right to exist. If they ordain, nothing else counts, no right, neither God nor man." This way of thinking "is a greater danger, and more destructive, than atom bombs and germ warfare."

J. LESSER.

ALAIN-FOURNIER

IN "Some Principles of Fiction" Mr. Robert Liddell has an appendix dealing with three writers: Marcel Proust, Forrest Reid and Henri Alain-Fournier. This section is entitled "Intimations of Immortality," and it provides a much needed corrective to the prevailing school of gloom and hell-fire. With wit and good sense he shows that these three writers were all searching for the past, recalling memories of early childhood, describing their nostalgia for a paradise, an Eden they seemed once to have known; and he stresses the importance in literature of these feelings. Henri Alain-Fournier is the clearest example of a man in search of heaven. His life and death would furnish sufficient material for a romantic novel and his death in the 1914-18 war when he was still very young is like the curtain fall of a strange tragedy. If he had lived longer it is doubtful if he would have written more; for he had nothing more to say—though he might have written verse. He wrote his book "Le Grand Meaulnes"—and one might call it "Alain-Fournier", the title is equally haunting—delivered up his book to the world and died in a hideous war, hugging his romance to the last. His life recalls that of Chatterton or Rimbaud and we imagine him as one of those boys who grave-eyed, tight-lipped and lonely, stare at us from portraits of which the identity has been long lost.

Alain-Fournier lived in central France, in Sologne, an undistinguished province of swamps, barren land, fir woods, modest villages and dusty roads that wind away to nowhere—and châteaux isolated and neglected. This region, wild and decayed, was his first home and the breeding ground of his spiritual vision. He wrote to his friend Jacques Rivière of Nançay: "You get there, after five leagues" journey by hidden ways, in old carts. It's a country lost in the Sologne; the roads are all dry; all the way there are the yellow points of firs, fir woods on the neighbouring plains, horseflies in the air, game that stops your path. There are always stories of smashed carts, floods, a horse bogged in the ford where they tried to water him. There Uncle Florent has a big general shop—a kind of world in itself like 'David Copperfield'. Behind it is a huge kitchen, like that of a farmhouse, where the family has its meals, in a jumble of children, dogs and guns. There are long days shooting in the woods or on the moors—luncheon, perhaps, with the gamekeeper of some exquisite small country house, buried in this wild landscape. You come home at evening, through the shop, busy by lamp-light, and drop off to sleep from exhaustion on a kitchen-chair, waiting for dinner. Old faded photographs are passed round—school groups of one's father's boyhood." This is a scene which in essence if not in particular we seem to remember from our own childhood; it recalls the cosy domestic scenes in Dickens. There were other memories for Alain-Fournier—his grandparents' house at La Chapelle d'Angillon where he would smell the bread brought hot from the baker's at midday, his grandmother's cherry brandy and the ravishing odours of the larder and gardens. But childhood is too distant a memory for the majority of us. Not so for Alain-Fournier. He wrote to his friend "of the dream of finding a friend who can thrill to your own past . . . I believe that is what one seeks, above all, in love". What was the past of Alain-Fournier and what kind of friend did he find? The

past was the region of fir woods and mysterious châteaux, many of them exquisite, deserted and decayed, so isolated that one seemed to discover rather than visit them. The friend who would help him to find his own past was a beautiful young girl. He imagined her rather "as a young lady, under a white parasol opening the gate of a château, some heavy afternoon in the country". The reality was not less romantic.

Alain-Fournier was at school in Paris. June 1st, 1905, Ascension Day, was a holiday and he went to an Art Exhibition at the Petit Palais. Coming out he saw in front of him descending the stair-case a tall fair girl. He followed her to a house in the Boulevard St. Germain, and when free from his studies frequently returned there in the following week. On Whit Sunday he waited outside the house until she came out. They took the same tram and both alighted at St. Germain des Prés. Getting into the tram he had said, "You are beautiful"; now he said, "Will you forgive me?" and she replied, "What do you want with me, sir? I don't know you—leave me." But he followed her into the church and found her at Mass behind the high altar. A woman came round collecting chair money—the charge was two sous—and he gave her his only sou leaving himself without pocket money. He followed the girl out of the church and waited in anguish . . . if she took a tram there was no hope for him because he had no money for fares. Her curiosity had been stirred and she walked towards the Seine. Alain-Fournier followed and they talked . . . "Then begins the great, beautiful, strange mysterious conversation . . . she listens now as if she had realized who I am; her blue eyes rest on me with sweetness, almost with friendship. It is as if we understood, each of us, who we are . . . No more defences, no more embarrassment; we talk . . . as if we were alone in the world, as if this admirable Whit Sunday morning had been, from all eternity, prepared for us two . . . I told her my plans, my hopes . . . also that I had begun to write, poems, that my friends liked. She smiled a little. Then I took courage and asked in my turn: "And you, won't you tell me your name?" They parted at the Invalides. "We must separate. We are two children, we've been mad." He promised not to follow and stood on the bridge watching as she walked out of sight. To all his questions and expressed hopes she had kept on saying, "A quoi bon . . . what's the good?" On Ascension Day the following year he went to the same place and waited for her—in vain, however. Yet, by the strange irony of fortune, he did meet her again when she was a wife and mother. She may still be living.

This strange and beautiful girl passed into his imagination together with the country of his birth to which he always longed to return; she had joined the mysterious castles, their overgrown walks, weed-covered lakes and their desolate isolation. Perhaps she had always belonged there, had merely strayed into the Parisian scene. Alain-Fournier gave her a romantic name, Yvonne de Galais. "I am dreaming of a long novel," he wrote to his sister, "I am dreaming of a long novel that revolves round her, in a setting which will be Epineuil and Nançay—she's found, lost, found again. . . . It will be called The Wedding Day . . . the young man, perhaps, will run away on the evening of the marriage, out of fear of this too-beautiful thing given him, because he has understood that Paradise is out of this world. . . ." And so began the novel he had

always intended to write. Yvonne de Galais, as we must call the girl he met in Paris, is connected with the book in two ways: she was the friend who thrilled to his own past, who caused him to search back for the Paradise that was out of this world, and she was also the heroine of the novel itself. And the book is neither of life nor of the dream world. "I want to express the mystery of the unknown world that I desire . . . I want to make this personal world of mine live, the mysterious world of my desire, the new and faraway country of my heart . . . a life recalled with my past life, a countryside that the actual countryside makes me desire." This nostalgia for familiar countryside reminds us of Emily Brönte or, in French literature, of Gerard de Nerval who has so many points of resemblance with Alain-Fournier. Gerard De Nerval longed for a beloved he was never to know; so too did Alain-Fournier, and the loss of Yvonne de Galais "desolated" him: "My country no longer wears the same face, reticent, mysterious and adorable. My paths don't lead any more towards the country of that soul, a country 'curious' and mysterious like her. I've lost the delicious and bitter 'fancies' that she woke in me, and that were my whole life. Now I'm alone, at the centre of the earth." Alone! He tried for a while to lose himself with other women but this only increased his isolation. There was no peace and there was no means of relieving his loneliness, not even religion and a cult of the Virgin could help him. He had to write his novel. And it is from all these sources, from these inspirations, from this loneliness that we have *Le Grand Meaulnes*. Meaulnes is a big lad, a schoolboy who plays truant one day and gets lost in the Sologne. He finds himself in a ruined château full of strange people dressed in fantastic costumes—children, clowns and old peasant folks. Franz de Galais, the son of the house, is to be married and has gone to bring home his bride. Meanwhile Meaulnes, mixing with the children, stares about him in wonder and delight. He is near to the feeling he had experienced at the beginning of this adventure: "an extraordinary contentment uplifted him, a perfect and almost intoxicating tranquillity, the certitude that his end was now achieved, and that he had nothing but happiness now to expect." Paradise seemed very near. Yvonne de Galais, sister of the bridegroom, plays songs for the children in the evening and the next morning, when they go boating on the lake, Meaulnes has a conversation with her—the same conversation that Alain-Fournier had with the fair girl in Paris, by the Seine, on Whit Sunday morning. That evening Franz de Galais returns home. His bride, frightened of too much happiness, would not agree to marry him. The party is over and the guests depart. Meaulnes is set on the road home but falls asleep and afterwards cannot remember the way. His only souvenir of this strange feast is an article of fancy dress, a silk waistcoat with mother of pearl buttons.

The story is now concerned with the attempt to re-discover the estate and its strange owners. At the outset of the story Meaulnes has been boarding with the schoolmaster and his wife of a village called St. Agathe. The son of these teachers is François Seurel, a lame boy, who is the confidant of Meaulnes and narrator of the story. François Seurel continues the quest after the departure of Meaulnes. For Meaulnes gave up hope and tried to live in Paris; as he says, "I've tried to live there, in

Paris, when I saw that everything was over and that it was not even worth the trouble any more, to look for the lost demesne. . . . But a man who has once leapt into Paradise, how can he get used after it to the life of the rest of the world? What is happiness to others seemed mockery to me. And when one day I decided, sincerely and deliberately, to behave like other people, that day I piled up remorse enough for many a long day." No, there is no peace for the man who has tasted Eden; God has willed for man that . . . "if goodness lead him not, yet weariness

May toss him to My breast."

Yet, as Alain-Fournier later met the girl he first knew in Paris, so in the novel François Seurel finds Yvonne de Galais; more than that he finds Meaulnes and brings the two together. On the wedding night of Yvonne de Galais and Meaulnes, there is a hooting call from the nearby woods—it is Franz de Galais calling for Meaulnes to help him find his own lost love, the girl who found Paradise too much for her and would not marry him. Franz de Galais is hardly defined, a mysterious and romantic character; he too is in search of the happiness that always eludes him. Yvonne de Galais dies soon after giving birth to a child, her body being carried downstairs by the faithful François because there is not sufficient room for a coffin. And at the very end Meaulnes returns to find his wife dead but his baby daughter awaiting him; he has united Franz de Galais and his former bride-to-be. And François as narrator tells us he can imagine one night, Meaulnes taking his baby daughter beneath his coat and departing with her in search of new adventures. . . . Is François mistaken here, we wonder? For is Meaulnes in search of new adventures or is he still engaged on the old adventure, the one that has always pre-occupied him, the search for Paradise? It must surely be the latter. Like Gerard de Nerval he is in pursuit of that other, happier life to which Yvonne de Galais was a clue . . .

"Perchance I saw her in long time gone by,

In that remembered other life I had."

Alain-Fournier wrote, "I want to express the mystery of the unknown world that I desire . . . I want to make this personal world of mine live, the mysterious world of my desire, the new and faraway country of my heart . . . a life recalled with my past life, a countryside that the actual countryside makes me desire." And he succeeded in making that vision live in "*Le Grand Meaulnes*," a novel which is all personal expression, in which there are no uncontrolled characters and the "people are only the flux and reflux of life and its encounters." Yvonne de Galais seemed to give him the key to the past and, as Mr. Liddell says, "in her loss he can express that sense of loss that is inseparable from recollections of early childhood, that may have something to do with our original nostalgia for Eden, and may not be quite unconnected with our hopes of Heaven."

"Hopes of Heaven"—there lies our clue to appreciation of novelists so diverse as Alain-Fournier, Forrest Reid and Marcel Proust; and, if we had more understanding, to a good deal of puzzling conduct in contemporary humanity. It will certainly be tragic if we allow ourselves to be convinced by the school of gloom that the souls of men (particularly those of the Catholic Faith) are playing a losing game with their fear of hell—and that hopes of heaven nowhere enter into the picture. And, forgetting

the theological aspect, let's remember that hell has inspired few works of permanent literary value; none, at any rate, to be compared with those inspired by our intimations of immortality and that immortal nostalgia expressed by Henry Vaughan:

"O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlightened Spirit sees
That shady City of Palm-trees."

ALAN BIRD.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF MALTA

TO use a currently quoted phrase, had there been enough 'build-up', Malta would have, as a result of the world wide fame it won during the war by its magnificent stand against the Nazi air onslaughts, become the most known place in the Mediterranean. As it is, the initiative and golden opportunity were allowed to pass out of the hands of the islanders and Malta's potentialities as an important tourist centre have to be spread abroad anew. It is felt, that if to-day Malta is not being given the publicity it so richly deserves, in the past the island was most certainly much in demand. History records that the first inhabitants of the island were the Phoenicians. Subsequently and successively the island then passed into the hands of the Romans, Carthaginians, Arabs, Sicilians, the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and the French until it was finally handed over by the Maltese themselves to the British in 1800. The presence in Malta of various archaeological and historical monuments point, on the other hand, to even earlier civilization. In fact, in the South East and South West parts of the island, remains dating back to 3,000 and 4,000 B.C. at Ghar Dalam, Tarxien and Hal Saflieni are adequate proof of the island's importance since the very dawn of civilization. Apart from the various effects which the repeated conquests by foreign powers had over the island, one cannot but record that the rich historical legacies which have been left behind by the several occupying powers compensate for the countless hardships which our forefathers had perforce to suffer. As a matter of fact, Malta to-day owes the greater part of its travel and tourist attractions to the vivid images of the past and relics of yesterday.

Those who travel to Malta by sea are easily captivated by the inspiring spectacle which the magnificent Grand Harbour presents to the tourist. The Harbour, over 2 miles in length, is indented by several creeks which make it most suitable for the sheltering of ships. In one of these creeks lies Dockyard Creek, Malta's No. 1 centre of employment. Here something like about 17,000 daily workers are busy in Admiralty employment. Towering over the harbour from heights well over 400 feet are a series of walls and battlements which were constructed by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in order to stave off Turkish designs on the island. Throughout the length and breadth of this harbour may be seen

all types of units of the British Mediterranean Fleet lying side by side; from aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers and frigates to landing barges, auxiliary merchantmen and submarines. In the midst of this spectacle, which is a common sight practically every day, one sees also the picturesque-like dhgajsa, Malta's version of the gondolas, plying here and there. Valletta, the capital which lies on a promontory flanked on each side by the Grand and Marsamxett Harbours, holds such a dominating position in the island that one cannot fail to notice its architectural layout, with its criss cross perpendicular streets, and its numerous domes of churches and high edifices. The city, built by the Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, teems with wonderful examples of Baroque-style buildings, notably the Auberges or Hostels, many of which were completely destroyed by bombing in 1941-42. No doubt the most important building and choice No. 1 for all tourists is the 16th century Cathedral of St. John. With its famous paintings, some by Caravaggio and Mattia Preti, numerous sculptures, priceless Flemish tapestries, wonderful monuments and costly silverwork, the Cathedral is considered to be one of the finest specimens of its kind.

Other places of equal interest in the capital, are the Governor's Palace, containing the Armoury and Tapestry Chambers—the latter housing the Legislative Assembly, The Auberge de Castille, now used as the Army G.H.Q., the Gardens of Upper and Lower Barracca, the General Market and the Palace Square where the Changing of the Guard takes place daily, all of which catch one's particular attention. Valletta is the epicentre of the most built-up area of the island and it is the usual custom for visitors to move into the outlying country, after visiting the capital. The first place of call is at San Anton Gardens, set around the winter residence of the Governor. Beyond these gardens and indeed, only a few miles away, lies Notabile the ancient capital. Built in 700 B.C. the city has long been famous for its successful defence on repeated occasions against the Infidel. The Old Capital has in its midst some of the finest old buildings in the island, the most notable being the 17th century cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, which like St. John's in Valletta also contains many famous treasures and paintings. At Rabat, an adjacent suburb, one can visit the Catacombs, which are similar to those which we find in nearby Sicily. Whilst further away lies Mosta village, which contains the famous Mosta Church which is said to contain the third largest dome in the world.

Lovers of archaeological and historic remains will find a visit to Ghar Dalam (The Cave of Darkness) much to their delight as there they will be able to witness typical conditions current during various stages of the Pleistocene Age. This Cave was the subject of detailed study by Sir Arthur Keith the eminent anthropologist in his quest for the Neanderthal man. Besides, one can visit the megalithic ruins at Hagiar Kim (similar to Stonehenge) or else the Neolithic Temples at Hal Tarxien and Hal Saflieni. The tourist with more modern tastes will find the call of the sea much to his liking. Sandy beaches, pretty inlets, picturesque fishing centres can all be found dotted around the coastline. The bays of Ghajn Tuffieha, Mellieha and Armier offer ideal swimming and sunbathing on sandy beaches, whilst for deep sea bathing and snorkel fishing en-

thusiasts the lovely St. Paul's and St. Thomas Bays are the apple of their delight. And the visitor who likes to mingle his swimming with beautiful surroundings should however opt for Capri-like Zurrieq or Anchor and Marsaxlokk Bays. Hikers and motorists will also enjoy the cliffs of Bingemma and Dingli and the modern coastal road on the northern side of the island. Four miles from Valletta lies the popular resort of Sliema, the Mecca of the islanders during summer. Here one can walk along its fine promenade flanked by the water front which leads to the pretty St. Julian's bay. This bay is a favourite swimming spot for aquatic and water polo players.

In its annual calendar of events Malta has many attractive features to offer to tourists. Perhaps the most popular of the lot is Carnival time, celebrated here in typical Riviera style. Then as a contrast there are the moving Good Friday processions during which are seen many fine statues depicting the Passion of Our Lord. In summertime there is the National Feast Regatta held in the Grand Harbour, whilst in winter pride of place for sportsmen are the Xmas Football Tournaments, in which crack foreign teams take part. Most interesting too are the various flower, fur and feather shows and Trade Fairs which are all held at San Anton Gardens. Another attraction for the traveller is the wide range of interesting articles for sale in the many shops and bazaars. In these shops one can walk in and buy the latest type of motor car, British or Continental, the finest type of stockings all nylon, any kind of confectionery, and plenty of lengths of material for women's and men's wear. Memento lovers can choose fine Malta-made lace, pipes, filigree, material, pottery, scarves and leather goods bearing local inscriptions.

Now for a word about the island's accessibility from the outside world and its hotel service. Malta lies some 60 miles from Sicily, while Tripoli and Tunis are only 300 and 180 miles away respectively. It may be reached almost daily from the Sicilian mainland by locally owned steamers or Italian boats. Besides several well-known British shipping lines connect the island with Britain and the Commonwealth. The island is also provided with excellent air services. The Malta Air Lines operate a daily service to Britain via Rome and Nice in conjunction with B.E.A., whilst the Alitalia Italian Airways run a frequent Rome-Malta-Tripoli and vice-versa service. Concurrently with these lines the island is also connected with African air companies which use Malta generally for night stops. Besides the ordinary scheduled flights, chartered planes may also be booked. Luqa Airport, jointly used by the R.A.F. and Civil Authorities, is the island's air terminal.

In comparison with Malta's size, the island has a very good hotel service capable of catering for the rich and the ordinary man in the street. Malta's premier hotel is undoubtedly the Phoenicia, which compares with the best on the Continent. There are also many other first class hotels situated in Valletta, Sliema and Notabile. Perhaps the best advertising factor for tourism is the setting up of a N.A.T.O. based under the command of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten. French, Italian Greek, Turkish and American personnel are now serving in Malta as part of the N.A.T.O. command, and quite naturally these service people are spreading the knowledge of the island to their own native land. Also,

there are two separate wings, one American and the other Australian, based in Malta for operational duties. These foreign air wings have brought with them their wives and families. Malta has been the centre for international conferences, namely the Congress of International Catholic Films and a Conference held by the World Assembly of Youths. In both these conferences members and delegates of several nationalities came here and once again much good has been done in advertising the island. Other important factors which have to be considered as advantageous to tourists and travellers alike are the absence of exchange difficulties, Malta being in the Sterling area and the local pound is equivalent to the English. Though Maltese is commonly spoken, English is almost universally known and spoken. Given the right publicity abroad and proper organization, the island may well take its place amongst the foremost centres of tourism in the Mediterranean.

Malta.

A. J. LEAVER.

THE CHALLENGE OF UNDEVELOPED LANDS

AMERICA, in the last analysis, is merely the completion of the circle—the safety valve without which the Eastern hemisphere would have succumbed to its own proliferation. The Northern half of the Continent has played its full part in the process of relief; the South has not. There is urgent need both from the point of view of alleviating hunger and over-population and the future prosperity of Latin America itself to remedy this failure. From the Guiana Highlands of Venezuela to the Sertões of the Paraná there is a challenge to a world needlessly suffering from insufficient food because it has lost the will and the impetus to pioneer and bring these thousands of square miles of untouched fertility to its service. A balanced world-economy and the conquest of hunger can best be achieved by the rapid and full development of those areas that are climatically and agriculturally the most favourable. Certain factors made the American continent a peculiarly happy overflow for the "old" world—the absence of large deserts, the smallness of the indigenous population, and the suitability of almost the entire region for European settlement. Large tracts of South America constitute the most fertile and temperate undeveloped zones in the modern world and have the additional advantage of complete freedom from any racial problem. Only lack of enterprise and stability and the inability progressively to create wealth, as has been done in the United States, account for this failure to exploit and colonise.

The nomadic Bandeirantes who pushed into the untrod fastnesses of Brazil's interior were not seeking settlement and production, but plunder; and during the last and present centuries there has been no deliberate and far-sighted policy of opening the door to all desirable immigrants. The lesson of the United States has never been learned—that to build a great nation and exploit natural resources there must be a period when everyone who is disposed towards and capable of pioneering should be encouraged to come in. The result has been that, instead of a steady influx of colonisers of the most vigorous European stock and consistent pene-

tration, as in North America, a racial type of mixed blood and tied to a way of life, low culturally and economically, rather than to industry and civilisation, has developed. The scale of true colonisation by Central and Northern Europeans has been too small and too much in the form of isolated pockets. There are, however, signs of a slow but sure awakening, a realisation among Latin-Americans of their own weaknesses. There is a growth of intellectual honesty, an admission that there has been much failure in the evasion of the challenge of their own inheritance and their responsibility to the world that this involves. Today Latin-Americans of considerable stature are playing an increasingly important part in international affairs. Their influence for moderation, when several of the Republics act jointly in the Councils of the Nations, is considerable. Some strive to make their countries conscious of their destinies as the trustees of a treasure more precious than any left on this earth—virgin soil and unsettled space. And although the ethnological type predominantly evolved in Latin America has tended to arrest her development, it presents an example to which too little heed is paid—the solution of mankind's thorniest problem by breeding out racial differences.

Whether racial groups remain unmixed or not, the most significant fact is that people of every race have gone to make the cosmopolitania that is South and Central America, and that they live in harmony—there may be revolutions but never outbreaks of racial hatred. The republics, especially Brazil, are, therefore, blessed with an atmosphere in which the land-hungry and those of all trades and callings frustrated of an outlet for enterprise could best find the chance of happiness. Because the greater part of their land space is still unsettled, and because of the need to rectify the weaknesses inherent in a predominantly mestizo population, these countries could benefit themselves and the world in every way by offering such men and women the golden opportunity.

That this vast region did not develop on lines similar to those of North America is due to the Spanish Colonial system and the latifundia which have stifled industrial and agricultural expansion. The absence of a middle class with any bent for business and manufacture, and the concentration of great estates in the hands of a few "caudillo" families, led to a monoculture which has proved disastrous to the Republic's economies and social evolution. It meant also that there was little to attract the independent husbandman or artisan from Central Europe. Immigrants came mainly from the feudal peasantry of the Mediterranean countries and Portugal. Interbreeding with the African and the indigenous Indian, they created the cheap labour force of the peon class, and their employment and economic and social position remained unchanged from what it had been in Europe. This situation can only be remedied by European immigration sponsored by an organisation capable of providing the means of creating new centres of civilisation and industry.

In view of the needs of the world as a whole and its own productive potential in particular the present position throughout Central and South America is appalling. In an area of 8,500,000 square miles (two and a half times the size of Europe and 16 per cent. of the world's habitable surface) only 5 per cent. or 1.5 acres per person, is in cultivation. There is in this climatically favourable and fertile continent only 6 per cent. of

the world's population and, in the midst of almost limitless possibilities, the great majority is undernourished and living on a level which in Europe would be considered pauperism. The combined national income of all Latin America totals only 15 billion dollars compared with the United States' 150 billion. It has been estimated that the average annual income per head is 100 dollars, or a tenth of the North American average. If the Republics are to break with the handicaps of past history and to progress beyond being mere fringes of civilisation on the edge of the jungle, these facts alone present a tremendous challenge to all who are capable of understanding their implications. They must also, surely, impress even "the common man" with a sense of his own failure to make good use of his opportunities and the liberal provision of Nature.

We know the whole of our world; there is no more plundering of cultures decadent with their own opulence, no more spice isles to enrich without effort, no horizon beyond which lies the fabulous El Dorado. It is time to use aright and develop all that has been steadily given to us during centuries of discovery and expansion. Two countries stand out above all others as crying out for development and offer the possibility of an enormous contribution to the relief of over-population and world food shortage—Brazil and Paraguay. The smaller Republic has a population of under one and a half million in an area of 157,000 square miles (considerably larger than the British Isles), and of the 41 million hectares only just over one and a half million are cultivated. The greater part of the country is virgin forest and savannah, and, whereas there is an abundantly fertile soil, agriculture is of the most primitive and poverty severe. In a potential paradise, disease, malnutrition, illiteracy are rife and knowledge of the elements of modern husbandry and the hope of social and economic advancement completely lacking.

The same is true of the greater part of Brazil. In an area fifteen times that of France only two per cent. is cultivated and of this only one half produces food. Brazil's ills originate in the concentration of great estates in the hands of a small minority (the number of individual properties is less than half that of France). These latifundia have led to the manifold evils of monoculture—a propertyless and permanently stultified strata of peonry; concentration on coffee and cotton instead of meat, cereals and vegetable crops; extreme vulnerability to economic slumps; land wastage, and above all the denial in enormous regions of settlement by progressive, good quality colonisers who would develop social entities and carry on traditional food-producing agriculture. The immigration and evolution of this type of reasonably educated and properly nourished settler is essential throughout Latin America.

Difficulties of communication are a major obstacle to colonisation in both countries, as they are throughout the entire region. But no difficulties are insuperable. It is as though the educated Brazilian is overcome by the immensity of his own territory and prefers to remain in the coastal fringe rather than to undertake the task of conquering the vast hinterland. There have been no pioneering migrations such as took place in the United States during the last century. Settlement, such as it is, has been isolated and small scale. In the Southern states which are climatically most favourable for European colonisation, one will find

German, Polish and Italian Colonies in the far Interior between the São Paulo—Rio Grande Railway and the river Paraná. But these courageous peasants and artisans have not been provided with the means, in the shape of capital, machinery and, most vital of all, communications, to enable them to prosper and make a substantial contribution to the Brazilian economy and an important increase in the development of civilisation. Their equipment is primitive, and their cultivation, of necessity, confined to the few acres of dense matto that they can clear with the machete, and, having burnt what timber they cannot use themselves, are able to till with the ox, mule and mattock. In many cases their only line of communication with the outside world lies along hundreds of miles of forest track, across rocky sierras and unbridged torrents; the only means of transport is the ox wagon, and even these may have to be dismantled and hauled across the rivers piece meal. The settlements are, therefore, forced to be self-contained and to resign themselves to the fact that no progress from a condition of extreme conservatism is foreseeable.

Between the two wars an excellent type of peasant went from Central Europe and Italy in small numbers, and many more would follow to take part in the properly planned and financed campaign of development and settlement so urgently needed. The world cannot afford these thousands of square miles of untouched fertility, smothered in lianas and bamboo. Past generations, less generously equipped by science and knowledge, have met the challenge of the need for migration and the ploughing and sowing of the wilderness. There are always objections to any genuine and practical attempt to meet the real dangers in which mankind stands; there are also always vast obstacles and difficulties to overcome. One specious argument against migration from Europe is that it would rob the Western powers of conscripts and potential cannon-fodder. Nothing is more likely to produce a war than the crises which will face these Powers if they do not put their house in order and plan as one family, without strict insistence on the narrow interpretation of sovereignty. These vast regions present a challenge both to the Latin-American and to the European. The one has untapped resources without the exploitation of which mankind cannot prosper—probably not survive. The other has the need, the sinews, the technical knowledge and both the spiritual and physical capital to carry out the exploitation. The task is to the interest and calls for the co-operation of every man.

J. L. ALEXANDER.

MACAULAY AND LADY HOLLAND

ON February the 5th, 1832, there was a splendid dinner-party in the great gilt room at Holland House. Charles Greville described the occasion next day in his Journal. "Dined yesterday with Lord Holland; came very late, and found a vacant place between Sir George Robinson and a common-looking man in black. As soon as I had time to look at my neighbour, I began to speculate (as one usually does) as to who he might be, and as he did not for some time open his lips except to eat, I settled that he was some obscure man of letters or

medicine, perhaps a cholera doctor. In a short time the conversation turned upon early and late education, and Lord Holland said he had always remarked that self-educated men were peculiarly conceited and arrogant, and apt to look down upon the generality of mankind, from their being ignorant of how much other people knew; not having been at public schools, they are uninformed of the course of general education. My neighbour observed that he thought the most remarkable example of self-education was that of Alfieri, who had reached the age of thirty without having acquired any accomplishment save that of driving, and who was so ignorant of his own language that he had to learn it like a child, beginning with elementary books. Lord Holland quoted Julius Caesar Scaliger as an example of late education, saying that he had been married and commenced learning Greek the same day, when my neighbour remarked 'that he supposed his learning Greek was not an instantaneous act like his marriage.' This remark, and the manner of it, gave me the notion that he was a dull fellow, for it came out in a way which bordered on the ridiculous, so as to excite something like a sneer. I was a little surprised to hear him continue the thread of conversation (from Scaliger's wound) and talk of Loyola having been wounded at Pampelona. I wondered how he happened to know anything about Loyola's wound. Having thus settled my opinion, I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbour, 'Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?' I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was MACAULAY, the man I had been so long most curious to see and to hear, whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge, and diversified talents have excited my wonder and admiration for such a length of time, and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow. I felt as if he could have read my thoughts, and the perspiration burst from every pore of my face, and yet it was impossible not to be amused at the idea. It was not till Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and ungainliness of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never enclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination. He had a cold and sore throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming, unembarrassed, yet not easy, unpolished, yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinion or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic."

The description here given of Macaulay's appearance was a little too unflattering. He was certainly neither tall nor handsome, nor was he elegant in his attire; but his countenance must have pleased anyone with perception to value the play of changing expression and—in spite of Greville—the light of intellect in his eyes. There can be no doubt at all that his hostess found him most attractive. He first met Lady Holland in 1831 at a party at Lansdowne House. Invitations of that kind were

no longer unusual for the rising young Parliamentarian, whose speech in favour of the Reform Bill had caused a sensation the previous year.

Thomas Babington Macaulay had not always been either a radical, or a social lion. The reforming fervour which he had inherited from his Tory father had been kindled into an ardent Liberalism during his Cambridge years. Zachary, the elder Macaulay, had gone to Jamaica in his youth as a book-keeper, and had given up his career in early manhood, in order to throw himself into the campaign to abolish slavery. Thomas, the younger, born at the beginning of the new century, had been accustomed from childhood to the company of such men as Wilberforce, and his first public speech was actually made at a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society. His home life was full of domestic happiness and the intelligent companionship of devoted brothers and sisters, but it was by no means fashionable. He had an adequate but not large income derived from a Trinity Fellowship, and from the *Edinburgh Review* to which he was a regular contributor. He was also fortunate in being made a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, because posts of that kind did not usually go to Whig young men, especially if they came of a Tory family. His essays had attracted attention, and in 1830 he was invited by Lord Lansdowne to stand for Parliament. Lady Holland wrote of this event: "Lord Lansdowne brings in young Macaulay for Calne. It is an experiment as he is only known as a clever writer in *E. Review*. I never saw him, and hear he is not pleasant nor good to look at. His father is the great Saint, Zachariah, and the bitterest foe to all W. India concerns."

His maiden speech was an impassioned plea for the Removal of Jewish Disabilities. One of his invitations at that time was to a fancy-dress ball in a wealthy Jewish house, where the most sumptuous costumes were worn by Israelites and Gentiles alike. By now Macaulay's social success had begun and he had already met Lady Holland. He described the occasion in a letter to his sister. "London: May 27, 1831 . . . I was shaking hands with Sir James Macdonald, when I heard a command behind us: 'Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay,' and we turned, and there sate a large bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person, and the air of Queen Elizabeth. 'Macaulay,' said Sir James, 'let me present you to Lady Holland.' Then was her ladyship gracious beyond description, and asked me to dine and take a bed at Holland House next Tuesday. I accepted the dinner, but declined the bed, and I have since repented that I so declined it. But I probably shall have an opportunity of retracting on Tuesday."

A few days later Macaulay dined at Holland House. There were not many other guests, and Lord Holland did not come in until after dinner on account of his gout. In the drawing-room Lady Holland engaged the young man in a long conversation; she talked about the antiquities of the house, and also about the purity of the English language, a matter on which she evidently considered herself to be an authority. Macaulay found that she had never heard of a certain parable in the New Testament which he quoted, and he was tempted to tell her that anyone who professed a knowledge of the English language ought most certainly to know the Bible. However, he refrained, and contented himself with giving his impression of her in a letter to his sister. "London: May 30, 1831 . . .

She is certainly a woman of considerable talents and great literary acquirements. To me she was excessively gracious; yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all that I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one 'Go,' and he goeth; and to another 'Do this', and it is done. 'Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay.' 'Lay down that screen, Lord Russell; you will spoil it.' 'Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the picture of Buonaparte.' Lord Holland is, on the other hand, all kindness, simplicity, and vivacity. He talked very well both on politics and on literature. He asked me in a very friendly manner about my father's health, and begged to be remembered to him. When my coach came, Lady Holland made me promise that I would on the first fine morning walk out to breakfast with them, and see the grounds—and, after drinking a glass of very good iced lemonade, I took my leave, much amused and pleased. The house certainly deserves its reputation for pleasantness, and her ladyship used me, I believe, as well as it is her way to use anybody."

Two days afterwards he duly went to breakfast with his new friends. The master of the house, who seemed to have taken a fancy to him, showed him the apartments, the guest walking beside his wheel-chair. They looked at the paintings, and in front of a portrait of Lady Holland in her youth Macaulay was struck by the sad change in her looks. In the dining-room the hostess and two other guests awaited them, and over an excellent breakfast, including hot rolls and butter which had been kept on ice, Lady Holland amused them with an account of her dreams. Afterwards she took Macaulay into her own drawing-room, and then for a walk through the grounds. He found her domineering, in spite of all her graciousness towards him, and the attraction was clearly not on his side. The following week, at a party in Downing Street, Lady Holland went out of her way to congratulate the young man on his recent speech in Parliament, and to insist that he should come and stay at Holland House. He soon became a regular visitor, much petted and occasionally snubbed by his hostess. If he was too long-winded she showed that she was bored, just as readily as she would have done with a less favoured guest. On one occasion, when he had been holding forth on an early Father of the Church, she interrupted him brusquely: "Pray, Macaulay, what was the origin of a *doll*? When were dolls first mentioned in history?" He was equal to the occasion, and calmly proceeded to tell her about Roman children and their dolls. Her continuous and growing interest in Macaulay cannot be accounted for entirely by the reputation of her new protégé. She could fill her salon with established celebrities, and, however brilliant she found him, she could not at that time have been sufficiently assured of his future career to pursue him merely as a speculation.

The young man was thirty, she was twice his age. He admired pretty women and felt a tender affection for his sisters, but he was not deeply roused by the other sex, his energies flowing more in cerebral than in erotic channels. Moreover, he saw through the moods and caprices of his hostess, and although no doubt she amused him, he much preferred her husband. It was a different matter with Lady Holland. She was a cold woman, unlikely to allow herself to be swept off her social pedestal

by passion, yet it is more than probable that she actually felt for him an emotion for which there is no other name than love. Personal beauty in either sex is neither the only nor even perhaps the first cause of mutual attraction. If a woman's magnetism can best be defined by the one word charm, the magnetic quality in a man lies in his sense of power. It can be shown in many different ways, in physical strength, in political eminence, in the ability to gain financial control over one's fellow-men, or in the intellectual force which emanates from such a man as Macaulay. It is not surprising therefore if Lady Holland was deeply stirred by this short man with the massive head, eloquent tongue and formidable erudition.

He owed his vast knowledge in part to an exceptional memory and to unusual powers of assimilation. He is said to have begun to read incessantly from the age of three; when he was six years old, Hannah More, who was a friend of the family, sent him money so that he might buy a few books as "a little tiny cornerstone for your future library." And when death came at last, it found him seated upright in his library, with an open book on the table by his side. He wrote a compendium of universal history, starting at the creation, on a quire of paper, at the age of six or seven, and at the same time began a long poem modelled on the work of Walter Scott. All his life he devoured books, which he seemed to absorb into himself almost without reading. In his youth he did not so much learn by heart as effortlessly remember what he had read, and at one time he could have recited the whole of *Paradise Lost*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and no doubt much else besides. When he was nearly sixty he walked up and down learning the entire fourth act of *The Merchant of Venice*, and made himself word-perfect in two hours. He memorised his Parliamentary speeches, so that he never had to use notes, and although he did not gesticulate he was thus able to speak with great rapidity and with all his usual vehemence. He had both eloquence and wit, and poured out doggerel as readily as serious prose or verse. His letters to his sisters frequently contained lines like the following, written in the Smoking-Room of the House of Commons, in July 1832:

The room—but I think I'll describe it in rhyme,

That smells of tobacco and chloride of lime.

The smell of tobacco was always the same:

But the chloride was brought since the cholera came.

If he could be humorous, he could also be sufficiently stern. It happened on one occasion that Lady Holland arrived at a party in a very bad temper and was rude to her fellow-guests. Some of them retorted with impertinence of their own, in words or looks, but Macaulay preferred to treat her with icy politeness, and wrote afterwards: "Her ladyship has been the better for this discipline. She has overwhelmed me ever since with attentions and invitations. I have at last found out the cause of her ill-humour, or at least of that portion of it of which I was the object. She is in a rage at my article on Walpole, but at what part of it I cannot tell. . . . my review was surely not calculated to injure the sale of the book. Lord Holland told me, in an aside, that he quite agreed with me, but that we had better not discuss the subject. A note; and, by my life, from my Lady Holland: 'Dear Mr. Macaulay, pray wrap yourself very warm, and come to us on Wednesday.' No, my good lady. I am engaged

on Wednesday to dine at the Albion Tavern with the Directors of the East India Company."

The invitation had been given by the Company because, under the new India Bill, Macaulay was about to be made a member of the Supreme Council governing the Eastern Empire. When Lady Holland heard of this appointment a few weeks later she was frantic, like a woman about to be deserted by her lover, and she made no attempt to hide her feelings. He described her behaviour in a letter to his sister Hannah. "London: January 2, 1834. . . . I had a most extraordinary scene with Lady Holland. If she had been as young and handsome as she was thirty years ago, she would have turned my head. She was quite hysterical about my going; paid me such compliments as I cannot repeat; cried; raved; called me dear, dear Macaulay. 'You are sacrificed to your family. I see it all. You are too good to them. They are always making a tool of you; last Session about the slaves; and now sending you to India!' I always do my best to keep my temper with Lady Holland for three reasons: because she is a woman; because she is very unhappy in her health, and in the circumstances of her position; and because she has a real kindness for me. But at last she said something about you. 'This was too much, and I was beginning to answer her in a voice trembling with anger, when she broke out again: 'I beg your pardon. Pray forgive me, dear Macaulay. I was very impertinent. I know you will forgive me. Nobody has such a temper as you. I have said so a hundred times. I said so to Allen only this morning. I am sure you will bear with my weakness. I shall never see you again:' and she cried, and I cooled: for it would have been to very little purpose to be angry with her. I hear that it is not to me alone that she runs on in this way. She storms at the Ministers for letting me go. I was told that at one dinner she became so violent that even Lord Holland, whose temper, whatever his wife may say, is much cooler than mine, could not command himself, and broke out: 'Don't talk such nonsense, my Lady. What, the devil! Can we tell a gentleman who has a claim upon us that he must lose his only chance of getting an independence in order that he may come and talk to you in an evening?'"

No doubt Lady Holland's malice against Hannah was due to jealousy, for Macaulay had asked his sister to accompany him overseas. They sailed in the spring of 1834, and after a three months' voyage arrived in India, where they remained for four years. During that time Hannah met and married a Mr. Trevelyan, a Civil Servant; fifty years later their son was to publish his uncle's biography. While he was in India Macaulay initiated great educational reforms, and drew up a criminal code which he did not live to see made law. He came home in 1838, was re-elected to Parliament for an Edinburgh seat the following year, and became Secretary for War under the new Whig Government. He paid a visit to Holland House immediately after his return, and was soon breakfasting there again, if not quite as frequently as in the old days. Although he declared that "all my tastes and wishes lead me to prefer literature to politics," he was soon deeply absorbed by both, and Lady Holland must inevitably have seen him less often. But the memory of their former friendship still remained to influence him. In 1841, after her husband's death, he wrote in a letter, "Lady Holland is so earnest

with me to review her husband's 'Protests in the House of Lords' that I hardly know what to do. I cannot refuse her." He did not like writing about anyone recently living without a most intimate knowledge, and declared that "nothing but Lady Holland's request would have overcome my unwillingness to say anything about his Parliamentary speaking, which I had never heard."

Lady Holland, widowed and lonely, was no longer an important figure on the stage of the great world; after her husband's death she had perforce to withdraw gradually into the wings, before retiring behind the scenes for ever. Macaulay, on the other hand, was now fully in the limelight. His great History, begun after his return from India, was soon about to be published and a peerage lay ahead. Fortune was showering him with success from her cornucopia, even as she drew aside her robes from the clutch of Lady Holland; yet there had been a time when the latter had had her own gifts to bestow upon a young man at the beginning of his career. Macaulay had seen through the follies of his hostess, and had mocked them in some of his letters; he had liked her less well than her husband, and no doubt he had accepted her hospitality, as many others had done, not for her own sake, but because he had found it both useful and agreeable. If it had been useful, that was because she had had the skill to gather in her salon many people with whom contact was of value for a rising politician; and if it had been agreeable, that was because she possessed the art of entertaining. If he owed something to Lady Holland, can it be said that she, too, owed something to him? He aroused in her a late flowering of senses and heart, and however ridiculous such feelings may seem in an ageing and worldly woman, it is nonetheless true that love, even if no more than a passing infatuation, may still, like sweet spring water, bring refreshment to the most arid soil.

DAISY L. HOBMAN.

NEW YORK AND UNO

AS if the United Nations did not have enough to trouble it, the argument is now heard that it should never have gone to New York in the first place. But can it do better elsewhere? The issue raised is not only the thorny one of Communism among some Americans employed by the world body. It is also felt that the United States, as leader of the West, should not be the Power which plays host to a universal organization whose task is to rise above East-West differences. But to this there is a very simple retort: the League of Nations had a neutral country, Switzerland, as its base and that did not save it from its fate. As a site for the headquarters of the United Nations, New York offers advantages which are international, national and local in character. Local ones must, in any scale of priority, rank third. Yet these, too, are important for the world organization for the country from which it operates. For New York itself they may signify that the town has grown up at last. It was no blunder to bring the United Nations to the United States. Members wanted to start afresh; Geneva would have to serve as

a branch establishment rather than the home office. Nor was it only that the United States, after the havoc of two European wars, could best take the initiative. Willy-nilly she had become the chief pillar of peace and freedom. Commonsense suggested that, when the United States pitched its tent across the Atlantic, the interest in it of the American people would more easily be kept alive. And once it had been agreed that the headquarters of the United Nations should be erected somewhere within the borders of the United States, the question was whether the American centre in which it settled down should be a large one or a small. Manhattan won out. A lot is said about the effect on the United Nations of being situated within the United States. Little is said about the effect of the United Nations on New York itself.

From Peter Stuyvesant to Dag Hammarskjöld may be a span of three centuries, but it has taken that length of time for New York to come of age. Nationally it has long been the largest, wealthiest and most cosmopolitan of American cities; until the headquarters of the United Nations were built there, it discharged no specific international role. Alone among great cities of the West, it lacked a status in politics which matched its primacy in other fields. Never had it been the abode of big decisions in global affairs; the focus of the Republic is Washington, not New York. In Rome the Church had carried on where the Empire left off; as world centres London and Paris have benefited because they were national capitals. As a world capital New York, too, might cease to be peripheral in its function, might fulfil itself politically. And here the case for Manhattan rather than a small American centre was strengthened by the experience of various countries which have had new seats of government to select. Washington, Ottawa, Canberra, New Delhi, for example, were picked, not because they could cite history to support their claims, but because they could not. Jealousies between those already on the map prompted the choice of cities which had scarcely achieved that cartographic distinction. Yet such compromise capitals never seem to strike root in the nation's economy. In Britain and France the political capital is the business and intellectual capital also; London and Paris are thus crucibles for an intermingling, a mutual enrichment of the national being. Through Washington and Ottawa, by contrast, the normal channels of the nation's life do not flow; whatever reaches them has to be rerouted artificially. That, too, is why officialdom there may tend, more than it wishes, to be drawn within itself and away from the populace as a whole; why, in the absence of centres like Paris and London, where public and private careers may be combined, many who are suited for national politics cannot afford to embrace them. Unrefreshed by cross-currents of thought and enterprise which meet and mix so spontaneously in the great capitals of the West, Washington and Ottawa exhibit limitations which the United Nations, when it selected its headquarters city, did well to avoid. For an international capital should, no less than a national one, be at the heart of things.

Geneva, in that regard, fell short. Even geographically, while the Swiss city is not distant from European capitals, it is sufficiently remote to be off the beaten track. Social life can be more intimate in a provincial than a metropolitan centre; through a haze of sentimentality over a

vanished past, those who watched the League of Nations may lament the passage from Lake Leman to the East River as a change for the worse. Yet the café life of Geneva, where one could run across a Henderson, a Litvinoff or a Benes eating a meal or sipping a drink, was the token not only of a more leisured existence but of a world organization which had comparatively less to do. Nor did the Swiss, burgher and patrician alike, welcome it with open arms. Secretariat officials, confined socially to one small international set, escaped from the boredom of Geneva by missions on League business elsewhere. Otherwise, between sessions of the old Assembly and special conferences, they pined for London and Paris—and made no bones about it. From the placidities of Geneva to the stimuli of New York the swing of the pendulum has been drastic. But if the United Nations is thus brought into constant touch with the great world, it also brings the great world to the American metropolis. There is reciprocity here. In every non-political aspect of national affairs New York has long been the national capital. And it is this fact precisely which qualifies it, in the crowning sphere of international relations, for pre-eminence as a world capital. Nor would any begrudge Albany the honour of being capital of the state; for New York City itself the road has, as it were, been reserved for a higher destiny. The presence of the United Nations supplies it, as compared with London and Paris, with a missing dimension. But as a political capital New York also enjoys a wider prospect—that of becoming, in a less sundered and more integrated world, a capital of capitals.

Do New Yorkers themselves realize that their city has just crossed the threshold of civic maturity? London and Paris did not ripen into great capitals overnight. Centuries were required for government, commerce, scholarship, science, the arts to be woven together into a single pattern of urban culture—each complex and each unique. New York, which is not young, may have seemed so because it was municipally incomplete: now it must learn in every respect to act its age. Washington remains, of course, the pivot of national politics; for diplomacy it is no longer the sole clearing-house on American soil. But this new rank entails municipal duties with international implications—from receiving hospitably a Secretariat of every race and hue to the entertainment of foreign statesmen who sojourn in the American metropolis. Certainly Paris during the General Assemblies of 1948 and 1951 again demonstrated an elegance, a style, for which, as the most brilliant of capitals, it has long been renowned. The challenge to New York, unspoken and yet eloquent, was manifest.

How hard will the American metropolis try, on its own behalf and on behalf of the country, to put its best foot forward? The atmosphere of New York may not impinge directly upon the actual proceedings of the United Nations. The international community will, however, be affected by an environment which it itself affects. For its Manhattan semi-enclave questions of administrative autonomy arise—the employment of American Communists as probed by a Grand Jury and a sub-committee of the Senate; the denial of visas to foreign visitors deemed undesirable by the United States who have dealings on the spot with the world organization. But issues of that kind are subject to arrangement between the Secretary-General and the American Government in Washington. Local authorities

enter the picture when they provide facilities for the headquarters area. Property values in the district have, moreover, been stepped up, and this must compensate for any increase in the amount of Manhattan property which Delegations may purchase and thus render tax-exempt; there have even been complaints about the abuse of parking privileges by cars whose owners possess diplomatic immunity. Such, at any rate, is the range of United Nations problems by which New York's civic administrators have been confronted. Other, unofficial contacts will be innumerable and incessant. One vehicle for these, in accordance with diplomatic tradition, may be Society. Yet the New York era in international affairs begins when diplomacy itself has been shedding its conventional snobbishness. The trend towards informality might, moreover, be accelerated by another circumstance. While envoys are accredited, in postwar New York as in pre-war Geneva, to a world body, that is not the same as representation at the seat of one particular sovereign government; social life in United Nations circles does not revolve around a single fixed point. Then, too, in London and Paris, there were such unofficial adjuncts to Embassies and Legations as the great houses, the leading hostesses. Will they have their counterparts in the American metropolis? For New York's plutocracy may have modelled itself on an older, aristocratic Society. In fact it has seldom had those ties with the political and creative for which some of its trans-Atlantic prototypes were noted.

In mid-century diplomacy neither wealth nor birth count as they once did. Not that the successful political hostess of London or Paris held herself to these narrow categories in any event. Her drawing-rooms outshone rival ones when under her roof the elder statesman, the rising politician, the senior civil servant, the Titan of finance rubbed shoulders and hob-nobbed with the author, the artist, the musician, the savant, the thinker. But on the American scene, as its best energies were scattered across a vast continent, men of action and men of contemplation could not thus foregather; and the more they were separated from each other in person, the more one-sided they became in themselves and in their pursuits. Henry James, bearing witness to this rift, fled to England, while Henry Adams dwelt morosely in a sort of exile at home. Washington's handicap has been that of a city which is a capital in politics alone; New York has suffered from being a capital in everything but politics. And now the advent of the United Nations to the American metropolis may round out her civic existence.

The social background of the United Nations will be determined, however, not only by what it finds in New York but by what is happening to diplomacy everywhere. Delegates from behind the Iron Curtain might not hanker for a Society run by the duchesses of the Faubourg St. Germain or the dowagers of Belgravia; yet in one representatives of other countries would be as ill at ease. The modern welfare State and the social democracies of the Occident rely in the conduct of international affairs, as in all sectors of public business, on experts of every social origin—and the newly liberated lands of the Orient are, no doubt, following suit. This does not mean that, despite the asperities now exchanged in debate, diplomacy must be uncivil or uncouth, that the amenities cannot be observed without upper-class polish. But other times, other manners.

And indeed a delegate sporting a monocle in his eye or a Secretariat official attired in a black jacket and striped trousers (that popular stereotype of Old World diplomacy, that workaday uniform of the London bank clerk) would appear as odd at New York headquarters as on the streets of Leningrad or Chicago.

As a town and gown relationship is worked out, there are phases of New York life by which, it is evident, the world organization will not only be pleased but displeased. Negotiable difficulties might vex the international community less than habits or faults over which there can be no intervention. Locally, for instance, will the citizens of New York, now that their city is a cynosure for the eyes of all mankind, even be *blasé* about that? International figures have, in their official capacities, seldom had occasion to stay there for long; an impressive company of them has, thanks to the United Nations, begun to reside in the American metropolis for many months at a stretch. And some may dislike having to do this. For if New Yorkers should be cavalier in their attitude, hurt vanities will fan regrets that the United Nations did not set up shop elsewhere. As a great city their metropolis has much to give it. Yet in that vortex of American power the danger will persist of the international community being taken for granted, swallowed up and lost from sight.

This may not occur when news from the world body can be sensationalised. The best things that it does call for another kind of treatment. Neglect of these by mass media—local and nation-wide—is resented in United Nations circles. Worse still is the way in which, when reported, the labours of the entire organization—or of offshoot like UNESCO—will be misrepresented. Items on its agenda are anyhow hardly calculated to sweeten tempers; matters are not improved when hostility to the institution as such is fomented on its own doorstep. Frayed nerves may be one of its occupational hazards. But the campaign against it exasperates all the more when this is waged by those professional anti-subversives who are themselves intent upon subverting that democratic process in international affairs which the United Nations sustains. Responsible segments of the American press constitute a salutary corrective. Few, however, can boast that they do all that might be done. The situation is clear. No other city is as fully equipped as New York with major instrumentalities, good as well as bad, for access to the American mind. And so that the United Nations might have a steady access to the American mind was one reason why it moved to New York at the outset. Mass media may either distort or obstruct. More of its purpose is accomplished by having the United Nations established in New York than if it had gone elsewhere.

New York.

LIONEL GELBER.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE ROOT CAUSE OF FAILURE

THOSE whose business it has been over a long period to observe the vagaries, failures and recurrent hopes incidental to the operation of what we call high diplomacy have been struck by one essential truth which seems to stand out from the rest and goes some way towards

defining the central issue in the problem involved. It is this: that fear is the enemy of good performance, fear in the widest scope, all-embracing and formidable because instinctive and unreasoning. It is easy to detect the distant outline of the remedy, to know that faith is the answer to fear: the only answer. But the problem thereby presented to the spirit of man, presented in its most baffling form in the diplomatic relations between sovereign nations, though thus simply and readily recognised, is not so simply solved. Faith is an offered gift from God, fear is the devil's weapon for preventing its acceptance; but fear and the devil are permitted by an omnipotent God to do their work. If a man be obsessed by fear, if his nerves be in such a state that he is in fact unable to resist the inroad of fear, how then, short of miracle, can he resist it? If the salt lose its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?

In the context of international affairs it is not the artificial fear used by tyrants as an instrument of tyranny that is in issue, for such a fear, presented unequivocally as a challenge to the spirit of man, is dealt with as are all such challenges when clearly understood. "For those who are brought under by fear" wrote St Thomas Aquinas "will revolt all the more readily, once an opportunity offers itself of doing so unpunished, according as they have been coerced, by fear alone, against their wills"; and again, "from overmuch fear, many fall into desperation: and desperation drives men more boldly to new revolts." That sort of fear, though it involve suffering, involves no moral problem, because it is clearly recognised as an evil that must be resisted and is therefore automatically resisted. Whether the resistance be successful or not does not matter, so far as the morality of it is concerned. In this particular field there is an important difference between a thing that we call objective and a thing we call subjective. A fear imposed from without is objective and can be resisted. A fear arising from within and undefined is subjective and elusive of remedy. The fear that kills is the subjective, instinctive, vague, unreasoning fear of sovereign States, one of the other, in the anarchic circumstance where the lack of a supernational authority gives nothing of tangible security to hold on to.

In 1914, for instance, Germany was afraid of Britain, France and Russia as an encircling combination of Powers. The fact that the fear had no true basis and was in part the artificial result of Germany's own behaviour does not affect the argument. Britain, with equal ignorance, was afraid of Germany as a rival in the imperial and commercial field, thereby giving rein to an incidental delusion, as stupid as ignorant; for prosperity is in the nature of things indivisible in scope and mutual in effect. France feared Germany as a potentially cruel invader, the shades of 1870 being the potent inspiration of the fear. As in the jungle, so in human nature, when the grace of God is inoperative, a frightened animal is dangerous, and the fear helps to produce the result that is feared. After 1918 a disarmed Germany was afraid of an armed world that had promised (unavailing) in the preamble to Part V of the Treaty of Versailles is its turn to disarm. The promise was not carried out because the other Powers were themselves still afraid even of a disarmed Germany. It was those mutual fears that produced the second world war. The League of Nations Disarmament Commission that was in session for six months

in 1932, and which, if it had succeeded in exorcising the fear by excising the armaments, could probably have given peace in our time, was itself stultified by fear, and it thereby contrived, instead of preventing, to precipitate the second world war, the effect of the failure of that Commission in September 1932 being a main factor in the election of Hitler as German Chancellor three months later.

Britain and France—France more than Britain—were so afraid of Germany as a fighting potentiality that they were afraid to accept an equality with her even on an agreed basis of low military strength. Thereby, and precisely because they were afraid of Germany's potential army, navy and airforce, instead of taking the offered opportunity—offered by Germany herself—of reducing Germany's capacity for making war to a low level, they ensured that Germany would break loose from restraint and would, as she eventually did, devastate both France and Britain in a hell of aggression such as the imagination of man had not before deemed possible. Fear is as potent a destroyer of man's intelligence as dry rot is of the house that gives him shelter; with this difference, that whereas a man will deal objectively with dry rot at the source, he will not, because he cannot, deal with the subjective fear that destroys him in the international field. Cannot? The question brings us full circle to the original question: can faith be given the opportunity of defeating the fear? It can. The circle is mysterious, not necessarily vicious. It becomes vicious only if and when the free gift of redemptive faith is rejected.

The difference between physical nerves, which, when defective, can be cured only by the nerves themselves—a hell of a circle—and the fear that afflicts the spirit of man, is that the latter fear need not feed upon itself. By an act of the will men can become passive and allow the grace of God to fill them with the redemptive faith. That is why the Christian Church includes despair as one of the six sins against the Holy Ghost, it being a matter in the long run of choice. It should be, and to men of simplicity in heart in fact is, a matter for consolation that the more we fail in this test of good sense in the international field, the harder becomes the test and the more urgent the need of success. There is nothing that the spirit of man is not capable of achieving if he accept the means, freely offered, of achievement. There can be no compromise in the field of the spirit. Failure hardens the test. The hardening of the test can be traced to the necessity of forcing men to accept the means.

Having for half a century delayed the acceptance of those means, we find that the problem has been presented to us in a form that excludes the possibility of misunderstanding. The communism that offers the challenge in its latest form is atheist of ideology aforethought. Let the logic of so remarkable a circumstance be given its head. At the beginning of the century there was no formulated menace of atheist materialism. The fear prevalent in international relationships was materialist in its motive, and being given its head produced more materialism. The fully logical climax to the unfaithfulness of Christian nations who surrendered to fear was the emergence of an ideologically materialist menace in the form of communism. The clear upshot is the imposition upon the Christian nations of the duty of defending the Christian way of life which they themselves originally betrayed. It is in the Christian west,

where the fault was rooted, that the remedy must emerge. It can emerge only in the form of a recaptured Christianity as an operative motive of western policies.

Hence it is that the remedy will come from the people by means of an individual recapture of Christian faith. That is what President Truman clearly had in mind when in the year following the end of the second world war (in 1946) he said: "There is no problem on this earth tough enough to withstand the flame of a genuine renewal of religious faith. And some of the problems of today will yield to nothing less than that kind of revival." It is what Signor Gasperi had in mind in this present year (June 5th, 1953) when he said: "There is no greater justice than in the Christian brotherhood . . . we make no exclusive claim to democracy, but we do put Christianity first." It is what the prophet Isaiah who, more than two thousand years ago, when he foretold the coming of Christ and the institution of Christianity, made this reproach to the house of Jacob: "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments: thy peace had been as a river, and thy justice as the waves of the sea". The lesson of our time, as of all time, is that peace and justice do not flow from diplomatic contrivance, but from the faith of our Christian fathers. The root fault of the century's failure and distress is the loss of that faith. The only remedy lies in its recapture by individual men and women. Peace, if there is to be peace, can come only from God, as a river that flows.

PEACE AND THE KREMLIN.

It is in the context of so elementary a truth that is to be assessed the quality of the post-Stalin protestation of peaceful intent on the part of the Kremlin. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in its series "*International Conciliation* (April 1953, No. 490) has issued a volume devoted to an appraisal of such intent from that quarter. It is entitled "Soviet Peace Offensives"; the author is Aleksander W. Rudzinski, a former colleague of the Soviet representatives in the United Nations, being Legal Counsellor to the Polish delegation. The main interest of his study derives from its cold exposure of the coldly calculated part played by professions of peace in the Kremlin's unpeaceful strategy through a whole generation, leading up to a presentation of the possible alternative purposes of the latest such "peace offensive." It is a materialist examination of materialist manifestations. There is such a tactic as a thief being set to catch a thief. An ex-communist knows what communism is. He knows its purpose and its method. Mr. Rudzinski happens also to be exceedingly well-informed, is full and detailed in his memory, incisive in his judgment, as cold in his mind as the "cold peace" he dissects. In his balanced intellectual outlook there is no room for sentimentality nor for easy reaction to an apparent change of heart in Moscow. He is not alone in his opinion that caution is needed in a matter where an abundant experience is available for our guidance.

It is one of the remarkable, consistent features of Soviet tactics, relentlessly pursued up to the time of Stalin's death, that the aggressions were prosecuted under a banner of peace. Equally remarkable is the naivete of the dupes. Youth organisations were formed, armed and drilled in the paradoxical, not to say nonsensical, pretence that the object was peace.

They were given the wicked name—wicked because it was intended to seduce the innocence of youth—of Fighters for Peace. Conferences were convened in the capitals of non-Communist countries for an unpeaceful purpose, and they were invariably called Peace Conferences. No sane person can feel entirely at ease when a new lease of the word peace is launched from that very headquarters in Moscow which for a generation has prostituted the word to its evil intent. It may be that there has been a change of heart; for such a thing is always possible. We do not yet know. It may be that the cynicism, the calculated mischief, the downright roguery of Soviet strategy in the diplomatic field persisting through a period of nearly forty years, have at last come to an end. What Mr. Rudzinski so unpleasantly calls "peace offensives" have so often before radiated from the Kremlin that caution is needed. They have been a systematised instrument of aggression through deception. There is no need to quote from the published works of Lenin and his fellows to substantiate the hypothesis. It is too familiar. Mr. Rudzinski gives the chapters and the verses in the full grim measure. And if by their fruits you shall know them, the harvest is as prolific as poisonous: Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Roumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Eastern Germany, of the one kind; Korea, Indo-China, Tibet, Malaya, Kenya, of another.

Is then a change in the tide of affairs in Korea to be an earnest of something new in the offing? The possibility that such may be the case is not to be ruled out, despite the historical background. Those who have followed the unruly course of international affairs through this chaotic century must have been struck by the unaccountability of the main factors. Cause and effect have often been so confused that the would-be prophets have been correspondingly confounded. Nearly everybody, despite knowledge and experience, has been proved wrong when attempting a forecast.

Edward Benesh, who held office longer than any other politician in the mid-war period, whose knowledge of the diplomatic facts in that period was majestic in its perfection, who knew all the relevant personalities at first hand and was of an unswervingly realist trend of mind, was probably the most surprised pundit of them all at the upshot. His assessment of the Munich climax was woefully at sea. He was wrong about Locarno, that bold enterprise which constituted the peak of mid-war exaltation. As he walked along the shore of the Lake after the initialling of the treaties, (October 16th, 1925) he even expressed the opinion in conversation with the present writer, that the nations had there and then surrendered their historic right to make war. Austen Chamberlain was proved equally wrong when he said "with some confidence" that "as we get away from it, Locarno will be seen to be a real dividing line between the years of war and the years of peace." (October 23rd, 1925). Aristide Briand for France, Luther and Stresemann for Germany, despite their sincerity, were in their turn proved wrong in their prognostication.

Lloyd George, who bestrode the two sides of Downing Street like a Colossus, and at the Genoa Conference of 1922 was acclaimed by his fellow delegates as "Prime Minister of Europe" was so wrong in his outlooks that he even mistook Chicherin as the plenipotentiary of a then non-

existent Russian State as we now know it. Neville Chamberlain in his turn, when the century's tragedy moved into its supreme enactment, was himself proved to be the embodiment of tragedy in his calculations, sincere as they were. Winston Churchill was a tragic miscalculator at Yalta.

What then of the post-Stalin world in which for our sins and for other less obvious reasons we have to live? Is it peace? The quality of peace is too sacred an arbiter of human comfort to be lightly bandied about in the diplomatic exchanges, especially in the context of Russia's essentially non-peaceful record. But one does not know. The big men of our time above mentioned did not know what was in store. Neither the big men nor the small can have any idea what is in store for us after the death of Stalin. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends. . . ." Only one fact can be confidently established, only one truth propounded: namely that the kingdom of heaven on earth is the mysterious answer, not to diplomatic conferences, not to a Korean truce, but to the prayers of the faithful. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Though, as Mr. Rudzinski puts it, "the new cold peace may be called off at any time as abruptly as it was launched on March 9th, 1953," it may on the other hand be filled with the warmth of a lasting reality, if enough people in the world earnestly want it, and therefore seek it in its only source, namely in the hands of God. Such is the simple conclusion to our experience of international diplomacy in our time. The truth brings down the mighty from their pomposity.

PEACE AND WHITEHALL

There happens in this search for peace to be an incidental interest in the kind of diplomatic machinery that is used in the quest. The interest is perhaps academic rather than practical in the sense that such big human ideals as peace and truth, if sincerely encompassed, are not greatly or lastingly baulked by human frailty in the use of the material equipment. Moral determination brooks no material impediment. As none the less the machinery is indispensable (Foreign Offices being as necessary to diplomacy as Churches are to Christianity) it behoves the student of affairs to form an opinion about the true function of the said Foreign Offices. Before 1914 international relationships were cultivated on the traditional lines of professional diplomacy. The diplomat *de carrière* was the deciding voice. He was recruited from the leisured classes, that is, from those classes whose wealth—"unearned" wealth, to use the cliché of the Inland Revenue authorities—enabled him to follow the profession as a vocation without the need to earn his living thereby. As one result of the first world war that particular tradition was in some measure abandoned. The power of the politicians, resulting from the enormous responsibilities that fell upon them, was swollen to such an extent that, for instance in the case of Britain, the political authority usurped much of the competence formerly reserved to the Foreign Office.

Mr. Lloyd George embodied the change in its first impact. He was so powerful that he took over a good deal of the work and initiative in the foreign field without even a by-your-leave to the Foreign Office. At the series of international conferences held in the spas and resorts of western Europe after the end of the war, the Foreign Secretary became a

person of almost non-existent importance. I remember at the Cannes Conference (1922) that Lord Curzon remained alone and neglected in his rooms or in the dining room at the Grand Hotel, the while Mr. Lloyd George in the villa he occupied in another part of the town attracted all the attention and did all the business. Similarly in the crisis that preceded the outbreak of the second world war Mr. Neville Chamberlain decided deliberately to ignore the other side of Downing Street and instructed Sir Neville Henderson, British ambassador in Berlin, to send his despatches directly to No. 10. (The evidence for this statement is that Mr. Chamberlain himself told it to me in conversation at the time).

The fascinatingly interesting volume "Diplomatic Twilight 1930-1940" of Sir Walford Selby's, published by John Murray this year, records from the inside some of the more spectacular results of this change in procedure in the business of conducting our foreign policy. Sir Walford has an unrivalled authority in this field, having been assistant Private Secretary to Sir Edward Grey before 1914 and Private Secretary to five Foreign Secretaries after 1918: namely, MacDonald, Chamberlain, Henderson, Reading, Simon. His service abroad fell in Vienna at the critical period of the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg struggle against Hitler, and later in Lisbon at the height of the tragedy. His account of the confusion produced in the Foreign Office by the political intrusion and the resultant loss of British prestige abroad make engrossing reading. It is not, however, and obviously was not intended to be, the last word on this important subject. It was intended, and successfully contrived, to illumine a particular relevant factor in the appalling muddles of the inter-war years. In this place we are not concerned with the personalities involved—not for instance with Sir Walford's estimate of Lord Vansittart's role in the period, about which a good deal needs to be said which did not fall to Sir Walford to say, and which it is unjust to Lord Vansittart not to say—but only with the broad tendency of what one may call the nationalising of diplomacy.

The politician, elected by the people, theoretically interprets the people's will. Whether the cause of peace is served better by the intrusion of politicians into the former domain of professional diplomacy is a question that must probably be answered in the negative: but on the other hand there is the gaunt and sobering fact that the outbreak of war in 1914—perhaps one of the most fatal dates in human history—was incidental to the period of full competence on the part of the professional diplomatist.

In short the particular machinery is not of decisive import. The machinery may matter greatly in the making of material things such as chairs or tables; in the making of human relationships it matters little, and is far from being the decisive thing. What decides the fate of nations in their relations with one another is the factor—truly democratic, this, but not democratic in the absurd use of the word in our modern politics—of individual human quality; and that is a spiritual thing. The world will have peace when human beings are advanced enough in the spiritual field to deserve it. In politics we get what we deserve. At this present time to say that we deserve what we have got sounds a little harsh, but is probably true.

August 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

COMMUNISM IN THE UNITED STATES*

Most countries have had *causes célèbres* which have stirred them to the depths and aroused the eager interest of the world. Such were the Dreyfus case in France and the Tichborne trial in England. Such were the Moscow trials before the Second World War and the similar horrors in Prague, Budapest and Sofia after the return of peace. Such was the case of Saccho and Vanzetti twenty years ago in the United States. And such is the Hiss case, still the subject of passionate debate.

That Alger Hiss was a high official in the State Department, President of the Carnegie Peace Fund, Secretary of the Conference at San Francisco which framed the charter of Uno, that he was denounced by an old comrade and examined by the Congressional Committee for un-American activities, that he brought an action for libel against Whittaker Chambers, was tried for perjury before one jury which failed to agree, and before a second jury which unanimously sentenced him to five years imprisonment: all this is generally known. What Whittaker Chambers now supplies is the full story of a tense drama seen through the eyes of an ex-Communist, written with eloquence, passion and deep feeling. It is a book which cannot be ignored: indeed it has been classed by some critics among the great spiritual autobiographies of the world. It is not surprising that it has been a best-seller in the United States, and the English edition will doubtless also find many readers.

Witness is more than an indictment of Communism in general and Hiss in particular: it is also the record of the conversion and reconversion of a sensitive man whose unhappy family background and the ruthlessness of American capitalism drove into the Communist camp. Though the book is designed as an anti-Communist broadside, he repeatedly asserts that educated middle-class converts like himself were not moved in the slightest degree by materialist motives but by a misplaced idealism which revolutionised their lives. Horrified and frustrated by the soulless competitive system which existed in the United States long after the foundations of the Welfare State had been laid in England and some other countries of Western Europe, they trooped in desperation into the only party which aimed at its total destruction: no less radical solution, they believed, could bring a better society. Few such apostles, we are told, ever lapse, and reconversion is sometimes associated with a religious crisis. The author, though never a pacifist, has found peace for his tortured soul in the Society of Friends. Communists, we are informed, are no worse than other men; often they are better in the sense that they are far more ready to make sacrifices for the cause which is dearer to them than life. Hiss himself is depicted as a pleasant and kindly man enslaved by an atrocious creed in which the individual counts for nothing and force is proclaimed as the legitimate instrument of the social revolution.

American opinion is sharply divided. Those who believe that it is the paramount duty of every anti-Communist and ex-Communist to destroy a movement which threatens the pattern of American life and the traditional values of West European civilisation naturally approve the action of the author in attacking his old associates. Others censure his intransigence and question the reliability of a witness who had shown instability first in serving and then in denouncing with equal zeal a vast subversive movement. The whole book is an apologia, but the kernel of the argument is to be found in the moving Foreword which takes the form of "A Letter to my Children." That he suffered grievously from the long duel with an old friend and from the furious

attacks directed against him from many quarters is indicated by his attempted suicide. Does not this desperate resolve by a man so devoted to his wife and children point to a condition of overwrought nerves? The book is written at white heat and, like most born fighters, the author tends to over-simplify the issues. "The Communist vision," he declares, "is the vision of Man without God, the vision of man's mind displacing God as the creative intelligence of the world." But Christian Communists are not unknown, and millions of sturdy anti-Communists reject the author's theology. The crisis of the Western world, he proclaims, exists to a degree in which it is indifferent to God. That is nothing new, for preachers have been sounding the same note ever since the days of the Hebrew prophets. Thus the narrative of the Communist conspiracy in the United States ends in a sermon.

In reading this sincere and striking book we can never forget that it was written by an American for American readers. Is his lurid picture of the extent and danger of Communism in the U.S. overdone? Did not his campaign give Senator McCarthy and his Witch-hunters their chance and thereby endanger the constitutional liberties of law-abiding citizens? In England the atmosphere is much less sultry; our blood is cooler; we are less inclined to panic and far less responsive to propaganda; we prefer the middle of the road. In the United States Communism is a burning domestic as well as a grave international issue; in England it is only the latter. The best way to combat both Communism and Fascism is to work unceasingly and by constitutional means for reforms which render the conditions of life tolerable to the ordinary citizen and thus remove the feelings of frustration and exasperation which prepare the way for the reign of violence.

G. P. GOOCH.

*Whittaker Chambers. *Witness*, Andre Deutsch. 21s.

LUCREZIA BORGIA*

Despite the voluminous literature—fictional and otherwise—inspired by the meteoric career of the House of Borgia, there was room for this well-written, accurate and scholarly monograph of one of its most interesting and intriguing personalities. Miss Haslip makes few concessions to a merely morbid curiosity, and the wealth of sensual and sensational detail which some of us are accustomed to associate with any record of Lucrezia's short and emotionally crowded life finds no place in the book. Not for nothing, indeed, is it described as "A Study." That is what it reveals itself to be; eminently suited to studious taste, even when recounting the least studious episodes and imparting an air of reliability to the most lurid and improbable incidents. Not that Miss Haslip minimises the more shocking fashions of the Renaissance Period. Its unprincipled principles, its freedom from all restraint, its unbridled indulgence in physical pleasure, pomp and pageantry and, above all, the peculiar ease with which its high-ranking personages contrived to commit deeds of violence and then conveniently consign such deeds to oblivion and, seemingly, to suffer no pang of remorse or regret. Of all these atrocities we get a clear, though restrained representation. The Borgias were not only typical of their age, but capable of contributing substantially to its worst qualities; and His Unholy Holiness Alexander VI and his apparently conscienceless son Cesare exerted an almost hypnotic influence on Lucrezia's impressionable young mind. Always she seems so passionately to have loved and admired them both that she was content to shut her eyes to their worst errors. Thus, though Miss Haslip shows us a vivid picture of her charming figure—her lissom grace, sunnily fair hair and the remarkable pale eyes—"gli occhi bianchi"—which gave character to her sweet child-like face, we get but a vague idea of what her inner self was like.

The shadow of the evil paternal and fraternal domination lies too heavily upon her and confuses our critical judgments. For example, though apparently sincerely attached to her second husband, Alfonso of Aragon and perfectly aware that his murder was the work of the jealous Cesare, she resumed, after the first burst of grief, affectionate relations with the murderer and remained as devoted to his interests as before the crime. Fortunately, however, she outlived both her evil geniuses, and her marriage with Alfonso D'Este of the ducal house of Ferrara proved unexpectedly happy—lasted eighteen years. Incidentally, we should have liked a fuller description of that union; for even the Duchess's untimely death after childbirth, in the summer of 1519, is more peaceful than painful to contemplate. She had reformed her life and habits, gained the love and respect of her husband and the friendship of men of genius, and bequeathed to the Ferrara folk, who adored her, a wholly fragrant memory. We must add that the *format* of the book deserves nothing but praise and the excellent illustrations increase its interest. The only flaw is the abruptness with which the narrative concludes.

G. M. HORT.

*Joan Haslip. *Lucrezia Borgia*. Cassell. 21s.

HANNAH MORE*

In her admirable book on *The Charity School Movement* in the eighteenth century, Dr. M. G. Jones has prepared the way for this biography of Hannah More, who is probably best known to many readers as a foundress of such schools. While her work on these lines is sympathetically treated here, she is shown as a much more attractive and accomplished figure than that somewhat austere aspect might suggest. Her serious moral purpose was combined with a sprightly charm, she was honoured alike in fashionable, in literary, and in religious circles. Her long life (1745-1833) allowed her to enjoy the friendship of the Garricks, Johnson, and Sir Joshua, and, later, of Wilberforce and the young Macaulay. She never met Cowper, a kindred spirit, who admired her writing as she did his. With Horace Walpole, despite his first antipathy to "Holy Hannah," and her sorrowful disapproval of his views, a long-standing friendship was formed. Particularly attractive is her happy understanding of children, to which several letters bear witness.

These letters, says Dr. Jones, some of which have only recently come to light, best reveal Hannah; vivid, shrewd, and unaffected, they will bear comparison with those of the great letter-writers of her day. "They have been curiously neglected by historians of the eighteenth century." Roberts, a former biographer, suppressed or altered letters and incidents which he considered inconsistent with the character of an Evangelical lady. That character, increasingly as life went on, was Hannah's. Disliking revivalism or controversy, she remained content with the sober Evangelicalism of the English Church. She had, however, friends among Dissenters, and worked with them in the Anti-Slavery movement. Her views on "the poor," and the education suitable for them, do inevitably sound narrow and patronising today. She felt a real sympathy for their distresses, but was no economist; her main concern, both for them and for the upper-class girls whom she desired to see better educated, was to make known the scheme of divine redemption. Her manual of suggested instruction for the young Princess Charlotte was enthusiastically approved by Queen Charlotte and other authorities.

Hannah More's literary output was enormous, and can only be summarised here. It includes two early plays, sponsored by Garrick, a novel, and a series of essays and tracts, in prose and verse. These very varied works won instant

popularity. Some of the *Tracts*, in homely language, were compiled at official request to counter the anti-religious ones of Cobbett and Paine.

Dr. Jones' book, which will doubtless rank as the standard biography of its subject, is superbly produced, as becomes the University Press, and has several delightful illustrations. Its high cost is thus accounted for, but one may hope for a later edition at a lower price. The chapter headings are grouped to indicate the various aspects of Hannah's life, in London and Somerset, and there are comprehensive Notes. In a candid summing-up of Hannah's defects and virtues, "she emerges as a woman of integrity, piety and moral courage, on whose tongue was the law of kindness."

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

**Hannah More*. By M. G. Jones, Litt.D. Cambridge University Press, 1952. 27s. 6d.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

In this thought-provoking collection of essays Mr. Marius Bewley is primarily concerned with tracing the development of American literature in relation to, and as distinct from, English cultural traditions, so it is perhaps appropriate that he should take his cue (and also his title) from Henry James, who once remarked: "It's a complex fate, being an American, and one of the responsibilities it entails is fighting against a superstitious valuation of Europe." There is certainly nothing superstitious about Mr. Bewley's attitude. Yet he resists the temptation—to which many critics in his own country seem to be peculiarly susceptible—to go to the other extreme and acclaim all writing that is superficially American in subject-matter, manner and approach. On the contrary, he makes the very convincing claim that America's greatest achievement in literature during the nineteenth century is represented not by what he calls "the frontier colloquial tradition," as is generally assumed, but by the tradition embodied in the work of Fenimore Cooper, Herman Melville, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry James. These writers, he maintains, were most deeply conscious of the needs and potentialities arising from the new patterns of life rapidly taking shape around them, and it was out of "the tensions between their faith and their fears" that the finest art America has ever produced was created.

This is substantiated in the essays devoted to the examination of the relationship between Hawthorne and Henry James, the writers to whom most attention is given, and the extent to which the former influenced the latter. A somewhat jarring note is struck by the inclusion of Dr. Leavis's disagreement with Mr. Bewley's interpretation of *What Maisie Knew*, Mr. Bewley's reply, and further comments by Dr. Leavis. It is, of course, always interesting to read conflicting opinions by such shrewd critics as these, but as the viewpoints here expressed are not carried to any sort of conclusion or reconciliation, and peter out in fruitless thrust and counterthrust, one feels that the argument might more profitably have been conducted elsewhere. The remaining chapters, *Some Aspects of Modern American Poetry*, *The Poetry of Wallace Stevens*, *Mencken and the American Language* and *Kenneth Burke as Literary Critic*, are each complete and satisfying in their own right, but they also serve to emphasize the significance of the points already made by the author and, covering a surprisingly wide area of the American literary scene as they do, add to the unquestionable value of this timely book.

HOWARD SERGEANT.

The Complex Fate: Marius Bewley. (Chatto & Windes, 16s.)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In the immense bulk of Theodore Roosevelt's correspondence this instalment takes us to the end of his Presidency in 1909, and almost to the close of the stretch of his public life that may rightly be called significant. Volume 5 opens, after the electoral triumph of 1904, with a batch of letters revealing the President's justified satisfaction over the peace between Japan and Russia. There follows, in his customary profusion, the day-by-day record of activities, with downright reasons for his actions and a continuous defence of policy. As he came near to retirement he declared that no man could have enjoyed the great office more, and that during the seven years he had never done anything in violation of his ideal. He could have been re-elected in 1908 but for his pledge against a third term. He believed in the full force of executive authority, while insisting that no ruler should hold power beyond a definite period. W. H. Taft as his successor had his unqualified approval, but this attitude was speedily reversed.

There is a surprise for the reader in the introduction, which is a curious literary exercise. The editor-in-chief considers the view, now widespread in America, that the first Roosevelt's stature has steadily declined since his death in 1919, and further, that his administration did not contribute as he puts it, to "any of the massive formulations, either of intellect or spirit, that appear in the national heritage." Mr. Morison does not disagree, and he goes on to assert that this amazingly vital President may in the verdict of history be placed low in the long roll of names. There must, of course, be strong dissent from this opinion. Certainly it is not difficult to argue that he was a man of every great value to the United States in the early 1900's. His conception of the Presidency was something far more than the drive of a restless administrator. He saw plainly the menace of predatory wealth. He was the first to grasp the need of a policy directed towards the conservation of basic national resources. Pioneers in the field of welfare and social redemption looked upon him as the first President to become aware of the deeper social problem. This last point illustrates one sharp contradiction of his character, for he never disguised his contempt for the men whom he denounced as professional liberals, who included some of the most honoured citizens of the time. Not a few of his prejudices were perverse or ludicrous and he never revised them.

He enjoyed writing at length to a few eminent friends in England, especially Sir George Trevelyan and Sir Cecil Spring Rice. He would range over wide regions of history with Bryce, discuss social decadence with Balfour and at times venture upon literary themes. He wrote a letter of eight closely-printed pages to Owen Wister in strong criticism of *Lady Baltimore*. He had no more intimate associate than Senator Lodge, yet did not learn from him that their friend Henry Adams was the author of that excellent Washington novel *Democracy*. Although the editing of the Letters, which will fill at least eight volumes, has been thoroughly organised and is being carried out with great care certain defects are undeniable. A brief introduction to each section is clearly needed. The address of the recipient of a letter is never given. When the President addresses "My dear Governor," Senator, or Secretary, there is seldom anything to tell where he belongs. Scores of unidentified names, altogether unknown to present-day American readers, are here. It is hard to see why family letters, purely personal in substance, should be distributed throughout an ample source-book of political history.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt. Edited by E. E. Morison. Vols. 5 and 6. Oxford, Cumberlege. 130s.

A new work on the Suez Canal has been written by Mr. Hugh J. Schonfield, who is well known for his biography of Ferdinand de Lesseps and for his short popular history of the Canal, published in the Penguin Books shortly before the War. His latest book, *The Suez Canal in World Affairs*, covers the ground of his earlier work, and brings the story of the Canal up to the "Black Saturday" riots in Cairo on January 26, 1952. In his treatment of the Anglo-Egyptian dispute Mr. Schonfield is detached but generally sympathetic to the Egyptian case. He argues that the retention of forces in the Canal Zone is not for the Canal's protection, but rather to serve the general strategic interests of Great Britain and the North Atlantic Powers in the Middle East against Soviet Russia, which is outside the scope of the Suez Canal Concession and the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936. The worth of this volume, however, is not so much as a commentary upon contemporary policy of the Great Powers as a factual study of the Canal's history. The author has included a very useful chapter upon the work of the Suez Canal Company since the War. He deals with the "Seventh and Greatest Works Programme" in the Canal's history, laid down in 1949. It includes the cutting of a by-pass canal, seven and a half miles long, and also the deepening of the Canal throughout its length. He also discusses the 1949 Agreement between the Suez Canal Company and the Egyptian Government, which provides, *inter alia*, for increasing the number of Egyptian Directors and raising the proportion of Egyptians on the Company's staff to over 80 per cent. There are only fifteen years before the Concession terminates and the Canal passes into Egyptian ownership and direction.

A. DE MONTMORENCY.

Constellation Books, Vallentine, Mitchell & Co., 15s.

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After the partition of India in 1947 and the appalling communal massacres that followed, there was an interchange of population between India and Pakistan on a scale probably greater, according to Horace Alexander in his book, *"New Citizens of India,"** than anything seen in the world before. In this largely eye-witness account we are given an encouraging picture of the way in which India has tackled the almost insuperable problem of absorbing the six to eight million refugees who so suddenly and so tragically came to her for refuge. The task was comparatively straightforward when the new arrivals could be quickly settled on land just vacated by those who fled in the opposite direction to Pakistan. But it was an entirely different matter to deal, for example, with the excessive influx of shop-keepers who, planting their booths along the streets, and having no rent to pay, soon dislocated local trade, with disastrous psychological consequences. In effect, therefore, India had to train vast numbers of people to earn a living in new trades that did not clash with but indeed augmented the existing economy. To deal satisfactorily with the hard core of the urban refugee population a number of new towns had to be set up. Descriptions of visits to these make fascinating reading. The building of the towns and the learning of new trades go forward hand in hand with the most important work of all, the rehabilitation of people who have suffered so much in body, mind and spirit. Inevitably in an upheaval of this size, there are many who fall by the way and whose only hope is to beg, to steal or to starve. Then there are "abducted women" (mostly now repatriated) who are still not recovered sufficiently to become self-supporting, even after years in rehabilitation centres.

Nor were the "Untouchables" easy to rehabilitate, and of course much unnecessary additional suffering was due simply to human muddle, unwisdom, or complacency. The main impression left by this book, apart from the account of India's heroic struggle to create order out of chaos, is once again that most large-scale human suffering is unnecessary. The massacres would probably not have happened "if there had been no evil-minded instigation of violence." Left to themselves, long columns of outgoing Muslim refugees, heading for Pakistan, met incoming columns of Hindus and Sikhs and there was no trace of hostility on either side. Man's inhumanity to Man is not spontaneous.

G. B. GOOCH.

*Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

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The Gulf of Years: Letters from John Ruskin to Kathleen Olander (Allen & Unwin, 9s. 6d.) adds a new and surprising chapter to the life of a man of genius. Success and celebrity are no substitute for a happy home, which he never possessed. His marriage to Effie Gray was only a marriage in name, and his touching romance with Rose la Touche ended with her early death. Now, more than half a century after his death, we learn of a later romance with a young art student whom he found copying a Turner in the National Gallery. On his side it was love at first sight, and the lonely old man, nearing seventy, and already subject to fits of depression, dreamed of an Indian Summer. His affection was reciprocated, though without dreaming that it might lead to an offer of marriage. The touching correspondence lasted less than a year, but none of her letters are included. It is hardly surprising that her parents intervened with a harsh letter informing her that "you must have nothing more to do with the old man. We forbid you to correspond any further with Mr. Ruskin." Despite the veto Kathleen, whose brief comments add greatly to the value of this poignant little book, often wrote to him, though she believes that all her letters were intercepted by Mrs. Severn, who kept house for Ruskin at Brentwood and resented competing influences. They never met again, though she once called and saw him through the window. When she learned of the circumstances of the old divorce case she confesses that in the light of that knowledge she would happily have accepted his proposal of marriage. Some years later she married. Though some readers may feel that such letters are too intimate for publication, others will welcome the new evidence that his heart was full of love. As to the character and conduct of Kathleen as revealed in his letters and her comments there will only be a chorus of praise.

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The latest item in Longman's *Men & Books* (10s. 6d. each) is Michael Joyce's study of Gibbon, which maintains the high standard set by the volumes on Shaw, Conrad, Marlowe, Defoe and Browning. Brief, clear, and beautifully produced, these little books should make a wide appeal to the general reader. Mr. Joyce is equally successful in the presentation of a very unusual character

and in the analysis of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. No one has ever called Gibbon a great man, but he is the first British historian to achieve immortality and the author of the only historical work of the eighteenth century, except Voltaire's *Siecle de Louis XIV*, which is still widely read. That it owes its longevity more to its incomparable style than to its academic merits is true enough, but Mr. Joyce is justified in his tribute to the conscientious scholarship and essential accuracy of the work. Interpretation, of course, is a different matter, and its outstanding fault is its blindness to the high significance of the Ages of Faith in Western Europe and of the later Byzantine Empire as the guardian of Hellenic culture. Gibbon, like Voltaire, was a complacent child of the Age of Reason, and his contempt for the religious element in the story of mankind gives a one-sided look to the story of the thousand years which followed the conversion of Constantine.

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Sigrid Undset: A study in Christian Realism, by A. H. Winsnes, (Sheed & Ward, 15s.) describes the life and writings of the first Norwegian woman to win world-wide celebrity similar to that achieved by the Swedish novelist Selma Lagerlov. Her largest and best known work, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, a study of medieval life, found numerous British readers, but her studies of the Norwegian society of today, which are also translated, seem to be equally worth reading. The sub-title of this book, *A study in Christian Realism*, is only applicable to her later novels, for her conversion to Catholicism—an extremely rare occurrence in Scandinavian countries—only occurred in middle life. The war years were spent in America, and she died in 1949 at the age of sixty-seven. The reader of this admirable biography receives the impression of a strong, thoughtful, highly gifted woman who in her novels ignored neither the darker side of nature nor its spiritual possibilities.



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REFLECTIONS ON RUSSIA

INTEREST in the Soviet Government has its ups and downs. For nearly thirty-six years the Western World has watched the Bolsheviks with feelings that have undergone many transformations—ranging from impotent hostility to cynical cupidity, and from pompous futility to temporary amity. However, thirty-six years is a long time and no place or group of people can command the continuous interest of the rest of the world. Moreover, the endless Soviet external and internal switches of policy; the ever new five year plans; the internecine struggles of the Bolshevik hierarchy with the resultant purges, trials and confessions; in a word, all the Moscow “monkey-tricks,” to use the late Ramsay MacDonald’s famous phrase, have ended up in producing in the non-Soviet countries a feeling of boredom and exhaustion. Nevertheless, from time to time all eyes and all spotlights become focused on Moscow. Some new dramatic event or move seems so ominous that once again experts and others try to seek, if not information then at least a clue as to what is going on behind the Kremlin walls or what is to be expected next.

The democracies have a curious tendency to be caught unawares and never fail to express peeved surprise when totalitarian states, or especially the dictators personally, behave in a way that is contrary to the one which was expected. In the case of Soviet Russia this is largely due to the West’s habit of always putting the most recondite interpretation on everything the Bolsheviks do or look like doing. The Western powers would have saved themselves many a costly mistake and many a disappointment in all these years if they had chosen the simple rather than the complicated explanation of Moscow’s policies and actions, and if instead of always underestimating or overestimating the strength of the Soviet Government they had tried to assess it at its proper value. A typical example of this unreasonable approach was manifested in early August when at the session of the supreme Soviet, Malenkov announced that the United States “has no monopoly in the production of the hydrogen bomb.” The international press hastened to proclaim that he was bragging, but a few days later most authoritative sources in Britain and America confirmed that, alas, Malenkov had not been bragging at all. Since then it has also become apparent that Moscow not only has the H-bomb but also the planes to deliver these bombs—an unforeseen fact which is bound to alter completely much of America’s and West Europe’s strategy, not to mention the impact of this discovery on public opinion or on defence expenditure.

Of course, this was not at all the information the Western World was looking for at this session of the top Soviet legislative body. There was reason to believe that while the general deliberations would be of

relatively little interest, somewhere, and perhaps carefully hidden in a maze of verbiage and banalities, a clue could be found to explain what was really going on in Soviet Russia since Stalin's death. But while Malenkov's speech ranged over a large field, Stalin was not mentioned at all and the briefest of references was made to the liquidation of Beria—a process which now clearly seems to have begun a long time ago (in secret) and which only became public with the sensational announcement of July 10th. Indeed, all that Malenkov said was that Beria had been "unmasked and rendered harmless." This reticence was in striking contrast to the accustomed forms of Bolshevik political theatricals which constitute an integral part of a technique of government based upon assassination.

That strange things are going on in Soviet Russia since Stalin's death is obvious enough, even though some of the forms of the present struggle for power did not appear at first in their traditional naked brutality. The mere fact that Beria has been removed from office and, like all fallen Soviet potentates, is now being charged with treason, is staggering enough even to those who seldom feel surprised at anything that happens behind the Kremlin walls. The calibre of the man who only one month previously, on June 10th, had been described by PRAVDA as one of the "three pillars of the Soviet State"; who was perhaps Stalin's most trusted henchman; who for years had been known as Malenkov's closest friend and who since 1938 had been the unchallenged head of Soviet Russia's secret police (under its various names, but with unchanging murderous activities), and who after Stalin's death seemed to have risen still further in importance—all these factors combine to make the picture more than ever confusing.

All over the world the so-called Russian experts have rushed in with explanations. They, and many other commentators, also immediately proceeded to read into Beria's downfall a political significance profoundly affecting the Soviets' foreign relations as well as the domestic affairs of the U.S.S.R. He was represented as a protagonist of a more peaceful attitude towards the West and as an adherent of a more liberal policy within the Soviet world. There is not a shred of evidence to show that, even judged by Bolshevik standards, this murderer of millions was milder than any of his colleagues, and to describe a man who was chief executioner for fifteen ears as a "liberal" is really an outrage. This speculation based on pure guesswork and mostly practised by people whose ignorance of everything Russian is only equalled by their aplomb, throws very little light on the subject. But enough facts are available, which moreover are fully borne out by the whole history of Soviet Russia, to warrant a certain number of conclusions which may not be as sensational as some of the current myths, yet at least possess the merit of realism and common-sense.

To begin with, it has been obvious for many years that the three main sources and instruments of power in the U.S.S.R. are the Secret Police, the Communist party and the Army. As long as Stalin lived, the titular heads of these three organisations were his unquestioning slaves and, however much they may have loathed each other, they were compelled to work together for their master. Sometimes Stalin used the one against

the others. Thus he purged the Party and the Army with the help of the Secret Police, and then purged the Police itself. He was strong enough to destroy his Chiefs of Police last—after they had accomplished the murderous tasks he had set them. And significantly enough these formidable men, like Menshinsky, Yagoda and Yeshov, could be arrested without any apparent resistance, their own Secret Police not coming to their rescue or not even bothering to protect them. There invariably seemed to be somebody else only too willing to take on the job and apparently fully equipped to incarcerate the chief jailer of only yesterday in the prison cells which used to be his empire.

Stalin's death has upset the balance of this smooth if deadly mechanism in certain respects—but not, as Beria's case now proves, as completely as might have been thought. It is still possible to overthrow an ostensibly all-powerful chief of the secret police, to get him locked up in one of his own cells, and to find an eager successor among his own closest immediate entourage. The situation is particularly interesting because at a superficial glance it would have been logical to assume that Beria held a much stronger position than Malenkov. As Deputy Premier, as Minister of the Interior, as Supreme Master of the Police, as Marshal of the Army and as Head of Soviet Atomic Developments, he held both civilian and military rank and had in addition to that the distinction of a prestige second to none among the Bolshevik hierarchy.

In all probability it was precisely this concentration of power—actual or latent—in his hands that caused his undoing. Unlike Stalin, Malenkov could not afford the luxury of destroying the policeman last. Beria was dangerous since he happened to have detailed files not only on Malenkov himself but on all the other Soviet leaders as well. Presumably Malenkov has had no difficulty in persuading these men that such a dangerous fellow had to be destroyed before he had a chance of destroying any—or all—of them. Indeed, from his own point of view, Malenkov did the perfectly logical thing in beginning his consolidation of power and the building up of his authority by wiping out the one man best equipped to challenge him or even to remove him. There is nothing very surprising in all this. We know from history that triumvirates seldom last for any length of time or provide instances of exemplary teamwork. Also, human nature scarcely facilitates smooth relations when from a position of equality one man is suddenly raised to towering superiority over his colleagues of only yesterday.

The immediate lessons to be drawn from this episode, and which provide one more striking denial to the propaganda line of all the Soviet sycophants throughout the world, is that there is neither loyalty among the top Bolshevik hierarchy nor a sense of confidence in the security of their own regime. Time and again since Stalin's death official statements have appealed for "vigilance in the struggle against internal and external enemies," and have warned against "disorder and panic." After thirty-six years of alleged triumphs and the constant reiteration of the "monolithic community" of the Soviet State, the references to internal enemies or the warnings against panic are eloquent enough. In what other country, democratic or totalitarian, has the death of a leader made such appeals necessary or even plausible?

More eloquent still is another aspect of this whole dreary business which has emerged in all previous purges as well, but never quite so clearly: if a man in Beria's position is really the traitor and miscreant he is now represented to be, there is not much to be said in favour of a regime which allows such criminals to rise to the top and exercise supreme power over many years. On the other hand, if the charges are pure fabrication and part of the "milieu" vendetta—and there is no cause to doubt that this is so and that Beria was in no way inferior to Malenkov as a genuine Bolshevik—what can be said in favour of a system which has to invent such ghastly accusations against its own principal creators and administrators? The Soviets have a way of picking, whenever they feel the moment to be opportune, one of their own top men and attributing to him sole responsibility for all their failures at home and abroad—past, present and even future. This technique is by now too well known to require any further comment. What remains to be seen is whether the other leading ministers and, chief of all, the Army leadership, are sufficiently intimidated by the Beria affair or whether Malenkov will find it necessary to crack down on them as well, or whether to avoid Beria's fate they liquidate Malenkov before he gets them. This is the Soviet system of government and there is inexorable logic in it.

However, there is nothing whatever in the latest developments to indicate that this system is changing; that it is becoming more liberal or more dictatorial; and least of all that it is in progress of disintegrating. That Stalin's death, and the struggle for power which inevitably had to result from it, represent a serious internal convulsion there can be no doubt. This would also mean considerable external weakness if Soviet Russia happened to be faced by a united, strong and dynamic opposition of the Western world. The present state of this Western world can scarcely be taken to constitute a serious threat to Moscow—either in the diplomatic or the military sense. And since the men in the Kremlin know about the crippling incapacities of their would-be opponents, they not only have nothing to fear but can play upon democratic disunity, rivalry, pacifism and European-American tensions to their heart's content. Indeed, the Western World is behaving exactly along the lines predicted by Stalin in his long article in the "Bolshevik" last autumn—when he clearly said that there was no need for him to make war on the West, and that he could afford to sit and watch how the Western World was weakening or destroying itself.

Nevertheless, it is reasonable to assume that in view of its present domestic difficulties Moscow needs what it calls a "Peredyshka" (breathing space). There have been many similar occasions before when domestic problems had to be given priority over world affairs, and invariably Moscow combined a less hostile attitude to the West (assumed not through a change of heart, but through sheer necessity) with an effort to create disunion amongst its enemies. At the present juncture the Bolsheviks are once again pursuing these two purposes simultaneously. But while Moscow makes trifling concessions on issues to which it is fairly indifferent, the fundamental problems of Germany, the European satellites, Communist China, and the various wars in the East, remain unsolved. Perhaps, if Sir Winston Churchill's plea for the most general

of talks at the highest of levels, following immediately on Stalin's death, had taken place, some limited results might have been achieved. Now the position is quite different—not only because the occasion has been lost, but because in Washington the subject of discussion has been narrowed down to that of Germany. No Russian government—Bolshevik, Democratic or Tsarist—can afford to remain indifferent to the rearmament of Western Germany. In selecting this problem as the principal item for discussion (and not by the Heads of State but by Foreign Ministers) the Western Allies have picked on one of those rare issues where all of Russia's interests happen to coincide. When the men in the Kremlin can act not only in the name of their own distatorship and as promoters of world revolution but also as defenders of Russia's national interests they are particularly strong. The future of Germany is crucial to Russia. Thus Moscow has the choice of either trying to pull in Germany on Russia's side or of going out of the way to destroy her; but in no circumstances can the Russians remain mere onlookers.

Whatever the internal or external gyrations of the Soviet Government in the near future may be, this much at least is certain; Malenkov must go on murdering his way up to unchallenged power; hostility towards the rest of the world and profound suspicion of it remain unchanged even if the methods of conducting foreign relations do undergo spectacular changes from time to time; and the guiding principle of the regime still remains neatly summed up in Lenin's old formula: "Who—whom?"

GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK.

THE FEDERAL GERMAN ELECTION

THE extent to which the Federal German election of 6th September has made history is seen most clearly by a comparison of the political situation at Bonn with that in Paris or Rome. It was expected that Dr. Adenauer's government coalition would win, but it was feared that its majority would be so small as to rob it of the ability to carry out a clear foreign policy with the ratification of the Allied treaties, and that an impasse similar to the one in Italy and France would ensure. The Christian Democrat landslide which in fact happened came quite unexpectedly both to German and foreign observers. It constituted a journalistic sensation of the first order and a new departure in the history of German parliamentary government.

The Christian Democratic Party of Dr. Adenauer by itself obtained an absolute majority, thus reaffirming the strength of the alliance between Catholics and Protestants on which it is based. It is worth recalling that under the Weimar Republic the electorate never gave any one party an absolute majority in a free election, not even in the end to the National Socialists. The Reichstag of the Weimar Republic was often frustrated in its debates by the unruly extremists on both sides. The new Bundestag, however, will not contain any extremists, either of the right or of the left. The Communist vote dropped to an all-time low of 2.2% and the party is

thus excluded from representation under the 5% rule, as it failed to win a single constituency. The German Reich Party (D.R.P.), an extremist group of the right, suffered an even more disastrous defeat, only obtaining 1.1%, remaining well below 5% even in its stronghold of Lower Saxony.

The new Bundestag was elected under a system giving two votes to every member of the electorate—one for the constituency candidate elected on the ordinary majority principle, the other for a party electoral list for each "Land" on the basis of proportional representation (deducting the seats already won by each party in the "Land" concerned on the direct constituency vote). Under this system—which could not in anyway be described as electoral trickery—the electorate succeeded in reducing the number of parties represented in parliament to a reasonable number, something which never happened during the previous democratic regime.

Only six parties are now represented, or five if the tiny representation of the Catholic Centre Party—which only survived by means of an electoral alliance with the Christian Democrats—is counted as part of the C.D.U. Thus in a Bundestag of 487 members the Christian Democrats (including the three Centre Party deputies) control 247 seats, equivalent to a 51% of the Lower House. With the help of its previous partners, the Free Democrats (48 seats) and the German Party (15 seats), the government coalition—which, however, largely fought the election separately—controls 63.7% of the House.

Dr. Adenauer can achieve a two-thirds majority only with the help of the Refugee Party (Gesamtdeutscher Block-BHE), which with 27 seats has emerged as the fourth strongest party. With the support of their additional 5.5% of the deputies, the Chancellor can control nearly 70% of the Bundestag, which would leave the Social Democrats with 150 members, representing just over 30%, as the only opposition party. What is certain is that the Social Democrats can no longer muster the requisite one-third of the House—which they previously achieved with the help of the Centre Party—against the Allied treaties for the purpose of complaints to the Constitutional Court. The Refugee Party of Waldemar Kraft have come out unequivocally in support of the treaties so that their passage through the Bundestag with a two-thirds majority would seem to be assured. A general possession of the two-thirds majority would enable the government to deal with any constitutional difficulties which arise, either by way of amending the Basic Law or by reforming the Constitutional Court. The era of stalemate in which government, opposition and Constitutional Court held each other in check is certainly over. A clear situation, approaching a two-party system, has been created. Rarely in history has the electorate spoken so unequivocally.

First and foremost, the electorate certainly gave an overwhelming verdict for the Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, not paying any heed to the anti-Catholic agitation of the Social Democrats. At 77, Dr. Adenauer completely dominated the scene. The present writer, who was in Germany during the election campaign, twice had the privilege at Bonn of listening to Dr. Adenauer. The first time was a few days before the election, when the Chancellor addressed a public meeting. He spoke for one and three quarter hours, never tiring. Dr. Adenauer is not a

born orator, and yet he is a most effective speaker. With a delightful sense of humour, his cosy Rhineland accent, his almost impassive and inscrutable, yet constantly alert and watching facial expression, the hint of almost boyish delight with which he leads up to his points, using only a very restricted and easily understandable vocabulary, the Chancellor succeeded in popularising the achievement of his government and his future policy in tireless journeyings throughout the land. The second time this writer heard Dr. Adenauer was immediately after the announcement of the complete election results, when he addressed a packed press conference of both German and foreign correspondents in the hour of his triumph. Listening to him, one had the feeling of being in the presence of a great man, of a great German and a great European. In the election the comparison with the Social Democratic leader, Ollenhauer, could not but be to the disadvantage of the opposition. For not only had Dr. Adenauer presided at a period of extreme crisis over one of the most successful governments in German history, but he also looks back on a long and distinguished public career, particularly as Mayor of Cologne throughout the Weimar Republic. Compared with that, Ollenhauer's record as a party official does not carry much weight.

It has been said in certain quarters—including, quite irresponsibly, in those of the Social Democrats—that the result of the election shows that the Germans still believe in hero-worship. A more unfair interpretation of the situation could hardly be imagined. Quite legitimately, the contest of democracy is often symbolised by a contest of personalities. Nobody would claim that a vote for Disraeli or for Gladstone was an indication of British hero-worship in the nineteenth century. Adenauer has succeeded in catching the popular imagination of the German electorate to an extent that probably no statesman of the Weimar Republic, not even Stresemann or Brüning, did. This is perhaps his greatest achievement, for democracy cannot gain strong roots in any country if its protagonists fail to win over the hearts of the people. It is only to be hoped that the Chancellor will not be unmindful of the need to make provision, now that his personal position is so strong, for an adequate succession in due course.

Naturally the Christian Democrats benefited more from their association with Dr. Adenauer in the eyes of the electorate than the other two coalition parties, the Free Democrats and the German Party. Still, the tremendous gains of the Christian Democrats, as compared with the static vote (and therefore proportional decline, owing to the high voting participation) of the two minor partners cannot be explained only in terms of Dr. Adenauer's personality. The Christian Democrats are a national party full of life right through the Federal Republic, from the Protestant North down to the Catholic South. Its ideas are clear and well-known, to this extent, of course, benefiting from its association with a great public figure. It has never been seriously possible to maintain about the Christian Democrats—any more than about the Social Democrats—that there had been any National Socialist infiltration.

The picture about the other two coalition parties is less clear. Serious allegations of neo-Nazi infiltration into the Free Democratic Party in Lower Saxony and North Rhine-Westphalia have been made. This

party has lost all coherence and now seems to contain three quite distinct groups, liberals of the old school like Reinhold Maier, moderate conservatives like Middelhaue, and more dubious elements of the extreme right which are only with difficulty being purged. Also the tergiversations of Reinhold Maier as Minister-President of Baden-Württemberg and as President of the Bundesrat over the question of the Allied treaties can hardly have redounded to the credit of the party as a whole. In any case, quite apart from its lack of coherence, the party cannot rank as a national one, as it is very weak in certain parts of the country.

As to the German Party, this is even more of a local affair. It is very largely unrepresented in the South. As the official right-wing party, with the slogan "strengthen the right wing", it is bound to attract some dubious elements, though it is probably preferable that these people should join a government party rather than form a group of their own. Much about this party is certainly unpalatable. This writer heard an official German Party speaker in Hamburg preach a gospel of unmitigated nationalism curiously combined with an advocacy of Adenauer's policy of Western integration and with a severe condemnation of National Socialism. This particular speaker was, however, certainly not representative. The mistake should not be made, as it is in too many sections of the non-German press, of exaggerating the importance of comparative outsiders. Thus at another German Party meeting chosen at random, at Hanover, all one heard was a boring repetition of the orthodox coalition line. These regional variations are, incidentally, a reflection of the generally very local handling of the whole election campaign organisation; normally, the "Länder" were the biggest organisational units in the campaign. As to the German Party, it looks like declining and is now virtually the smallest party in the Bundestag. As a result of the election, both the Free Democrats and the German Party will certainly be more than ever under the control of their "big brother". This is all to the good.

In endorsing Dr. Adenauer, the German electorate, of course, also voted for a clearly defined programme. Now observers generally agree that foreign policy was in the forefront of the election, for it was in this sphere that the most definite clash of ideas between government and opposition took place. Dr. Adenauer continued, during the election campaign, to ask for the implementation of his programme of European integration, including ratification of the Bonn and E.D.C. treaties, for which he has worked so long. On the other hand, the Social Democrats asked for rejection of the treaties as they would in their opinion prevent German reunification. The results show that the vast majority of the electorate felt that Dr. Adenauer's policy of integration with the West was the only wise one under the circumstances. The Social Democrats failed to convince the electorate that German reunification would be impossible once the treaties were signed.

Besides foreign affairs, Dr. Erhard's policy of a free economy was at stake. Now, the speedy economic rise of Federal Germany after currency reform is one of the great miracles of our era. On the whole, the Social Democrats did not try to deny that there had been an amazing recovery. But they claimed that this recovery was not due to the policy of the government—a statement hard to believe. What, however, was poten-

tially more effective as an election slogan—though also a very mischievous one—was their attempt to show that undue profits were being made and that some people had got rich rather too quickly. Thus they produced charts showing how many people were earning above a certain level, at the same time posing the question how this had been possible when everybody had started from scratch after currency reform (incidentally an oversimplification of the situation). While there is certainly much social injustice in Germany to-day, it must, however, be asked whether much of it can possibly be removed by acts of government. For most of it flows directly from the expulsions and precipitate flight of millions of people. This situation the Federal Government can only modify under present circumstances, not radically alter. Then there is doubt as to whether, even if the slices had been more equal, the size of the cake under a Socialist economy would have been as big as under a free economy. However all this may be, the electorate on September 6th certainly also endorsed not only the government's economic but also its social policy.

The election, indeed, showed that it was no longer sufficient to beat the class warfare drum. The remarkable thing—and a very encouraging one—is the extent to which the voter refused to vote along rigid social and sectional lines, as had been anticipated. Thus the decline in the voting strength of the Refugee Party as compared with previous "Landtag" elections, the fact that it only mustered 1.6 million votes out of a total refugee voting strength many times that number, shows that most of the refugees preferred to vote for national rather than sectional parties. The Social Democrats, too, had a severe shock, for the Christian Democrats made severe inroads into their traditional fortresses, the big industrial towns, for instance at Hamburg, Frankfurt and Duisburg. If the Social Democrats ever want to leave the wilderness and obtain federal responsibility, which is certainly desirable in due course in the interest of true parliamentary government, they will have to undergo a complete reform and cease to be exclusively a class party. In this connection their apparent sponsorship by the German Trade Union Council may even have been damaging. It is to be hoped that the responsible people in the party will have learned the lesson.

The repercussions of this election will in Germany go beyond the Lower House. The swing towards the CDU is likely to have an effect on the government of the "Länder" and it will be interesting to see how the coming election for the Hamburg parliament goes; here the Social Democratic Mayor Brauer is certainly in danger. Elsewhere, too, such as in Baden-Württemberg, Social Democratic participation in government may be terminated by parties of the Bonn coalition and their hold over the Upper House, the "Bundesrat", thus weakened.

The effect of this election will, however, go beyond Germany. It is to be hoped that Federal Germany will now, under Dr. Adenauer's continuing wise leadership, have a steadying influence on France and Italy and that these two countries will also ratify the treaties once Federal Germany has done so.

The quiet and serious way in which the campaign was on the whole conducted, and also followed by the ordinary man, coupled with the extraordinary rise in electoral participation—from 78.5% in 1949 to

86.2% this year—is a good omen for the future. It should strengthen mutual international confidence in Western Europe. As the coalition newspaper "Kölnische Rundschau" put it: "The German people has done much wrong and has suffered much. But it has also learned much."

FRANK EYCK.

THE FRENCH PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM

THE postal and railway strikes in August showed how difficult it is at present for any Government to take measures adversely affecting any particular section of the French economy without provoking an instant and energetic protest. The ostensible cause of the postal strike was the Government decree raising the pensionable age for postal workers. A similar readiness to resist a reform regarded as injurious was shown in a very different economic province—that of the wine-growers of the south—who were touched by another decree concerning alcohol. It quickly became evident that the raising of the pensionable age was more the occasion than the cause of the postal strike, for it precipitated the more general problem of the wages of lower-paid workers in the public services. Workers in private enterprises were stirred in their turn. The Government found it necessary to prepare a scheme for their lower-paid servants and to promise to call a meeting of the committee which deals with collective contracts about wages in private industry to consider the same problem. At the same time, in order to fend off any demand for a quite general rise in wages, the Government pressed on with plans, in the Pinay manner, for provoking a reduction in prices, particularly food prices. It was on the rather insecure basis of these prospective measures that the trade unions ended, or suspended, the strikes.

It has been remarked that the postal workers went on strike without any attempt on the part of their leaders to negotiate in the first place either with the Government or with the administrative authorities. This lack of respect for the Government may have been due to a feeling that a Ministry so largely based on the Right was not likely to deal with social problems in a manner satisfactory to the workers. But many regarded it as a disquieting symptom of a general weakening of the authority of the executive Government resulting from the long Ministerial crisis of June. In another field of politics the rapid manoeuvres which led to the deposition of the Sultan of Morocco encouraged the same suspicion of weakness; some members of the Government at least seem to have been faced with a *fait accompli* which they had not expected. Unquestionably, however, the chief cause of the strikes was economic discontent and the chief result was to raise the whole problem of wages, prices and economic stagnation. A Government led by a Moderate like M. Laniel may have a hard battle to fight on the reassembly of Parliament. Unless it is able to show substantial results from its policy of lowering prices a further illustration of Ministerial instability may threaten to present itself.

That possibility alone would suffice to bring the question of the working of the French Parliamentary system once more into discussion. Many observers have noted that the Bill for Constitutional reform, which was given a first reading at the end of the Parliamentary session, contains no

important provision specifically intended to cure Ministerial instability. Some foreign observers are obviously attracted by the proposal ineffectually made by M. Reynaud last June, which would have sought to ensure a forced stability by holding over the National Assembly a threat of dissolution if a Government were overturned within a certain stipulated period. Even if such a mechanical provision were admitted as a temporary expedient it is hard to think of it as forming a regular feature of the French Parliamentary system.

There is a radical difference between the British and French methods of working the Parliamentary system. In France the electorate does not normally vote a Government or a party or even a Parliamentary coalition of parties into power. It elects a National Assembly and leaves it to the Assembly to form a Government and a governing majority. The Assembly exercises this "prerogative" as freely as an association acts in choosing and dismissing an executive committee. It considers itself as master in its own house in a more regular and immediate sense than does the House of Commons divided more or less permanently into Government and Opposition. The system is accepted by the country. From the time of the Revolutionary Convention, which, though it had Ministers, never even had a Cabinet, the capital link between the country and its elective institutions has been the direct link with Parliament. However impatient people may be during a long Ministerial crisis, they still recognize that in trying to find a Government and a majority which meets its requirements the Assembly is performing a function which belongs to it, even if it is doing it badly. The fact that a Government does not really or virtually originate in the electorate makes its responsibility to Parliament, and Parliament alone, practically absolute. An "appeal to the country" of a Ministry defeated in Parliament would have no such sense as it has in Great Britain. If a defeated Government were to bring about a dissolution of the Assembly the groups composing its coalition would go before the electorate each on its own account. At the last general election (1951) the Republican Democratic groups went to the poll as allies (*apparentés*) in defence of the Parliamentary regime; but they did not do so as supporters of an existing Government or as promoters of any particular coalition Government in the future. Indeed, the allied groups have never yet found themselves all included, without exception, in the same Government majority in any of the varied combinations formed during the present Legislature.

A certain Ministerial instability is implicit in the French system. It is always highly improbable that the first coalition formed after a general election will last throughout the Legislature. The degree of instability depends partly on external events—strikes, inflation, etc. But it also depends on the stability of the electorate itself and of the Parliamentary groups which result from it. The present National Assembly is exceptionally unstable because the electorate is exceptionally unstable. Before the war the electorate changed comparatively little. Party formations did not vary much. There was little floating vote. No violent sweep from Right to Left (or inversely) ever occurred. Now the electorate is changing. It is disturbed by the political effects of the disaster of 1940: Vichy, Resistance, the Communist push, the Gaullist push.

The present Assembly is half-paralysed by the disorders of the electorate. As examples of these disorders take the vicissitudes of the M.R.P. and the R.P.F. In the last Assembly the M.R.P., swollen by the adhesion of Catholic Conservatives, had 169 Deputies. It now has only 89, the Catholic Conservatives having passed in great part to the R.P.F. at the general election. The R.P.F., barely represented in the last Assembly, came into the present one 120 strong. But deserters from the R.P.F., largely Catholic Conservatives, now form an independent group of 34. The rest of the R.P.F., deprived of its title, are a group of 80 under another name. In the fluid condition of the electorate nobody can tell what will prove to be the settled value of the M.R.P., or whether Gaullism, which came out of the last election as apparently the largest single formation in French politics, has any future at all. All the other parties are more or less, and quite justifiably, preoccupied with their future. The abnormal electoral preoccupation affects every party's attitude in Parliament and makes a heavy contribution to instability. At the approach of every counting of heads at municipal, departmental or Senatorial elections, or in the weeks preceding its party congress, a Parliamentary group tends to become hesitant, propagandist, selfishly opportunist.

It is to be noted that this particular contribution to instability springs, not from a vice, but from a virtue: the virtue of faithful representation. In the present phase of the evolution of French politics the value of representation, purely as representation, is inestimable. It is a good thing that Parliament should reflect all the forces in play, even disruptive forces, even if the efficiency of executive government is momentarily impaired. Parliament is stealing the substance of the R.P.F. The taming of Communism will no doubt be a slow process, but it is probable that in going into Parliamentary life the French Communist party signed its own death warrant as an international force pretending to impose its will on the country. So far from being a sign of rottenness in the nation the sincerity of the electorate is, on the contrary, a proof of vitality. The exemplary behaviour of the electorate at every general election should serve to correct the pessimistic conclusions often drawn from the purely Parliamentary phenomenon of Ministerial instability. M. André Siegfried some time ago (in an article of March 1951) referred to the "incurable reputation for Ministerial instability" enjoyed by France abroad. From this, he said, "foreigners assume, quite wrongly, a general instability which in no way corresponds to our true character." The abusive exercise by the National Assembly of its control over the executive is a vice, but it is a strictly Parliamentary vice.

As Ministerial instability is so visible it is being blamed for bad policy in finance, Indo-China, Tunisia and the other black spots. The usual remedy of national union has more than once been prescribed. There are occasions of sudden national emergency when all hands fly or are forced to the pump in a panic. But when the immediate peril is past national union is a poor form of government. It degenerates rapidly into a combination in which a predominant partner appropriates all the political capital to be got out of it, while unwilling subordinates look out for the first chance to escape. Paradoxical as it may seem, the true remedy for present ills is not union of the parties, but a more clear-cut division

between them. In fact, in its present unfortunate phase, the capital defect of the French Parliamentary system is the absence of an organised Opposition. A Government does not work under the constant criticism of a vigilant Opposition willing and able to take its place if it falls. At this moment the hundred Socialists, without allies, form an embryo of Opposition. But the hundred Communists are wreckers who vote systematically against any and every Government. The 398 Deputies who voted for the investiture of M. Laniel constitute almost the whole of the rest of the National Assembly. Obviously, the elements which should or could help to form an Opposition are somewhere in the Government majority. Every Ministry formed during the present Legislature has been in similar case. The worst result of these conditions is not instability but the pursuit of bad policy with impunity. Bad finance, the persistence or repetition of mistakes in Indo-China or Tunisia, are made all the more possible because there exists no sufficiently powerful body of critics to pin responsibility relentlessly on any Government. Groups which would very much like to criticise are silenced because they are "all in it" more or less. Responsibility is not shared; it is dissipated.

In the present National Assembly the chances of the formation of a steady Opposition and a Government really responsible for its policy are not promising. The presence of the Communists threatens to dislocate any governing coalition. A group of the majority which wants to upset the Government can always count on a hundred votes for the operation. But is an Opposition quite impossible? Latent opposition always exists; it is human to oppose. The way to make it powerful and disciplined is to give it something big, definite and challenging to oppose. If, for instance, a coalition were formed ready and resolute to carry out M. Memdès-France's scheme of policy a vigorous Opposition would probably arise spontaneously. Support for this opinion can be found in the history of the Third Republic. Eleven of the 15 years from 1895 to 1909 were occupied by only four Ministries, one of which was the homogeneous Conservative Government of Méline. In this period two important works were accomplished—the liquidation of the Dreyfus *affaire* and the separation of Church and State. Strong government with a purpose provoked strong opposition, and the balance of the two forces produced stability. For many months it has been clear that the accumulation of problems in every field, domestic, foreign and colonial, calls for a comprehensive policy dealing with them as a whole and designed to restore the French economy and therefore the standing of France. The August strikes provided an example of the disadvantages of treating them piecemeal; each separate measure, which would be a mere detail in a vast scheme of policy, aroused a quite disproportionate protest. The question is whether the present National Assembly is capable of providing a determined majority to back such a general scheme. The Socialists talk much of the formation of a social and democratic front. A section of the party would no doubt like to join with possible allies in Parliament, but M. Mollet, the Secretary, looks forward to electoral formations in the country, rather than to Ministerial combinations in the present Parliament.

It surely results from even an inadequate survey like this that much of the advice tendered to France from abroad is ill-conceived. France will

in all probability continue to believe that the first business of the Parliamentary system is to ensure representation: anything comparable with the electoral stifling of the English Liberals is inconsistent with the French system. The formation of Ministries is the business of the representative assembly. The system has its weaknesses and it has not stood up well against the strains imposed by the circumstances and events of the time. But so long as its principles are accepted such expedients as dissolution and Constitutional reform (though certain amendments would be useful) are illusory remedies. A far more important conclusion to be drawn from an examination of the circumstances of the day is that what is happening in France is not a general collapse but a deep transformation. Some critical observers have misunderstood or underrated the effects of French history from 1939 to 1944, and tend to think that as France was "out of the war" she could start again where she left off in 1940, with a positive advantage over the active belligerents. In fact, France has to reconstitute a body politic which has been greatly disturbed, and we shall not know what France has really become until the post-war generation has found its footing in settled groupings of opinion.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

Vernon, Eure.

MAU MAU AND THE AFRICAN MIND

A QUESTION constantly in people's mind, here and in Africa, is why after years of what we may regard as enlightened rule are the Kikuyu in Kenya showing such disturbing signs of unrest? The answer popularly given ascribes the situation as due to the comparatively developed political outlook of the tribe and to the leadership of Jomo Kenyatta, and the Government, by detaining the latter, has shown the importance they place on him. But it is highly improbable that modern doctrines, be they communistic or otherwise, could influence an African tribe as the Kikuyu has been influenced, and we must look for other factors, less facile and not so apparent. In Africa the secret society has power over individuals beyond our conception. It is sometimes directed to orderly government and is not always atavistic and anti-social as in the case of Mau Mau. Its power and the present fanaticism stem from three main sources, (i) the oath, (ii) the traditions and social structure of the tribe, and (iii) the mental or psychic make-up of the African.

(i) *The Oath.* Several girls were sitting in the shade afforded by clove and coconut trees in an island off the East African coast. Suddenly, one stood up and remained motionless. No word was spoken, no sign passed. It was only after some while that we discovered what had happened. The girl's "soma" (the person appointed to instruct her in behaviour proper to early womanhood) had unexpectedly passed near. The awe and respect which the girl showed her were remarkable, but she would divulge nothing as to content or form of the teaching imparted: that was secret and bound by oath. The oath, ceremoniously administered, is felt to be the more impressive because it is believed that this or

MAU MAU AND THE AFRICAN MIND

that custom or teaching has been handed down for countless ages. This sense of timelessness has a potent influence and enhances the effect of the oath. In one or two cases the origin of an oath and secret society has been traced. The hunting or 'athi' group of the Meru tribe, near the Kikuyu, once placed their hunting sticks in the cattle kraals of nearby pastoral tribes. These latter, convinced that the athi sticks would bring evil upon them, offered cattle for sacrifice. The athi people accepted the cattle and the evil spirits were—apparently—appeased. The ruse proved so successful that a secret society arose, now known as the Athi Society, with its own initiation ceremony and oath, and promising power over, not only animals but, any unwanted government order. We know the origin of this society—not so the African. To him it is something that has always been, and the power of the oath lies, at least partially, in the mystery of its origin, in other words, in ignorance and in the workings of the recesses of human consciousness.

These are subtle problems facing administrator and missionary. One solution is the administration of an equally potent oath which overrides the anti-social oath. Something of this nature developed in connexion with the Athi Society. When "accidents" occurred they were attributed to walking over ground where, long ago, an athi stick had been placed. Its evil agency continued in the place, but the danger could be averted by special "doctors" who performed cleansing rites. Such doctors exist even to-day. Another instance is provided by the head-hunters of New Guinea. They had been bound to diabolical promises, but the Government installed a doctor who administered an overriding oath and performed the requisite cleansing. And whilst the other doctors charged high fees for their services the Government doctor performed his free. It worked! But the Kikuyu today live in a less simple age, and to suggest a naive cure to cover everyone, pagan, educated, the frustrated and the Christian, would be to court ignominy. The government must see that real or alleged grievances are dealt with, and dealt with promptly and publicly. Furthermore, political societies, trade unions and similar associations must be legalised. As one African put it, this would satisfy their feeling after community, but (as he also pointed out) there should also be protection for any who wished to remain outside such associations. In addition, it is most necessary that there be continuous close personal contact between the Kikuyu (and other groups); this makes for understanding as well as for an up-to-date "intelligence". The latter is now the concern of the military, but it is important that it develop outside the military pattern and in a civil context. Where continuous personal contact is lacking, education can easily worsen the situation, as has happened in Kikuyuland.

(ii) *Tribal Traditions.* The life of an African has been likened to going through a series of rooms, the doors of which open and close as he grows older and enters upon different stages of tribal community life. The oath, teaching and ceremony relevant to each room or grade make each member feel that he or she is very much a part of the tribe. This feeling that one is "of" the tribe is very important. Few attempt to think things out for themselves. Probably this is why they have often escaped the tensions which beset the innovator and the unorthodox.

With the sense of oneness with their fellows there goes a feeling of security. Thus the smiling faces and carefree laughter, marked characteristics of African peoples. But disruption has intervened. Westerners have come to stay, and (unlike the Arabs and Indians) have not adapted themselves to the African tempo and way of life. They have brought practices and conceptions utterly alien to Africa. Two, in particular, have been tantalisingly held before young Africa and have led to tension and considerable confusion; these are the conceptions of time and of self-hood. There is a Swahili proverb "Haraka, haraka, haina baraka" (hurry, hurry has no blessing). The African has lived up to that. He knows unending patience. Before the coming of the white man time was marked only by events, a birth or death, victory in a tribal war, the appearance of the Pleiades (the sign for planting to begin), and so on. Today thousands migrate to the towns; factory and office work begin and end according to the clock. Hurry, not patience, is presented as the virtue. A safari in Rhodesia was going well and one evening, as we were talking around the camp fire, our African companion told of his friends who worked in the homes of the Europeans. They could wander into any room, listen in to any conversation (for it was never suspected that their scrappy knowledge of English would suffice for them to grasp what was said). As he unravelled his story he revealed in an uncanny way how young Africa was learning about the White man and his way of life. Some things he said were erroneous, mostly they were right. It was, indeed, a judgment on the white man, and that despite the schools, leprosy cures, hospitals and other good things he had brought. Later that evening, in the solitude of the great African veldt, confidence deepened and then he told of the patience he and his people possessed: it seemed, he said, so natural to them to be patient. He spoke of the deep longing for the land and added that they could contemplate waiting a century for what they considered their rights. Alas, he said that he thought the day for which they waited would come only when they had learnt to use the white man's weapons and could drive him out. Of course not all think like that—generally the better educated do not. The point, however, is that it was said in a matter-of-fact tone, without emotion. Time does not mean for them what it does for us, but once they take action it is irrespective of the cost involved.

The other alien concept, that of self-hood, is fundamental with us. In business and commerce, in education, we think of competition and examinations, of personal prowess; in religion we think in terms of individual salvation. The African idea of the good life is entirely opposite. He is first and last a partner in his tribe, the tribe that consists of the departed as well as the living. It is the tribe (deceased and living) that holds the land as from the gods of the fathers. The desire (it may be a curse) of a deceased dominates the consciousness of succeeding generations. At a birth or death relatives come from far and near, not deflected by personal inconvenience, walking for perhaps several days. All members of the clan assist any member in need. This is seen under modern conditions in the way all help towards school fees. As soon as an elder brother leaves school and gets a job he, without questioning it, contributes to the schooling of a younger brother or sister. All this

makes for solidarity and for a social insurance more effective than anything we have devised—and one which works without civil servants, offices or written regulations. The whole tribe is held together by this sense of *Gemeinschaft* or *Blutsbrüderschaft*. On this solidarity, a solidarity experienced rather than reasoned about, Mau Mau leaders capitalise. Many who despise the movement and its leaders, are gripped by fear, terrified at what might happen if they broke with the oath and the tribal oneness. Hope lies in the fact that many of Mau Mau's diabolical practices are quite foreign to African tribal law and custom, and as protection is afforded the erstwhile frightened followers will seek the cleansing already referred to, or, if Christians, confess and repent.

iii. *The Mental Life*. It is highly important, if we are to understand what is happening today and if there is to be co-operation with the African, that we grasp something of his mental make-up and of his inner life. We know something of his ability in the sphere of memory. In one piece of research it was found that a Swazi remembered correctly all details of a cattle sale held many years before, he recalled the size, colour, markings and other details of every beast. This type of memory is commonplace among Africans, especially the illiterate. In the African, memory is developed to a phenomenal degree. Cecil Gray believes that music is the art in which pagan as well as classical values find their greatest expression. He claims that music provides the best key to the understanding of the inner spirit and that the modern conception of music links up with the oldest and most primitive. If this is so, African music opens on to a practically undiscovered country. Any of us who has listened to their music will have experienced a different "feeling-tone" compared with our own. To mention only one aspect: African music has a peculiarly developed rhythmic structure. This is created by drumming, hand-clapping, jumping, together with chorus and solo voices adding their rhythms to the complete ensemble. Few, if any, Europeans are able to reproduce the resultant effect without considerable practice, yet it appears second nature to the African: without rehearsal the villagers come together and produce works of real musical art spontaneously. It appears, then, that African music is the expression of an inner mental life to which we Westerners are strangers.

With them the group mind predominates; instinct holds sway to an extent not permitted in European civilisation. In his unsophisticated naturalism the African expresses his inner life in uninhibited ways (as witness the activities of dance and song). He is uninhibited because he has not yet developed the ego or self-consciousness, this ego-consciousness which prompts us to scientific research and to invention (also, let us not forget, to materialism). The ego-consciousness enables our attention to fasten on to anything the individual wishes, mathematics, aeroplanes, theology, art, atomic warfare, anything. Then according to the person's intellectual capacity he analyses the thing or concept, thereby aiming at "understanding" and control. Primitive consciousness is at the mercy of the group-mind; mind in which the departed continue to function, mind in which time and space are inter-changeable and, to some extent, undifferentiated. (In Swahili the expression for time and for space is identical). This type of mind appears to be receptive, in a general way,

to what another is thinking or feeling. (The extra-sensory experiments of Drs. J. B. Rhine and S. G. Soal confirm the possibility of this). It may explain, too, how some Africans seem to be able to find an object hidden in the bush; in one experiment an African who claimed this power walked unhesitatingly to the spot where the object had been secreted.

Again, difference in mental outlook between European and Bantu is reflected in their respective languages. We noted earlier that the Swahili expression for time and place is identical. In general we use our language to convey detailed and accurate descriptions and to help us in our analysis of a thing or situation. Bantu languages are pictorial and poetic rather than precision instruments: they convey feeling. Often a Bantu word has many meanings. For example, if a man speaks to you about a pot he may mean just a pot; more likely he is referring to your daughter! "Breaking a pot" is the symbol of death: "setting a pot" is an important hunting-rite (perhaps to conciliate the spirits of animals killed in the hunt). It should cause no surprise, then, that there were difficulties over translations in the Jomo Kenyatta case. It is, probably, impossible to "translate" to the satisfaction of the law courts certain alleged statements of Kenyatta or the analogies in the Kikuyu (pagan) hymn-book. These verbal pictures and analogies stir up feeling, explain it in terms of group-mind or otherwise, which feeling inevitably explodes unless released in the dance-song or along the more difficult path of creative art and work. The verbal imagery stirs up group feelings which when further worked upon by magnetic leaders, such as Kenyatta, lead to mass action of an uncalculated kind, violent and daemonic. An almost supernatural administration, understanding African mentality, is needed if these are to be controlled and transformed into co-operative activity. Interpretation of African music is a task for the specialist, but knowledge of his language is possible to the many. Yet few Europeans, whether officials, missionaries or settlers, speak Kikuyu fluently. How then can they gain insight into the symbolism and inner meaning of the Kikuyu thought-world?

We have noted the hold which the oath has over primitive peoples; we have seen how the tribesman's life has security and is integrated, although at a different level of development from ours. We have seen, too, that his inner life functions with a different feeling-tone from ours and that this penetrates all his thoughts and actions. But problems and conflicts occur as the African meets the individualism and assertiveness of Western man. An eruption has occurred. However, the picture is not entirely black. Forces of law and order are compelling respect, and there is a healthy criticism when they overstep the mark. Mass punishment applicable to the group-mind, will not serve its purpose as self-hood emerges. One must question, too, the wisdom of closing all independent schools: some undoubtedly were used for nefarious purposes, but the fact remains that they were the expression of the new self-hood and a little more imaginative administration might have weaned some into a healthy co-operation or, at least, away from being merely hostile. The way out of the impasse lies in continuous personal contacts. Such seemingly simple, although time consuming, role of administrator, missionary and settler provides a content for the emergent and virile self-hood. But of course if the European himself is not mature, self-disciplined and un-

selfish he cannot play the role. Without men of good intent, Kikuyu and European, meeting often and leisurely, the new ego-consciousness will focus on phantasies (instead of working through to analysis and understanding): it will focus on the unsatisfied land needs and on a hundred and one real or imaginary grievances. Then the group mind reasserts itself, leading to unprovoked violence, suicides, hatred and all uncharitableness. That, as I see it, is what is happening today. The African must have more land and better conditions in the towns. Asians and Arabs must also be included. In the old dispensation the African led an integrated life: unconsciously, he is now seeking a new integration. And the road to this, to creative development, is that of personal relationship, through the pervasiveness of sympathetic, unselfish, mature personalities. Fear breeds more fear. The mature personality remains calm amidst provocation; his presence stills the evil of the uncivilised group mentality. Then, when the frenzy has passed, he is there to share in the discoveries of what living together can mean.

E. G. WYATT.

THE CANADIAN ELECTION

BY general consent the Canadian federal election campaign which ended in the sweeping victory of the Liberal government on August 10th last was the dullest, dreariest and drowsiest within living memory. An unusually light vote was cast. Out of some eight and a half million citizens eligible to vote only five and a half million voted. The date of the election, an inconvenient one for many farmers busy with harvesting and for many urban dwellers away on their summer holidays, was no doubt chosen by the government so as to get the voting over before the slump in wheat prices and the expected general recession in business had had time to create any significant body of discontented citizens. And the general prosperity of the country, with the high level of employment, made it inevitable in such conditions that the Liberal government would be re-elected. Nevertheless, such widespread apathy as was evinced by the Canadian electorate is not a healthy thing in a democracy. Nor was apathy altogether due to prosperity and to summer weather. The Canadian party system, as it is operating just now, does not present an effective alternative party to the Liberals, so that the democratic ritual of August 10th was felt by everyone to be somewhat unreal.

The element of unreality is best illustrated by considering the difference between the Canadian election of 1953 and the American Presidential election of the previous year. Canadians are well known to take their pleasures sadly, but many Canadians must have wondered during these past few months why it is that the Americans seem to get so much more fun out of their politics than we do out of ours. When people get genuine, spontaneous fun out of anything that they do, business or pleasure, that activity is likely to be in a pretty healthy condition. Thousands of Canadians followed the American party conventions in the summer of 1952 with eager attention, and they became much more excited over the

ensuing struggle between Democrats and Republicans than they did over the struggle a year later among Liberals, Conservatives, C.C.F.'ers and Social Crediters. This in spite of the fact that all Canadians express a prim, genteel, Canadian disapproval of the circus aspects of American politics. The difference between the two election campaigns was essentially that in the United States there was a real fight. First came the exciting fight in each party convention between its left wing and its right wing, to which Canadians could listen for hours each day on their radios; and there was no doubt that the candidates and policies which emerged from these fights represented a genuine majority democratic decision made by each party. Then followed the election campaign from August to November, 1952—another real fight over real issues. And after a long fierce process of debate the American people decided: for one thing, that by hook or by crook the war and the bloodshed in Korea must be brought to an end; for another, that the lavish expenditure of the American taxpayer's money in Europe and other parts of the overseas world must be checked; and, in domestic politics, that the management of the American economy should be handed back to the business leaders who controlled it before 1933. These decisions may not have been wise ones, but they were genuine democratic choices made by the American people themselves. This is why the American election was interesting and exciting. In Canada our party system, at least as it is working at present, does not give the voters this opportunity to make these genuine democratic choices.

The result of the elections was that in a House of Commons of 265 seats the Liberals won 170 seats (including two by acclamation), the Conservatives won 51, the C.C.F. (Co-operative Commonwealth Federation) 23, the Social Credit party 15, with six seats going to a variety of independents. The Labour-Progressive party (Communist), though it ran 100 candidates, did not elect a single one. The Liberals captured all seven seats in Newfoundland, 3 out of 4 in Prince Edward Island, 10 out of 12 in Nova Scotia, 7 out of 10 in New Brunswick, 66 out of 75 in Quebec (plus two independent Liberals), 50 out of 85 in Ontario (plus one Liberal-Labourite), 8 out of 14 in Manitoba, 5 out of 17 in Saskatchewan, 4 out of 17 in Alberta, 8 out of 22 in British Columbia, and the two seats in the North-West Territories. It will be observed that the Liberal majority dies out as one passes west from Manitoba. The majority was largest in Quebec, as it has been ever since Laurier captured it in 1896. But the common impression that the Liberals depend upon Quebec for their national majority is not correct. Outside of Quebec they have a majority over all other parties combined. Incidentally, the armed services, who have not been supposed to like the Liberal government, gave 65 per cent. of their votes to the Liberals, 21 per cent. to the Conservatives, and only 8 per cent. to the C.C.F. which at the end of the war was understood to be the most popular of all the parties among Canadian fighting men.

The overwhelming majority of seats in the House of Commons—only a slight reduction from the unprecedented ascendancy reached by the Liberals in the 1949 election, when they won 194 seats in a House of 262—is not an accurate reflection of the balance of the voting in the country at large. In 1949, when the Liberals won a majority of seats such as no party had ever won before in Canadian history, they received just under

50 per cent. of the total popular vote. This year they received 48 per cent. of the total vote. The Conservatives have been the most bitterly disappointed party in this election. In 1949, under their new leader, Mr. George Drew, they won only 30 per cent. of the vote, and this was generally taken to be an emphatic repudiation by the people of the Drew leadership. Now, after four years more of effort, their percentage has risen to 31. The third party, the C.C.F., has gone slowly down in popular support since it reached its greatest success in the first post-war election in 1945. In that year it won 16 per cent. of the vote and captured 29 seats. In 1949 its percentage of the vote sank to 13, and its number of seats to 13 also. This year it has between 11 and 12 per cent. of the votes, but has won 23 seats because of successes in Saskatchewan where it is most strongly concentrated. Social Credit, whose main base is in Alberta, with just under 6 per cent. of the total national vote this year, won 15 seats, all in Alberta or British Columbia.

Canada is obviously a country where advocates of Proportional Representation might be expected to be vocal and well organised. For these fantastic differences between voting strength and seats won have shown up in practically every national election since 1921. But such is Canadian political apathy that this phenomenon causes very little discussion. In this 1953 election the Liberals needed an average of 15,546 votes to win a seat; the Conservatives needed an average of 33,562 votes; the C.C.F. an average of 27,212; and the Social Credit party an average of 20,654 votes. When the voting by provinces is investigated, still further anomalies appear. Thus Quebec, which seems so overwhelmingly Liberal, actually gave 424,671 votes to the Conservatives and 865,571 to the Liberals; but only 4 Conservatives were elected as against 66 Liberals. The C.C.F. party is supposed to be concentrated in Saskatchewan where there has been a C.C.F. provincial government since 1944, and where 11 C.C.F.'ers were elected to Ottawa in this federal election out of the province's total membership at Ottawa of 17. But actually in Ontario, where only one C.C.F. candidate was elected, there were many more C.C.F. votes cast than either in Saskatchewan or in British Columbia, the second centre of C.C.F. strength. And many more illustrations could be given of the bizarre working of the Canadian electoral system in a country which has four parties in national politics and which elects its representative assembly from single-member constituencies.

Against this Liberal predominance in Canadian federal politics there is to be placed a curious factor in the working of the political party system which has become more and more marked in recent years. Canadians are getting into the habit of voting one way federally and another way provincially. Four of the provinces at present have Liberal governments in office and also send Liberal majorities to the federal parliament at Ottawa—Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. But these are obviously not the main centres of Canadian population or wealth. One of the provinces, Alberta, has been steadily "agin the government" at Ottawa since the end of World War I. At first in the 1920's it elected a U.F.A. government (United Farmers of Alberta) and sent a U.F.A. majority to Ottawa; then in 1935 it shifted to a Social Credit government in Edmonton, and since then it has sent a Social Credit

majority to Ottawa. Of the other provinces, British Columbia in two successive provincial elections, in 1952 and 1953, decisively repudiated the Liberals and elected a Social Credit government (headed by a leader who had been a Conservative till a few months before the 1952 election); but now in the 1953 federal election it sends more Liberals than Social Crediters to Ottawa. Saskatchewan was generally Liberal till 1944 when it elected a C.C.F. provincial government, but it has hesitated since then whether to send Liberals or C.C.F.'ers to Ottawa, this year deciding for a C.C.F. majority. Ontario in the last two federal elections, in 1949 and 1953, surprised the rest of the country by electing a majority of Liberals; but in between, in the provincial election of 1952, it elected a Conservative government in a resounding victory which seemed almost to wipe the Liberal party off the Ontario map. New Brunswick last year ejected a Liberal provincial government from office, but this year in the federal election it sends a majority of Liberals to Ottawa. Quebec appears to be in the most schizophrenic condition of all. It has in provincial office the most violently anti-Liberal, anti-federal government of any province in Canada, the Union Nationale government under M. Maurice Duplessis. But federally it votes for the Liberal party with the biggest majority of any province.

What is happening is apparently that the Canadian people, in some instinctive subconscious way, are achieving a balance of power in their political system so as to prevent a too great concentration of power in the hands of any government at Ottawa. The natural way to do this, one would think, would be to elect a strong Opposition to Ottawa. But the opposition is split among three ineffective splinter parties. Evidently the Canadian voters prefer to continue to re-elect the Liberals to office in Ottawa, as they have now done without a break since 1935, and as they have done with only two slight breaks since 1921—a break of a few weeks in 1926 when the Conservatives were in office under Mr. Meighen, and a break of five years in 1930-1935 when there was a Conservative government under Mr. Bennett. But then, to counter the danger of this long Liberal monopoly of federal office, they elect anti-Liberal governments in the provinces, to embarrass and thwart the Ottawa government in every way possible. In effect Social Credit is the provincial-rights party of Alberta and British Columbia, the C.C.F. is the provincial-rights party of Saskatchewan, the Conservatives form the provincial-rights party of Ontario and New Brunswick, and the Union Nationale is, as it most vociferously professes to be, the provincial-rights party of Quebec. But since all these local parties except the Union Nationale, seek votes in other provinces, the result is a curious kind of politics which leads to disquieting reflections as to what can possibly be the meaning, in the Canadian environment, of the terms Liberalism, Conservatism, Socialism, Social Credit; and as to whether political parties in a system like this can have any consistent principles at all. For political parties are in the end only associations of voters.

The individual chiefly responsible for this system was the late Mr. Mackenzie King, who was Prime Minister of Canada for a longer period than any other individual has ever been Prime Minister in any self-governing British country. He built up his Liberal party, after its

disasters in the Conscription crisis of 1917, to be the only truly national party in Canada, i.e. a party which could collect votes (and win seats) from every significant interest-group in the community—geographical, racial, religious, linguistic, economic. The Canadian Liberal party is a national party in the classical North American sense. Its philosophy and its policies may be very hard to define (as are those of the Republican and the Democratic parties), but it succeeds in gathering together into some kind of unity under its banners voters from all groups in the country; it overcomes both the vertical divisions of geography and the horizontal divisions of class. In a loosely knit continental country like Canada or the United States such a party seems to be the only kind of party capable of government. At any rate, it saves us from European coalitions.

Mr. King reduced the other parties in his day to the status of splinter groups. The 1953 election shows that none of them has yet succeeded in rising above this status. The Conservatives under their successive leaders since the retirement of Sir Robert Boyd have shown none of this Liberal capacity for making as many divergent groups as possible more conscious of what unites them and less conscious of what divides them. The essence of political leadership in North America is to succeed in this difficult function. The C.C.F. party, which was launched in 1932 as a moderate Fabian socialist party on the model of the British Labour party, was an attempt to introduce into Canadian politics the British as distinguished from the North American pattern, i.e. a division between a Left party and a Right party. Its hope was to drive Liberals and Conservatives together on the Right. But Mr. King's North American politics has defeated it. The Social Credit party started in 1935 with a set of mystic evangelical doctrines about the achievement of salvation through the manipulation of credit and currency. What these doctrines really meant was the secret of the Englishman, Major Douglas, and the secret lies buried in his grave. But Social Credit continues to flourish in Alberta as a highly conservative movement, for it now floats happily on a gushing tide of oil royalties. It has successfully invaded British Columbia, but all its efforts to expand eastward have been flat failures.

One result of this long blanketing of the country by the Liberal party is that the Canadian second House, the Senate, is approaching the condition of a one-party chamber. The original intention of the Fathers, or so they professed in 1867, was to create a second house which would act as a protector of the provinces against the pressure of the central government. But by a curious act of statesmanship, they entrusted the appointment of members of this house to the federal Prime Minister, against whose power, presumably, provincial rights were to be protected. The realities of power politics were hidden from the public of the time by the sacred phraseology which vested the function of appointment in the Crown. The Prime Minister, naturally enough, always appoints his own political followers. No C.C.F'er or Social Creditor has yet sat in the Senate; and since no Conservative appointment has been made since 1935 and the death rate among Senators is high, the Senate will soon be composed entirely of Liberals.

So far this article has said not a word about the particular issues of the election of August 10th. This has been deliberate, for in effect there were

no issues about which the Canadian voter could make a decision. There was no alternative party to the Liberals. If they did not get a majority there would be chaos, since no other party had the faintest chance of approaching majority status. So the Liberals were re-elected. They promised nothing definite and they are committed to nothing in particular. The Conservatives promised to cut taxes by an enormous sum and at the same time to initiate a great variety of new expenditures. Bait of this kind was properly rejected by the voters. But in its net effect the election did not perform the function which in democratic theory general elections are supposed to perform. There was no clearing of the national mind by effective debate on the real issues which face the country. International relations were discussed only in such vague generalities as to leave the Department of External Affairs free to conduct our foreign policy on its own responsibility without consulting either parliament or people, as it used to do in Mr. King's day. Both Conservatives and C.C.F. were inclined to criticise the trend in our trade relations which ties us ever more closely to the American rather than to the British market; but neither of them had any effective policy by which the inherent defects and uncertainties of the British market can be overcome. What will be done in the case of a world economic recession nobody knows, except, presumably, the expert Civil Servants in the Department of Finance and the Department of Trade and Commerce. If our economy continues healthy nobody cares about these questions. If it falls sick, the Liberals have a doctor's mandate.

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* The figures used in this article are based upon incomplete returns of the election of August 10th; they will be subject to slight revision when the complete election results are tabulated, but not to any significant changes.

HUNGARY UNDER HORTHY

"**T**HAT was my first diplomatic defeat, thanks to Horthy," Admiral Nikolaus von Horthy, Regent of Hungary from 1919 until 1944, quotes this sentence of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in his autobiography, "Ein Leben für Ungarn" (A life for Hungary).¹ During the first war, the young Roosevelt—as he later recalled it to J. F. Montgomery, the one-time U.S. Minister in Budapest—had been sent to Italy to urge increased activity of the Italian fleet; the Italians, however, appeared to be somewhat scared of the daring Austro-Hungarian seahawks cruising the Adriatic, of whom perhaps Horthy was the most prominent. As he invoked President Roosevelt to testify for his gallantry, so does Horthy invoke Admiral Mark Kerr to testify for his "maritime chivalry" in the sea-battles. With Sir Winston Churchill Horthy enters some mild polemics. He takes exception on one sentence in particular on the Czechoslovak crisis in 1938, in the first volume of the British statesman's War Memoirs: "Horthy had visited Germany at the end of August, 1938, but Hitler had been very reserved in his attitude." Horthy feels that, in

¹ Athenäum Verlag Bonn 1953.

this sentence, Churchill implied that it had been Horthy who goaded Hitler to action, while the Führer was for moderation. Horthy, of course, goes out of his way to emphasize that he was the one to advise Hitler against the war. Even so, Horthy appears at that point far too sensitive: what Churchill probably meant was that Hitler had been reserved in his promises to his Hungarian guest, not in his bellicose mood regarding Czechoslovakia. Churchill must know very well that Hitler did not need Horthy's prodding to become aggressive.

Horthy relates how he exhorted Hitler about the necessity of an Anglo-German understanding; how he pleaded with President Moscicki and other Polish leaders for a settlement with Germany in view of the common Russian menace; how he warned the Americans about the dangers of the French-Czechoslovak-Russian Alliance. Near the end, the autobiography almost takes a turn towards the grand guignol, when he describes how, at his last visit to Hitler in March 1944 in Klessheim—on the eve of the German occupation of Hungary—he meant to carry a pistol in his pocket, knowing that he—a foreign head of state—would not be searched before being admitted to Hitler's presence, as Hitler's own generals were. As these random samples show, Horthy's book is not void of events with international significance. Yet all these, and similar episodes, take us back into the past: a past that is too near to be history and too far to be topical. The book has, however, another aspect, one that—as many of us hope—is a shadow of the future. That is Horthy's domestic policy: the grappling of conservative leaders with the problems of a post-Communist world.

Within not quite one year—from October 1918 to May 1919—Hungary went all the way from Apostolic Monarchy through Jacobin democracy to Communist tyranny. Hungarian historians like to emphasize that at the moment of the political collapse in 1918 not a single foreign soldier stood on Hungarian soil; according to their view, it was not the defeat that caused the revolution, but the revolution that caused the defeat. By claiming that, they unwittingly subscribe to the theory that the historic Hungarian society that lay prostrate in May 1919, was not a victim of a violent death by external onslaught, but passed away by the natural causes of internal disintegration. Yet the Entente blockade as well as the Czech and Rumanian invasion against Bela Kun's Communist regime enabled Admiral Horthy and the other members and adherents of the old ruling class to set foot first in the South, then in the West of Hungary; finally, in August 1919, Horthy, the Admiral on horseback, could ride into Budapest at the head of the reorganised "national army". The National Assembly soon elected him the Regent of Hungary.

Now it was up to Horthy to build a new society on the ruins of the old world and on the ashes of a petered-out revolution. Yet to-day we learn from his book that he never even thought of a new society. It is true that in 1921 he thwarted two attempts of his former Sovereign, Emperor and King Charles the Fourth, to return to the throne—the second time by force of arms,¹—but he only did it to avoid dangerous international complications; he never doubted the Hapsburg dynasty's right of succession

¹ After his second return the King had to be handed over to the Entente Mission in Hungary; the British took him to Madeira, where he died in 1922.

to the Hungarian throne. For this very reason he declined the offer of a group of Hungarian dignitaries, who, in 1922, made the suggestion that the constitutional problem should be solved by Horthy's acceptance of the crown.¹ Horthy remained at heart the loyal courtier of his beloved Monarch, Kaiser und König Franz Josef, to whom he was an A.D.C. from 1909 to 1914, in the course of his naval career. He never had in mind the building of a new world; all he aimed at was to restore the old one. The admiral without a fleet set out to rule a kingdom without a king. Yet Horthy was not a king. The regime that, thus, lacked in traditional continuity, had to make up for it with a strong police force and a wide spy system. But the regime knew how to fight on the ideological field as well.

While in the West—even in countries, where the old ruling classes virtually retained the upper hand—the aristocracy took up, at least externally, the ways and ideas of the broad masses, in Hungary the practices of the hereditary aristocracy percolated down into the life of the common people. Horthy created a new "popular aristocracy," the Order of Heroes, of the best decorated soldiers of the first war, headed by himself. It is interesting to note that the title of "Hero" (Vitéz)—unlike most Continental titles—went down in the family like the title of "Lord" in the United Kingdom: only the eldest son inherited it. The membership ranged from minister to simple peasant and those within its ranks—linked together by the common bond of honours and privileges—formed a staunch bodyguard around the regime. And a new and wide caste system developed around the civil and municipal and other public services, with guaranteed jobs bequeathed from father to son. This new, Horthyite aristocracy—which, to be sure, was brought into being in order to support, not to supplant the old, historic one—got its final confirmation in 1941, when Horthy's elder son, Stephan, was elected by Parliament to become his father's deputy in the Regency—although his mandate did not extend to the right of succession.²

For a quarter of a century the old-cum-new ruling class of the Magyars understood how to transform the social passions of the people into national passions, the social energies into national energies. The Trianon Peace Treaty in 1921 deprived Hungary of the two-thirds of her historic territory within the natural frontiers of the Carpathian mountains and her population decreased—after the loss of the Slovak, Serb, Croat, and Rumanian as well as several millions of Hungarian nationals—from 20 to 8 millions. It was, therefore, easy to represent the Treaty of Trianon as the source of all evils, general and individual. It is understandable that Horthy avoids many painful details of the period of his Regency, like the problems of urban unemployment and rural poverty. In his brief accounts of domestic affairs he prefers to write about the limited land reform, mostly in favour of the "Heroes," and the industrial expansion under his stewardship; he devotes a far bigger part of his book to international developments. The consequences of the Trianon Peace Treaty, the encirclement by the Small

¹ The kings of Hungary were Catholics by ancient tradition. Had Horthy, who is a Protestant, accepted the crown, it would have caused serious constitutional difficulties.

² Soon after his election Stephan von Horthy was killed in an air-crash over Russia, probably engineered—according to his father—by German secret agents, who discovered that the young Horthy was no admirer of the Third Reich.

Entente states—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania—the fear of a resurgent Communism, all drove Horthy's Hungary, after 1933, into alliance with Hitler's Germany. Such an alliance with National Socialism had its repercussions also on Hungary's domestic politics. In 1918 the old Hungarian society had disintegrated; after 1935, the society that Horthy galvanised to new life threatened to crack.

By 1938 the revolutionaries of the Left were safely under control: they were driven underground by the concerted efforts of the army, the police, the "Heroes," the civil service, the patriotic women and youth organisations the expanded but centrally supervised school system. In the countryside the Horthy regime succeeded in the restoration of the old semi-feudal order. The old nobility that had suffered in 1919 its social death and miraculously revived a few months later, was, by 1938, restored to property and prestige. And the "ghosts" held the power firmly in their hands. In Budapest and in the other cities the mixed middle class—mostly of German and Jewish descent—continued to exert an influence. As a considerable number of Jews had played a prominent part during the Revolution in 1918 and the Communism in 1919, the entire Jewish population was to some extent disqualified for the whole duration of the Horthy era, but their economic importance remained still practically untrammelled. Until Hitler's rise in Germany, Horthy's "consolidated" system—the combination of feudalism and capitalism supported by the columns of uniformed and non-uniformed Janissaries—appeared to most Hungarians the only possible alternative to Communism. They liked or disliked it for that reason, each according to his own principles and preferences.

Hitler, however, proved to the Magyars—and the non-Magyar minorities still living within the frontiers of the shrunken country—that nationalist respectability can go together with politico-social radicalism. The Hungarian middle and lower-middle classes—even those, who thanked their existence to the "Horthy set"—discovered with delight that in the brave new world opened up by the Austrian corporal one could be at the same time conservative and revolutionary. The German origin, so frequent among the Hungarian big and petite bourgeoisie, may also have accounted for the loud response to Hitlerism. These rather inflated middle and lower-middle classes—George Pálóczi-Horváth puts their size to about a quarter of the whole population—were, by and large, satisfied with their existence; by no means did they intend to overthrow a system which had already granted them quite a number of privileges. Yet, like most people, they would have welcomed some further improvement in their lot. Especially, if that could be obtained at the expense of the "Jewish Capitalist," and—perhaps—the "Feudal Reactionary." The voices for a "limited objective" revolution were not echoed merely by the rank and file: they were taken up by disgruntled Horthy politicians, ambitious army officers and by some of the big landowners and businessmen, who were—obviously—quick to recognise the advantages of a "revolution," that promised them protection instead of extinction. We witnessed the curious spectacle of wealthy aristocrats clamouring for radical reforms and pennyless near-proletarians vituperating against Communism.

This "invisible front" of the rebellious "pretorian guard" was first satisfied to affect changes within the established hierarchy: the power shifted from Count Bethlen, Horthy's chief political adviser, to General Gömbös (family name: Graner), Horthy's chief military adviser. But after Gömbös's death in 1936, the bulk of the "invisible front" became gradually more and more ambitious: they were no longer satisfied with token changes, they wanted a total transformation of the existing political system—though not of the existing social order, to which they fundamentally still adhered. While the extreme Left was totally muzzled by the police and the public prosecutor, the extreme Right was allowed wide freedoms to present to the people an odd cocktail of anti-semitic, anti-capitalist, and anti-feudal slogans. By these means they did succeed to convert large sections of the rural and urban proletariat. Successive Governments tried to steal their thunder; adopted anti-Jewish catchwords and introduced certain anti-Jewish measures. The Socialist Member of Parliament, Anna Kéthly, aptly defined that anti-Jewish legislation as "a class war within the middle class." However, in 1939 the "invisible front" was no longer invisible and at the General Election in that year (the first and the last to be held by the new, secret ballot) the "Arrow Cross" emerged as the second largest Party under the leadership of an ex-major of the General Staff, Ferenc Szálasi. The extreme Right gradually grew bold and even their opposition to Horthy became more overt. The climax of the fight between the Regent and the "Arrow Cross" was reached when, some time after the 1939 elections, the "Heroes" within the ranks of Szálasi's Party resigned their title, i.e. their membership in the Horthy-nobility, as a protest against their leader's imprisonment. A more amusing feature of the struggle for power was, when Horthy dismissed Béla von Imrédy (family name: Heinrich), his pro-German Prime Minister, on the pretext that one of the latter's great-grandparents had been a Jew. Horthy stresses in his autobiography that the reason for Imrédy's dismissal was not his Jewish ancestry, but his anti-semitic policy.

When the war broke out in 1939, Horthy's main concern was how to keep Hungary out of it. When, in 1941, circumstances forced Hungary to enter the war on the side of Germany, his main concern became how to get Hungary out of it. Vague peace feelers abroad (partly with the help of the British Colonel Howie, who had escaped from a German prisoner of war camp, and afterwards, in Hungary operated a secret radio transmitter from Horthy's palace), and a mild flirtation with the political Left inside Hungary led to the German occupation and, finally, to Horthy's deposition and replacement by Szálasi on October 15, 1944. Horthy was imprisoned first by the Germans, then by the Americans, and only after many vicissitudes could he set up his new home in Estoril, in Portugal. He had to watch from the distance how the country that he had led to stability and temporary aggrandizement was to disappear behind the iron curtain.

His work was certainly not perfect: we may resent in particular that he did not allow the post-Communist Hungarian society—when the majority of the people were undoubtedly disillusioned with Communism—to find its new level by free development, but enforced upon it the broadened

replica of the old order. Yet, we must admit that, in a sense, he made the dead walk: his artificially re-vitalised society could live, overcome crises, and even expand. In 1919 the Hungary of the Hapsburgs collapsed from within; Horthy's Hungary had to be destroyed from without. Had Horthy's Hungary been left alone, we do not know, how she would have developed at the end. But we can say with certainty: had the Germans not occupied Hungary, she would not have gone National Socialist in 1944: had the Russians not occupied Hungary, she would not have gone Communist after 1945.

So much for the man who ruled Hungary for a quarter of a century. As for the country: many jokes were made of a kingdom without a king, ruled by a sailor without a sea; whose noisiest anti-semitic was Imrédy, a Jew; traditionally allied to Poland and taking part in the war in alliance with Poland's arch-enemy; having no territorial claim against Russia, only against Rumania and Slovakia, yet fighting the war against Russia in alliance with Rumania and Slovakia. The country of many contrasts finally lost her independence by being overrun by her chief ally, Germany, and was, at the end, "liberated"—a contrast to end all contrasts—by Russia. We can to-day condense Hungary's history in the last thirty-odd years in one brief sentence: under Vienna-bred Horthy Hungary was a kingdom without a king, under Moscow-bred Rákosi (Roth) she became a republic without freedom.

GEORGE A. FLORIS.

TWO WAR NOVELS

PERHAPS the most tragic figure of our times is the "little man" in a totalitarian régime. In an old-fashioned autocracy or dictatorship he was not asked for his opinion: he was given orders which he could not but obey. Nowadays, however, democratic ideas have spread so wide that an up-to-date totalitarian régime will always consult the "Little man", deluding him into thinking that he has some influence on the government's decisions, just as if he lived in a democracy of the western pattern. In actual fact, of course, the question on which he is consulted is so worded that he can scarcely fail to give the desired answer. The resulting 98-99% vote in its favour is thereupon regarded by the régime as a blank cheque and, till the next plebiscite, the "little man" is merely a tool in the hands of the régime, a tool whose opinions and sufferings are of no consequence. Having been "consulted", the "little man" cannot protest against decisions and actions of the government, even if they bring untold sufferings upon him. Moreover, when such decisions and actions bring even greater sufferings upon another nation, the responsibility for these is no longer principally borne by the régime but is equally shared by him, for he has been consulted.

Obviously, the "little man's" efficiency as a tool is the greater, the more willing he is. And so totalitarian régimes attach particular importance to conditioning him. The writer cannot embark here on a study of

Theodor Plievier: Stalingrad. Verlag Kurt Desch, München, 1945.
Theodor Plievier: Moskau. Verlag Kurt Desch, München, 1952.

propaganda; suffice it to say that mankind, in acquiring an ever-increasing mastery over material nature, has also developed undreamt-of technical methods for influencing the minds of men. Both the Nazi régime in Germany and the communist régime in Russia have flattered themselves on their ability not only to transform nature but also to transform man, creating the "new man" in the former and the "soviet man" in the latter. And so it can be stated, with many reservations and many excuses but nevertheless categorically, that the "little man" proved a willing tool in Hitler's hands: he marched into Russia without pangs of conscience, for he had been deluded into thinking that by conquering Russia he would help create a new paradise on earth, admittedly an exclusive one for the use of Germans and their satellites. But then, he had been told—and was only too glad to believe—that the Russians were *Untermenschen* anyway.

The fate of the "little man" in a totalitarian society had been foreseen by Nietzsche; his predictions have proved to some extent correct. The trend which he anticipated has been followed to its logical conclusion by various authors, both English and German, e.g. Jens in his "Nein", who have described what might be termed "negative utopias". But most of these authors have described such societies of the future in peace-time. An equally interesting study, however, could be made of them in war-time. For war between totalitarian states has a different character from the European wars of the 18th and 19th centuries. The individual on both sides has lost his value and importance *qua* individual: for his own side he has become merely an expendable tool; for the enemy he has become not merely expendable but superfluous and undesirable, a weed to be extirpated. The days are gone when, as happened during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, French governesses could advertise in Berlin newspapers, offering their services; or when the Russian General Suvorov, at the end of the 18th century, told his soldiers not to kill the enemy soldiers unnecessarily because they too were human beings. Of course, there was much suffering and cruelty in the past, but much of it was due to the brutality of individual soldiers and officers or to inadequate technical means for alleviating distress. But, in theory at least, suffering was mitigated by Christianity or some other expression of human charity. In total war, however, there is no room for charity; the state has no conscience and just ignores the individual. The tragedy of it all, for the "little man", is that his own state—for which he has voted—shows no more feeling for his individual suffering than it does for that of his opposite number in the enemy army.

Plievier has been pleading for the underdog throughout his literary career, for instance in the widely translated "Des Kaisers Kuli" (1929). It was, presumably, his sympathy for the underdog that urged him to take part in the Wilhelmshaven sailors' revolt and to become the editor of the official organ of the (communist) *Spartakusbund*. With such a past he had to leave Nazi Germany in 1933. He spent the war years in Soviet Russia, where he belonged to the "Freies Deutschland" committee. But he had not sold his soul to communism, for on returning to Germany he moved into the Western Zone after first settling in Weimar, in the Eastern Zone.

In Russia he was given the opportunity of studying letters, diaries and

similar materials which had fallen into Russian hands, and of interviewing German prisoners of war. This unique opportunity he seized with both hands: he interviewed hundreds of Germans of all ranks, from Field-Marshal von Paulus down. The fruit of his researches was "Stalingrad" (1945). With the genuine tone struck in this epic of the underdog—reflecting the genuineness of the material—Plievier's *Tatsachenroman* almost immediately became a best-seller and its author an outstanding figure in German letters. Now that the German people had lost its illusions, discarded its delusions, suffered merciless hammering and humiliation, it identified itself with Plievier's underdog and saw in Plievier its spokesman as well as the spokesman of the humiliated "little man". What he did for the German soldier in "Stalingrad", Plievier has attempted to do for the Russian as well as for the German soldier in "Moskau", the second element in the projected trilogy which is to be completed with "Berlin".

In "Stalingrad" Plievier tells the story of the 300,000 Germans from November 1942 when they were cut off at Stalingrad up to the capture of the miserable band of survivors three months later. To begin with the 6th Army was still a powerful force, proud of its magnificent military efficiency and confident in its might: it could still have broken the ring of Russian troops and joined the main body, sacrificing, it is true, the chance of capturing Stalingrad that autumn but at any rate retaining its ability to fight another day. This it was categorically forbidden to do by Hitler. Moved by considerations not of strategy but of propaganda, Hitler obstinately refused to authorise either retreat, when retreat was still possible, or surrender: the 300,000 men were to give to the rest of the Germans an inspiring example of devotion to duty and loyalty to their *Führer* by allowing themselves to be killed or to die. Nobody at home was to know that this sacrifice on an unprecedented scale was perhaps not self-sacrifice, accepted willingly and with open eyes by 300,000 heroes. What Hitler had ordered, the generals and the officers carried out, though gradually they came to realise ever more clearly the military folly of their actions. By their "cursed, criminal, fatal obedience" they became Hitler's partners in crime.

To leave a large modern army in the middle of winter in the steppes of Southern Russia, cut off from its supply bases and surrounded by a fierce enemy, is to condemn it to rapid and inevitable disintegration. For the individual this means unbelievable suffering from cold, hunger, wounds, disease, fear and despair. The story of this disintegration is told in a few score episodes, each more ghastly than the next, taken from the life of a few dozen typical men. The cumulative effect is appalling. The squeamish reader had better leave "Stalingrad" unread. Different individuals reacted in a different way to the catastrophe: some died before losing their illusions, the 100% Nazi careerist collapsed morally and physically, the Prussian of the old school cursed Hitler, carried out his orders literally and sought death in battle, the typical "little man" tended eventually to realise the full extent of Hitler's criminality and his own partial responsibility. But often, by that time, his will to live had been broken. Two figures emerge, however, of men who have drawn a positive lesson from their experience: Gnotke, the humble N.C.O., and Vilshofen,

the distinguished officer. They do not give in to despair but march into captivity together, feeling that for making good the crimes that have been committed they are more useful alive than dead.

In "Moskau" Plievier uses the same technique to show how a similar tragedy unfolded itself on both the Russian and the German sides, between the start of the invasion in June 1941 and the collapse of the German assault on Moscow. Of outstanding interest is his thesis (whose correctness, of course, it is impossible to prove), that Russia was utterly unprepared to repel invasion: neither were the troops properly deployed or equipped, nor had any plans been made to fight on the defensive. The result was chaos on the Russian side, which not only caused the senseless sacrifice of countless Russians, but which almost brought about the collapse of the régime. For the régime it was of paramount importance not to "lose face": it had to find scapegoats who could be held responsible for the disaster. And so, in this case, it was the generals on the spot and the subordinate leaders who became the "little men" vis-à-vis the régime. Whether their tanks had fuel or not, whether their men had arms, munitions and food or not, whether in fact they themselves had men under their command or not, they were ordered to stand fast. Those who retired, rather than be taken prisoner or face the Germans with bare fists, were rounded up as deserters and, in innumerable cases, shot as traitors. But, unlike their German counterparts at Stalingrad, at least some Russian officers were good enough patriots to disobey orders in order to save at any rate some of their troops: they ordered these troops to retire to prepared positions—and were subsequently shot.

Suvorov told his subordinates: "If I give the command 'forward', and you see that it is impossible, do not go." A totalitarian régime does not allow this latitude to the individual. But it is not the individual alone that suffers: by stultifying individual initiative, the totalitarian régime reduces the military efficiency of its armies and exposes them to unnecessary disasters. It was, for instance, only when it allowed full scope to the individual's patriotic fervour that the Soviet régime retrieved its fortunes—taking advantage of the Nazis' folly in alienating such sympathies as they might have found among Russian anti-communists. But what does the loss of an army, what does the fate of the "little man"—be he officer or private soldier—matter to the totalitarian régime if it is successful in its enterprise or, for that matter, if it fails?

NICOLAS SOLLOHUB.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE IN PROUST'S JEAN SANTEUIL

THE publication in 1952 of Proust's *Jean Santeuil* was a major literary event. In his preface André Maurois explains the circumstances that led to the discovery of this early work, never published by the author himself, and shows how full of interest it is. It cannot, as a whole, compete in perfection with *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, to which it stands in the same relationship as the preliminary sketches of an artist to the finished picture. But some aspects of Proust's

development stand out with peculiar clarity in this "prefiguration" of the later masterpiece, which possesses, in Maurois' words, "*une beauté toute différente, plus négligée, plus hardie, parfois aussi plus émouvante.*" To no part of the book could this description be applied more accurately than to the pages which deal with the hero's relations with his family. This important theme is treated with a directness and even, at times, with a simplicity which are not only moving in themselves but help the reader to appreciate, at a deeper level, the subtle transformations which it undergoes in the more mature work.

It is natural that the theme of the family should be a prominent one in *Jean Santeuil*, for the first part of the novel—which, though written in the third person, is largely autobiographical—is chiefly concerned with the stresses of childhood and adolescence as they appeared to Proust when they still belonged, for him, to a recent past: "*L'essence même de ma vie recueillie sans y rien mêler, dans ces heures de déchirure où elle découle.*" From letters referred to by Maurois, it seems that the novel had been begun by 1896 and was laid aside in 1900, when Proust began his translation of Ruskin. It was therefore written approximately between his twenty-fifth and twenty-ninth year, at a time when both his parents were still alive.

The composition of the hero's family in *Jean Santeuil* resembles that in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, consisting of the parents and their only son. During their country holidays at Etrevilles—a first version of Combray—the Santeuil become absorbed into a family hierarchy in which various members of three generations live together under the same roof. But the decisive influences on the boy's upbringing come from his parents and from the maternal grandfather, M. Sandré, who is a member of their household in Paris. The immense influence which his parents and, most of all, his mother have on the impressionable child is made clear at the outset by a family drama which later receives a more finished but perhaps a less tragic expression in *Du Côté de chez Swann*. To the nervous boy, going to bed is a nightly torture and he counts on his mother's last visit and good-night kiss as his only passport to peaceful sleep. But one evening, when his parents are entertaining a friend, he is sent to bed without the hope of her usual visit. His mother is aware of his misery but refuses to yield to it because of her earnest desire to teach him control of his nerves. But, in the end, his despair brings on a hysterical crisis and she is obliged to go and comfort him, with the full approval of her husband, who is concerned by these symptoms of physical distress. The child finally goes to sleep, but not before he has heard his mother reply, in answer to the enquiry of the old servant: "*M. Jean ne sait pas lui-même ce qu'il a. Il souffre de ses nerfs.*" These words implant in his mind the fateful idea that he is not responsible for the actions to which he is driven by his nerves. He goes to sleep with a sense of triumph which is not softened, as in the later work, by sympathy for his mother's disappointment and which is all the more tragic because he has, in reality, sustained the most demoralising of defeats.

The sense of conflict continues to brood over the early years of Jean Santeuil's life and is no doubt the chief reason why he speaks of his "*sombre enfance.*" It is manifested again in his description of his

adolescent love for Marie Kossichief, a girl whom he meets at play in the Champs-Élysées. The incident is obviously a first version of Marcel's love for Gilberte in *Du Côté de chez Swann*. But, in the later work, the parents endure their son's infatuation with resignation, if not with enthusiasm; in *Jean Santeuil*, it is the mother who, concerned at the effect on her son's health, finally intervenes to put a stop to his visits to the Champs-Élysées, an action which is passionately resented by Jean.

The antagonism between the child and authority, as represented by his parents, is complicated by the implicit difference in their sense of values. The father is a successful administrator with an essentially practical mind. The mother, though possessed of a sensitiveness and imagination which make her much nearer to her son in temperament, is firmly convinced that her husband's type of intelligence is superior. The same humility is shown by the mother in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, but it is there portrayed with sympathy as well as with humour; here, on the other hand, it seems to be half resented by the son, who states categorically that Mme. Santeuil is in reality "*beaucoup plus intelligente que son mari*."—It may be that the sharp distinction that Proust later drew between the factual use of the intelligence and its far superior potentialities as an instrument for discovering general truths, though owing much to the philosophical climate of his age, also owes something to his early resentment at what he considered the undue emphasis placed by his family on values so different from his own.

Still more significant for the understanding of the stresses of Proust's adolescence is the Santeuil family's attitude towards art. Aesthetic appreciation is not likely to be found in M. Santeuil, and his wife, though she wishes her son to know something of French poetry, considers it at best as an amusement for leisure hours and says, with unconscious irony: "*... je ne souhaite pas à mon fils d'être un artiste de génie*." But it is remarkable that the most determined opposition to art comes, in the Santeuil family, from the very quarter where, in the later work, it finds the most ardent defender. The grandfather, M. Sandré, would like to see poetry omitted altogether from his grandson's education, not because of any arbitrary harshness, for he is devoted to the child, but because he is genuinely convinced of the lethal effects of a literary career. One has only to compare this attitude with that of the grandmother in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, who is so anxious to encourage the child's taste for art and literature, to realise how much less harmonious is the childhood portrayed in the earlier work.

But, in spite of this lack of harmony, a close bond of affection unites Jean to his family and particularly to his mother. When he goes to the *lycée*, the desire not to cause her grief is the only motive strong enough to make him react against the laziness which threatens to destroy his brilliant promise. Unfortunately, it often happens that the moment when he mentally resolves to abjure idleness synchronises with the moment when his exasperated parents finally lose all patience. The most serious of these misunderstandings occurs when Jean is nearing the end of his time at the *lycée*. One evening, when he is going to dine with a friend, his parents wrongly conclude that this is to be a preliminary to a night of debauchery. Furious at their injustice, Jean shuts himself up

in his room. When the first heat of his anger has passed, he is conscious of physical cold and takes a coat at random from a cupboard. It proves to be a velvet evening coat which his mother used to wear years before. It instantly recalls to him the picture of her as she used to look when she was young and happy; he realises that she is ageing, that anxiety over him has hastened the process, and that one day he will be forced to exist without "*la personne par rapport à qui il concevait tout*." The scene ends with a reconciliation; it also marks the crucial point where the theme of family relationships blends with Proust's major theme of Time and in doing so acquires a gravity and a tenderness, deepened by remorse, which anticipate its fuller development in the future masterpiece.

In the following part of *Jean Santeuil* family relations do not play so vital a part, for Jean's horizon is no longer bounded by the walls of his home. He is initiated into aristocratic society and also, because of a friend's military service, into life in a garrison town. But the link with his family and particularly with his mother remains a strong one, as is shown by an episode later more fully developed in *le Côté de Guermantes*. During an absence from home, Jean, for the first time, hears his mother's voice on the telephone and realises its unique quality; purified from all egoism, it is the very accent of sympathy made audible: "*la douceur, la petite essence divine dont il a souvent rêvé* . . ."

The last part of *Jean Santeuil* continues the story of his youth, of his social triumphs and sufferings and of his love affairs, but at the same time it sheds valuable light on the development of his relations with his parents and on the increasing understanding between them. Jean, who is now learning to observe human nature in the salons, realises how much his way of looking at people has in common with his mother's, and the discovery is a source of pleasure to them both. But even more interesting is the great increase of sympathy noticeable in his attitude to his father. He is no longer so critical of his opinions or of his mother's devotion to him, and is delighted when she notices some trick of gesture which her husband and son have in common: "*Jean était heureux de se sentir ainsi lié à son père, fier de voir qu'il n'était plus un pauvre garçon tout seul* . . ." He rejoices to feel that he is no longer "an isolated individual" but the representative of a family. Here, for the first time, one has that sense of the family as a unity which makes the charm of the "perfect circle" of Combray in the later work.

But in *Jean Santeuil* Proust is already haunted by the tragedy of "*le Temps perdu*"; the perfect circle is already on the point of dissolution and the book ends with a picture of Jean's parents in their last years which is surely one of the finest he ever drew. He shows their increasing physical frailty with the same realism with which he was later to paint the ravages of time on a whole generation; but it is, characteristically, the inner change on which he concentrates. The father, while losing nothing of the authority of his character, becomes, with the approach of old age, capable of imaginative insight into his wife's concealed sorrows and of disinterested concern for the future of the son he has never wholly understood. His vocabulary is still that of a positivist, but the thoughts he now seeks to express belong to a different order. But it is the mother on whom the main light is concentrated, for she is the true heroine of *Jean Santeuil*.

In this delicate and complex portrait her son shows that she, too, has undergone change with the passing of time. She has come to recognize that her son will never be a man of action and even to desire his success as a writer, since that now seems his best preservative from an aimless existence. She has also come, by insensible degrees, to accept the fact that the society in which he now moves has standards completely alien to those of the world in which she has always lived. But, for herself, she retains the ideals that have made her what she is: her sense of duty, her selfless and complete devotion to husband and child. And her son, looking on his home at the moment when it is about to disappear, realises at last its full significance: "*Cette maison où Jean Santeuil est né, où il a grandi... regardez-la une dernière fois. Car l'humanité a beau se recommencer, c'est la maison antique.*"

When Proust wrote *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, his mother was dead, his home a memory. In his masterpiece the theme of the family recurs, with many variations; he relives his childhood in the ideal setting of Combray; he concentrates into the description of the grandmother's death all the anguish of family bereavement; he shows the cruelty, sometimes unconscious, of filial ingratitude, in episodes of which perhaps the most memorable occurs near the end of his vast chronicle, where the aged actress La Berma dies a victim of her daughter's egoism. It is true that the final solution to the problem of his tortured existence comes to him not through the medium of the family but through that of art. Yet, in the last pages of *Le Temps retrouvé*, the culminating volume of the entire cycle, he is carried back in imagination to that fatal evening of his childhood which he had first described long before in the opening chapter of *Jean Santeuil*: "*C'était de cette soirée, où ma mère avait abdiqué, que datait, avec la mort lente de ma grand'mère, le déclin de ma volonté, de ma santé.*" Surely, if he can confront the memory again, and this time with a new tranquillity, it is because he is at last conscious of having successfully asserted, by an almost unparalleled effort of artistic creation, the will power which had failed himself and his mother on that tragic night, because he is conscious of having given his intelligence to posterity as she gave her devotion to her son.

E. L. DUTHIE.

THE GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG

IT is probably unwise to credit Fate with a sense of humour, but one may be reasonably certain that Fate shares with Man that inherent weakness for the exceptional or the unusual. How else does one account for the existence of a little land of peace and plenty known as the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg? Your guidebook will tell you that Luxembourg is a small independent country with an area of 999 square miles and a population of 300,000. Yet it would take more than a book to depict the variegated charm of this miniature state, its rich panorama of hills and valleys and its extremely high standard of living. One can only deplore the fact that Luxembourg should be somewhat off the main route of international tourist travel. It has undoubtedly many claims to distinction, and not a few famous men have come away full of admiration for the country and its people. One of the first things that impresses

the foreign visitor is the individuality of the Luxemburgers. They, like their native land, have preserved a character all of their own despite the vicissitudes of a long history in which at least six larger nations have played a complex and not always creditable part. Nothing could convey a better picture of the Grand Duchy than Goethe's description in his "Memoirs". "Luxemburg", he said, "resembles nothing but itself."

To the British visitor it is indeed a pleasant surprise to find much to remind him of home. A journey through the Grand Duchy from North to South reveals a landscape curiously suggestive of Sussex one minute and Warwickshire the next. Nor is there any lack of historic associations some of them dating back to the seventh century when St. Willibrod, an English missionary from Northumbria, brought Christianity to Luxemburg and those parts of Western Europe which after the fall of the Roman Empire became the prey of paganism. And one's surprise is bound to grow still further on learning that for all its diminutive size Luxemburg is the seventh steel producer in the world. Two-thirds of her population derive their living from the iron-and-steel industry which turns out the full range of metallurgical products. Social legislation in the industry can be said to be among the most progressive of its kind. The steel works belong to three companies: ARBED (Acieries Réunies de Burbach, -Eich-Dudelange), HADIR (Hauts-Fourneaux & Acieries de Dufferdange, St. Ingbert & Rumelange), and the "Société Minière & Metallurgique de Rodange". Of these three ARBED is far and away the most important and ranks among the leading industrial concerns in Europe. At home, the company's "pièce de résistance" is the automatic, semi-continuous rolling-mill at Dudelange which produces sheets varying in thickness from 0.3 to 20 mm. and an annual capacity of 500,000 tons of rolled steel products. Abroad, ARBED is the owner of or has major interests in a number of steel plants both in Europe and South America as well as in cement, mines, etc. HADIR specialises in broad flanged beams (Grey beams)—the first company in the world to manufacture this particular type of steel product. In the Saar HADIR owns the St. Ingbert works, whose "spécialité de la maison" is strip-rolling, and in France the Ottrange works. The plant and machinery of the Luxemburg steel industry emerged relatively undamaged from the depredations of the Nazi occupation. After a slow start in the years following the end of hostilities the rate of production gathered momentum to reach the record figures of 3,157,069 tons of pig-iron and 3,077,021 tons of steel in 1951. The export side of the industry seems assured of stable markets overseas, and no storm warnings are likely to be out for a long time to come.

The great handicap to this intense activity is the lack of coke and coal. For her supplies of coke Luxemburg depends on imports of which 80 per cent are supplied by the Ruhr, the remainder by Belgium and the Netherlands. The same can be said of Luxemburg's supplies of iron-ore which are limited to a narrow strip of land along the French frontier. The rate of consumption of iron-ore by local blast-furnaces far exceeds the extent of deposits available in the Grand Duchy. As a result, iron-ore, too, has to be imported, the principal supplier being the neighbouring Lorraine basin. It is pleasant to record that, despite the concentration of steel works and other industries, Luxemburg is by no means over-

industrialised. Hillside orchards are a charming feature of the Moselle Valley, home of a wide range of celebrated light wines. And the extensive forests of the 'highlands' or E'sleck contribute their share to the national economy to keep the Grand Duchy self-supporting in all but industrial raw materials.

The marriage last April of Prince Jean of Luxemburg to Princess Josephine-Charlotte of Belgium did much to stimulate world interest in the affairs of the Grand Duchy. Politically, Luxemburg is a constitutional monarchy where executive power is vested in the Sovereign, a Minister of State (equivalent to a Prime Minister), and a Cabinet of five Ministers. Legislative power belongs to a Chamber of Deputies of 52 representatives. In addition to the government there is a Council of State of fifteen members, nominated for life by the Sovereign, with functions more or less similar to those of an Upper House. In their politics the people of Luxemburg incline towards the Liberal-Conservative side. No particular insight is needed to discover that such much-abused terms as "bourgeoisie" and "lower middle-class" have retained here much of the lustre lost elsewhere. If in Luxemburg the standard of living is extremely high the same applies to the general standard of education. As for the political constellation, the two main parties—the Christian-Social or Catholics and the Socialists—seem to have a great deal in common and appear to be more divided on matters of detail than of principle. The present government is a coalition of which the most prominent figures (and the best-known abroad) are M. Pierre Dupong, the Prime Minister, and M. Joseph Bech, the Minister of Defence and Foreign Affairs. Both are veteran statesmen of an international standing, thanks to whom little Luxemburg has come to assume a political importance out of all proportion to its geographical size. And the sight of many young men in British-style battledress serves as a discreet reminder that the Grand Duchy is the smallest but by no means the least valuable member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

The link with Belgium is not confined to the two Royal Houses. It was forged many centuries ago when the two countries formed part of no less than five different empires. Their final status as sovereign nations dates from the Treaty of London of 1839. This common destiny and the heavy hand of foreign domination have produced a truly unique relationship between the two peoples. The frontier that separates their territories is in fact nothing more than a fictitious dividing line. In character the Luxemburgers are almost as different from their northern neighbours as neighbours can be. Economically the two nations have turned their traditional affinities to good account. Since 1921 they have been partners in the Belgo-Luxemburg Economic Union; an arrangement whereby Belgium and Luxemburg operate as a single trading unit having a common economic policy, a Customs Union and interchangeable currencies. After World War II the two countries entered into another partnership on similar lines with the Netherlands, better known as Benelux. There the comparison ends. For if the Belgo-Luxemburg Economic Union has proved an undoubted success, Benelux has been so far a marriage of convenience. What the originators of Benelux had in mind was a scheme for the gradual conversion of the three participating

countries into a single economic entity. Unfortunately, as experience has proved, time has not been on their side. The years following the Second World War were anything but propitious for the launching of such an ambitious venture. Basically, the problem of Benelux is one of conflicting economic policies. Whereas Belgium and Luxemburg adhere to a free-enterprise type of economy, the Netherlands have modelled theirs on a semi-austerity pattern. In practice this means that in Luxemburg wages and salaries are between 15 and 23 per cent. higher than in Belgium and between 50 and 55 per cent. higher than in the Netherlands. An extremely high birth-rate and the loss of their overseas empire have compelled the Dutch to follow an export-first policy coupled with a continuous extension of their home industries. Under the circumstances, how (so the Luxemburg argument runs) is the Grand Duchy to compete with cheaper Belgian goods and much cheaper Dutch products when taxation and social insurance weigh heavily on the Luxemburg exporter? The argument has undoubtedly some force.

Luxemburg-City is more than the capital of the Grand Duchy. It is also the seat of the Schuman Pool or "European Coal-and-Steel Community" (CECA). It thus shares with Strasburg the distinction of being in a way the unofficial capital of the six nations known collectively as 'Little Europe'. And it is in this capital that one can best gauge the impact made on official and public opinion by the great questions of the day and their bearing upon the six nations concerned. High on the list of momentous questions are the European Coal-and-Steel Community, the European Defence Community, and the European Political Community. What are the prospects for each of them? How does the man-in-the-street react to them?

Taking the three problems in that order the conclusion to be drawn is that the Schuman Pool has emerged successfully from a none-too-easy trial period. It was a proud day for the six nations of the Schuman Pool when on May 1 all of them became a single market for steel as they became a common market for coal on February 10. M. Monnet, president of the Schuman Pool, said on that occasion: "From to-night the frontiers of the six nations will be open to one another's steel. This gives us a market of 155 million consumers." Since then the iron, steel and scrap of the Six have been moving freely across national boundaries as if they were crossing from one county into another. At the Headquarters of the European Coal-and-Steel Community experts of the six nations are working together, not so much as nationals of France, Italy, Belgium, Western Germany, Luxemburg and the Netherlands but as the first civil servants of Little Europe. It is too soon at this stage to assess accurately the impact of the Coal-and-Steel Community upon the national economies of the six participating countries. What can be said with certainty is that this new type of supra-national partnership constitutes the first step towards European integration, and has already resulted in the removal of a number of trade restrictions such as double price scales and customs duties. At the Headquarters of the Community optimism prevails as to the ultimate success of what M. Monnet has dubbed as "Enterprise Europe". The experts of the Six are of opinion that far from there being a danger of saturation of the steel market, steel output

could be substantially increased. To them at any rate the possibility of over-production seems almost as remote as the realisation of the Schuman Plan appeared to Western Europe just a little over three years ago.

So far so good. But what of the European Defence Community and European integration? As is known, these related questions have been the subject of heated debates in all six countries of Little Europe. More often than not certain politicians, such as M. Schuman and M. Spaak, have found themselves several jumps ahead of their public opinion at home. Those who predicted a frictionless transition from national sovereignty to federation or a supra-national authority were evidently putting the cart before the horse. So were the others who were apt to regard integration as a universal panacea. Here in Luxemburg private conversations with people from various walks of life soon confirm the impression that 'caution is the watchword.' This was also the attitude of the Belgian and Luxemburg Foreign Ministers at the Paris conference last May of the Six Foreign Ministers of Little Europe. M. Bech, like M. Van Zeeland, declared that their respective countries, while endorsing the principle of integration, were by no means willing to be rushed into a new scheme—federal or otherwise—without giving it the fullest consideration.

A similar blend of caution and scepticism prevails as regards the European Army Treaty which has yet to be discussed in the Luxemburg Chamber of Deputies. Though EDC has not aroused anything like the passionate controversies in Belgium (where it is fast becoming a constitutional issue), there is little enthusiasm for the treaty. No doubt it will eventually be adopted by Parliament, but—as a matter of necessity rather than conviction. In considering the mental reservations of the Belgians and the Luxemburgers about the European Army there should be full recognition of the large part played by fear of their eastern neighbour. Integration presupposes the admission of Western Germany as an equal partner of the European Political Community, a pre-requisite sound in itself yet fraught with imponderables. The knowledge that Western Germany is already the leading industrial power between the Elbe and the Atlantic is not exactly calculated to reassure informed opinion in the five other countries of the projected Community. In recent months German foreign policy has switched its emphasis from European integration to German re-unification. And the prospect of a united Germany with reconstituted Armed Forces of her own is bound up with far too many bitter memories of the recent past. What to do with a European federation which everyone wants and everyone fears is a problem for which no one seems as yet to have found a wholly satisfactory answer.

DAVID INGBER.

MALLORCA, ISLAND PARADISE

AS long as foreign currency allowances for holidays remain severely cut Spain has the additional attraction of being the cheapest country to travel in. All Spain is beautiful on the grandiose scale, whereas the Balearic islands have a paradisaical perfection which puts the prettiest coloured picture postcard to shame. As Majorca is only a night's journey

(or an hour's flight) away from Barcelona and has no winter to speak of, the boom there already starts early in the year. The average Mallorquin is normally a contented fellow who believes in "muchacha calma," but in to-days' Palma there does not appear to be a hotel or a pension that is not hurriedly adding a new wing or a few storeys to its existing accommodation. One knows where one is in Palma, whatever rain does fall stops by the end of March and does not resume again until December. The cafés open at five in the morning and close at two in the night; one of the results of giving a man so much time for a drink, generally over chess, dominoes or backgammon, is that you never meet a drunk on the island.

Palma, the capital, is a sophisticated city, superbly set across a vast bay above which one of the most magnificent cathedrals of Spain rides like a great amber coloured galleon at anchor. The city itself is seen to greatest advantage from the old Moorish castle, above a thick pine forested hill. From these 1,000 years old battlements the view sweeps the biscuit baked, milk and coffee coloured or sparkling white houses, square beehives with thousands of windows turned towards the sun, whilst the flat Moorish roofs make one realise that beyond the Mediterranean horizon lies Africa. The deep-bronze edged bay goes over into a jewelled coastline, lovely villas hidden coyly along the picturesque coves, shimmering in the liquid silver of lazily lapping wavelets. From the farthest cliff the mountain ridge begins as a gently rising line, gradually growing to ragged barren peaks, and in the deep ravines and wild gorges, dry riverbeds of granite and gravel, grow gigantic garlands of man high cacti and prickly pear. At the edge of this utter silence lies the Moorish Castle, its thick round walls the colour and grain of cemented desert sand, a compact fortress, yet inside spacious like a palace. That February afternoon towards six, a moon the colour and size of a pale fleecy football, kicked immensely high into the sky, hung suspended in the daylight. Everywhere in Majorca nature puts one's imagination to shame.

I had travelled one noon hour to the village of Deya where Robert Graves lives (these last 20 years) in a setting worthy of "Claudius the God." The mountains here are not unlike those of Kerry, if you can imagine them planted up to the very top with well spaced olive trees. To irrigate them, the entire mountain flank has been trimmed into terraces, each the width of a narrow street, bordered by stones laid loosely upon stones so that it looks as if the mountains are dressed in evening frocks of lacy frills. The sun makes the leaves shine like silver tinsel, and these vast plantations have an hallucinating geometrical effect what with every tree's daintily precise shadow. One of the sights of the world are the strange shapes of Majorcan olive trees, many of them contemporaries of Hannibal whose brother reigned here. They can look like an old man bending over hand on hip, like hermits supplicating heaven, like giant monsters locked in battle or boa-constrictors about to strangle each other. There are trees that embrace each other, others that look like dancing satyrs or posturing dragons, tree trunks that could have well been used as sketches for Rodin or Vigeland. The villages merge imperceptibly into their surroundings, a natural protective camouflage of tiles and walls. Along the ever climbing or descending roads lie the patchwork quilt of acres, chestnut brown ploughed earth, then suddenly the jubilation of orange or lemon groves

with their glistening lacquered leaves, the dew still a tiny drop underneath each fruit. Over the solitary low house in garden or estate rises a huge palm, nature's own sun shade. Roses and daffodils, begonias, geraniums and big bushes of arum lillies growing wild, are squandered in perfumed profusion all around the most humble dwellings; they garland the roads, in between almond and ilex trees or luscious magnolias in bursting velvet buds. As the road had climbed to the highest pass I saw from this awe inspiring amphitheatre—itsself the petrified waves of a prehistoric convulsion—a diamante cove. One could not discern where exactly the deep cobalt blue sea merged into the cloudless aquamarine sky.

The pioneer of Majorcan tourism was George Sand, who came here to find relief for Chopin's bad health in the winter of 1838-39. Blue stocking George Sand's travel log "Un Hiver à Majorque" is full of that singularly prejudiced woman's acid comments. She found fault with everything barring the scenery, which she summed up as "a green Helvetia underneath the sky of Calabria and with the silent solemnity of the Orient." Some years before their arrival an anti-clerical government in Madrid had dissolved the religious orders and suppressed the monasteries, many of which were let to tourists, cells turned into flats. Thus Chopin and George Sand with her children lived one winter in the former Carthusian monastery of Valdemosa—where in our time Unamuno spent a writing holiday. Here Chopin, inspired by nature of unrivalled perfection, wrote some of his greatest masterpieces. It cost him a small fortune to get his Pleyel piano through the Palma customs, and altogether his life on the island was beset with trials. The superstitious villagers feared his tuberculosis like pestilence. Perhaps they thought it divine retribution for the heathenish appearance of George Sand and her daughter going about in trousers, and for not attending Mass on Sundays. They were charged exorbitant prices for food and fuel; so shortly after the monks had been driven out, the villagers felt it near-blasphemy for anybody to use the cells as worldly dwellings. All these drawbacks were more than made up for by the view, of which Chopin recorded that "it was perfection; it left nothing to wish, nothing to imagine." He referred to it later many a time when the winter mists of Paris made him long for the rocks, the sea and the palms. To understand the inspiration which set Chopin aglow in Valdemosa one must have stayed in the monastery and roamed the surroundings. The hanging garden outside the cell which Chopin occupied is now restored to the pattern shown in a drawing which Maurice Sand, George's son, made at the time. The view from these rooms is breath-taking, the inimitable grace of the line of the mountain dropping to a pass, the infinite variety of green of pine, olive, poplar and cypresses shading the wild gorges. Here the sun begins to set in purest rose, the sky then turns violet and gradually grows silver-lilac before changing into a transparent pure blue for the entrance of night. One cell was Chopin's study and bedroom; here stands against the white-washed wall the small upright piano on which he composed some of his immortal nocturnes. With a thrill one touches, reverently and ever so lightly, the very keyboard on which his genius translated his inspiration for all future generations to hold. There is a new grand piano now in this room, near the lead-paned window; from all over the world famous pianists and com-

posers have made pilgrimage to Chopin's cell and have played in the room in which he composed. Their photographs adorn the wall like *ex-votos*: Cortot and Rubinstein, Pablo Casals and Manuel de Falla, Vincent d' Indry and George Copeland—a good hundred of them.

I made one other Majorcan pilgrimage—by an archaic train which runs on almond shells as fuel—to a little town in the interior called Petra. Here was born and reared a Franciscan friar whose colossal statue now stands in the Capitol "Hall of Fame" in Washington, D.C. Fra Junipero Serra, the Professor of Theology at Palma University, left his native island about two hundred years ago, and in the course of his apostolic journey founded that string of Missions on the Californian coast, many of which have since become fabulous cities—San Diego, San Antonio and half a dozen more—and in 1776 the greatest of them all, San Francisco. Petra is a very small town, yet of surprisingly long and narrow streets of biscuit baked two-storey houses under near flat roofs. The Serra home is still intact on Barracar Street 6, complete to the alcove where Junipero was born. A square opening in the wall served as glassless window, and the thick wooden shutter is now very much worn. Needless to say, nobody knew at the time that Junipero Serra's birthplace would become the focus of attention of thousands of historically-minded tourists. The four poster bed, the cradle, the lantern and donkey bell, the leather and stone wine bottles are not those of his family, but they are of the period and of their class. In the garden full of geraniums and prickly pear still stands the outside baking oven, and the visitors' book is laid underneath a framed manuscript page of a Californian report in his scholarly handwriting.

Waiting for the toy train, I roamed the countryside, dominated by the cone shaped mountain from which young Junipero first saw the sea and felt the impulse to travel in the service of God. Nothing seemed further away, here in the heart of the countryside of this Mediterranean island, than the teeming metropolis on the Pacific. A canary had his day out, his cage hung underneath a palm tree. A horse cart rumbled drowsily over the suncaked tracks of a dusty country road to the back of beyond, and a jolly red-cheeked nun, carrying a big basket of oranges on each arm, exchanged pleasantries with two lovers on a wall.

KEES VAN HOEK.

THE SPEED OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS

THE speeds of locomotion attained by various wild creatures have always attracted the interest of scientists and naturalists, and the methods of timing such speeds, from the fastest down to the slowest, have taxed man's ingenuity. What makes this business of putting the speedometer on nature so interesting is that most creatures can and do move very swiftly, if only over short distances; a vast number of them easily outpacing human rates of progress. It is always striking to remember that, unaided, the fastest a man can run is around 24 m.p.h., and that only in short sprints by crack athletes. Five miles an hour is a good walking pace for most of us, while as for swimming, the world record speed stands at 4.01 m.p.h. Set against these limits the fastest flight

speed recorded by a bird, 261 m.p.h. by a flock of frigate-birds; the fastest land speed attained by a quadruped, just over 70 m.p.h. by the incredibly swift-sprinting cheetah; and the fastest swimming speed by a fish, the sailfish's 68 m.p.h., and you see what is involved. On the other hand, it is fair to mention that the common earthworm is known to burrow at an average speed of 0.002 m.p.h., while the proverbial snail has been timed to glide forward as fast as 0.07 m.p.h. and as slow as 0.000363005 m.p.h.

In all cases of animal speed timing it is important to remember that most creatures have a sheer maximum speed that they can reach in an emergency when some enemy threatens, or else achieve over very short stretches when hunting, and a normal running or flying speed, which is usually a good bit lower. The legends and hearsay evidence about animal speedsters of the past are now quite outdated; no speed recognised and quoted in this article is based on such inadequate proof, all are firm scientific records, checked by a variety of reliable means. As is well known, birds, with their mastery of the air, can achieve speeds unknown on the ground. Eagles and similar birds of prey are usually recognised as the fastest, but the slender hook-billed frigate-bird, mentioned earlier, can outpace even the superbly powerful lammergeier, timed by an aeroplane speedometer at 110 m.p.h. Diving to fish for baby turtles over the warm tropical oceans, the frigate-bird swoops at an immense speed, far in excess of the screeching 200 m.p.h. powerdive of the peregrine falcon or duck-hawk. The record of 261 m.p.h. for the flock of frigate-birds was checked by an Australian naval officer and a friend who noted by chronometers the time taken by the flock passing over a ship to reach the nearby shore. Allowance was made for wind assistance, and this remains an outstanding record. Close behind, however, comes the needle-tailed swift, similar to the British migrant swift, which has been checked with accuracy by a stop-watch to fly easily at 219 miles an hour. Even the little sandpiper can reach a speed of 110 m.p.h. when on migration, as more than one aircraft pilot has noted. Another remarkable time-check of a bird made from a plane was the case of the peregrine falcon which dived on past and beneath an aircraft which was itself nose-diving at 170 m.p.h. The golden eagle's top speed of 120 m.p.h. is also a wonderful feat for so large and comparatively heavy a bird. Compared with it the 89 m.p.h. reached on occasion by vultures is much slower. Swallows can put up very good flight performances when the need arises: one breeding bird was taken by car 79 miles from its nest, yet it returned to it immediately in 43½ minutes, which works out a speed of 108 miles an hour.

What about some of the less swift birds? The sturdy racing pigeon, for instance, is a surprising slowcoach, rarely exceeding 60 m.p.h. without wind help, although one has been timed at 95 m.p.h. Ducks and geese seldom reach over 60-70 m.p.h. The sparrow-hawk cruises at an everyday speed of around 25 m.p.h., but can reach 60 when after quarry in a short burst. A common crow timed by a railway train just topped 60 m.p.h., but this is exceptional, and no allowance was made for a helping wind. Forty-eight miles an hour was the maximum speed attained by some wild duck which were extensively studied and timed by kites, theodolites and stop-watches, but this was probably normal, rather than the maximum speed for the species. Naturally enough, the smaller the bird the slower

it can fly unaided, but the sparrow's 35 m.p.h. checked by a car, and the blackbird's 30 m.p.h., timed by a motor-cycle speedometer, show what power there may be in small wings. Even the 21 m.p.h. reached by a blue tit is remarkable. Owls can reach 40-45 m.p.h., according to road timings, but the weak flight of the cuckoo seldom takes the bird faster than 23 m.p.h.

Land speeds vary even more, and few approach the cheetah's 70 m.p.h. over short, intensely agile sprints, timed by cars on many occasions. A car checked a Mongolian antelope for half a mile and found its average speed to be 60 m.p.h., which is pretty good going, almost reached by the little black buck, so often hunted by cheetahs themselves. These lithe cats can actually accelerate 45 m.p.h. in two seconds, but they tire quickly, like all runners. The next fastest member of the cat tribe is the lion, which can charge at 50 m.p.h. when after gazelles, buck and various antelope, many kinds of which leap along at just over this speed with grace and ease. The prized trained race-horse, by the way, rarely touches 40 m.p.h., surprising as it may sound. The top race-horse speed ever recorded is 48 m.p.h., and the next fastest is 43 m.p.h. Big races like the Derby are run at about 35 m.p.h. Hares can outpace horses with ease, racing over short stretches at 45 m.p.h., a pace not infrequently achieved by a hunted fox. A greyhound can dash along at up to 40 m.p.h., but the usual maximum speed of a rabbit is only 35. By comparison, a rat's top speed is only 6 m.p.h. and that of a mole 2½ m.p.h. A grizzly bear has been known to charge a man at 28 m.p.h., and wart-hogs have several times outpaced cars going at a steady thirty.

Elephants look clumsy when in a hurry, but for all their 5 tons' weight and limited seven-foot stride they can reach 25 m.p.h. when really enraged. This has been timed both by car and stop-watch. In the latter case, an angry bull charged down a measured strip of clearing, covering the 120 yards in 10 seconds exactly—a speed of 24 m.p.h. Rhinoceros also belie their powers of speed by their ungainly appearance: 28 m.p.h. is a good average rush for a charging rhino, measured by a car, and 35 m.p.h. has been recorded once for a particularly fast bull. Even giraffes can canter along—helped by their immense strides—at 32 m.p.h. A camel prefers the more leisurely speed of 8-10 m.p.h., but it can keep that up for 18 hours at a time. One of the best runners is strangely enough a flightless bird, the Australian emu, which has been checked to 40 m.p.h. a number of times. Although most snakes progress at 2 m.p.h. or less, the deadly black mamba of Africa some 12 feet in length, is amazingly quick off the mark for a legless creature and over a short distance can dash forward at 20 m.p.h. Kangaroos can keep up their amazing leaping progress for quite long periods at 40-45 m.p.h., reaching up to 50 m.p.h. when hard pressed by hunters. In many ways the kangaroos' method of locomotion is the most fantastic of all the animals: its 20 lb. tail acts as a rudder during its vast jumps, which may reach 40 feet in length with big full-grown specimens.

The speeds attained by fish have received much specialised attention, and the devices used for recording swimming fish are many and varied. They include such methods as the stop-watch, fish-o-meter (an indicator attached to a rod to register the speed of the line as it runs out), cine

films of tank fish, indicators fastened to fine silk harness which tank fish draw out as they swim along narrow channels, timing from the known speed of boats and ships, even calculating the speed of a river-tide and working out the minimum speed a fish must make to swim against it. All the swordfish tribe beat all comers for sheer dynamic power in the water; the sailfish already mentioned is followed by the marlin and the common swordfish, both of which surge forward under water at 60 m.p.h. According to the much-used fish-o-meter, tunny are the next fastest fish in the sea, reaching a maximum of 44 m.p.h. Flying fish touch 35 m.p.h. in the water just before taking off, and at that speed would not escape a mako shark, whose leaps into the air are probably even faster. For most smaller fish 10 m.p.h. is a fair average, but trout may reach 23 m.p.h. and salmon 25 m.p.h. under favourable swimming conditions.

In the insect world the dragon-fly is by far the fastest species, touching at times 55 m.p.h. without difficulty. Honeybees rarely work up to more than 15 m.p.h., and wasps are even slower. The house-fly is happiest at the smart walking pace of 5 m.p.h. with the cabbage butterfly slightly faster. Only among the creeping and crawling insects is man not the slow-coach.

CLIVE BEECH.

CYPRUS, GATEWAY TO THE MIDDLE EAST

THE island of Cyprus, in the south-eastern tip of the Mediterranean, only forty miles south of Turkey, sixty east of Lebanon, and three hundred north of the Suez Canal, is the focal-point of the Levant and the strategic gateway to the Middle East. In the hands of Britain, or even of one of the Western allies, it commands approaches to all the Levantine ports and, in large measure, even the entrances to the Canal and to the Dardanelles. Its importance at this moment is, for obvious reasons, greater than it has ever been before. It is in the highest degree essential that Cyprus should be politically administered in the interests of the West. The possibility cannot be disregarded that it might become all-important to the West as a military, especially as an air, base. A glance at the map of the Middle East establishes that beyond argument. During the late war it was an invaluable supply and relief station for the Allies, and being so far east in the Mediterranean never was attacked by the enemy. In the event of another war it would be of far more importance in view of its position immediately behind the NATO defence lines.

The history of Cyprus goes back into the dim mists of antiquity. The authentic record begins with the Phoenicians, those bold sea-rovers who dominated the Mediterranean for centuries and braved the terrors beyond the Pillars of Hercules to invade Britain when that land was only a vague tradition to Europe. Paul and Barnabas, the latter a native Cypriot, came from Palestine in 45 A.D., and the former converted the Roman governor to Christianity, so that Cyprus became the first country to be administered by a Christian. Richard of the Lion Heart captured it from the Turks a thousand years later, presently selling it to the Order of Knights Hospitallers who made it the last station for the Crusaders on

the way out and the first on the way back. Thousands of sick and wounded from the fighting in the Holy Land were cared for at the hospitals of the Knights in Cyprus and many died there. The Venetians and the Genoese fought over it and the former were overcome by the Turks in the sixteenth century in the course of the Turkish advance on Europe which was checked, and the Turkish threat finally ended, when Venice and her allies crushed Turkish power at the battle of Lepanto. England took over at the time of the Crimean War, establishing Crown Colonial status in 1925, by which time Greek immigration had constituted three-quarters of the island's population. Since then the percentage has risen to at least eighty per cent. of the present half-million inhabiting an area about half the size of the State of New Jersey. Most of the rest are Turks, though there are about 3,000 Armenians, a thousand British, and a scattering of other nationalities, including a small American colony mostly connected with the United States monitoring and relay-radio stations, schools of the American Near East Administration, and officials of the Cyprus Mining Corporation, an American concern producing copper pyrites and sulphur.

On the basis of their population predominance the Greeks have long been agitating for a union of Cyprus with Greece, though never at any time in its long history has the island been politically controlled by Greece. The movement, which is called ENOSIS, is strongly supported in Athens, and even more strongly by the Greek Orthodox Church, since Britain's capitulation to Egypt on the Sudan question and expected retreat on that of Suez Canal evacuation it has assumed a definitely aggressive character, accompanied by much irresponsible talk about British tyranny in the vernacular press and by café orators who include at least half of the male population among Cypriots. The visit to America by the Cyprus Archbishop Makarios has greatly excited the Greeks of Cyprus, the less literate of whom consider him a kind of miracle-man who cannot fail to achieve the long-sought objective. There is also a Communist group of considerable volubility if not influence. These are pressing, first for complete independence of Cyprus—"if the Sudan, why not Cyprus"? is their slogan—but, short of that, for *Enosis*. As usual, the main purpose is in some way to embarrass Britain, and thus the West.

The talk of British "tyranny" is, of course, nonsense. The British record of achievement is an excellent one, in addition to which the Cypriots enjoy a much greater measure of economic security and a higher standard of living than Greece itself, or indeed than most of the Levantine peoples. Moreover, while in Greece the present cost of living is one of the highest in the world and the general tax-burden exceedingly heavy, Cyprus has the lowest living expenses of any part of Europe or the Near or Middle East, with the possible exception of Spain and taxes are almost non-existent for the peasants and workers. The "white-collar" class and approximate ranks pay, in the case, for example, of a single man having an income of \$1,400 a year, about \$50.00 while with a family of four or more that amount is reduced to a third as much. No one doubts, nor has any supporter of ENOSIS denied, that union with Greece would mean vastly increased taxation, great advances in living-costs generally, and much the same burdens on the whole people as have fallen upon

those of Rhodes since the union with Greece. Yet before that union, conditions in Rhodes were very like those in Cyprus today. The desire of the Greek Government to possess Cyprus is logical enough. It is a pleasant land, such a one as thousands of Greeks would seek to immigrate to at once, in the hope of escaping from their present condition of impoverishment. It would be a valuable economic asset with its large mineral resources and possibilities of much further development of them. No little revenue would be forthcoming in taxation, especially of the mining companies, definitely including the American. No one to whom this correspondent talked in Cyprus questioned any of the foregoing. Not a single intelligent Cypriot of the many to whom he put the question expressed any enthusiasm for ENOSIS, though invariably all were very guarded in discussing it. Opposition, were it known, could be dangerous to them in more than one way, a vote against it in a possible plebiscite even more dangerous.

The Cypriots are, mainly, a childlike, good-humoured, easy-going people. The illiteracy that was almost universal among peasants and workers when the island became a British Crown Colony is being attacked with marked success by the Government but is still considerable, and the position of the illiterates on ENOSIS is the position they have been "coached" to take and to talk about, no more and no less. That is true, too, of many of the partly-literate. The "coaching" has been done mostly by the Greek Church and by such individuals as have reason to expect some form or personal aggrandizement out of union with Greece. For the fact is, and nothing is to be gained by evading it, that ENOSIS is at least three-fourths a Church proposition, and always has been. The plebiscite of a few years ago, to which the Church points as indicating the feelings as to union of the majority of Cypriots, indicated nothing of the kind, being instituted and conducted by the Church. The majority of islanders are members thereof and few would dare flout its wishes. For that reason the British Government quite logically paid no attention to the plebiscite. It tries to prevent intimidation of the sort but any definite interference only provides more ground for the increasingly strong anti-British movement and for anti-British propaganda in the vernacular press. The single English newspaper, the *Cyprus Mail*, is frequently attacked in the Greek, as also in the Turkish, newspapers.

Curiously enough, the one point of agreement between the Greeks of Cyprus and the Turkish minority, 90,000 or more, is hostility to the British, the former because Britain refuses to turn the island over to Greece, the latter because it refuses to turn it over to Turkey. The Turks hold that the Colonial Government constantly neglects their interests, yet they would prefer its continuance rather than a union of Cyprus with Greece. In fact, in the latter event they threaten to "fight." It probably would not come quite to that, but resentment implimenting itself in frequent "incidents" would be fairly certain.

Among the many benefits conferred on Cyprus by British rule during the past three-quarters of a century the educational system is outstanding. Every Cypriot child is entitled to instruction under trained teachers and the system includes all grades. Nor are the schools dominated by the Greek Church, which will assuredly be the case when and if the Colony

is united with Greece. That, indeed, is one of the objectives of the increasingly-aggressive campaign of the Church against British rule. It takes the ground that Cypriot youth is "growing away" from the Orthodox religion of their forbears, and it cites sundry alien influences introduced by foreign domination, such as over-numerous night clubs, drinking-places, "undesirable" movies and "craving for amusement," all of which, it is necessary to admit, has some foundation in fact.

Nevertheless, on the whole, British rule has greatly benefited and continues to benefit Cyprus. The highway system, for example, entirely of comparatively recent date, is the best in any part of the Mediterranean and far better than that of Greece. The roads connecting the principal towns are on the European standard, a great boon for the peasantry who constitute the majority of the population. Bus lines operate in all directions at low charges, and for a little higher charge station-wagon motorcars run between Nicosia, the capital and metropolis, and all the ports, charging only five shillings (\$.70) for a forty-mile trip. The measure of prosperity that has come to Cyprus in recent years, largely since the war, is indicated by the great amount of modern building accomplished and in progress, residence villas clustering about the principal towns which are still enclosed by their ancient Venetian walls, half a dozen modern hotels all originating within the past ten years, shops abundantly supplied, and so many automobiles that the traffic problem is becoming serious in the narrow winding streets of the medieval cities. Bicycles are almost as numerous as in Holland and there is said to be an average of one to every family of the island.

The growing tourist traffic, mostly British but including an increasing number of Americans, is entirely a post-war development. Americans, at least, have only just "discovered" Cyprus, with its wonderfully varied natural charm, its ancient monuments, medieval monasteries, peasantry living and dressing as a hundred years ago, leisurely manner of existence, yet with all modern amenities for the visitor. The best hotels, up to date in all respects, charge but the equivalent of five dollars for room with bath and full board, even to the inclusion of afternoon tea. The cuisine is a kind of blend of the English and Continental and is both abundant and varied. One boon is the abundance of citrus fruits. Cypriots claim that their oranges are the best in the world, weighing sometimes as much as a pound each and fairly exuding juice, yet costing but two cents, grapefruit the same.

It is a land of peace and ease, this, of tranquility and a relatively untroubled existence, yet whether it will continue so is the troubling question in the average intelligent Cypriot's thought. He is far less concerned with ENOSIS than he is with the critical strategic position of his island and with its vulnerability. Within sight of the north coast is Turkey, just beyond the eastern and southern horizon Syria, Lebanon and Israel. A little farther westward is the Suez Canal.

In the event of war, then, Cyprus would be right on the front line, possibly between the two front lines. It would be vital to both parties and worth contesting. In anticipation of such a possibility the immediate necessity would seem to be a cessation of squabbling over the question of Britain, Greece, or Turkey, and the creation without delay of a strong

state of defence. Measures are already under way to this end, but they are on a small scale. Rumours are numerous that much more is about to be commenced, that Cyprus is to be made into a strong Middle Eastern bastion of the Western Powers. The latest story is that there is to be established an American big-bomber base. That more British troops are coming, perhaps from the Canal Zone, seems to be indicated by the preparation of some of the camps that were used by the Jewish refugees from Europe. That the whole of the Canal Zone force, more than 80,000 men and all their equipment, will come here is improbable, though even that is among the rumours. There is a permanent British contingent in Cyprus, but it is unimportant as a fighting-force.

American interests are mainly the monitoring and radio-relay stations. The former, very closely-guarded and hedged in by secrecy, is the chief land monitoring-station for Soviet news. There are also receivers and translators of several Arabic and Indian tongues, Greek, Turkish, Chinese, all the Slavic languages, Magyar, Ethiopic, and even Javanese. This establishment and the relay-station employ together about a hundred Americans besides numerous other nationalities, including Cypriots. Here, as in the rest of the island, there are Cypriot-Americans, all of whom have relatives among the 30,000 Cypriots presently living in the United States.

MARC T. GREENE.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"SECURITY AND PEACE"

ADDRESSING the American Bar Association in Boston on August 26th last, Mr. Dulles, Secretary of State, raised the question of revising the United Nations Charter. Such revision is allowed for in the provisions of the Charter itself (Article 109), and it may take place in 1955. Paragraph 3 of Article 109 gives the date by the provision that "if such a conference (for the said revision) has not been held before the tenth annual session of the General Assembly following the coming into force of the present Charter, the proposal to call such a conference shall be placed on the agenda of that session. . ." Mr. Dulles had already announced that the United Nations would then vote in favour of holding such a conference, which, he said, would be comparable in importance to the original San Francisco conference.

On August 26th he made two main criticisms of the Charter. In the first place, while admitting that the United Nations, constituted by sixty nations, offered the world's best hope of peace with justice, he submitted that in its present form it has not met all expectations and "it now reflects serious inadequacies" because "the Charter is a pre-atomic age Charter" and was obsolete before it came into force. He himself was at San Francisco in the spring of 1945 and is convinced that had the delegates known that the power of the atom would become available as a means of mass destruction, "the provisions of the Charter dealing with disarmament and the regulation of armaments would have been far more emphatic and

realistic." Secondly he criticised the provision of the "veto". The United Nations suffered, he said, from being planned as a peace-time prolongation of a war-time coalition, with the result that primary authority was vested in the Security Council, and the great Powers represented permanently on the Council had to be in agreement before anything could be done. "We now see the inadequacy" he said "of an organisation whose effective functioning depends upon co-operation with a nation which is dominated by an international party seeking world domination."

THE VETO

Let the second proposition be taken first. It seems a grim and trite sort of proposition, yet no doubt must go on being propounded until this monstrous thing be removed from the Charter. One must assume that the leading politicians in all countries are for the most part so overburdened with work, so hectic in their methods and so harried by the exigencies of an insecure tenure of office, that they have neither the time nor the disposition to think calmly about much of their own business. They therefore do not see what otherwise would be obvious to them; or do not see it till, say, ten years after everybody else has seen it. Lest it be thought that these remarks are a comfortable exercise in wisdom after the event, let it be recalled that even before the Charter was drafted, but after its provisions, including the infamous veto, were adumbrated at Yalta, it was obvious to ordinary humble people (though not apparently to the politicians who did the job) that the Charter would be still-born.

The prevalence of such an opinion among humble people at that time can be proved by documentary evidence. The Charter was "done at the city of San Francisco the twenty-sixth day of June, one thousand nine hundred and forty-five". In the Contemporary Review for June 1945 (published on June 1st of that year) an article appeared, and was dated May 10th of that year, under the title "Through the Gates of San Francisco". In it there appeared this passage: "What Yalta agreed about the voting procedure was this: that each member of the Council should have one vote; that decisions on matters of procedure should be taken by an affirmative vote of seven out of the eleven members; that decisions on all other matters should be taken by an affirmative vote of seven members, *including the concurring votes of the permanent members* [my italics in the 1945 article,] except that, in decisions concerning the pacific settlement of disputes, and the encouragement of the settlement of local disputes by regional arrangements, a party to a dispute should abstain from voting. In other words, and again to call a spade a spade, the permanent members of the Council reserved to themselves the individual right of veto on any major action taken to deal with any dispute, or any threat to the peace, even if the individual Great Power making use of such veto happened itself to be a party to the dispute. Up in smoke, therefore, from those Yalta palaces went the main hope of a better world in its diplomatic aspect. Let there be no mistake. The thing about votes is decisive. The issue is between the rule of force and the rule of Law between the nations. It narrows down to the question, can the rule of Law be made compatible with the retention of full national sovereignty, that is, with the retention by the Great Powers of an absolute

individual right of veto over collective decisions made by the nations in general, embodying in themselves an organisation of law?"

Those words, written as the Charter and its veto were being drafted, prove that the folly was obvious from the start. Up in smoke! A second chance will be given in this matter when the Charter comes up for revision two years hence. May it be taken! May belated strength be given to the Dullesian elbow!

"DISARMAMENT"

This matter of atoms and so-called disarmament is of an ever grimmer import. In bald fact the Charter makes no provision whatsoever about disarmament. The word "disarmament" does indeed appear in the Charter. A word is not enough. It appears in that odd hotchpotch of articles (39 to 51) about measures to be taken to maintain or restore international peace and security. "There shall be established a Military Staff Committee to advise and assist the Security Council on all questions relating to the Security Council's military requirements for the maintenance of international peace and security, the employment and command of forces placed at its disposal, the regulation of armaments, and *possible disarmament* (Article 47)". [The italics are mine.] There is no other mention or provision for disarmament. What article 47 was intended to mean is not obvious. If Article 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations was fatal to the prospect of peace in 1919, Article 47 of the Charter of the United Nations was again fatal to the prospect of peace in 1945—subject always to the possibility that human folly may be saved from its possible consequences by an overriding miracle of God.

The atomic bomb may prove to be such a miracle in disguise, in which event Mr. Dulles may prove to have been, as it were, prophetic in his wisdom when he suggested that the known power of the atom might have made the Charter in 1945—and may therefore make the Charter in 1955—"far more emphatic and realistic" in the matter of disarmament. Surely our human kind need not for ever go on blasting itself to bits with bombs and armaments? Surely the atom puts a term to the suicidal madness when it comes to be generally appreciated that atomic explosion can literally bring an end to life on earth? It is arguable that, even short of miracle—miracle in the sense that the tapping of the central source of physical energy in God's world releases something beyond the competence or control of man—the commonsense with which man is endowed may well be prodded into action by the potential results of his own folly. Without such a spur, it is equally arguable that the old mutual fear which has consistently stultified international relationships might go on indefinitely.

What the 1919 Covenant of the League of Nations prescribed in Article 8 more than a generation ago was this: "The Members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations." A chronic drunkard who prescribed for himself that the maintenance of sobriety required the reduction of alcoholic intake to the lowest possible point consistent with his personal safety (as judged by himself) would not

be guilty of greater nonsense. The essence of disarmament is that the nations should disarm. The verb to disarm means to abandon (not to reduce) armaments. What the 1945 Charter of the United Nations prescribed in Articles 39—51 was that the United Nations itself should have an army, contributed by its members, to be at the disposal of "the Security Council with the assistance of the Military Staff Committee." The first words of the preamble announced that the purpose of the Charter was "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war". Those generations—need it be said at this stage of our experience?—will be saved from war when and only when their governments are totally and permanently disarmed. Security is incompatible with armaments. Indeed armaments are not a safeguard—there has never in the history of the world been so much armament and so much war as in this present century—but are themselves a main cause of war.

It may be that by a virtually miraculous dispensation the atomic bomb will force the nations, for the first time in history, to disarm. The spur will be the unanswerable argument that there is obviously no sense in everything and everybody being destroyed in a simultaneous impartial holocaust. In other words it may be that when a thing really does become big enough, the human eye can see it. Disarmament is the only way to what the preamble to the Charter postulates as "international peace and security".

WHAT IS "PEACE"?

Even, however, if war of the traditional kind were to be successfully abolished—a big achievement in all conscience—there would still remain the problem of conflict in other forms. Peace is a positive ideal, encompassing something more than the negative absence of physical war. The habit of international friction is a formidable thing. The first world war lasted just over four years, the second just under six, the third—that is the undeclared "cold" war interspersed with "hot" episodes that has prolonged the second world war in another form—has already lasted more than eight years, and seems far from being spent. It may be argued that the first and second world wars were likewise spanned by "cold" war, although we did not then use that word. Since that fatal day in the summer of 1914 when Germany and Britain went to war, there has been no peace, not even an interval of peace in any true sense. Academic history—history, that is, that precedes one's living experience and is based upon merely documentary evidence—seems not to yield anything so embracing as a world war in full form, but none the less yields enough of strife and bad blood to tempt the question, whether the human horizon has ever, or can ever, disclose any state of affairs such as may be fairly described as "peace". What is peace?

As one looks out over the world in 1953 it is impossible to be satisfied with the merely negative fact of there being no full world war in progress. We are obviously not thereby given peace. If in God's world there never yet has been peace, and if at this present moment peace seems to be further than ever from our grasp, is the hope of peace to be written off as an unsubstantial will o' th' wisp, or a mirage that mocks our gaze? Christ on the morrow of His resurrection said to His frightened disciples:

"Peace be to you!" Before His crucifixion He had left "His peace" with them, explaining that He gave peace "not as the world giveth". Even at that time, however, in the solemn interval between the death and the resurrection of Our Lord, and despite the solemn assurance and promise given in person by Him, the disciples themselves, it appears, had no peace in their external circumstance. We cannot know what they had in their hearts. There is no haven of achievement or of rest more spoken of in the world, more longed for, than that of peace; and there is none more apparently unattainable. To those whose business it is, whether from professional duty or from the student's chair, to observe the vagaries of high diplomacy, there is nothing so exasperating and at the same time so fascinating as the two concurrent streams of experience, on the one hand of total failure, on the other of never-failing hope. Hope not only springs eternal. It remains as pure, as clear, as good as ever it was. Even the most unlikely lips pay service to it. At the height of his unpeaceful enterprise Hitler promised us, if we would only take it from him and on his terms, a thousand years of peace. The communist aggressors at a later date organised their aggression under a banner inscribed with the strange and paradoxical device: "Fighters for Peace".

The paradoxes and the failures unfold without pause or change, yet faith, which includes hope as the greater includes the less, waxes, not less strong, but stronger. Is it possible that the peace which passes understanding is precisely this confidence amid the promptings of despair, this optimism amid failure, this hope, this faith? If that be so there is no need to worry over the recurrent menace or actual incidence of international conflict, whatever form it take, even though we know it to be our duty to do all we can to prevent or stop it. "Yea, though Thou slay me, yet will I believe on Thee" is not only the protested faith of normal healthy people, but is one of the facts of life. It happens. The virtue of the efforts tirelessly made to encompass even negative peace through disarmament consists in the subjective good which the exercise confers upon them that do it; and by another of the mysteries operating in this field, we all go on trying despite the fact that we get no encouragement from success or from any degree of achievement. Such a reflection must surely explain why the human spirit can go on suffering the chaos that is normal to international affairs.

Let a cursory contemporary glance give an inkling of what the chaos amounts to. Within a few days in the second half of August two reigning sovereigns suddenly disappeared, and the news was received amid the general hubbub of affairs, with hardly a ripple of surprise or concern except in the immediately interested quarters. The Shah of Persia fled from Teheran on August 16th, and the Sultan of Morocco was exiled from Rabat by the French authorities on August 20th. But those bald facts did little justice to the volcanic nature of what was taking place, nor to the political complications and reverberations thereby revealed. Almost before the tale could be told the Shah's supporters had turned the tables (August 19th), Dr. Moussadek was arrested (August 20th) and the Shah himself was back in Teheran (August 22nd), having spent the intervening few days in Rome. Dr. Moussadek had carried through a communist revolution which lasted only three days (August 16th-19th). The

episode looked (when we had got back our breath) like the fairy-story victory of hero over villain, an unusual sort of spectacle in this international cavalcade. But it stirred other memories.

It prompted an incidental contrast with an essentially similar, but in its effect dissimilar, episode that took place in Spain just before the beginning of the second world war. An attempted communist *mainmise* over Spain was at that time defeated by General Franco. Field-Marshal Zahedi in Teheran is today bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh with General Franco in Madrid; but that astonishing amalgam of opinion which we call the free West will have none of such analogy. General Franco more than a decade ago had to combat not only a communist coup, but also a muddle-headed international brigade, composed of British and French volunteers, who fought side by side with Moscow's hordes. Those western enthusiasts did not pause to consider why they fought on that side, for they themselves would have indignantly resented the suggestion that they had any sympathy with the communists. But Hitler and Mussolini, staunch opponents of Stalin, fought in support of Franco, and the said western enthusiasts, on the exclusive ground of what Hitler and Mussolini were doing (the second world war having already cast its shadow), disposed themselves to do the opposite. This idiotic century has yielded no odder an example of what we call the tactic of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

The oddity persists. Only this year, in the first week of August, it reached a new height. The World Confederation of Organisations of the Teaching Profession, then meeting in Oxford—an event of incalculable importance for the obvious reason that present education largely decides future events—staged the portentous spectacle of a walk-out by the French, German, Luxembourg and Yugoslav delegates on the mere ground that the conference was attended by Spanish "observers". It was the French delegate, Monsieur G. Forestier, representing the French Primary Schools Association who first objected (August 3rd) to the presence of the Spanish observers, and announced that unless those observers withdrew, his delegation could not continue to take part in the conference. The President of the Conference, Mr. R. Gould, who was obviously shocked, tried to gain time by suggesting that the matter be referred to the executive committee, which would involve only one day's delay, but the Frenchmen thereupon walked out, followed by the other delegations mentioned above. The Belgians, though they supported the French protest, refrained from the walk-out. This is hardly a matter of localised or secondary concern. The post-Korean battle had by then been started by the communist forces, under Kremlin leadership, for the strengthening of Russia's lever against the western Powers within the United Nations. In other words at the very moment of the Oxford walk-out the undecided question had been raised whether Russia's negative weapon of the "veto" might be replaced by a positive accretion of communist power, constituted by the admission of communist China, at a decisive centre of world diplomacy. It was in such a circumstance that a western educational organisation went out of its way gratuitously to antagonise a country which could be, and logically was, the staunchest of allies against the communist menace. What sense is there in aimlessly

insulting her? As Mr. O. Barnett, president of the National Union of Teachers, pointed out on August 4th, when the conference ended in failure, there were other dictatorships besides the Spanish, and "it was quite illogical for people who would admit countries from behind the iron curtain to focus attention upon Spain".

These complications in the national scene are of a baffling tendency. In the case of Spain there is the real and substantial difficulty about Gibraltar. There is no real or substantial difficulty, from the western point of view, about Spain's position in relation to the communist menace. Indeed such difficulty more truly arises elsewhere: for instance in France, where shortly after the French performance at Oxford above mentioned, the communists succeeded in paralysing the railways and the posts. Are the French primary schools to be a breeding ground for the communist-controlled French trade unions?

The case of the Sultan of Morocco, who was exiled to Corsica on August 20th, constituted a sort of upside-down analogy to that of the Shah, for it was the sovereign in that case who led the communist cause. The French Resident-General in Morocco, General Guillaune, issued a long statement on August 21st, the day after the Sultan's deposition, outlining a ten-year history of that Sultan's growing connection with the Istiqlal (the Moroccan equivalent of the Persian Tudeh party). He did not say that the Istiqlal was communist, but he did say that it was modelled on the Bolshevik regime, that the purpose was directed against the existing authority, whether French or Moroccan, with a view to the substitution of a new totalitarian quasi-communist tyranny, and that its action and that of the communists had always been "parallel and simultaneous", as for instance at the time of the Casablanca riots in 1952. It is an odd perversity that made a Sultan the henchman of the anti-monarchist Kremlin. By August 20th the situation had developed to such a pitch that "the Moroccan chiefs (said General Guillaune) became convinced that the Sultan himself was the true head of the Istiqlal"; and it was to save Morocco from the tragedy of civil war, and to save France from the necessity of protecting the Sultan against the mass of his own subjects, who were the friends of France, that the Sultan was requested to leave the country.

His deposition caused a slight wave of resentment or concern among the Arab States as represented by the Arab League in Cairo, and in Madrid, whose High Commissioner in Morocco complained that "while it is true that, for reasons which it is not necessary to specify, the centre of gravity of the material action is today in French Morocco, the centre of gravity of political and spiritual action is in the Spanish zone", and that therefore Spain ought to have been consulted by France. Concern was felt also in Washington, where a State Department spokesman said that the United States viewed with "grave concern" what had taken place in Rabat.

Such incidents however are merely commonplace in the political or diplomatic sphere. They are even "small fry" at this present time, when the Great Powers themselves are involved in mutual vendetta and strife. The post-Korean manoeuvre on Russia's part to gain entry for communist China into the United Nations; the division of opinion on that matter

among the western Great Powers; the problem of a divided Germany and of peace treaties for Germany and Austria; communist disturbances in Asia and Africa; the economic consequence of the return of Japan and Germany into competitive world commerce; and a host of other manifestations of international conflict are a powerful obstacle to that practice of mutual help which is the first condition of human welfare in materialist affairs. The answer is that prosperity after all is a spiritual problem. Until the nations as well as individuals can contrive to carry out the elementary instruction given to us by Christ for our benefit—that we help each other, carry each other's burdens, in short love each other—there can be no relationship between the nations except one of "war"; and if the crude, traditional form of physical war be eliminated from our habits, other forms of conflict will take its place, until we learn the lesson aforesaid. It really does seem to be as simple as that.

September 11th 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE FOURTH REPUBLIC

Dorothy Pickles has followed up her previous studies of French politics with an excellent survey of the first years of the Fourth Republic. In three hundred pages she provides a detailed analysis of French politics between 1944 and 1951, based on an exhaustive study of primary documents, impressive both in its objectivity and its sympathetic understanding. The book begins with a brilliant summary of the fundamental divergences which have frustrated any healthy development of French politics. Perhaps foreign observers, in their impatience with the chronic inability of the French to put their political house in order, have seen the French problem in the oversimplified form of the democratic centre (in the broad sense) being crushed between the Communist and the Gaullist millstones. The problem of France cannot be put in these simple terms, for otherwise the country would now politically be well on the road to recovery with the break-up of the Gaullist party organisation. Mrs. Pickles takes the reader behind the scenes, showing how in one respect the strength of the two extremist parties is only a symptom of something which goes much deeper, of a complete disillusionment with French parliamentary democracy. This is both the strength and the weakness of French communism, for instance. There is no immediate prospect of a radical decrease in Communist parliamentary strength, though in the trade unions Communist influence has begun to wane, for no solution of the fundamental problem of French politics is yet in sight. Yet as soon as the Communist party exceeds its function of being a symptom of discontent and begins to disrupt, it is stopped by the determined opposition of other parties. What then is this fundamental problem of French politics? Mrs. Pickles shows how far the conflict of ideas of the past

still dominates the political scene, leading to intransigence and irresponsibility in the political field to an extent the country can ill afford, under the delusion that France's ultimate securities are economic.

The fundamental alignment of parties is still based on the conflicts which dominated the Third Republic, the problems of Church and State, town and country, private versus public enterprise, electoral and constitutional reform. It is not only that the parties still keep up political warfare over differences most of which one should have thought would have been settled by now. What is so dangerous is that they owe their *raison d'être* mainly to these differences and therefore cannot afford to compromise over them. Whichever of the many coalition permutations is tried, it is doomed to failure as soon as a question comes up which touches one of these antitheses. For each of the coalitions of those parts of the 'Third Force' willing to cooperate in a government is bound to contain, for instance, a mixture of clericals and anti-clericals. Thus a tendency has grown up for governments to try to shelve the solution of all controversial problems, with the inescapable results. This is probably the inevitable nemesis for the insistence of the French on making their constitutional system so sensitive that it reflects every cloud on the political horizon. It is not only that the traditional concept of popular sovereignty inherited from Rousseau and the French Revolution still holds a large sway; parties are now pledged to particular policies. This causes a dual rigidity. The result is an almost complete paralysis of the 'gouvernement d'assemblée' in which the French believe so strongly. In this connection it is ominous how some of the most important achievements of the Fourth Republic, like the Monnet Plan, are independent of parliamentary control.

What of the future? Mrs. Pickles rightly concludes that the French faith in institutional reform is misguided. Many of the alleged reforms of the Fourth Republic have had unexpected consequences and have been followed by a clamour for a return to the system of the Third Republic. Whether there will ever be a true change of heart will depend on whether French politicians and the electorate will grasp that their political system has become a luxury which the country can no longer afford. Let us hope that events will not be too hard a taskmaster.

FRANK EYCK.

French Politics. The First Years of the Fourth Republic. By Dorothy Pickles. Royal Institute of International Affairs, 25s.

EAST AFRICA

Mrs. Macmillan's book is based on two tours in East Africa in the company of her husband, Professor W. Macmillan, who was investigating conditions of labour and agriculture and was given special facilities by the different administrative departments. Thus touring Uganda and Kenya in 1949, and Tanganyika in 1950, Mrs. Macmillan's observant and sympathetic eye enabled her to produce an "illuminating" book. Vignettes of road and forest and lake, of homes of farmers and officials, of schools and missions, build up a many-coloured picture. Mrs. Macmillan does not indulge in academic generalisations but suggests, against this kaleidoscopic background, some tentative views on the progress of constitutional development. Beginning her tour at Kampala she gives glimpses of an indigenous life of much charm. The discontents which express themselves appear as signs of healthy awakening, pointing the way to

progress. One sees the beneficent side of European civilisation in the magnificent Catholic and Anglican cathedrals overlooking Kampala, in industrial developments arising from the harnessing of the Nile at the Owen Falls and in social services. But underlying it all she shows the natural beauty and grace which led Winston Churchill to say 'Uganda is alive by itself.' An interesting account of Makerere College, with its scope reaching all over East Africa, shows the effort being made to develop it as a real University, where the students, women as well as men, shall be given amenities conducive to the work and study for which they hunger.

Mrs. Macmillan, turning to Kenya, shows much failure in the sphere of education, alongside fine endeavours to improve methods of agriculture, cattle husbandry and soil conservation. She points out how the ignorance of the people, especially the Kikuyu, makes them an easy prey to agitators and nationalists, such as Jomo Kenyatta, leading them to distrust and obstruct even the measures, such as terracing, which are vitally necessary for the conservation of their soil. Agreeing with Mrs. Macmillan on the need for better education, especially among women, one recalls how the wise Chief Koinange, 20 years ago, persistently stressed its necessity before the Joint Select Committee on Closer Union. Ignorance and poverty cannot without danger exist for long alongside the luxury of a city like Nairobi. And yet, with the right spirit and better understanding, the heroic courage of the Christian Kikuyu shows that a happier relationship could well have grown up. Mrs. Macmillan urges that "the main effort should now be to see that Africans share fully and responsibly in the building of the new East Africa." To this end the neglect of African education, "a neglect for which there may be retribution," must be remedied; the low position of women, the weak link in African progress, must be redressed, and there must be greater continuity, avoiding the scrapping of existing assets but building on them and not embarking without adequate foresight on such experiments as the Tanganyika groundnuts scheme. Thus a volume of experience might be formed in which a body of trained and experienced Africans could participate.

MOSA ANDERSON.

Introducing East Africa. Mona Macmillan. (Faber & Faber, 21s.).

JOHN MASEFIELD

In 1911 Masefield published his revivalist epic *The Everlasting Mercy*. This *cause célèbre* made his name: it was followed by *Dauber* in 1913, and his fame continued growing till it found its consummation in his classical poem *Reynard the Fox*. This last, appearing in 1919, stands as the high-water mark of his career. Since then, as Laureate, he has written widely, producing books of verse and prose in a steady stream few readers can keep up with. The fruit of this industry has not always redounded to the furtherance of his prestige. Amidst all the ramifying shoots of his talents it has sometimes proved a little difficult to distinguish the workings of his *trait principal*. His essential genius has tended to get lost in the abundance of his clever invention.

From such a confusion Mrs. Muriel Spark, one of our most signal young poets and critics, comes to rescue him. With modest but effective discrimination, she proceeds to sort out the strands of his work, retaining some for further consideration, while placing others quietly but firmly aside. She begins by differentiating between the work of the Laureate and his Georgian contemporaries with whom he is often identified. Tracing the origin of his gift back

to the *Salt Water Ballads* (published in 1902), she reveals to us the mind of a narrative poet in the making. Here, she has some excellent things to say on the differences with which the nautical worlds of Sir Henry Newbolt, Joseph Conrad and John Masefield confront us. Taking his early poems to represent an alternative flexing and unflexing of his mental muscles in a way that should best fit him to pursue the *craft* of story-telling in verse, Mrs. Spark conducts us to his three great poems. *The Everlasting Mercy* she takes to be a salvationist epic *written from the outside*. Observing this detachment Mrs. Spark remarks, "I do not think it will appeal to readers who are looking for a religious poem; it will appeal to those who look for an historical poem." *Dauber*—the story of a young painter who takes to the sea, and is finally killed by a fall from the rigging—she sees as a more complex work. *Dauber's* situation, she notes, "tallies with much present-day experience. The death of the *Dauber* is merely the end of a tragic sequence; it does not of itself make the tragedy. His death achieves, proves, nothing. . . . In this respect the tragedy of *Dauber* is in the modern tradition. It differs from the tragedy of the Elizabethans in kind . . . wherein the tragic death occurs with a kind of defiant glory." This is most suggestively stated. *Reynard the Fox*, which Mrs. Spark envisages as Masefield's finest work of art, is described by her as "a panoramic record of an English rural community seen rather in the manner in which Frith saw *Derby Day*." Mrs. Spark, who writes with economy and wit, has also a chapter on Masefield's narrative prose.

DEREK STANFORD.

John Masefield. By Muriel Spark (Peter Nevill, 15s.).

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

This book should be of interest alike to Friends and non-Friends. The latter are too prone to think that Quakerism is concerned only with relief and other humanitarian activities, and Friends themselves are not always too well-versed in the fundamentals of their faith. In the first chapter the author tells of the early beginnings of the Society. Just over 300 years ago, there was a fresh spiritual awakening, in which small groups of men and women gathered together "to wait upon the Lord," and felt that, as a group, they received an influx of the Holy Spirit, uniting them to each other and to God. They had originally no intention of founding a new sect, but only of sharing with others this that they called "the Truth." It was not so much a new doctrine as a new life. A collection of documents, not published till 1907, contains very many graphic accounts of the reception of the "Truth", and of the wonderful effects of it. It was a "Group Mysticism", more like the early Christians than the solitary seeking of the medieval Christian mystics. George Fox emerged as the organising genius of the movement; "at the age of 28, after 4 years of searching, 5 years of preaching, and two imprisonments he came to the North-West of England, where he convinced large numbers, and initiated Quakerism as a movement." In fact, very many were searching for just this simple form of Christianity. The Quakers "subtracted all ritual, all programmed arrangement in worship, and the professional ministry, allowing for no outward expression except the prophetic voice which had been heard in the New Testament Church at the beginning." In this women took part from the first. Differing, too, from

Protestantism, the Friends held that the Light Within, or the Spirit, was primary and the Scriptures secondary. The Light continued to reveal truth as men were ready to receive it, which means a growth in sensitivity, so that what may be right for the immature is wrong for those further advanced. This Light has been given to all men everywhere, since the beginning of the human race—a concept which was utterly repugnant to the orthodox of the day.

Howard Brinton analyses the origins of the Quaker philosophy and its growth among early Friends, giving many illuminating excerpts from their writings. He shows how from these religious ideas sprang the various activities and peculiarities of Friends—their means of arriving at decisions without voting, an organic rather than a mechanical unity. He tells of their views on non-violence, in personal, national and international affairs; their work against slavery, for prison reform, and the relief of suffering, as well as their own harsh treatment and imprisonments, the heavy price they paid for freedom of worship. We also read of the developing organisation, found to be necessary after a time—a sort of spiritual democracy, which was largely successful "in securing a reasonable balance between freedom and order."

The book is so full of interesting matter that it is impossible in a short review to give any adequate summary of it, but advise the reading of it to anyone interested in religious thought or the evolution of social conscience. I may end with a remark made by Joseph Hoag in 1812, which I think holds the key to much Quaker thought and practice. On explaining his peace principles a listener said, "If all the world was of your mind, I would turn and follow after," to which the reply was, "So then thou hast a mind to be the last man to be good. I have a mind to be one of the first, and set the rest an example." That desire has inspired many a Quaker in very varied circumstances.

A. RUTH FRY.

"*Friends for 300 Years.*" Beliefs and Practice of the Society of Friends since George Fox started the Quaker Movement. By Howard Brinton. Allen & Unwin, 15s.

BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES

"Chatham House" has added another very useful booklet to its long list of publications indispensable to the student of international affairs. In conjunction with the Council of Foreign Relations of the United States, the Royal Institute of International Affairs has brought out a report of some two hundred pages entitled: *Britain and the United States—Problems in Co-operation*. The report has been prepared by study groups of the two institutes employing an unusual method. Each group, instead of attempting to expound the policy of its own country, endeavoured to set down its interpretation of the policy of the other. With great thoroughness the report examines the differences in the approach to foreign policy of the two countries and in turn goes through the application of these policies to the various problems and regions which are of importance to-day. Historically and geographically the two nations view foreign policy from different angles. While the American starts with an anti-imperialist bias and with the enthusiasm for radical solutions of the "young" nation, the Englishman has a more positive conception of what empire involves and has been used for centuries to "living with problems". Geographically, too, the vantage points are different. The Far East is viewed by the Americans mainly as the group of countries which form potential bases against them on the other side of the Pacific which washes the American coast, by the Englishman

mainly as the defensive barrier of India and as the lines of his communications to Australasia. During the build-up of a protective system against the Soviet threat the Mediterranean has been to the American mainly the outer bastion of the defence of Southern Europe, whereas to the Englishman it is part of the strategic structure of the Middle East, as well as—though to a decreasing extent—an important line of communication. Europe is viewed by the American as an entity and Britain thus as part of it, whereas the British people consider that they are not merely part of Europe but belong also to a wider structure. As a result, Britain is forever asking the Americans to deal directly with them, whereas the Americans prefer to make overall arrangements with Europe including Britain, and are impatient with the constant reservations which British governments make in their relations with inter-European organisations.

The report rightly concludes that the actual co-operation between the two governments in all the strategically vital regions of the present day has been remarkably close, in spite of certain notable exceptions, such as over Palestine and Persia. Though certain developments, such as a Korean settlement, might raise in an acute form questions such as that of Formosa where there is no joint Anglo-American policy, fundamental harmony is likely to continue as long as there is the Soviet threat. For Britain—and for Europe—one big question mark, however, remains: "If (as the report says) Britain rearms to the full according to an allied plan, will she find herself at the end of the emergency, as 1945, bankrupt, with an acute dollar problem and an economy geared for war, not peace?"

So far as it goes the report is excellent, though it is possible to quarrel with one or two conclusions, such as the statement that officials of the American Government who made speeches flagrantly inconsistent with government policy have always either had to resign or to repudiate these speeches. Occasionally, too, there is a lack of balance—the section on European co-operation could have been drastically cut, while the chapter on the Far East is far too short. The sub-section on the Korean war is only two pages long. Clearly Far Eastern disagreements have been a far more serious factor in Anglo-American friction than European ones. It may be asked, however, whether the report goes far enough. As it confirms, ministers, generals and officials of the two countries in objective deliberation usually agree on essentials. The same cannot always be said of public opinion. It would have been interesting to contrast press and parliamentary reaction in the two countries to some recent major international events, such as the see-saw of the Korean War. For the real obstacle to a smooth collaboration is the subjectivity of public opinion in both countries. And a report directed at public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic should surely have considered the mores in our brothers' eyes which are always more readily apparent to us than the beams in our own eyes—such as for the people of Britain for instance McCarthyism and the colour bar in the United States. Perhaps this aspect will form the subject of a further study.

FRANK EYCK.

Britain and the United States. Problems in Co-operation. Royal Institute of International Affairs, 8s. 6d.

Roger Martin du Gard's *Notes on Andre Gide*, exquisitely translated by John Russell (Andre Deutsch, 9s. 6d.) is a little masterpiece of visualisation and interpretation. A brief preface by the translator introduces us to the author

of *Les Thibault* and other novels of contemporary society. The younger man met Gide shortly before the First World War and remained a close friend—perhaps the closest of his friends—till his death in 1951. This little volume consists of dated jottings, unstudied in appearance but adding up to a living portrait of France's most distinguished writer since Proust. Though Roger felt and expressed both admiration and affection for his celebrated friend, he was in no sense a disciple, and this independent relationship forms one of the charms of the conversations. Gide's judgments on life and literature and above all on himself are naturally of value, but as a man he is unattractive. A notorious and unabashed homosexual, he became ever more exclusively interested in his own writings and plans. The reader, like the author, cannot fail to sympathise with the sorely tried and uncomplaining wife who made a home for one of the greatest egoists in the history of literature. The portrait which forms the frontispiece is at once fascinating and uncanny.

* * * * *

History of the World's Art, by Hermann Leicht (Allen & Unwin, 35s.), is a masterpiece of composition, interpretation, illustration and production. How this beautiful volume can be published at so low a price is a mystery. Here is the whole story of painting, sculpture and architecture from the Ice Age to Picasso and the latest fashions and paradoxes. No references are provided, as the author is writing for the general reader who quickly gains confidence in his knowledge and judgment. Many art books are of value mainly for the illustrations, but in this case the text is fully worthy of them. The narrative is clear, and at the close of the book we feel that we have been introduced not merely to the history of art but to an essential aspect of the development of civilisation. The book deserves to be widely read, diligently studied, and kept within easy range for frequent reference.

* * * * *

Adlai E. Stevenson's *Speeches* (Andre Deutsch, 12s. 6d.) contain the more important declarations of the Democratic candidate during the election campaign in 1952, some of which rank high among the orations of American statesmen. That he was by far the best standard-bearer of his party became increasingly clear as the battle raged, not merely owing to his gift of lucid and incisive utterance but because he maintained throughout the highest standards of political controversy. "What concerns me," he declared in accepting the nomination at Chicago, "is not just winning the election but how it is won." Though no living American can be expected to scale the heights of inspired language attained by Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Stevenson

braces his readers, as he braced his hearers, by his sober optimism and his passion for ordered liberty. The twenty-page Introduction, written in tranquillity three months after his defeat, increases our liking for the man who never sought the highest office but who proved himself fully worthy of it. Though few of us had heard of the Governor of Illinois till the Democrats began looking round for a candidate to confront General Eisenhower, Mr. Stevenson, as he relates in the Introduction, had seen a good deal of national and international politics during the war and post-war years. Will he be the Democratic candidate again in 1956? No one knows. If so, we may be sure that this volume will once more find many readers.

* * * * *

Professor H. G. Wood's Biography of T. R. Glover (Cambridge University Press, 21s.) will be warmly welcomed by his Cambridge contemporaries, by his friends and pupils on both sides of the Atlantic, and by the still larger number of his readers. Though he never obtained a Professorship in his beloved Cambridge, that was the only serious disappointment in a singularly happy life. Happiness results from self-realisation, and Glover fulfilled himself, making the most of his shining gifts of mind and heart. He was equally prominent as a Cambridge lecturer, the author of several best-sellers on the classical and early Christian world, an ardent Non-conformist champion and Temperance advocate, an arresting speaker and preacher, and—perhaps the best of all—as Public Orator of Cambridge University. Everyone liked him, including those who did not share all his political and religious convictions. Professor Wood's biography, warmed by personal knowledge and affection, introduces us to a stimulating personality whose heart was filled to the brim with the love of God and man.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1953

NO ILLUSIONS IN VIENNA

CONCURRENTLY with the adoption of the "Malenkov Line" in foreign policy in Moscow there has been a series of remarkable changes in the satellite states and in the picture of the Russian occupation in Austria, particularly since the beginning of July. In one satellite after another there have been dramatic announcements of a relaxation of pressure on the harassed workers and peasants. The exclusive concentration on heavy industry was to be watered down by the resuscitation of the starved light industry, and promises were made that more consumer goods would be available. The pace of the collectivisation drive was to be slowed down. In Hungary Premier Nagy promised that in October, after the harvest, those who wished could leave the collectives.

In Austria one concession followed another. Controls of persons and goods at the internal demarcation line between the Soviet and the Western occupied zones ceased, censorship was abolished, and Russia fell into line with the U.S. by assuming the costs of her own occupation of Austria. This forced the British to announce that after the end of the year they would not demand further sums for occupation costs. Immediately afterwards they decided to reduce their forces from three to one battalion by January 1954. These and other Russian concessions roused hopes even among the 260 times disillusioned Austrians that at the 261st meeting of the Foreign Ministers' Deputies Russia would agree to sign the long-prepared Austrian Treaty. And people began to ask whether, the attainment of this limited objective already in sight, the time was not ripe for the United States as the greatest force in the other camp to give a lead to the cause of peace by proposing a top-level Big Four conference. The American authorities in Austria are well aware that there has been a decline in America's popularity here as elsewhere. They are constantly making discreet enquiries into the causes and possible remedies, to probe whether, as in Britain, Germany and elsewhere, this decline was largely due to resentment of American supposed intransigence towards Russia.

What is the real significance of the apparent change of policy in the satellite states and in Austria? Is it part of a new policy in Moscow, of a new gospel of genuine peace on earth and good will to all men? West of Austria, and in Austria, there seem to be several misconceptions. The "Malenkov Line" adopted towards the West in Moscow, whether it springs from a change of heart or from ulterior motives, involves the employment of new methods, or at least of a new manner, in foreign policy. The changes in the European satellite states have nothing to do with the Kremlin's foreign policy. Certainly the adoption of milder

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

258

methods towards her "colonial peoples" coincided with the new manner with the West. But it was a purely domestic matter—a change in the system of colonial exploitation—for all that. The concessions in Austria were partly connected with foreign policy, in so far as they were designed to impress the West that the era of toughness had passed. They were in so far domestic and "colonial" as they were intended as a sop to Austrian resentment.

What do the changes in the satellite states amount to? They would have had to be made also by Stalin, had he lived. Particularly in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and to a lesser extent in the other satellites, exploitation in the factories and fields had reached the point of diminishing returns. The satellite press for over a year has, in order to lash the workers, been forced into the most damaging admissions of failure in the mines and smelting works, in the collectives and among individual peasants. In succession, the remedies of abuse, public trials and heavy sentences, currency reforms to reduce savings and real wages, and abolition of rationing were applied and proved useless. The peasant had every interest in turning over the minimum to the state since there was almost nothing purchasable in the shops which would improve his lot. The factory worker, unable to get sufficient food in adequate variety, and suffering equally from the almost total absence of consumer goods of the quality available before communism, yielded to exhaustion consequent on slave-like exploitation. Output and quality continued to fall. All that has happened now in the satellite states is that the rulers have decided to *reculer pour mieux sauter*. More attention is really being paid to light industry and there will be slightly more consumer goods. Why? Only to provide incentives for the raising of output of heavy industry—more consumer goods and foodstuffs for the man who drives himself hard enough to be able to buy them. Even these concessions have been considerably pared since they were produced. In Hungary, for example, a few days after Nagy had promised all sorts of alleviations for the collectives, Rakosi made it clear that their scope had been greatly exaggerated. Even since there has been such a savage campaign against any exercise of the right conceded by Nagy to leave the collectives after October 1st, that those venturing to do so will be desperate indeed.

There is not a scrap of evidence that the new approach to increasing heavy industrial output means any diminution in the speed of military preparations. The best evidence available suggests quite the contrary, particularly in so far as para-military training is concerned. "The warlike spirit and hatred of the enemies of the people must be constantly aroused in young people," wrote *Sztandar Młodocyi*, organ of the Polish communist youth movement on June 8th. "In elementary and secondary schools boys and girls are trained in tactical exercises and musketry," wrote the Czechoslovak army paper *Obrana Lidu* on March 27th. "There is musketry practice with army rifles, lectures on the use of automatic weapons and hand grenades." There has not been the slightest let up in this militaristic cult since. The Hungarian *Szabad Ifjusag* boasted on July 17th how large numbers of young workmen volunteered for air-force officer training after seeing an air-force exhibition in the Matyas Rakosi works. Under the patronage of President (and Commander-in-chief of

the Air Force) Antonin Zapotocky, the "Day of the Czechoslovak Airmen" was celebrated on September 6th with the usual menacing speeches and displays. "Girls form the majority in the civil defence formations," boasted the Prague *Mlada Fronta* ("Young Front") on August 16th. "In Vydrni, 75 per cent of the girls are organised in the Svazarm" (para-military league) wrote the Bratislava *Smena* on August 1st. "Following the example of Soviet women they are trained in all military subjects." *Zolnierz Wolnosci* (Warsaw) of August 23rd published a long article on the successful training of young people in aeronautics in the "League of Soldiers' Friends," a recruiting organisation for the air force. Other articles glorified Soviet military pilots and the success of the ZMP in training youth to pass into the army as gunners, crack shots and armoured troops. In another issue photographs of women crack shots at the military olympiade were published. Describing the Soviet Air Force as the best in the world, the Bratislava *Pravda* of September 7th declared that "the Americans and other bourgeois nations exaggerate the value of the air arm." Roumania bombastically celebrated its first air-force day on September 9th.

Military intelligence estimates that the Kremlin has now under its control some 14 million persons wholly or partly trained in the use of arms in her European satellites. Even though the figure is a maximum it is alarming. It includes women and young boys and girls in factories and in student para-military organisations. It is true that many are only superficially trained and that not all have modern weapons. Certainly many would like to turn these weapons against their rulers. But in estimating the value of the satellite troops at the onset of an offensive campaign the importance of disaffection should not be overrated. The Kremlin is far better informed about its extent than we are and has certainly taken steps to deal with it. The majority of Austrians resented having to fight in Hitler's war, yet the British at Narvik found the German-officered Austrians vigorous participants in the German attacks. Self-preservation alone will force the most unwilling soldier to return defensive fire as he is swept forward in the advance of his detested commanders. In retreat it is a different story.

What of Austria? Overnight the Soviet lost all and more than the ground they had gained by recent concessions when at the last moment they refused even to attend the 261st Austrian Treaty Conference fixed to meet in London on September 12th. So far has Austrian reaction gone that the very extent of the recent concessions is taken to imply a final decision by Malenkov not to relinquish Austria, and therefore to make occupation more tolerable. Popular misgivings concerning American policy, which became serious during the summer months when the Soviets seemed to be paving the way for a Treaty as part of a series of good-will gestures which met with no response from the States, are now must less generally expressed than in countries further from the Iron Curtain. Unpopularity of the Americans among the people of Austria more often arises out of the circumstances of the occupation, expressed by the younger men in the phrase that "the only trouble with the Americans is that they are over-paid, over-fed, over-sexed and over here." Commerce and industry constantly grumble about the extent and rigidity of

embargos on the export of alleged war-potential eastwards—despite the gigantic profits earned by industrial undertakings and banks in evading them. Although the newspapers of the conservative Volkspartei treat every action—and every inaction—of the Eisenhower regime as sacrosanct, there have been plenty of Volkspartei politicians who talked about “a direct understanding between the Soviets and Austria, whereby we may succeed ourselves in getting the Treaty which the West has failed to secure in eight years”. Despite the rebuff of September 12th, there are still a few who believe it is possible for the mouse to come to an amicable agreement with the cat. The feeling is widespread that the Eisenhower regime is a prisoner of its McCarthys and its Nolans and dare only say “Nyet” to every new proposal. But irresponsible stories published in Moscow and London—the one, that Austria was secretly making a treaty with America, the other that, having got Moscow’s promise to sign a treaty on condition that she was “neutralised,” Austria was trying to persuade America to agree, were promptly and categorically denied in official circles. There has never been a question of anything of that sort.

Among the Socialists—junior by one mandate to the Volkspartei in the coalition government—there is a deep-rooted detestation and distrust of McCarthyism. The Socialist leaders are constantly at work to prevent the assiduous Communists from fanning it to an explosion of indignation, recalling that it is to America firstly that the workers owe their ability to continue building democratic socialism in defiance of the totalitarian tyranny with which they are surrounded. Neither these leaders nor the rank and file feel that Moscow’s honeyed words and gestures mean anything but a desire to gain time to deal with the new regime’s difficulties at home before resuming aggression abroad. But the question is constantly heard: “Why is Eisenhower afraid to talk to Malenkov and call his bluff? The Americans are putting themselves in the wrong, and are missing opportunities of extracting concessions while Moscow is in a yielding mood which will strengthen their hold when the Soviets return to the offensive.” A policy of appeasement would be considered even more dangerous than is a policy of liberation which, it is felt, the prestige of a new and unproved leader must force him to resist at all costs. A severe policy of containment meets with the fullest approval.

There is a sharp cleavage between the attitude of the German and of the Austrian Social Democrats which has just been expressed in a powerful editorial by the editor of the latter’s central organ, the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. The German comrades, like many in Britain and France, with their “ohne uns” were said therein to be taking an “as if” line. They behave “as if” Russia were really prepared for an agreement about Germany, “as if” Europe were already strong enough to defend herself. In point of fact, “America has nearly won the cold war, Russia is in retreat and with her the danger of war in Europe. But every ‘neutralism’, every check on the creation of the European defence community, slows up Russia’s withdrawal. Russia offers to release East Germany on a condition—the renunciation of a European army. In reality she will only come to an understanding about Germany when forced to so do by the creation of the European army.” The terrible dangers inherent in the rearming of Germany—“that very high price which Europe is obliged to pay to

be able to defend herself”—can only be banned if the social democratic parties, each in its own country, “throws itself more actively into building a united Europe” says Pollak. Talk with—don’t trust—the Kremlin, but keep your powder dry.

Vienna.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

PERSIA—A NEW DEPARTURE

ON his return to Teheran Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi and his Prime Minister Major-General Sahedi have made two things clear in their broadcasts and press conferences. First, that their treasury is empty and their country requires foreign help; an official request has been addressed to America which received a positive reply by President Eisenhower. Secondly that they mean business with their intended social and economic reforms. The cause of the empty treasury is primarily the British oil blockade, and secondly the fact that the considerable payments by the British for the use of Abadan have stopped. In consequence, the Government was months in arrears in paying out the salaries of the civil service. They have devised a certain system according to which payments are being made; thus, the army received its pay on the 21st of the following month. Next on the list was the police, followed by senior Government officials. A postman in Aserbedjan, therefore, might have starved to death with his family until his turn would have come. As the only way out the citizens of that town were told: “Bakshish—or no mail!”

There is probably no country where the social contrasts are greater than in Persia. The foreign journalists whom the Shah invited to his country will have seen something like a *fata morgana* before their landing at Teheran. From the air its white houses make an elegant impression and the boulevards are even wider than in Paris. At closer quarters, however, they will discover that this cosmopolitan aura is confined to the very centre of the Persian capital, and even here many of the white palaces and villas are hidden behind walls as though they were too precious to be exposed to the public eye. Behind that splendid facade there is nothing but stark misery. At the back of the houses are huts, and behind them cave dwellings. A stinking yellow flow runs through the whole of Teheran. Canalisation is still unknown, and mineral water is sold in bottles at a high price.

With this background it is clear that any ambitious politician in Teheran can hire terrorist armies, and assassins are always around, ready to execute their orders against cash payment. Following the feudal regime, another power is now gaining ground—that of the masses, though lacking in systematic leadership. In fact, there is only one modern and well-disciplined organisation—the Communist Party which, under the innocent name of “Tudeh” collaborated in a semi-legal or semi-illegal fashion with the ex-Premier Mohammed Mossadeq. No doubt his desperado policy played into their hands, since Bolshevik movements always flourish best in social and economic chaos. The uneducated masses, ignorant of politics, were easily deluded by slogans. Though by no means all of them were thus misguided, no Minister and no deputy would have dared

vote for a reasonable settlement of the oil dispute or even to advocate the maintenance of diplomatic relations with Britain. Whoever might have tried this approach would have qualified for honorary membership in the Society of Suicides. This holds a great potential danger for the future.

With an efficient leadership Persia might be a prosperous country, possessing not only oil but also rich silver mines. On the road to Tabris this precious metal seems virtually to ooze out of the mountainside, but nobody bothers about it while ragged creatures crawl out of their caves begging for a crust of bread. If one really wants to see feudalism at work one must not be put off by the long journeys to Kurdistan and Aserbedjan, a province with very good though ill-used soil. The big estate-owners in those parts demand two-thirds of the harvest from their lessees and act at the same time as money-lenders at a rate of 40 per cent. The intellectual level of these peasants is so low that they are accessible to every kind of propaganda. Furthermore, there is the national question. The Persian element of the population does not represent an absolute majority, being interspersed with Kurds, Arabs, Turks and countless other groups and it has not been possible to create a sense of unity. Thus Communism soon found a fertile soil in Kurdistan and Aserbedjan. Towards the end of 1946 the Persian army finally managed to suppress it by brutal force, but its psychological effects have not yet been overcome.

Only by bearing in mind the reality of a Communist danger—aggravated by the traditionally unreliable Kurd border element—can one evaluate the significance of the Shah's ideas of social reform. Unhindered by his father's despotism, he genuinely desired to break new ground. Clearly he would have welcomed a compromise on the oil question, particularly since Britain and America were ready to finance a promising programme of economic reforms drawn up by Ali Razmara, his moderate Prime Minister. Following the assassination of Razmara, however, and after the masses had been drugged with the nationalisation of Abadan, the possibility of a settlement had become very remote. Mossadeq and his then friend, Mullah Ayatolla Kashani, a priest and political fanatic, vied with each other in demagogic, unrealistic slogans. Kashani even demanded that all American aid be refused, and he would have preferred the complete closing-down of Abadan to the admission of foreign experts. Following this event, the Shah attempted from his own resources to save what could be saved. He gave the revenue from his huge estates to charity and allocated some of his property to landless peasants. Mossadeq and Kashani watched his actions with suspicion and disapproval, both being the feudal lords of big estates. Mossadeq, however, is backed also by a bourgeois clique which is opposed to any social reforms. All these forces formed a united front against the Shah.

Step by step he lost one privilege after the other. He was forced to dismiss loyal courtiers, to exile his beloved twin sister, and even to send the Empress abroad for many weeks. When he had accepted Mossadeq's resignation, the latter retired to his sick-bed—always in readiness for him—and, shedding bitter tears which in Persia is not considered unmanly, planned some more diabolical intrigues. It did not take him long to force his successor, Quavam-es-Sultaneh, to resign under the pressure of the terror army backed by Tudeh. Counter-demonstrations of the

street did not suffice to send the Shah into exile, but he became increasingly a prisoner in his own palace. Following pressure by the Government, he sold most of his estates to them at a nominal price and thus had to give up his own social programme. In addition the Senate, which was loyal to him, was dissolved. Mossadeq had prevented any division of power and thus removed the last remnants of democracy. Of course a democracy in the Western sense never existed in Persia. There were no modern parties either in the Senate or in the Lower House, the Majlis, but feudalist groups, consisting of one or two influential families and their cliques reigned supreme. Mossadeq aimed even at the dissolution of the Majlis which had become troublesome since a growing opposition refused to deprive the Shah of his last privileges. A plebiscite on this question outdid even Fascist and Communist election manoeuvres. Every ballot paper had to bear the name and address of the voter, and there were separate rooms for those voting Aye and Nay. Finally, however, Mossadeq went too far. Four days after his successful coup d'état, the Shah was recalled by a new Government backed by the army.

Will the sovereign, who has been given a joyous welcome but also surrounded by a strong body-guard, be able to bring salvation to his unhappy country? Mossadeq's street armies have been silenced for the moment and people ask for his head. But who are the new men round the throne? The Shah's Prime Minister, Major-General Zahedi, fought Communism with an iron fist when he was Governor and Minister of the Interior. He is also a great nationalist. During the war he was arrested by the British since he collaborated with the Germans. At the time of the oil crisis he took the same stand as Mossadeq and Kashani. Now he takes a very reserved, indeed negative attitude with regard to the resumption of diplomatic relations with Britain, while simultaneously the Persian-Soviet trade and finance negotiations started by Mossadeq are being continued. Zahedi suppresses Tudeh, and raids on their offices led to the discovery of stamps bearing the inscription "Republic of Persia"—read People's Republic of Persia. Yet he does not take this to its logical conclusion, which would be to break with the masters in Moscow.

Mullah Kashani was most probably among those who greeted Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi on his arrival in Teheran. This signifies a remarkable change, since Kashani was accused of having instigated the attempted assassination (the weapon was hidden in a camera) of the Shah a few years ago. He even spent a short time in exile and was only recalled by Mossadeq who arranged for his election as President of Parliament and subsequently for his dismissal from the same post. The reason for this was a bitter contest for power which engulfed the two men. The Mullah with his ideal of the orthodox Mohammedan State had suddenly turned into a fighter for the rights of democracy and of the Shah. Those who know Kashani's relationship to the Crown, however, may regard this development with some misgivings. Presumably he looks upon the previously so much hated Shah as a lesser evil and is only anxious to regain his former almost royal position in the shadow of the throne. The Mullah and all his special favourites own magnificent palaces. In any case, Kashani is a dangerous ally. This man who agrees to political murder under certain circumstances and who admitted his personal

responsibility in many such cases, who talks not only of British plutocrats but of the British dogs, and who, last not least, signed the Stockholm Peace Appeal, is not an agreeable figure. If the Ministers and diplomats should once again consult him, as they did before Mossadeq's virtual dictatorship, the name of the dictator would have changed but hardly the method, let alone the reactionary outlook. If Kashani claims that he has the whole of the Islamic world behind him, this is, of course, greatly exaggerated. As a Shi'ite, he is hardly known outside Persia though within Persian Islam he does, in fact, play a predominant part. He is admitted as a great demagogue but not for his theological wisdom, since this leaves much to be desired.

The Shah will not be faced with an easy task. He has already declared that the nationalisation of Abadan cannot be reversed. At the same time, this statement does not preclude a fair settlement with the British who have recognised the principle of nationalisation. Without a compromise agreement with Britain about Abadan, however, to which even Prime Minister Zahedi seems to be inclined nowadays, he could hardly count on new aid from America after the 45 million dollars just granted. He may find it even more difficult to carry out land reforms without which Communism will hold all the trumps for a long time to come. Up to now the Shah has shown himself of good will, but too soft. The call for his return has greatly raised his prestige. Nobody would like him to have his father's despotic nature, but many of those who wish Persia well hope that he may have inherited at least part of his strength. In the view of various students of the East, Persia has vital need of a man like Atatürk. The next few months will show whether the Shah is able and willing to assume this role.

A. J. FISCHER.

MILITARY LESSONS FROM KOREA

BOMBS, bullets, and shells, kill people, or maim them, just the same whether they are British, Americans, Germans, Chinese, or Hottentots, whether they believe in Democracy, Fascism, or Christian Science. An Army well-led, well-trained, well-equipped, will always beat an army ill-led, ill-trained, ill-equipped, whatever the race or creed, whatever its political doctrines. There is no "British School of War," or "American School of War," or "Russian School of War." War is War. The paramount duty of the military critic is to dismiss national or political sympathies, and to concentrate purely upon the military values involved. Otherwise, what he produces will be national or political propaganda, and not military criticism.

Although described officially as "a police action undertaken at the bidding of the United Nations," it was the Americans who, at the meeting of the Security Council, took the initiative in urging armed support for the Republic of South Korea, the Americans who supplied the vast majority of the troops engaged, and who held all the important commands in their hands. The other Allies, at the outset, seem to have regarded the whole affair as a purely American affair, fought for the purpose of maintaining

American rights and interests in the peninsula of Korea. It was not until things seemed to be going badly that there was any formal request from the Secretary of the United Nations to the other Governments concerned to furnish troop contingents. This request was obviously unwelcome, the British Commonwealth Division, which came into action slowly and in dribblets, was the only large formation produced by this appeal. The total strength from all the other Governments did not exceed, collectively, a single Division. As compared with this, there were seven U.S. Divisions, and the U.S. made the major contribution in aircraft, naval craft, and in the matter of arming and equipping South Korean formations. Thus from beginning to end the Korean War was fundamentally an American undertaking, and the use of such term as "United Nations Forces" is somewhat misleading.¹

The Americans started the campaign largely influenced by their experiences in the Pacific War against Japan. Here it had been an amphibious war with landings upon small islands affording little scope for concealment or manoeuvre. There had been desperate bloody fighting, the troops had undergone great hardship. To overcome the resistance of Japanese, strongly entrenched, had meant massive bombardments from ships' guns, heavy bombing by masses of aircraft. Even with these success had been won slowly and at heavy cost. The general effect had been to stress the value of heavy shelling and heavy bombing as preparatory to attack, to develop a form of operations which was slow, cumbersome, heavy-moving. To this was added the disadvantage that the Divisions originally involved came from Japan where they had been doing garrison duty for many years under conditions reminiscent of those "delights of Capua" which ruined Hannibal's army. Quartered luxuriously, lavishly paid, they had had a minimum of duty and of hardship, and a maximum of comfort and of pleasure. The change from this to the bleak uplands of Korea, to battle against a cunning and ruthless foe, was too sudden, and the terrain and the nature of the foe worked confusingly. South Korea was a mountainous land, poorly roaded, with fierce rushing streams. The shadows and hollows of the mountains gave shelter against air attack, and in the same conditions wireless often went "dis," meaning a break-down in communications. The mountain shadows also, to a large extent, blinded air-reconnaissance, putting a premium upon infiltration and surprise, and there were wide spaces in which the enemy could operate in terms of ruse and manoeuvre, with nothing of the cramped conditions of island warfare.

It is clear enough nowadays that each side started the war in a state of complete misconception as to enemy strength, plan, and purpose. To what extent Russia actually instigated the Communist attack on South Korea it is impossible to say. She was certainly informed of the plans of the North Korean leaders, and sympathetic to them. But it is equally certain that the American decision to render armed support to South Korea came as a complete surprise to Russians and North Koreans alike. America had abandoned Nationalist China to her fate. The North

¹Had General MacArthur been Commander of a genuinely United Nations Force he would have had to be dismissed by the United Nations and not by the President of the U.S.A., on his own responsibility.

Korean army was equipped for dealing with South Koreans, but was ludicrously inadequate and unprepared for dealing with Americans, comprising not more than twelve Divisions, mostly infantry, with rifles, mortars, and machine-guns, had next to no aircraft, few tanks, little artillery, and was almost entirely deficient in A.A. guns. It is hard to conceive of the Russians as deliberately pitting an army like this against an overwhelming American air superiority plus an equally overwhelming superiority in tanks, guns, warships, all the other elements of success in modern war.

Perhaps the outstanding lesson from Korea is the extent to which Russian instructors have shown themselves successful in infusing burning fanatical faith into their satellite peoples, a faith which, translated into military terms, means fighting spirit. Another outstanding lesson is their success in teaching semi-illiterate peoples how to use, efficiently, highly developed means and methods of combat. The North Korean advance went forward with a speed and determination which took the Americans by surprise. Heavy bombing failed to halt it, South Korean Divisions faltered or dissolved, small American forces were overrun or forced to withdraw; it seemed at times dangerously as if the Americans would be forced to evacuate the whole peninsula. American opinion was shocked at the reverses. There was angry criticism. Then came the Inchon landing. Boldly planned and brilliantly executed, this was an operation on "Pacific" lines. General Macarthur had available a total strength of not less than seven U.S. Divisions plus a Commonwealth brigade and weak contingents from other Allies. He had at least five South Korean Divisions as well, great air superiority, superiority in tanks and mechanized transport, and could count upon support from a most formidable array of ships' guns. It is no disparagement of him to say that nobody can describe the Inchon landing as the triumph of a small army over a big one. In total numbers of men available he was certainly superior to the enemy, apart from all the other elements. He made most admirable use of all his advantages. But a backward, poverty-stricken little State such as North Korea could be no fair match, single-handed, for the vast power of the United States.

Now came an outburst of hysteria, a new plunge into misconception. The Allies, having started a war to protect South Korea, announced their determination to unify all Korea under United Nations aegis. To the Chinese and Russian Communists this meant the passing of all Korea under American domination, and a deadly threat to themselves. As the Americans swept North to the Yalu, the Chinese crossed into North Korea. This Chinese intervention shows all the signs of a desperate improvisation to meet a sudden desperate danger. It was made at the outset by relatively small forces, and these forces, like the Korean army, were made up of infantry formations almost entirely lacking in guns, aircraft, tanks, etc. The Chinese, in short, obviously took whatever troops they had got available, and hurled them into battle to put up the best fight they could. After disaster had been incurred, American intelligence reports credited the Chinese with having had at least a million men. One report added half as much again to this figure. The official version ran that small Allied forces had been overwhelmed by vastly

superior numbers. There is however very little evidence to suggest that the Chinese were superior in numbers to their enemies, and they may well have been actually inferior.

After making allowance for the reduced demands on supply services of a Chinese army as compared with an American, it is hard to see how in a barren and poorly roaded area the Chinese could possibly have fed and maintained the vast numbers attributed to them, even without attacks from Allied aircraft. The British, after sustaining disaster at New Orleans, 1815, credited the Americans with 20,000 men. Their actual numbers were 5,000. If we estimate the total strength of the Chinese forces, November-December 1950, at 250,000, this was probably the maximum, and the total strength of General Macarthur's forces certainly exceeded this. What really made for Chinese victory was the American dependence upon roads and mechanized transport, air bombing and air reconnaissance. Small Chinese columns could move rapidly across country evading air reconnaissance and air bombing, could ambush themselves along the roads, could open with surprise devastating bursts of fire, could leap in to close quarters with knives, hand-grenades, and bayonets. Daring Chinese patrols moving at night and across country could rush the Americans as they slept in their dug-outs. This was a mode of warfare for which the Americans were quite unprepared and which, until they had found the right answer, worked demoralisingly; and the Chinese infantry assumed for them the role played, in the imaginations of the French troops, by the German tanks in 1940. The advance to the Yalu was followed by a hasty and ill-organised retreat which went far beyond Seoul, and back to the positions occupied at the outset of the fighting. Then in face of supply difficulties, and the exhaustion due to long marches, the Chinese impetus died down. General Ridgeway arrived from the United States, fresh troops came with him, reorganised American forces resumed the advance north, and a series of attacks and counter-attacks ended in the stalemate of 1951 with both armies occupying pretty much the positions they occupy to-day.

It will be noted how curiously the course of events in Korea, 1950-1953, parallels that in France and Flanders, 1914-18. In 1914 there was a brief fierce period of manœuvre fighting in which the Germans swept to the Marne and were thrown back to the Aisne. Then the front stabilised swaying backwards and forwards with attacks and counter-attacks in the same fashion as in Korea. The real cause of this stabilisation was an equilibrium in thought and force. There would have been no stalemate had either side been able to throw 500,000 fresh troops into the scale. But on both sides the reinforcements dribbled in, and the stalemate was only ended in 1918 with the arrival of two million fresh American troops to tip the balance. In the military criticism following 1918 the real cause of the stalemate was completely overlooked. All sorts of other "explanations" were found. The armies were "too large" for the theatre. They were much larger in 1918. There was "faulty use of tanks" or of aircraft. There arose the cult of "small mechanised professional armies" as replacing "costly conscript horde-armies." Of "superior defence." Of "broadening the front."

In Korea we have had "mechanised professional armies," overwhelming

air superiority, "broadening the front" (Inchon), and stalemate just the same. What is the explanation? Simply that both sides were forced to dribble their forces into action. Everything the Chinese needed in the way of guns, aircraft, tanks, scientific equipment of all kinds had to come all the way from Russia along the Trans-Siberian railroad and other railways, then by lorry or by bullock-cart. The Chinese had to train and equip their reinforcements before putting them into battle. The Americans, using sea and air transport, were better off, but were handicapped by the limited number of troops; large-scale reinforcement could come only from newly raised, trained, and equipped South Korean formations. The most significant thing is the admitted failure of continuous and heavy air-bombing to hinder the build-up of the Chinese army, its tremendous improvement in numbers, training, equipment, leadership.

Under all the handicap of terrific air-bombing the Chinese, starting in 1950 with nothing but a small number of poorly equipped and trained infantry Divisions, had developed them, with Russian help, by 1953 into a really large modern and thoroughly equipped and well-trained army. They were better off for artillery than the Americans, had acquired tanks and aircraft upon a formidable scale, were so highly scientific in their A.A. methods that American bombers were repeatedly forced to the despised night-bombing, because the defence was too powerful to be faced in daylight attacks. It is scarcely surprising that American votaries of "strategic bombing," perplexed and confounded by the failure of their doctrines, have come forward with all sorts of excuses and explanations. The most popular excuse is to throw the blame upon America's Allies. It is they, it is said, who have put a ban upon the "strategic bombing" of China, and have vetoed operations against the Chinese mainland. But viewed in the light of cold common sense, if in the relatively narrow sphere of Korea, with only a few and poor roads available for the supply of Chinese armies, and these roads under continuous observation and bombing, "strategic bombing" as concerns all its main purposes, has proved an avowed failure. It is hard to see how better results could have been achieved by the same sort of bombing applied to the far vaster sphere of China. It would, on the contrary, need at least ten times as many aircraft as are available, and ten times the weight of bombs dropped, to get even an approximation to the admittedly unsatisfactory results in Korea.

American publicists are undoubtedly gravely misled by the exaggerated estimates of the military importance of the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Tokio. The Japanese were exhausted anyhow and eager for peace. But there are no signs of exhaustion about China. In a country like China, in which the overflow of a river can cost the lives of millions of people with this producing nothing but a purely local disturbance, the dropping of atomic bombs might well have led to the massacre of millions of perfectly innocent people. But these are about all the results which would have been achieved by such a policy. There would have been no swift and sudden surrender such as with Japan. The war would have continued, and every American atomic bomb wasted upon Chinese cities would have been subtracted from those available for

use against infinitely more important targets in Russia. The atomic bomb is a very costly weapon, and not even America has an unlimited supply. There is little to suggest that the bombing of China would have been particularly helpful in solving the military problem in Korea, and if "broadening the front" meant a third world-war, it was wiser not to attempt it. The greatest lesson of Korea is the value and importance of the infantryman. For all the developments with other arms, services, and means of attack, it is still the infantryman who is the cement of battle, binding the other arms together. So long as the infantryman can hold his ground the other arms can hold theirs. When the infantryman goes back everything else goes back with him, guns, aircraft, tanks.

VICTOR WALLACE GERMAINS.

SPAIN AND THE POWERS

PARADOXICALLY and illogically, in a normal world but not in 1953, Malenkov must welcome General Franco's latest undeniable triumph in securing a twenty years' treaty with the United States of America. The Spaniard is in the principal Washington drawing-room, without troubling to pass through the kitchen or the below stairs of the United Nations. Malenkov sees confirmation of Stalin's theme that serious rivalry between the Imperialist Powers is inevitable over spheres of economic influence and differences must arise over the West's ideological manoeuvres. Where, outside of Egypt, Saudi Arabia, China, Persia and Iraq is there clearer evidence of clashes of approach between the U.S.A. and British governments than over Spain? Yet, except for conventional remarks about Franco, regularly expressed by Labour Party politicians in the House, and a few desultory notes in his defence by Tory backbenchers, the realities of the major drama played by the United States Ambassador, Mr. Lincoln MacVeagh, in Madrid, in impenetrable secrecy all through 1952 and early in 1953, have seldom been told, mentioned, or even thoroughly contemplated—save by Malenkov and Franco.

Who can, for a moment, safely forget the strategic position occupied by the Roman Catholic head of 31 million Roman Catholic inhabitants of the Power with an area in Western Europe second only to that of divided, sickening France, and, in the costly absence of the calming and balancing influence of the intelligent King Umberto, a swaying Italy? Malenkov has no ambassador (officially accredited) in Madrid, and Moscow has not had one for 15 years; but it may be assumed that his sources of information are nearly as good as Franco's, whose cultured and grossly under-paid young men in the magnificently conceived and cleverly reconstructed seventeenth-century Ministry of Foreign Affairs read the Moscow papers (and not only the headlines) a few hours after their arrival in Paris. Malenkov must know that British policy towards Spain has for years remained a mystery, explicable only by the fact that in most fields Britain has no settled plan; Whitehall's child is Mr. Last Minute, elastic action squiggling under the steam-roller pressure of hasty, midnight telegrams. It is possible, of course, that the ever-elusive head of our Foreign Office has a secret "Line" in Spain, that we must act slowly, reverently, never

ahead of public opinion which is cool towards Franco. Since his appointment Sir John Balfour, the British envoy in Madrid, has had no instructions to negotiate, to propose negotiations, to open talks, to suggest talks, to alter anything. Highly skilled diplomatist and first-rate linguist, he is retained as "an observer." Yet our time-frittering Embassy is one of the most efficient British missions I have met. Counsellor, Labour Counsellor, Commercial Counsellor, head of chancery, senior secretariat, and almost uniquely, the Press Officer, may be described as forming one of the best all-round teams I know in any of the 20 or more capitals I have studied since 1945. Britain stands, or has stood till now, on the edge, watching the tremendous modern production staged by the "rival" ambassador. Ubiquitously successful Mr. Lincoln MacVeagh of the United States was, while in Madrid, privately sad, almost embittered, but, in wide scholarship and poetry, he rivalled Sir John Balfour for earned respect. The hyper-alert American's jutting jaw may have been due as much to reflection on his latterly lonely path to success in diplomacy as to professional assurance. Consider this widower's mission. The U.S. Embassy is packed with staff, which make our own numbers in Madrid look as effective as an 8 hp car hidden in Grosvenor Square beneath the towering back to front limousines from the U.S.A.

Since 1951 United States officials on the top rung have thrown overboard all the weary war-time phrases used for years about Spain and Franco. Reflections about Franco's government constituting a danger to world peace are treated by them like yesterday's chewing gum—to be unceremoniously spat out. While Sir John Balfour was sitting in Madrid, or went to deliver (by invitation) notable and gracefully composed prose on Anglo-Spanish relations (in decades gone by), Mr. MacVeagh, until his fabulously foolish withdrawal last March by the new Republican government, was having talks and more talks with Franco and with the elusive Foreign Minister, Don Alberto Martin Artajo, former journalist. Mr. MacVeagh came to and left Madrid with a deservedly prodigious reputation as one of the major stars in international diplomacy. Great Britain has, on the surface, continued to treat Franco Spain as she did in 1944, a dreadful apparition on the European horizon. We have made a host of declarations, before and since Mr. Attlee's premiership. Spanish officials allege that our rare protestations of friendship and sympathy were made at a time when Spanish neutrality was worth any price to us, and that with the passing of the clouds we have forgotten what they describe as "certain promises."

What are they? One or two deserve reproduction. On July 4, 1940, (Telegram 289-92 in the Madrid files), about two weeks after Pétain's surrender to Hitler, the Spanish Ambassador in London (the late) Duke of Alba wired: "This morning visited Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who told me: British Government hopes we shall continue in good relations with them, and having learned a lesson from their past errors in their policy towards Spain, are prepared to consider later on all our problems and wishes, including those regarding Gibraltar. . . . In his opinion existence of a strong Spain, independent of all foreign influences, is now important to all, even to Germany, and, of course, to England." On September 14, 1940, the Duke wired Madrid

that the Secretary of State for the Colonies "speaking in his private capacity" had said he had "repeatedly advised Prime Minister that England should make it her policy to incite Spain to occupy French Morocco. I answered that, since we were speaking privately, Gibraltar should not be forgotten."

Were these sentiments kept from Britain's Parliament? Spaniards quote Mr. Churchill's speech at a secret sitting of the House of Commons in October 1940, forwarded in full at the time by the British Embassy in Madrid to the Foreign Ministry. The Premier said that, if Spain did not become a channel for supplies to Britain's deadly enemies, there was no problem they were not prepared to examine with a sincere wish to favour the interests of Spain, and help her to revive and not to fan the embers of her recent conflagration. . . . "Great Britain wishes to see Spain in the future occupying the place which was hers by right as a great Mediterranean Power and a prominent and glorious member of the European family and Christendom."

On October 2, 1941, according to the *Times*, the Prime Minister and Sir Samuel Hoare, British Ambassador to Spain, attended a luncheon in the Spanish Embassy. The Ambassador telegraphed that Churchill had, in conversation, spoken of his hope for a prosperous and strong Spain. On November 26, 1942, the Duke wired that Churchill "repeated to me that his only wish is to make a strong, prosperous and happy Spain. In his opinion, as the result of the war, Italy and France will be weakened, which will enable Spain to occupy a position she has not held for centuries past." Cooler exchanges followed between Mr. Churchill and General Franco. And when hostilities were at last over, and, say the Spaniards, the urgency of Spain's denial of her territories to the enemy of the Allied Powers had diminished and disappeared, a changed policy developed.

Spaniards recall the major tribute paid by Mr. Churchill on May 25, 1944. When Sir Samuel Hoare went to Spain in 1940, an aircraft was waiting on the airfield. It seemed almost certain that "Spain, whose dominant party were under the influence of Germany because Germany had helped them so vigorously in the recently-ended Civil War, would follow the example of Italy and join the victorious Germans in the war against Great Britain. Indeed, at this time the Germans proposed to the Spanish government that triumphal marches of German troops should be held in the principal Spanish cities, and I have no doubt that they suggested to them that the Germans would undertake, in return for the virtual occupation of their country, the seizure of Gibraltar, which would then be handed back to a Germanised Spain. This last feature would have been easier said than done. There is no doubt that if Spain had yielded to German blandishments and pressure at that juncture our burden would have been much heavier. The Straits of Gibraltar would have been closed and all access to Malta would have been cut off from the west. All the Spanish coast would have become the nesting place of German U-boats. I certainly did not feel at that time that I should like to see any of those things happen and none of them did happen."

The Allies indulged, after the war, in a series of moves towards Franco that seem, in retrospect, to have been curiously conceived. Today he

can afford to sit back and laugh at these British "ukases." Yet he must know that if the Allies had, at the end of the war in Germany in 1945, wished to depose him, they could have done so without excessive fuss. Had a formidable, well-known Socialist M.P. not frequently argued, during the war, that the Allies should occupy Spain? Had they done so, could Franco have remained in power for twenty-four hours? Preventive invasion would have been a sordid imitation of Germany's "excuse" for brutal treatment of Norway, and maybe the fear of this potential move kept Hitler from spreading his restless paws over the Iberian Peninsula more actively. Yet it is right to recall that, though his armies stretched along Spain's mountain frontier with France, Franco was sufficiently astute and resolute to keep Hitler's off the *gran via* and "art collector" Goering out of the Prado. Instead, with unerring psychology, he placated Hitler with fatuous greetings of good wishes and astrologer-style forecasts of immediate victory.

Let us study Franco's version of what is now an *opéra bouffe*. On March 4, 1946, France, Great Britain and the United States announced that Franco could not hope for "full and cordial association" with the United Nations. The Powers appealed to "the most prominent patriotic and liberal-minded Spaniards" to set up a provisional government. Spaniards were asked to proclaim an amnesty and hold elections, being promised that the government would receive recognition and support as well as economic aid. Franco also heard a threat from the West to break off diplomatic relations with the régime. On October 31, 1946, the General Assembly of the United Nations solemnly decided that Spain constituted a danger to world peace, resolved on sanctions, withdrew heads of foreign missions, and expelled Spanish delegates from international agencies. Franco often quoted the declaration of March, 1948, by Congress-man O'Konski, on the proposed extension of the Marshall Plan: "To eliminate Spain from this Act is nothing but a shameful and stupid appeasement of the Reds in Moscow and the Reds in our own departments of State and Trade. Moscow will take Spain's exclusion as a moral victory for herself." Who can blame Franco if he whispers "I told you so" as he turns back to his reply to the communication of March 4, 1946? "Whatever intimidations she may receive from foreign countries, Spain will reject them because she considers that the question of her political system is exclusively within her sovereignty . . . the Government being sure that, in this attitude of repulsion, it enjoys the unanimous support of the nation's opinion." Moreover, he laughs happily also over the increase in the number of the votes for Spain mobilised by her in United Nations in the past five years: 6 in 1946, 16 in 1947, 26 in 1949, and, 39 in November 1950. He can look back on the cancellation, by themselves, on November 1, 1950, of the resolutions of the United Nations powers. Diplomatic sanctions were lifted. Franco, often advised by his clever brother, Rear-Admiral Nicolas Franco, Ambassador to Portugal, can now see in Madrid no fewer than fourteen ambassadors and ten ministers as well as seventeen *Chargés d'Affaires*.

Slow moving, conventional, inflexibilities rather weary Great Britain, nearly always lacking a plan and producing one on the previous night shyly and feebly, has watched play being initiated by her sole serious

rival. Bitterness resulting from recrimination with most British politicians led Franco eagerly to accept proposals from far-seeing business men and politicians in the United States, who covet Spanish raw materials and see her gaping potentialities for industrial, economic, financial and agricultural development. Moreover, as Franco and his despised but shrewd advisers have long realised, in the United States there are many men who recognise the value of bases for armies, for navies, and for air armadas, on territory under the control of a Roman Catholic ruler, who has firmly opposed Communism for sixteen years or more and still takes pleasure in being discourteous to Marshal Tito. He voiced this position picturesquely through a member of his Cabinet: "The sincere, though tardy, behaviour of the United States towards Spain in the United Nations makes this fruitful reconciliation possible. But it must not be forgotten that friendship, like love, has its historical season, after which it is unfruitful. . . ."

The West's logical difficulties in now embracing the bitter, relentless enemy of yesterday, Germany; in rearming, for reasons I cannot easily understand, those one-time brave carriers of Mussolini's "seven million bayonets"; and in hoping to compel unwilling Japan to serve as an important ally, while Britain continues to twist rude faces at "non-belligerent" or "neutral" Franco, must make anyone outside an asylum suffer self-questioning. This puzzle has been specified by Franco's Foreign Minister: "That is why this Spain, which was so badly wronged, which has been made to pay—what an irony!—much more dearly for its neutrality than the vanquished for their defeat; which as a reward for its heroic action against Communist barbarism has been cut off from the world; which has suffered hunger and want in its people's flesh owing to a blockade it did not deserve, and which has endured all those onslaughts precisely at the hands of the Western World whose cause it served, and at the instigation of that Soviet power which is the only real and terrible threat to peace, this Spain which loves Christian peace and serves the civilisation of the West at this solemn, historical moment, grants its amnesty to all the nations which offer it concord and is willing to forget its wrongs for the sake of, and to further, the common cause which is so seriously jeopardised." Spain was willing to forgive the West's gymnastics, recognising that the Western public will take time to become accustomed to the sudden gymnastics of governments.

Senor Artajo in June 1951, spoke to the American Chamber of Commerce on "Freedom," and dealt with the "almost universal belief that our freedoms in Spain are stifled." He said: "We restrict our freedom to a certain extent precisely out of our love for freedom. We have endured too much licence in this country, in which the victims of Communist terror and tyranny are counted by the hundred, we have endured too much to allow freedom to be exploited by the enemies of freedom. That is why the national régime temporarily, though for an unstated period, it must be owned, has in some way repressed those other political freedoms, which because they are secondary must be the safeguard of the previous ones." We may not approve the policy, but Spain has a plan. Senor Artajo later explained to the Logos News Agency Spain's view on the "feeble" plans of the West for defence: "The aggressions already

consummated by Russian Communism in subjugating all the nations of Eastern Europe and the vaster and more densely populated Asiatic world are crying out for justice. Therefore the primary aim of any military plans made by free Christendom must be to rescue and to free those brethren who are enduring the most appalling oppression. . . . The scanty efforts by the European nations contributed to the plan are totally out of proportion with the hard sacrifice for which the enterprise calls." Senor Artajo's words were echoed almost sentence by sentence by General Eisenhower in the weeks preceding the Presidential election. The Spanish people, he declared, "have chosen to make their own preparations, already in agreement with their neighbour Portugal, for the part which falls to them in the defence of threatened Europe, and we begin by guaranteeing the security of our own Iberian soil—provided always that we may count on the direct aid of the United States of America."

Where stands Great Britain? We have no intention whatever, at present, of discussing Gibraltar, says Whitehall. But, if there be Britons who imagine the Spaniards have, in recent years, in the midst of economic difficulties, conveniently forgotten Gibraltar, Senor Artajo was ready at the end of 1951 to disillusion them: "Another important novelty of last year was the statement on Spain's undeniable claim to the Rock of Gibraltar by General Franco, who wisely distinguished between the sovereignty of the territory and the use of its maritime installations. What matters most to Spaniards is the return of the place to national sovereignty, that the red and yellow flag may again fly over it, and that it may be ruled by its own town council. For the rest, that is, the maritime installations, their exploitation, either jointly with Spain or on a temporary lease, could be negotiated with England. An almost unanimous international cry of assent was given to that declaration of Spain's rights, which, because it is so true, cannot fail to be recognised soon." State prizes were recently awarded for a national essay in the Press on the problem of Gibraltar. I wonder whether sufficient emphasis has been given in the West to the declaration by Franco at the opening of the Fourth Legislative Session of the Cortes on May 16, 1952. "Spain is, perhaps, the only country which has not recognised situations originated by the abandonment to the U.S.S.R. of the people of Eastern Europe and which advocates asserting, without the slightest concession, the need to return freedom to peoples enslaved by the Red tyranny. We consider insufficient the tactics of renunciation and appeasement which make the Western peoples guilty of a moral offence and irresponsibility in which we will have no part." Can anyone blame him for laughing as he surveys the changed scene in Madrid, that metamorphosis in Washington, and the coma in London? In place of continuous attack by senior Socialist Cabinet Ministers in Great Britain, by international assemblies, there is almost silence. In place of general economic blockade there is the U.S. agreement for the advance of hundreds of millions of dollars, a tremendous system of reconstruction of aerodromes, roads, railways, ports and mines. In place of shy French aid to Spanish Republican exiles, there is the moral encouragement of visits by British and United States naval units. In place of appeals to Spaniards to remove Franco's government, there is a growing, confidential relationship between that Government and the

most influential service envoys from the United States fresh from professional talks with Marshal Tito's leaders. United Nations' delegates are voting more and more for Spain, and Islam, once conquered and expelled by Spain, now finds the Spanish sun radiating warmth.

While the United States thus forges ahead at all levels Great Britain's main relations with Spain are concentrated quietly and shyly on La Linea, the frontier town of hovels inhabited by thousands of Spaniards who work in and have to leave Gibraltar daily after six p.m. These thousands of labourers still feel aggrieved because conditions of employment in the Rock are not as favourable as for Gibraltarians. Bonuses, tips, trade union membership, and other relevant matters call for prompt, thorough and sympathetic inquiry. The envoys in Madrid of the former Poland, the former Hungary, the former Bulgaria, the former Yugoslavia, believe that the time of their return "home" is approaching. One of them, occupying his lavish former official residence in a superb Madrilene avenue, said to me a few months ago, "We shall soon be back." In few places have I seen, felt, and been assured of more optimism than in Spain. Food is plentiful and not too costly. Salaries and wages are desperately low, but with America's economic aid will be made more realistic. There is little money, as yet, for promptly completing the breath-taking and truly University City, but already it stands as an example to the far richer but more utilitarian and callous West. Economists' pessimistic figures notwithstanding, it seems that, in the time of official reopening of a Synagogue in Madrid, four and a half centuries after the expulsion of Jews, the sun has turned its face to the once-cursed peninsula. Britain, lacking a rudder, is not sure yet whether to put on dark glasses so as not to be forced to see smiling Spain, or whether coquettishly to turn aside and wait mumbling for another inevitable, Iberian-type Abadan.

GEORGE BILANKIN.

PEOPLE AND FOOD

THE Food and Agricultural Organisation of the United Nations was established in 1946 "as the agency through which governments could work together in the task of enabling people of all countries to have enough of the right kinds of food, and to enjoy adequate standards of living." Its first aim was to present "a broad statistical picture" of the food consumed in the different nations compared with their needs; and since at that time the statistical services of many countries were still disrupted, the pre-war period was chosen for this special study, the results of which were presented in the First World Food Survey published in 1946. A second Survey has now appeared, which, like its predecessor, aims at answering these questions: "What is the food consumption of the different nations? How does it compare with their needs? Where are the most serious shortages? What kinds of food and what quantities of each are needed to achieve improvement in nutrition throughout the world?"

The basic fact in the world's food problem is that the number of people to be fed is rapidly increasing. The population, which in the latest

edition of the United Nations Demographic Year book is estimated at about 2,400 millions in 1950, is increasing at the rate of slightly more than one per cent. annually; every year the world has to provide food for about 24 million additional human beings. The rate of increase varies considerably among the different nations. In Europe it is somewhat less than one per cent.; in the Far East it is greater; in Africa, the Near East and Latin America it is about two per cent. Generally, we may say that the population is increasing most rapidly where food supplies are most seriously inadequate. In such areas death rates are high. But they are going down. Modern preventive medicine, which has achieved spectacular mortality reductions in the industrialised countries of the West, is now beginning to win similar triumphs in the under-developed countries of the East. The F.A.O. Survey observes: "For example, in Ceylon the death rate, recently reduced mainly by successful measures against malaria to nearly one-half of its previous level, now approaches the death rate prevailing in industrialized countries. Similar rates are being achieved elsewhere. Since, however, birth rates are still in the main determined by longer term factors relating mostly to economic and social attitudes, they are not susceptible to equally rapid change." Experience shows that birth rates are more difficult to bring down than death rates. In Britain the death rate had been going down for over a hundred years before the birth rate began to go down. In the under-developed countries it seems likely that in the immediate future there will be large reductions in death rates unaccompanied by reductions in birth rates and, therefore, large increases in population.

But will there not also be large increases in food production? Food shortages were at their worst during the two years immediately following the war, and the recovery since made has varied widely in different parts of the world. By 1950-51 agricultural production in the O.E.E.C. countries as a whole exceeded pre-war levels by more than 10 per cent. A remarkable succession of abundant harvests has enabled the U.S.A. and Canada not only to make ample provision for their own people, but to maintain large stocks for export. In the Far East, which contains the huge populations of India and China, the position is very different. The only food stuffs for which increases have been recorded are the starchy roots, such as sweet potatoes and yams. The output of rice, which normally makes up about 70 per cent. of the food supply of that region, was in 1949-50 still 2.5 per cent. below pre-war production, while population had increased by over 10 per cent. Moreover, it is important to note that despite the enormous post-war harvests of North America, the world output of food products has reached pre-war levels for only a few major commodities, mainly cereals (except rice), sugar, and starchy roots. The output of livestock products—which include the highly important "protective" foods: meat, milk, butter, cheese, and eggs—remains, says the Survey, "substantially below pre-war."

The Survey discusses the question whether the output of food can be raised to fulfil the needs of a world whose population by 1960 may have been increased by a further 10 per cent. Food production can be increased by (1) expanding crop areas, and (2) raising crop yields. In the under-developed countries expansions of area are costly, requiring large

capital investment especially for irrigation and drainage; it is not surprising that for the world (excluding the U.S.S.R.) "the area under major food crops has increased by less than three per cent. since the pre-war period." In Europe the area under these crops is actually less than before the war, and in Oceania the increase is insignificant. The prospects for increasing crop yields seem more favourable. Impressive gains over pre-war figures have been achieved in the U.S.A., Canada, Oceania, and Western Europe. Wheat yields are now at least 10 per cent. above pre-war levels in Belgium, Denmark, Western Germany, Holland, and the United Kingdom. In the under-developed countries, however, the position is far from satisfactory. "Especially in the Far East and Africa, but also in the Near East and in some parts of Latin America, yields have stagnated and agricultural productivity remains far below the levels of the advanced countries, frequently as low as one-tenth in terms of output per man-hour. In India, for example, over the past twenty-five years, rice yields per hectare have actually fallen from levels already extremely low. Nor is there any visible evidence of improvement in China during this period."

The seriousness of the present position is not minimised in the Survey, but the general view is not altogether discouraging. Stress is laid on the need for further effort, especially for more governmental activity, and for proper incentives to stimulate individual farmers to increase their output. "It has become increasingly clear that development programmes, land reforms, the setting up of research stations and training schools, agricultural co-operatives and the like, are only the framework within which expansion in production may be possible. They cannot by themselves assure the accomplishment of the task, unless the individual farmers who are ultimately responsible for food production are convinced by demonstrations and results of the value of the best techniques appropriate to their circumstances. A tremendous expansion in extension and demonstration work is needed if existing knowledge is to overcome the deep-rooted traditions, prejudices and distrust of farmers whose primitive methods have often remained unchanged for many hundred of years." Mr. N. E. Dodd, the Director-General of the F.A.O., in his introduction to the Second Survey, expresses the opinion that the new information now presented "gives no ground for complacency." He continues: "The average food supply per person over large areas of the world, five years after war was over, was still lower than before the war. The proportion of the world's population with inadequate food supplies has grown appreciably larger. World food production has indeed expanded since the end of the war, when it fell to a low point, but much of this achievement represents merely a recovery from wartime devastation and dislocation. Clear signs of any far-reaching changes in the entire scale of food production, essential for the improvement of nutrition on a wide scale, are lacking."

Mr. Colin Clark in his recent pamphlet, *The Have and the Have-not Countries*, reviews the present position, which he regards as "very disquieting." He finds that while the "have" countries are continuing to advance in wealth, some faster than ever before, the "have-not" countries are mostly advancing slowly if at all, and many are actually falling back.

He finds also in the latter countries a "steadily rising tide of resentment . . . against the wealth and power of the West," and fears that it may turn to an "irrevocable hatred" that may "mean the end of any kind of civilisation." What has already been done to help the "have-not" countries he regards as merely scratching the surface, and he holds that the "have" countries should as a matter of urgency begin to maintain a steady flow of capital on an enormous scale to the "have-not" countries. Among the "have" countries, which, he says, "ought to give assistance and not ask for it," he includes not only the U.S.A. and Canada, but the whole of Western Europe, Australia, New Zealand, and Argentina.

There seems to be general agreement among students of the world's food problems that the poorer countries cannot adequately be fed without generous assistance on a very large scale from the richer. With such assistance can the problems be solved? Sir John Russell, who writes on this subject with high authority, thinks they can—but only with hard work. In his contribution to the Unesco pamphlet, *Food and People*, he says: "My thesis will be that the way of mankind has always been and in all human probability will always be hard; that only by strenuous and well directed work can our problems ever be solved. . . . Science and technology are necessary but not enough; there must be a driving force and a conscious purpose for which to strive; but given all these I am convinced that man can conquer his difficulties as they arise. But, I repeat, the task will always be hard; the old commandment will always hold true: 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.'" The conclusion seems to be that modern science has taught mankind how to increase their food supplies on an enormous scale, and has given reasons for the hope that with suitable means of distributing the additional supplies the wide-spread malnutrition that now afflicts the human race may become one of the "portions and parcels of the dreadful past." But it seems also that for the achievement of this production and distribution of human subsistence two things are necessary: unremitting hard work and a high and generous spirit of international co-operation. For the production of population, on the other hand, neither of these things is necessary.

G. F. McCLEARY.

DENMARK AND NATO

IN bygone times the Northern Countries ranked among the Great Powers of Europe. Denmark, with whom were united Norway and Iceland, Sweden with her province Finland—not to speak of their German dependencies, Holstein, and Pomerania, respectively—could in the Seventeenth Century still throw their weight into the balance and influence the course of events. For two or three hundred years little more was heard of them, except as victims of greedy neighbours: Russia conquered Finland in 1809, Prussia and Austria took Slesvig in 1864. Even the cataclysm of 1914/18 scarcely touched these "outlying districts." Not so with the war of 1939 to 1945. Denmark and Norway were invaded by the Germans, Finland involved in two wars against Russia,

Iceland held by Allied forces; and Sweden herself only through humiliating concessions to the Nazis avoided being drawn into the turmoil.

The Kingdom of Denmark is composed of the peninsula of Jutland (Jylland), about 12,000 square miles, together with 500-odd islands totalling about 5,000 square miles, 100 of which are inhabited. Between Jutland, the isles and Sweden the Baltic Sea is connected with the North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean by three straits: the Little and Great Belt, and the Sound (Oeresund). The two latter are navigable to fair-sized warships, the former one only to smaller units. But the channels are narrow and sinuous, full of sands and shoals. They can easily be blocked with mines, and coastal batteries can defend the passages to surface vessels. Between them, they form the direct road between Germany (Kiel) and Russia (Leningrad) in the East, and Great Britain, U.S.A. and the World, in the West.

Germany and, between the Wars, Poland and the three Baltic republics—Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, since devoured by the insatiable Moscovite appetite—formerly separated Denmark from Russia. Nowadays the U.S.S.R., with her satellite Poland and her occupation of Eastern Germany, rules upon the whole Baltic coast from Finland to Holstein. The Danish frontier posts in Slesvig are less than one hundred miles from the advanced Russian sentinels facing the old Hanseatic town of Lubeck. The Danish isle of Bornholm—comparable to an immense aircraft carrier at anchor in the middle of the Baltic, unsinkable, but not unconquerable—is only 45 miles off the East-German coastline. In the hands of a belligerent Power Bornholm would dominate the entrances to the Straits and the Kiel Canal, threaten Denmark and Sweden (only 25 miles away), and exert the uncontested mastery of the whole Baltic.

Before 1939 the problem of defence was determined in the minds of the Danish authorities by the possibility of receiving early British aid against a German assault. Unfortunately, the eventual contingencies proved at variance with the supposed development. When the German flood broke loose Great Britain was deeply committed elsewhere and had neither ships nor men to spare for the new front in the North. In such circumstances a prolonged resistance on the part of the Danes could not be thought of. What could be undertaken to prevent a repetition of the coup? Nevermore! said the Danes. And their answer to the question was Denmark's resigning her adherence to an obsolete fiction of neutrality, and joining the NATO. The German danger is still hovering in the Danish minds, owing not the least to her undemocratic proceedings towards the Danish minority in Southern Slesvig. The Danish attitude towards German unification is balancing between the fear of a re-born German military giant whose "wishes" it might be hard to overlook, and the relief felt by the 'Russian outposts' being pushed back beyond the Oder, leaving in "Western" hands the Baltic coastline as far as Stetin (exclusively), approximately the meridian of Bornholm.

Poland since the last War has become a partner in the Camp from which Denmark has most to fear. The position may not be a lasting one—should another conflagration break out, or otherwise an opportunity show up, the Poles are sure to seize upon the first sign of Russian weakness to fall upon their Moscovite "protectors". To Denmark, Russia was often

an Ally, but never a faithful one. Court revolutions, outbursts of temper, alcove intrigues (Gottorp) would overnight change the friend into adversary. The misfortune of Denmark at the epoch of Napoleon I was Russia's abandoning the alliance named the Armed Neutrality (1800) which brought Denmark into opposition to Great Britain and eventually led to the naval disaster of 1807, and the breaking up of the four hundred years old Danish-Norwegian United Kingdom. Trusting to Russia once more for a safeguard against Germany might prove a fatal lure—as the West learned, at its cost, in 1939. Exposed upon a crucial point in world strategy—a pendant to that of Istanbul on the Bosphorus—Denmark was thus left pondering about how to preserve her hold upon the little that was hers, to secure her freedom and her independence. It mattered little whether the potential aggressor were Germany or, as might be apprehended in present circumstances, Russia.

The invasion of 1940 taught the bitter and costly lesson that the bare proclamation of one's intention to stay neutral has little chance of being respected by a Power with "overriding" interests. The fate of another small country, Belgium, both in that year and in 1940 showed that even a thorough military preparedness is helpless when one has to stand up alone against an all-out offensive by a vastly superior army. Might a more powerful bloc formed by the coalition of Danish with Swedish and Norwegian forces be able to avert an eventual tide-wave from breaking in over their shores? The prevailing argument was that in a contest between East and West both parties should find it helpful to be dispensed with the maintenance of a northern front. If Denmark and Sweden were barring the Straits, and this latter together with Norway so-to-say neutralising the entire north-western sector, the only possible point of contact in that end of Europe would be the stormy waters of the Arctic Ocean off North Cape.

In 1914, on the outbreak of War, the three Northern Kings met together in Malmoe, the first great public manifestation of Scandinavian solidarity. Circumstances allowed them to steer clear of that disaster. But conditions proved different in 1939/40. The idea of a Northern Defensive Alliance had come too late. During the 'twenties and 'thirties little had been spoken of the question, both Norway and Denmark suffering from an acute crisis of "defence-nihilism" that blinded their eyes to the overhanging danger. When the blow fell, nothing had been undertaken, and scarcely anything investigated. The plans were resumed in the 'forties, but found little response except in Denmark. Sweden remained confident in her proper might which, she hoped, would allow her to escape being drawn into a war where no interests of hers were involved. She was moreover loath to undertake anything that might prejudice the position of her "eldest daughter," Finland, vis-a-vis Russia. Norway placed her trust in Great Britain, and felt unwilling to assume commitments in respect of the Baltic Sea whose affairs she considered as being only of indirect concern to her. Against the Norwegian refusal, and Swedish reluctance, the project was bound to fail. Great Britain was Denmark's obvious choice. On land military traditions would have pointed to France. But the Danish problem was primarily a naval one, arising out of her capacity as the guardian of the Straits. That key position must be held

for Britain at all costs. France and Britain being signatories to the North Atlantic Treaty, Denmark obtained the backing of both, and of the U.S.A., by joining the NATO. Norway fell in also, while Sweden draped herself in her isolation. The decision of the Danish government was approved wholeheartedly by the great majority of the nation: the Conservatives and Leftists (peasants' party), and the Social-Democrats. Even the small Radical party marked their adhesion, if only in an equivocal way owing to their anti-militaristic traditions, which time and again would lead them to dispute financial and other measures for the implementation of the military preparedness consequent thereupon. Only the Communists as was to be expected, raised a storm of protestations against the Danish government's "lowering themselves to the rôle of Wall Street puppets." Seen by Danish eyes, NATO membership is assuring the country an all-out assistance against aggression, the participation in her defence, and ultimate restoration if she should be temporarily overrun as in Korea. To the Allies, the stress must be laid upon the willingness of Denmark to prepare herself, and to allow them to assist her therewith, for holding the Straits and her land territory in such a manner that they could not be used as a basis for aerial and naval warfare against any of them.

Considered as a "hedgehog position," Denmark would have to rely upon her air force to detect in time an assault by air or by sea, from the south or the east. Her navy, backed by powerful coastal fortifications at the entrances to the Straits, and elsewhere, would have to patrol the seas, mining the waters, fighting enemy submarines, and attempting to ward off an approaching landing force. The actual opposition to such enemy troops as might have succeeded in disembarking upon the shores or being parachuted into the fields, or pushing north into Jutland via Holstein, was the task of the field army, assisted by the Home Guard during the initial phase of the attack.

Following the general principles of NATO strategy the Danish defence was organised along parallel lines with that of the other signatories to the Treaty. Armament and equipment were standardised, and substantial amounts of outfit of all kinds received from the U.S.A. and Britain: small arms, ordnance, trucks, Centurion tanks, and light men-o-war of various types specially fit for navigation in Danish waters, etc. The Danish army, being recruited by conscription, had its service term raised to eighteen months, to be introduced successively as barracks could be built and the cadres formed by the training of a sufficient number of commissioned and non-commissioned officers of which the army was gravely under-staffed, owing to the low ebb of the Danish defence system during the preceding decades.

A particular problem was how speedily to raise the air force to the minimum strength required to enable it to fulfil its destiny. It was eventually suggested that the U.S.A. should lend Denmark some 150 or 200 modern fighter aircraft, with their flying and ground personnel, some 4,000 men in all, and the ancillary services, which should be garrisoned at various airfields in Jutland. Against the opposition of the Communists and Radicals the majority in parliament appeared as won over for the scheme when unexpectedly the Socialists swung round, declaring that they could not approve of its realisation "in present circumstances." Their

explanations of the meaning of that qualification were rather vague, the two parties forming the government insinuating demagogic preoccupations in anticipation of the imminent elections (September, 1953) to the new single-chamber parliament when the Socialists might hope to win over a proportion of wavering ex-communists through appearing less adamant upon the NATO policy. Wishing to carry the measure only with a solid backing from the nation and parliament the government have therefore decided to keep it in abeyance, pending the electoral campaign.

In her capacity of an ex-enemy to Germany, Denmark has detached a small force, some 1,600 men, to share in the Allied occupation of Western Germany. It is stationed in the Holstein town of Itzehoe and constitutes a link in the cover of Denmark's only land frontier, in Slesvig. When, in the spring of 1953, the Norwegian occupation corps was withdrawn, being required at home to fill up gaps in the local defence, it was suggested that Denmark should send another 2,400 men to replace them. That would have palliated, to a certain degree, the lack of barracks at home and allowed the speeding up of the training of new cadres, thus activating the introduction of the 18 months' service. Here again the governmental parties acquiesced, but the Socialists made common cause with Radicals and Communists against the proposal. Their avowed argument was that the Danish regiment in Holstein would find themselves in a most precarious position in the case of a Russian invasion starting across the "Iron Curtain" only a few miles off, at Lubeck, and becoming the prey of a useless massacre, unless the Allies would consent to reinforce their Schleswig-Holstein garrisons substantially with British or other troops drawn from the rest of Western Germany. The government objected that 4,000 Danish troops down there could always be better than only 1,600 and, after all, their position would be no worse than before the Norwegian withdrawal. Anyway, the SHAPE did, at the time, see no means of sparing Allied troops for the purpose, so things were left in the old state, eventually to be reconsidered when the new Danish parliament will have shown its hand.

As a minor Power, at one time contemptuously treated as a "state of limited interests"—as if life, liberty and security were less vital to her than to any other—Denmark takes a lively interest in anything that may promote the brotherhood of nations in peace and goodwill. She is virtually compelled to follow the British lead on whose solidarity in the realm of defence her existence depends. Their political and economic interests are no less interlocking. The parallelism of their policies is in particular showing also in respect of the European Defence Community. The Danish armed forces are already insufficient to assure, left to themselves, the efficient defence of their country. There would be no question of allowing even a token force to be distracted for use abroad. At present nobody can foretell what may be the ultimate fate or the shape of the E.D.C. The British objections to it are well known, which views may largely coincide with those of the Danes. On principle Denmark is favourably disposed towards a European military defence system, a common force composed by integration of the various national armies, with standardisation of arms, services and equipment. But, like Great Britain and France, she believes that the superior interests, the fighting

morale of the troops, and the backing of the populations, could only obtain through those national armies preserving their individuality, unity being restricted to the top level.

In 1864 Denmark confronted the combined Prussian and Austrian armies, alone, abandoned by her traditional friends England and France. Crushed by the cruel defeat she gave herself over to the despair the nature of which found itself crystallised in the notorious phrase: What is the use?—Danes of today know that it is of use to resist, even against impossible odds, as was rightly shown by the Resistance Movement during the German Occupation. The 'thirties taught them, and the World, the fallacies of an appeasement policy. Denmark had believed in her "outlying" geographical location as a sufficient shield against her being drawn into the strife among Big Powers: she realised that, on the contrary, her strategic key position constitutes a double danger, a helpless "vacuum" only inciting the adversaries to race for its occupation, while a "hedgehog" may be left in peace. The nation has regained confidence in itself and is assuming its responsibilities in the Concert of Nations. Without ever relinquishing her vigilance towards Germany, Denmark is, with the rest of the Western World apprehensive of the Tartar enigma. What she would fear most of all is that the incomprehension of, or the dissensions among, the Atlantic statesmen might throw Germany into the fold of the Soviet bear-garden, re-editing Bismarck's "re-insurance" policy. They are standing behind their government in its efforts to lead that "active foreign policy" which once upon a time had been proclaimed the apanage of the Great, and preposterous for a country whose motto ought to be: "Qui bene latuit, bene vixit." To the Danes their stake in the peace and freedom of the world is, as has been said above, the very existence of their country. Conscious of their responsibilities towards themselves, and towards all peoples, the Danish nation has reoccupied its seat in the Council and wants its voice to be heard.

Copenhagen.

KAY HECKSCHER.

RIVAROL

ANTOINE RIVAROL or de Rivarol, the bicentenary of whose birth is now being celebrated in Paris, was born at Bagnols in the Lot district and died April 11th 1801. His father made great sacrifices for his education. Apparently he was educated by the Josephites at Bagnols, the Sulpiciens of Bourg-Saint-Andéol, and finally at Sainte-Garde d'Avignon. He was brought up for the priesthood but left Sainte-Garde to return to Bagnols. Between his return to Bagnols and his arrival in Paris in 1777, he disappears from record, as it were. We do not know what he did or even how he reached Paris, but after the beginning of the year 1777 when he was twenty-four, there are no further gaps. His face and figure were singularly attractive, and his conversation even at twenty-four was entrancing; in fact it is because of this rare and singular gift that his value as a thinker, historian, psychologist and literary critic has not been sufficiently appreciated. As Remy de Gourmont says, those who have read Rivarol do not mention him, and those who talk of

him, have not read him. He cites in this connexion Émile Faguet who attributes to Rivarol a Dictionary that he never wrote, and calls the *Discours préliminaire* to the Dictionary "not a bad morceau", though it is 380 quarto pages. Faguet also says that Rivarol also collaborated in the *Journal Politique National*; in the 56 numbers of this publication there are hardly fifty lines that are not his. To the 320 numbers of the *Acts of the Apostles* there are hardly thirty pages of Rivarol. He has also suffered at the hands of Acton who hardly mentions him, while he quotes Mallet du Pan, who was simply the mouthpiece of Rivarol. Burke at least was grateful and honest. Most of the ideas in his *Reflections on the French Revolution* come from Rivarol. In a letter of 1791 to Claude-François, Rivarol's brother, Burke writes, "I saw too late to be able to profit by them the admirable annals of your brother. One day they will be placed beside those of Tacitus."

There are so many sides to the genius, and the word is used advisedly, of Rivarol, that in a brief article it would be unhelpful to try and deal with them all. His political views seem to be the most apropos for our own time. Although he certainly considered that some reforms were urgent, he had no desire to destroy utterly. In fact, it might well be said, that politically France ended in the flash of glory that was the First Napoleon, and has never been so powerful again. The *Journal Politique National* contains some remarkable thoughts both on practical and theoretical politics. Possibly this is why so few of our compilers of political theories mention Rivarol, because he wrote during a monstrous upheaval and lost neither his head, literally or metaphorically, nor his lucidity or wit. He writes of himself: "We are the first among French writers to write against the Revolution before the taking of the Bastille. . . We dared, and this was not without danger and certainly without hope of reward, for both our conscience and our reason inspired us at a period when every one saw in the Revolution the great blessing of philosophy, the culmination of all wishes, the association of all efforts, and the fruit of all enlightenment. He belongs to the same class of historians as Machiavelli, whose *Discorsi* on the first decade of l'ivy are, unfortunately, too little known. "Words," writes Rivarol, "will always govern men." He referred to the Declaration of the Rights of Man as "this criminal preface to an impossible book." Again he remarks, "Nature has put man on earth with limited powers and unlimited desires." Could man's perpetual need for self-deception be better described than in this sentence?

Rivarol's political criticism of Rousseau is concise but deadly. "The most fervid enemy of political order, Rousseau, says that man is naturally free, just and good; but he means by that solitary man. This is trifling, for there is no virtue without relation. With regard to whom can a solitary being be free, just and good? Yet it is with this false idea that this philosopher attacked the political order, looking for abstract man among men, independence amid ties and duties, solitude in the midst of cities, and everlastingly complaining against a nation for not being one man?" Again, Rivarol writes: "Montesquieu, who was the first to state the distinction between the three powers, i.e., legislative, executive and judiciary, proved that they existed in each form of government, whether democracy or monarchy, despotism or aristocracy, just as the primitive

colours exist and are to be found in every one of the sun's rays. But he did not state clearly while discussing the different sorts of government that pure democracy like pure despotism did not exist and could not exist on earth; that these were two products of our reasoning power, two creations of our mind, two models towards which all the governments of the world tended, since in actual fact there is no state in which all people govern all the time by themselves without having representatives, and there is no empire on this globe where the will of one man is put into deeds without any opposition. From this it results that, since all possible governments fluctuate between pure democracy and pure despotism, as between two extremes to which they approach more or less, there is not and never can be in this world anything except aristocracies, that is to say, mixed governments. This term is rightly applied to the government of those states in which an irremovable senate governs everything without ever consulting the people. Such is Venice, which has been called a republic; it is a pure aristocracy in the sense that the three powers are in the hands of the nobles and that the people cannot become noble or enter into the senate. The state in which the will of one man more often makes laws and decides the question of the life and death of its subjects is called a despotic state. Such is the Turkish empire. But it is untrue that the Sultan is the absolute master; his power finds itself limited at every step and he is forced to recognise these limits. Possibly his poor opinion of financiers has been an obstacle in the way to due recognition." "I place," says Rivarol, "in the lowest rank the financier who, like a magician, can with a single stroke of his pen transport his fortune to the end of the world, and who, never using anything but symbols, is outside both nature and society. A government owes nothing to a man of this class. The maxim is fundamental and a minister can be judged according to it." The maxim in question is that the favour accorded to its subjects should be in the inverse ratio of the mobility of their possessions, hence agriculture should be the most favoured. Three further quotations will suffice before the consideration of Rivarol's wit. On June the tenth 1792, Rivarol had quitted Paris to escape the guillotine; hence this judgment is interesting. "There is no enlightenment for the populace: it is neither French nor English nor Spanish. The populace has always been the same in every country, always cannibal, always anthropophagous; and when it takes vengeance on its magistrates, it punishes crimes that are not always proved by crimes that admit of no refutation."

Speaking of the English language, he writes; "It may be said that if English has the boldness of languages that use inversions, it has also their obscurity and that its syntax is so bizarre that the rule has sometimes fewer applications than exceptions. It is held to have servile forms, astonishing in the tongue of a free people, which render it less suitable for conversation than the French language that runs so lightly and so independently. The cause of this is that the English have passed from the extremest degree of slavery to the highest pinnacle of political liberty, while we have passed from an almost democratic liberty to an almost absolute monarchy." None of Rivarol's wit is far-fetched; it is always germane to his subject. "What is generally horrible in this world is that we show equal enthusiasm in securing happiness for ourselves and in

preventing others from acquiring it. Plenty of men look daggers at us as often as they look at us." In 1790 he wrote: "Either the king will have an army or the army will have a king." Mirabeau was capable of anything for money, even of a good action.

Up to now there were three styles of writing, the simple, the moderate and the sublime, which are innocently classed under rhetoric. But we are now compelled to admit a fourth since M. Necker has taken to writing; it is "the ministerial style." "The Abbé Millot is not an historian; he does commissions in history." "English women have two left arms." Rivarol had married an Anglo-Scot. "The cat does not caress us; it caresses itself on us." But it is fatal to start quoting Rivarol, for one always feels that the best has been left out. It is to be hoped that enough has been quoted to show his powers as a political thinker and as a wit.

G. W. HARRIS.

IN THE ROUSSILLON

IN these days of swift and easy travel to refer to any part of France as being relatively little known is tantamount to asking for scepticism. Yet mention the Roussillon as an objective, and a blank look comes over the faces of many who pride themselves on knowing that country rather well. Certain it is that "G.B." cars and British tourists are scarcer there, despite its undeniable attractions, than in any other near Mediterranean region. True, this south-western corner of French territory lacks casinos—except a modest one at inland Amélie-les-Bains—sophisticated bathing beaches—though the sweep of La Racou, for one, could swallow several far better known *plages* farther north—smart, restaurants, gilded ballrooms, de-luxe hotels, and the like. Yet how much, how very much, this little province—roughly seventy miles long by forty miles wide—has in their place! As Basil Collier so rightly says, "This triangle (i.e., the Corbières, the Pyrenees and its base, the sea,) encloses an area no larger than an English county, in which are found in great variety the landscape of mountain, valley, plain and coast; a climate which recalls in turn the clear cold of the far north and the tepid shores of Africa; a fauna which extends from the pine and ilex of the Mediterranean to such eremitical members of the vegetable race as are to be discovered elsewhere only among the dizzy peaks of the High Alps, or within the borders of the Arctic Circle."¹

The people, politically loyal to France, nevertheless pride themselves on being Catalans first, kin to those on the Spanish side of the border. Though all speak the French language, their own peculiar rendering of the native tongue is the speech you mostly hear in villages and fishing communities. Cooking nowadays has little of Spain about it, but much of their neighbour's past, and present, influence can be seen in other respects, particularly architecture, and especially churches. Catalan costume has practically died out, being revived only on national and local feast-days, but among middle-aged and elderly women the characteristic

¹Catalan France.

knotting and folding of the black kerchiefed head-dress is still fairly common. The men adopt the Basque type of beret.

Geographically the Roussillon has three distinct features—on the east, a coastline which is mostly saltmarsh (the Salanque); on the west, the high plateau of the Cerdagne; and, from north to south, intersected by the Agly, Tet and Tech rivers, the mountain ranges of the Corbières, Fenouilledes, Aspres and Albères. To these may be added, in the extreme south-west of the province, and forming the Franco-Spanish frontier, the Pyrenees. Paradoxical as it may seem it is not the mountains, however, which have kept the Roussillon a province little spoilt by tourism—though they have certainly done their share in keeping it unexplored—but its most easily reached feature, the coast. There is something of a brooding melancholy about the forty-five miles of grey shingle-sand, broken by salt water lakes and occasional very low cliffs, which comprise most of its sea-washed shore, a melancholy apt to repel all but those in search of peace or loneliness. Bravely a few small colonies of week-end chalets, the nuclei of newly developed resorts, appear here and there. But on the whole the area from the *Étang de Salses* to Collioure is little disturbed by holiday folk.

Both road and railway skirt the flatlands but on, or near, these communications are three places which make up for somewhat uninteresting scenery; Salses, Perpignan, Elne. Salses, surrounded by vineyards, and near its extensive salt lake, has a 15th cent. (1497) fort which was so sturdily, superbly designed, and remained so well preserved, that even that arch-restorer, Vauban, could find little grounds for touching it. Perpignan, chief town of the *Pyrénées-Orientales*, is the former capital of the Roussillon, and during the 12th and 13th centuries was the favoured residential city of the kings of Majorca, to whose kingdom the Roussillon was then united. After various vicissitudes it was finally annexed by France in 1659. It is a bright town, with an air of gaiety in its narrow streets, thronged in season with shoppers and pleasure-seekers. The hub of all commerce, the *Place de la République*, is as much French in atmosphere as the older part is Catalan-Spanish.

Elne, to the expectant, is a disappointment if not tragedy. Once *Illiberis* of the Sardones, by which Hannibal camped in B.C. 218, and later named *Helena* by her son, the Emperor Constantine, all that is left in that dusty, drab little town is an old Romanesque cathedral and some richly carved marble cloisters—fine, but not all of the original 12th century. From the tower one looks over three miles of irrigated, cultivated land where once was sea.

With the beginning of the *Côte Vermeille*—from the strata splashes of red here and there—at Collioure, however, scenic monotony vanishes. For here the Albères come down to touch the sea, and the road, dipping "in and out and round about" is a veritable *corniche*, with far reaching views equal to any of the *Côte d'Azur*. Colourful gem of this short stretch is undoubtedly Collioure, if admittedly more picturesque to look at than to be in, with its sardine-canning factory, small modernised hotels, and rather awake-to-opportunity air. Yet to see spontaneous Catalan dancing in its street; to watch the men play their variation of bowls in the shady *place*; to follow, with their long fine-meshed *palavas*, the fishing

boats out to sea; to hear the clump of boots returning at dawn—is to know that underneath the surface life goes on as it has done for many hundreds of years. Banyuls, noted for its wine (nor must Grenache be forgotten in this respect), Port Vendres (*Portus Veneris*), thriving harbour (third in size of the French Mediterranean ports), its arriving North African cargoes and crews mixed up with huge bales of locally stripped cork waiting to go out, and the frontier village of Cerbère complete the hot, sun-caressed *Côte Vermeille*.

At the other extreme, at the Roussillon's apex, as it were, is the Cerdagne plateau, cool in summer and extremely cold in winter. In late June lilac trees are only just breaking into first blossom, while fields and fields of pheasant's-eye narcissi vie in vividness with golden richness of gorse-covered slopes. The wall-surrounded, moated fort of Mont Louis—5,280 feet a.s.l.—has the unenviable reputation of being the coldest town in the whole of France. But from here, during the 20-mile descent to Villefranche, what breath-taking views are there! In the distance the foothills and peaks of the Pyrenees; snow-tipped, sombre, aloof. In the foreground, the broad rolling tableland of rock, down and field. In French Cerdagne, too, is one of those somewhat amusing anomalies which sometimes occur. A Franco-Spanish Commission were sitting in November, 1660, at the town of Llivia which was entirely forgotten by them in the allocation of places. The Spanish claimed it, and for some reason the French could not dispute the claim. Hence an eight-square-mile island of Spain, guarded at a neutral road entrance by Spanish civilian police. Long chapters could be written of each valley, even of the shortest, the Agly, with its vineyards, simple villages and perched-on-high castles, such as Queribus and Pierrepertuse—ruined, but unforgettable. The Tet, middle and longest, rises in the wildly remote lake of La Bouillouse, near the Pyrenean *Pic Carlit* (9,585 feet) in the west. Strung along it are not unworthy Catalonian jewels; True-les-Bains (with hot thermal springs), Olette, Villefranche, Prades, Ille-sur-Tet, Perpignan. The most southerly, the Tech—that which, with its silt, pushed the sea away from Elne—has, just near the mountain frontier, Prats-de-Mille, another walled town; Arles-sur-Tech, noted for its Romanesque church and cloisters; Amélie-les-Bains, named after the Empress by Louis Philippe, now living a genteel life of quiet spa-dom.

Between the Tet and the Tech lies that which is the mystical heart of all Roussillon; Canigou. This abruptly rearing, dominating mountain, 9,135 feet high, is the last (or first, depending on your approach) of the Pyrenean giants. But it is more than that. It is the aeons-old god of the Roussillon, the home of *fadas* and *bruixas*, sirenly alluring, and not so alluring but equally powerful, creatures of the other world. Wreathed as much in mystery and superstition as it is almost always in cloud, Canigou was considered unclimbable even until 1834, except at dire risk of devastating godlike wrath. To-day the spell is broken. A mountain road goes near its summit, and a chalet-hotel awaits the visitor. But those who ascend on foot do so with due caution. Canigou can conjure up clouds, fog and storm nearly as fast as one can say its name. Equally as suddenly, especially along the coast, can come Catalonia's *tramontana*, a harsh cold wind from the sea which whips the sands to biting, cutting

fury and unpredictably bringing either startlingly clear blue skies or all-over grey cloud ceilings.

With so much variety of landscape, so many natural beauties to hold one, with the commerce of sardine and anchovy canning, cork-stripping, vine and vegetable growing, wine-bottling, the making of *espadrilles*, timber, and a few other industries, it is not easy to feel in the present the lingering touches of an ancient past. Yet they are there—in its name, from the Greek *Ruscino*, sited near Perpignan; in the pagan-inspired dances of Arles-sur-Tech; in the tradition of Hannibal (and elephants) crossing the Pyrenees and passing through without hindrance from the inhabitants; in a few Roman milestones; in its monasteries and shrines; in stories and legends of "battles long ago."

LILIAN GRAY.

JOAN THE PROTECTRESS

EXACTLY three hundred years ago, Oliver Cromwell ordered "the bauble to be removed", dissolved the Long Parliament, and he and his wife moved into residence at Whitehall. The removal to the new home was not a popular step, for the "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth" to take. The Roundhead musketeers, piked halberdiers, and household guards were hustled and jeered at by the angry crowd as bundles of bedding were thrown out of the windows into the muddy street below. Soon great stacks of furniture were blocking the thoroughfare—no less than a hundred families were evicted by Order of the Council and rendered homeless. So many men who have occupied high places in history have been influenced, for better or worse, softened or hardened, by their wives. One cannot help but sympathise with Cromwell, who was married to a parsimonious virago. No wonder he was dubbed the "Gloomy Brewer" in the satirical *Rump Songs* of the Cavaliers, and he must often have required "Dutch courage" to face up to the discomfort of his domestic and matrimonial life.

"A Brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When he has drunk a cup of nectar
And a Brewer may be Lord Protector."

It is possible that the man who formed the Barebone Parliament might have been less morose, and the Puritan régime less severe and strait-laced, had he not married at St. Giles', Cripplegate, Elizabeth Bourchier, a city merchant's daughter. Elizabeth, commonly called Protectress Joan, was a plain, very corpulent woman, devoid of all feminine charm. Her complete lack of refinement was only outmatched by her avarice and formidable temper. If her husband was the Lord Protector, ruling the country with an iron glove, Joan lorded over her own house at Whitehall with no less severity. Before the move to Whitehall the Cromwells lived in quite a small establishment in Charing Cross. But very soon this became too small to hold the treasure that was being accumulated by the pillage of the Roundhead soldiers from the great mansions of the Royalists.

Joan, who dressed eccentrically, but not without a certain wisdom in these turbulent times, in a hood and light armour, suddenly found herself rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and her home became a kind of Exchange and Mart for greedy treasure seekers. After the capture and sacking of Basingstoke the soldiers were persuaded by threats and small bribes to give up the loot, and it was taken by the officers to Cromwell's London home. Joan received the booty with little thanks, and regaled the officers only with a banquet of bread and butter and small beer. The prayers, in fact, lasted longer than the meal itself. As soon as the Protector's wife had established herself at Whitehall, she set about planning alterations to the interior, and the names of all the apartments were changed. She had a great fear of being alone, and she liked all the state rooms and even the bedchambers to be easily accessible to her. She was suspicious of everyone to such an extent that she ordered trap doors, winding stairs, and hidden passages to be made, so that she could pounce unexpectedly on those she imagined to be plotting against her. No one living or employed at Whitehall was allowed to whisper.

Many people with an eye to favour and advancement gave Joan costly jewels, but they had no sooner been accepted than they were sold or bargained for something of still greater worth. In spite of all her wealth Joan made no outward display of finery. Though her daughters were accompanied, when they went out, by several tire-women, she herself went about on horseback with only Oliver's horse-boys running breathlessly in attendance. It is said that if a boy lagged behind and did not keep right on the horse's tail, she would shout threats at him which could be heard two streets away. As she became more corpulent and less active, she gave up riding and purchased a coach, but nothing would induce her to buy a new one. In this second-hand and well worn vehicle she drove about the streets round Whitehall shopping and driving hard bargains with anyone bold enough to deal with her. On one occasion while out buying vegetables she was offered some early green peas by a woman who had already refused "an angel" for them from a cook in the Strand. Joan only offered five shillings for two sacks full, and when the woman murmured to her Highness that the money was too little "for the fame", Joan retorted with some severe and very outspoken remarks upon the luxury of the times. Only one man accompanied her, who acted as part caterer for the Whitehall establishment, butler at meal times, and as gentleman usher on the more official occasions. This general factotum became so shabby in the course of his many duties that he was hardly presentable, yet Joan refused to pay for new clothes and continually nagged to the Council till the livery for her servants was provided at the State's expense. When new horses were badly needed to draw her coach, she chose old troopers, which she was able to purchase at a knacker's fee from the army.

Though her dealings outside Whitehall were incredibly mean, the domestic régime inside the official residence of the Protector was no less economical and stringent, the number of servants kept being so small that it was almost impossible to keep the apartments clean. Joan, however, was certainly a hard worker, and all the rooms of the household down to the kitchens came under her personal scrutiny and supervision. Few of

those who worked in Whitehall escaped the whip lash of her tongue, and everything from meals to service she endeavoured to run at a profit for herself. Fortunately Cromwell had a great dislike for "compound dishes" and liked only the simplest of food. It was not difficult for his wife to supply him with his favourite mid-day meal of cold veal and oranges. When, however, just before the start of the war with Spain the short supply of oranges went on the "black market", the Protectress refused to pay the exorbitant price of 4d. each for Sevilles. At one time Mr. Starkey, a cook at Whitehall, was accused of drunkenness and when Joan had him brought before her husband, he vomited in Old Noll's presence. Joan strode forward, clipped the man about the ears, and ordered him to be thrown out in the street.

The stringent catering, meals and service at Whitehall became a by-word. Half capons were roasted and served even when honoured guests were present, and every detail of the kitchen accounts was rigorously kept, and with any small profits accruing the royal housekeeper bought candles and other things in daily household use. Joan always protested that she was unable to manage on the sum given to her by the State for the maintenance of the household—sixty-four thousand pounds per annum. She was so insistent about its inadequacy that when Colonel Philip Jones was appointed Controller of the Privy Purse the amount was raised to £1,923 per week for "odd money" and £100,000 yearly "to prevent deceit and any colluding practices". Joan was the first person of royal status to establish a London dairy, and she no doubt saved a considerable milkman's bill by providing milk for Whitehall from her own cows, which she grazed in St. James' Park. She employed six girls as her personal maids, all spinsters and daughters of ministers, whom she kept busy sewing and stitching in her privy-chamber. And when there was no needle-work to be done they helped the dairy-maids in making butter. With all his Puritanical views, Cromwell was by no means averse to draughts of good ale, and Joan, with an eye always to profits, would have liked a brew-house to make home ale as well as a dairy in Whitehall. But small ale, called "Morning Dew", was cheap in London in these days—only 7s. 6d. a barrel, and the Protector liked it so much that he would drink nothing else. The time for meals was strictly adhered to, as was the order in which the household officials of low and high degree ate. At mid-day a bell was rung, and the halberdiers who formed the chosen band of guards sat down to eat with the inferior (junior) officers. Later the bell was rung again, and Cromwell and his wife, together with ten stewards and the guests, dined in the Hall. In the same room a big table was set near the stairs for the higher officers of the army, ministers and secular officials of the State. A sum of ten shillings was spent on flesh and fish for each visitor, and each was given a bottle of sack and two of claret.

From these highly regulated and regimented meals there were never any "left overs", and there was little chance for extra pickings in the kitchens by the servants. If any official was absent from a meal while on duties elsewhere, his food was put on a plate and kept in the buttery till his return. There was no official supper provided for the household, and Oliver and his wife rarely ate more than one egg each for their evening

meal. Beef was bought in eight ton lots and continually boiled for the servants—the broth being given to the poor at St. Margaret's, Westminster, every day. Even after Cromwell's death at Whitehall in 1658, on the night of London's greatest storm, Joan continued to keep an eye on expenditure. By intrigue she managed to safeguard her own purse and transfer her late husband's debts to her two surviving sons, Henry and Richard, who paid for the costly funeral, the embalmment of the body and interment in Westminster Abbey. On the very day after Cromwell's death the guards outside Whitehall rushed into the banqueting hall, took the meat by force from Joan's very plate as she sat eating, and demanded with threats arrears of pay. But even in this plight Protectress Joan, who was to survive her husband by seven years, remained unmoved, and her bitter tongue did not fail her. She turned to Fleetwood, the officer in charge of the guards, and remarked that he had "brought his hogs to a fine market."

SYLVIA MAYNARD.

THE WOOD CRICKET IN DEVON

WALKING along a country road in Devon on a warm day in late August, I was much puzzled by what seemed to be the distant song of a Grasshopper Warbler. I had never before heard this song in August, and, moreover, the type of country was not typical of the bird's usual haunts. On one side of the road stretched level cultivated fields, while on the other was a plantation of mixed beech and conifers with open meadow on two sides. The sound was elusive: a soft, reeling trill which, as I changed my position, seemed to come now from across the fields, now from within the plantation. At times I even fancied it emanated from the sun-warmed air itself. Then suddenly the ear 'focused' itself and I realised the sound was coming from the grass verge within 5 yards of my feet. This was my first experience of the Wood Cricket's song. In Britain we are poorly-off for crickets. The Field Cricket and the Mole Cricket are now extremely rare and the House Cricket, once accepted as a member of the household, is becoming scarcer as more hygienic conditions prevail. Our fourth species, the Wood Cricket, is the most local of all and was, until quite recently, thought to be confined to the New Forest and the Isle of Wight. But between 1948 and 1950 I had the good fortune to find 10 colonies within a few miles of my home at Sidmouth. And one of these, situated in a wood near Exeter, corroborated a record for Devon which had remained unconfirmed for about 100 years.

On consulting all available entomological literature I discovered that, in spite of its abundance in the New Forest (that happy hunting-ground of entomologists), this cricket had been badly neglected, and that for details of its life and habits I must go to the insect itself. So much the better. The Wood Cricket is the smallest and the most attractive of our crickets. The male measures only three-eighths of an inch in length and is neat and well-proportioned, possessing neither the ungainly head of

the Field Cricket nor the unhealthy pallor of the House Cricket. His colour is a deep, brownish black with a row of minute, white dots down the centre of the abdomen. The elytra, or wing-cases, cover only half the abdomen. True wings are entirely absent. The female is a little larger and is a mottled earth-brown; her most distinctive feature is the long, needle-like ovipositor which projects from the apex of her abdomen. The young, or nymphs, resemble the male, but the sexes are indistinguishable until approaching maturity. The typical habitat appears to be woodland, where the crickets live entirely amongst fallen leaves along rides, banks and clearings. But of the Devon colonies four are not in woods. One extends along the verges of a country road, another is along the foot of a bank bordering an orchard and two others are beside rough tracks on the edge of heath-land. Whether or not in woodland these Devon colonies are all associated with oaks, the fallen leaves of which seem to be preferred to those of any other tree; but whether this applies in the New Forest I cannot say. I doubt if this preference is governed by any particular food-supply, for the insect is omnivorous. It is probable that oak leaves provide the most suitable cover in winter. Yet in Germany this cricket is found largely in beech-forest regions.

The Wood Cricket has a two-yearly life-cycle, and in this it differs from all other British crickets and grasshoppers. The eggs are laid from July until about October; these remain dormant throughout the winter and hatch the following June. The nymphs moult about 4 times and by autumn are approximately three-sixteenths of an inch long. Growth then ceases until the following April or May, then after another 3-5 moults they become adult in early July or August. Breeding begins almost at once and continues until October or later, when the adults gradually die off. At some colonies, however, a few live on until the new adults appear in July. So that nymphs and adults may be found throughout the year. For two years I kept pairs and nymphs in captivity. Confined in ordinary 2lb. jam jars containing about one inch of sandy, woodland mould and a few dead oak leaves for cover, they thrived well and presented me with most of the details of their interesting life history. Food was not difficult. The staple diet consisted of lettuce leaf and bread crumbs, but during the course of my dietetic experiments the following items were also eaten: Leaves of honeysuckle; runner bean (leaf and pod); meat (cooked and raw); cheese, apple and nuts (chestnut, salted peanut and dessicated coco-nut); dead insects; leaf galls from oak, acorns and fungi. There seems little doubt that the insects are also omnivorous in the natural state, but they were seldom seen feeding at the colonies. Once I found them with their heads inside fallen apples which had rolled to the foot of the bank, and on two occasions I watched nymphs and adults feeding on the caps and stalks of fungi, including a *Boletus*. Several varieties of fungi were subsequently offered to the captives and all were eaten more or less readily—even the noisome Stinkhorn. It therefore seems likely that fungi, including the smaller moulds and mildews which batten on decaying oak leaves and twigs, form a substantial proportion of the natural diet.

Live creatures, if at all active, were rarely attacked. Even small injured insects, if capable of movement, were usually rejected after

inspection. Uninjured aphids could move about amongst the crickets and even pass beneath their very jaws with impunity, whereas dead individuals were devoured without hesitation. Considering the cannibalistic habits of the House and Mole Crickets, together with the notorious pugnacity of the Field Cricket, it is rather surprising to find the present species so peaceable; and that, on the whole, adults of both sexes and the smallest nymphs could be successfully confined in the same jar. For, as a general rule, the Wood Cricket is cannibalistic only inasmuch as it devours the *dead* bodies of its own kind. Owing to this cricket's small size and abbreviated elytra, its song is weak and has little carrying-power. Under favourable conditions it may be heard up to a distance of 5-6 yards, but when even a light breeze rustles the tree-foliage it is necessary to lean close to the ground to hear it at all. Unlike the detached chirps of the Field and House Crickets, the sound is an almost continuous reeling, punctuated by irregular and very brief pauses, thus: "trrr-t-trrr-trrr", etc. It probably comes nearest to the churring of the Mole Cricket but, of course, more subdued. A fair imitation can be produced by winding a wrist watch.

When stridulating the male raises his elytra to an angle of about 45 degrees and spreads them so that only the inner edges are in contact. They are then rapidly vibrated one across the other. The sound varies with different individuals, some having a rather hard, toneless note, others a more metallic, bell-like quality, and it was possible to identify certain captive males by the tone of their song. Volume depends on temperature, being greatest in heat but, below 60 degrees, often reduced to a mere flutter, audible only by applying an ear to the mouth of the jar. The performance appears to be an emotional outlet, which at the same time serves the purpose of attracting the female. It may be stimulated by anger, but it is primarily associated with sexual excitement and the proximity of a female. The sound apparently incites no rivalry amongst males, for the stridulation of those sexually excited does not provoke others to emulation. This point is worth making because certain other members of the Order, notably the Great Green Grasshopper, appear to indulge in song for its own sake, or in response to the sound of their fellows.

The male fertilizes the female by attaching to the base of her ovipositor a minute spermatophore—a spherical, gelatinous capsule containing the sperms. These spermatophores are produced in pairs. The first appears while the male is wooing his partner with song and dance, but though the female is attracted by his performance it may be 30-45 minutes before he permits her to mount him and receive the spermatophore. About 20 minutes after the first mating the male produces a second, larger spermatophore. This is developed without stridulation while the insect remains quiescent, and until the appropriate time the female is avoided rather than encouraged. Then further song and courtship result in a second mating. This subsequent union is in some way dependent upon the first; for if for some reason the initial mating does not occur the male devours the spermatophore and fails to produce the larger type. The female, having extracted the sperms, removes and eats the empty capsule. After each mating the insects instantly separate, but soon the female remounts and feeds on a secretion from a gland on the male's right elytron.

The purpose of the secretion is apparently to lure the female into a position suitable for coition; but the fact that she feeds chiefly *after* mating suggests that some other purpose is served. Perhaps the male derives pleasure from the female's feeding, and the female, some physical benefit from the secretion.

In all crickets the wing-cases normally lie flat on the back with the right overlapping the left. One male, however, emerged from the final moult with the elytra reversed—the left covering the right. In this remarkable instance the female demolished with her mandibles the greater part of the male's left elytron, evidently in order to gain access to the secretory gland on the right—normally the upper. The male, none the worse for this, still persisted in his fruitless efforts to stridulate. This inversion of elytra is interesting in view of Fabre's experiments on the Field Cricket. He tried, unsuccessfully, to reverse the wing-cases of a male and cause him to fiddle "left-handed." But even when a newly-moulted specimen, whose organs were still soft and plastic, was selected for the operation the insects invariably reversed their elytra to normal before stridulating.

The Wood Cricket's eggs are deposited singly about a quarter of an inch below the surface of the soil. Raising her abdomen, the female lowers her ovipositor so that it points vertically earthwards, and after a few trial prods eases the organ into the soil until it is inserted to the hilt. Should a male intrude at this juncture he is rudely repulsed with a hind leg. After 3-5 minutes slight movements of her abdomen denote the passage of the egg down the ovipositor, and soon, with up-and-down movements which fill in the hole from the bottom upwards, the ovipositor is gradually withdrawn and the surface soil scraped over the spot. The process is then repeated at a different point, but only a few eggs are laid at one time. The Field Cricket, whose eggs hatch during the summer in which they are laid, must deposit her total number of eggs within two or three days: the Wood Cricket, free from such urgency, distributes her intermittent laying over the entire breeding-season. By sifting the soil and counting the eggs in my jars, I estimated that the normal number of eggs from one female is in the region of 200, and that they are laid at the rate of 2 or 3 a day over the season. The eggs are cigar-shaped, yellow in colour and about one-sixteenth of an inch long. Remaining in the soil for 10 or 11 months, they hatch about the 4th week in June. As the egg develops it swells considerably and becomes paler in colour, while on either side, near one end, appears a large, reddish-brown spot—the eyes of the young cricket. Through the shell on the underside the antennae and the fore and middle legs folded close under the body are clearly visible, and through the dorsal surface the segments of the nymph's abdomen appear as faint, dark lines. The Field Cricket's egg is fitted with a detachable cap or lid, but in the Wood Cricket the egg merely splits across the frontal end and for about a third of the way along one side. The nymph enters the world swathed in a sheath which protects the legs and delicate antennae by holding them firmly against the underside of the body; and this sheath is retained during the passage through the soil to the surface.

The enveloped larva is colourless except for a tinge of yellow and the conspicuous brown eye-spots. It progresses by contracting and lengthening the hind part of the abdomen and causing a wave or ripple to

flow along the whole body from the rear, expanding the head, particularly at the back. The pulsating head, straining rhythmically backwards, penetrates and grips the soil, while the movements of the abdomen push the nymph forward. For half-an inch or so it may move horizontally before turning upwards towards the surface, but before reaching the top it pauses for a moment and then slides head-first out of the sheath. The new-born nymph kicks its legs, struggles out of a pocket in the soil and gains the surface. It is one-sixteenth of an inch long and is almost transparent, but in 3 hours it becomes grey, and finally a uniform dark brown.

T. J. RICHARDS.

PARACELSUS

ON Midsummer day 1527, in the midst of a mob of excited students from the University of Basle, a newly-appointed Lecturer in Medicine tossed the immortal texts of Galen and Avicenna into the flames of a bonfire which the students had kindled. And the charred fragments which fluttered away before the eyes of the enraged faculty symbolised the arrival at Basle of a man who cared not a fig for tradition, and who regarded himself as the prophet of a new era in the healing art. He was young for a prophet, not more than 33, smooth-faced, plump and clean-shaven. His hawk-like eyes looked out at the world from beneath a great domed brow. The mouth was firm and dimpled, and the tongue within it had a sharp edge for those its owner regarded as fools. From his waist there hung a great broadsword, the handle of which unscrewed. Some said he kept a devil there who sometimes danced the sword out of its scabbard in the silence of the night; others said it contained the elixir of life. It was a magical sword called Azoth, which was the name the alchemists gave to the creative energy of Nature itself.

The young prophet's name was on the lengthy side—Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim. But he had added to these a greater name by which the world remembers him—Paracelsus. He was born in 1493, the year of Columbus's return to Spain from his first voyage to the New World, in the Swiss village of Einsiedeln. His father was a doctor and took the young Theophrastus with him on his rounds, showing him the curative uses of plants and inculcating those powers of observation which were to become the bedrock of his science. Theophrastus was 10 when Wilhelm von Hohenheim moved to Villach in Austria, a mining region, where the lad learned about substances and the way elements could be combined. He was introduced to the wonders of alchemy, the chemistry of the mediaeval world.

When about 14 years of age, he set out to see what the universities could teach him over and above what he had learned from his father and the use of his own keen eyes. In those days the universities were the last bulwarks of scholasticism, seeking to preserve inviolate the wisdom of the ancients. Nor did it take Theophrastus long to make up his mind what that wisdom was worth. "There is more to be learned at a Frankfurt fair," he wrote, "than in many German universities." In another passage

in one of his works he enlarged on this theme, which was a favourite of his. "The universities do not teach all things, so a doctor must seek out old wives, gipsies, sorcerers, wandering tribes, robbers and take lessons from them. . . . Experience must verify what can be accepted or not accepted. Knowledge is experience." From the first, Theophrastus was a wandering scholar attending one university after another. His biographers disagree over his itinerary; for so much legend is entwined with the historical data of the doctor's life that sections of it are likely to remain an enigma. It seems likely that he took his Bachelor of Arts degree at Vienna and, perhaps three years later, a doctorate in the Italian university of Ferrara, where the new science of medicine flourished better than elsewhere. In between there were other universities where he examined—and frequently rejected—the "truths" of his day.

After this more formal side of his education came the great wandering which, with short interruptions, lasted to the very end of his life. He regarded travel as essential to his healing work. The curative art could not be learned in the universities. "If a man wishes to become acquainted with many diseases," he wrote, "he must set forth on his travels. If he travels far, he will gather much experience and win much knowledge." No sixteenth century doctor travelled farther. There was scarcely a country of Europe that he did not visit, Azoth suspended from his belt. From Spain to Scandinavia and Holy Russia he disputed with the accepted medical sages of the time and passed on leaving a trail of enemies. He never suffered fools gladly, and it is dubious whether anyone with less tact ever lived. He travelled in Arabia and Egypt and learned much from the Tartar tribes by whom he appears to have been taken prisoner. In 1524 he returned to Europe with a reputation for miracles of healing. It was even said that he had brought back with him the philosopher's stone.

In the winter of 1526 the great printer Frobenius lay seriously ill in Basle with a leg that looked like becoming gangrenous. The doctors treating him advised amputation. Before taking their advice, the printer called in Paracelsus. The wandering scholar came and began the treatment. The leg healed, and soon Frobenius resumed his normal duties. But the matter did not end there. Living with him was the great Erasmus, and the joint influence of these men was enough to get Paracelsus appointed Town Physician, with the right to lecture at Basle University. The vehement Paracelsus (as bombastic as his name), who derided his medical colleagues as dolts and block-heads, never put himself out to win friends. The burning of the traditional classics of medicine was bad enough. But the new lecturer went further: he lectured in German instead of in Latin! He spoke new truths in a new language. People called him the "Medical Luther," and for a few months, at the age of 33, he attracted students to Basle from all over Europe.

What did he teach them? By modern standards it was a mixture of scientific medicine and obscurantist magic. To Paracelsus man's life was inseparable from that of the universe. When man fell ill, Nature was the real physician, and all the doctor could do was to aid nature. That was the first principle on which the healing art was based. The second pertained to astrology, since the astral spirits were believed to influence

man. The positions of the stars could aid or impede recovery. Then again, medicine was dependent on a knowledge of chemistry. He taught the uses of lead and copper, mercury, iron, sulphur and the rest in prescriptions. His enemies accused him of using poisons. He replied that it was only the dose which made a substance poisonous. Lastly, healing must be based on virtue. The good doctor had to be something of a theologian; for God could grant powers of healing and work miracles. There was a good deal of mumbo-jumbo in these teachings; but his stress on the need for observation and the curative powers of Nature was not misplaced in an age when, to quote Agrippa von Nettesheim, a contemporary, the greatest reputation was "attained by those physicians who were recommended by splendid costumes, many rings and jewels, a strange religion, especially the Hindu or Mohammedan, and who combined with these a monstrous shamelessness in the praising of their medicines and cures."

Vastly different were Paracelsus' own remedies. He bound living earthworms on to a festering hand, and in three days the inflammation had gone. An old gipsy remedy succeeded where the doctors failed. He is said to have cured the dreaded plague by putting a speck of the patient's excreta into a bread pill and making him swallow it. There were those who praised him as an incomparable physician: others called him a charlatan whose teachings were heresy and whose cures were effected by the power of Satan. They said he was a drunkard and a fraud. Even today it is difficult to see him through the mud that has stuck to him. His outspokenness and a quarrel with a wealthy canon of the church over the fee to which he was entitled for curing him resulted in his leaving Basle in 1528. In his own words he was "a rejected member of the university, a heretic of the profession, a misleader of scholars."

Once again he began to wander over the face of Europe. At his stopping places he found time to write the medical books which were to perpetuate his reputation after his death. And all the time he healed the patients who came to him, while the slanderous tongues of former colleagues and disciples confused still further the legend of Paracelsus. In a cellar in Esslingen he carried on strange experiments in alchemy. Kabalistic signs were found on the roof of this "Paracelsian Cellar" as recently as 1882. Local people believed that the wonder-working magician was turning base metals into gold. In spite of his cures, he grew no more popular with the doctors. In Nuremberg, to prove that he was no impostor, he asked the city council to select a number of "incurable" cases for him to treat. He was shown a number of patients suffering from the Greek Leprosy. All the doctors knew they were hopeless cases: that is, all except Paracelsus. The record of the "impossible" cures he effected is preserved in the archives of this famous city. Inevitably, he was no better loved. His book on the cure of syphilis was banned, and for many of his works he was unable to find printers. He went on wandering, healing as he went. Then in 1536 he published a best-seller, *Chirurgia Magna* (The Great Surgery), and almost at once his name was again on the world's lips and his reputation higher than ever. For a while he had money and lived in comfort.

There is a story that someone tried to poison him at a banquet in

Hungary. He had, it is said, actually drunk the belladonna; but before the paralysis could set in, he unscrewed the knob of the great sword which hung from his belt and swallowed a grain of a dark powder hidden in the cavity. But the immense labours of his life and the hostility of his enemies had given the once handsome Paracelsus the appearance of an old man. There is a famous mid-sixteenth century engraving of him, showing him about to unscrew the knob on the handle of his sword. He was then only 45, but his life was not to be measured in years. He had already outlived Methuselah, though by our reckoning he never reached 50. At the age of 48, on Christmas Eve 1541, he died in Salzburg. There is a legend that he never died. It is claimed that he was recognized years after his death in different places. For why should he possess the elixir of life and not use it? The sceptical say he died like any other man. Others say he was murdered. Probably we shall never know any more than we shall know what happened to his mysterious sword. Perhaps it is still awaiting discovery in some old armoury or junk shop with its fabulous drug or devil still imprisoned in the handle.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN.

SOUTH AFRICAN FLORA

THE Union of South Africa is known throughout the world as the home of beautiful gems. From the blue earth stretching deep down below the Rand men bring forth diamonds of unequalled loveliness to delight the connoisseur and further the interests of Africa's greatest country. Indeed, so famous has South Africa become as the home of diamonds that her other beauties are largely forgotten outside the Union itself. This is especially true of the beautiful flora, second to none in the world. Embracing in all about one hundred and eighty plant families, each of which may contain from one to a thousand different species, the flora of South Africa certainly offers variety. A very rough estimate using an average of five hundred species per family gives the total of possible varieties as ninety thousand. This figure shows that there is practically endless material for botanical study and research by the scientifically minded, not to mention the profusion of lovely flowers it suggests to those who merely like to look.

South African plants, like those of other countries, are not all of one age: some species were in existence thousands of years before others, whilst these others in turn are countless ages older than the "modern" species. The comparative ages of the species are judged by the area of land over which they have spread in the course of their histories. Thus, members of the *Cycad* family are said to be of enormous antiquity since they are found over most of the Dark Continent. Others, such as *Red Eric* (Red Heath) are younger since they only have a range of some four thousand miles, whilst a member of the same family, Fair's Heath, is almost new as plants go, being restricted to a few acres in the Glencairn Mountains. A somewhat perplexing aspect of this age-area theory is the fact that several families common in South Africa are to be found in other

Southern Hemisphere continents as well. It seems reasonable to say that if such is the case then age can bear no relation to area, since no matter how many ages old a plant family is it is not possible for its seeds to have been carried thousands of miles across the ocean. The chance of a seed travelling from Africa to, say, Australia, on a wind is negligible. Hence by some means the family in question must have sprung up independently in both countries. If it could do that (which is difficult to believe) then it could do the same thing within the limits of one country: so that if a family covered all South Africa, it would not necessarily be an old family but could be one that had originated independently in several parts of the Dominion within a few centuries.

An interesting explanation, refuting this and supporting the age-area idea, was put forward by Wegener. In his Theory of Floating Continents he claimed that ages ago, soon after the formation of this earth, though after plant life had appeared, the Southern Continents were grouped together as a solid island crust floating upon the still molten undersurface of our planet. This island was then populated by the now ancient families of plants such as *Protea* and *Cycads*, mentioned above, though then in a low state of development. Eventually (Wegener claims) this island broke up into smaller units which drifted apart into much the same positions as the Southern Continents of today. Of course, on each piece of land there were specimens of the same families. These families developed with the ages, but since they were separate and could not mix, each group developed in a different way so that although the same families are to be found in various parts of the Southern Hemisphere each continent has its own distinctive species.

Just as the ancient families have developed different species in different continents, so all plant families in the Union have developed different species to suit the large range of climatic conditions that can be found in that vast land. It is obvious, I think, that if a family is to grow in both arid desert and damp forest it cannot do so in one form: it must develop two or more separate species to combat and use the existing conditions. Since the rainfall over a great area of South Africa is small it is natural to discover that there are relatively few water plants, although several of the existing species are interesting. The most numerous and best known of the water plants is the famous Mangrove. This thickly growing tree is to be found on large tracts of mudflats such as border a river mouth, or on any hot, boggy, country where it can form the mangrove swamp beloved as places of evil and death by many mystery writers. Actually, to wander around in these swamps would be rather foolish on account of the ever hungry crocodiles present. One of the most remarkable water plants of the country is the *Utricularia*. This is a carnivorous plant since it devours small creatures for its food, ingeniously trapping them. The plant is in the form of a bladder which rests on the water surface, with an opening in one side securely sealed by a watertight door". Should some small creature happen to touch this door the latter springs open allowing the water to rush in carrying the unfortunate victim with it. Once inside there is no escape and the prisoner is slowly digested.

The swamps bordering the rivers often give way to vast areas of savannah. Once the home of South Africa's game hunting, much of this habitable

land has now been worked over by Man to produce such valuable crops as cotton and mealies, but where the hand of civilisation has not rested many strange plants exist. Chief amongst these unusual citizens of the plant world are the many curious trees. One, the Baobab tree, is a big limbed specimen with lovely flowers which eventually change to oval shaped fruit. Then there is the descriptively named Fever tree; so called because of its sickly yellowy-green bark, whilst the *Kigelia Pinnata* has for its crowning glory singular sausage like fruit. Where the land rises to a higher level the veld takes the place of the savannah, transforming the landscape to a sea of grass. Redgrass is by far the dominant flora of the veld and, as the plant's name suggests, it tinges the waving fields with a grand ruddy hue. These mighty plains, formed by the heavy summer rains natural to the regions, were the sights which inspired the pioneers to make the historic great trek, so forming the new countries of Orange Free State, Transvaal and Natal, now three of the most important states in the Union.

The agricultural antithesis to the veld is the semi-desert or Karoo. Owing to a rainfall of less than ten inches per year over much of South Africa, one third of the Union now consists of this unproductive wasteland. Agricultural experts in the Dominion are concerned over the continual spreading of these barrens and attribute the growth to excessive deforestation by fire and felling, since most deforested areas in the Union degenerate into Karoo. In arid land of this type the presence of many varieties of succulent plants is only to be expected. Succulents, as their name might suggest, are plants which can store up a considerable reserve of water within themselves, often literally bulging with it. The cactus is an example which readily suggests itself. One of the world's most amazing plants is to be found amongst the succulents of the South African Karoo in the aptly named Stone Plant. This remarkable specimen looks for all the world like small brown pebbles scattered upon the dust blown desert surface. Without a vestige of greenery the plant possesses perfect camouflage, yet by some perversion of Nature it later sprouts a gaudy yellow flower. Several families having species in Britain are to be found in the Karoo. Most notable of these are the Lily, represented by the Aloe Tree; the Geranium by Bushman's Candle (a typical example of the many lovely and expressive names used by South Africans for their flora) and the Daisy Family in sundry forms. Yet of all the climatic regions within this great country none offers the variety and beauty of flora to be found within the scrub land. Thickly populated with evergreen bushes, the scrub country covers whole ranges of coastal mountains, often from base to summit. Between this mass of evergreen every type of South African flora, barring grasses and succulents, finds root. Amongst the loveliest of scrub flowers is the *Protea* Family, one of which, the Big Woolly *Protea*, is South Africa's own flower, her symbolic blossom.

The striking feature of the *Proteas* is the family resemblance borne by each variety. Almost every separate bloom can be said to have a common feature in a white cupped flower surrounded by red outer petals whose hue depends upon the species in question. Interesting exceptions to this rule are two *Proteas* bearing no resemblance to the above description. The Silver Tree bears cold finger-like silvery blossoms of austere beauty,

whilst in contrast there is the fragile, cup-shaped flowers of delicate pink, which the South Africans have eloquently named the Blushing Bride. It is in the scrub country that one realises the great debt owed to South Africa by the gardeners of the world. From this rough terrain comes such garden favourites as *Kniphofia*, *Lobelia*, *Geranium* and *Gladioli*. In the scrub country rain is a little more frequent than it is in the Karoo so that the plants found there do not require such rigorous protection against drought as Nature provides for the succulents. Thick bulbous tubes are dispensed with and their place taken by a protective film of oil or wax on the skin, sometimes covered with hairs to stop the evaporation of the water the plant is consuming. In the forests of South Africa even these water-saving devices are not required since dampness prevails everywhere. This humid atmosphere causes the forests to be vested with a preponderance of ferns, lichens and mosses, with an occasional orchid to brighten the gloom. It is a growing concern in the Union that much of her tree land is slowly but surely vanishing before the work of Man and Nature. Always small, the forest areas will soon be negligible. Already the larger trees are scarce or inaccessible.

WALT UNSWORTH.

SALTAIRE AND ITS FOUNDER

NINETEEN FIFTY-THREE is the 150th anniversary of Sir Titus Salt's birth and the centenary of the founding of Saltaire, his model town in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Nowadays the welfare of employees is one of the main considerations in the business world, but in 1853, when Titus Salt founded Saltaire, not many employers gave a second thought to the conditions under which their workpeople lived and worked. The small town of Saltaire is situated on the banks of the River Aire, about half a mile from Shipley of which it now forms part. When it was planned the town was unique, for not only did the manufacturer build a fine Italian style factory, he also provided schools, houses, a hospital, churches, a library and other facilities for his workpeople.

The huge Saltaire mills, covering over nine and three quarter acres, were the first part of the model town to be built. On September 20th, 1853, on the founder's fiftieth birthday, they were officially opened in the presence of many notable people including the Earl of Harewood, Members of Parliament, and the Mayors of various towns. Titus Salt's employees—over 2,500 of them from his four Bradford factories—marched in procession through Bradford to the railway station. From there they were conveyed in special trains to Shipley and the new works. The mills, which still look unusually modern, are of massive structure and when they were built constituted one of the biggest factories in the world. A report in *The Bradford Observer* for September 22nd, 1853, gives details of the opening ceremony and the luncheon: "A large portion of this great edifice having been so far completed as to allow of the commencement of work, it was resolved by the proprietor to celebrate the event by a grand industrial festival. The day fixed was Tuesday being Mr.

Salt's fiftieth birthday and also the day on which his eldest son Mr. W. H. Salt came of age, so that the celebration was of a three-fold character." As the Salt family entered the combing shed where the luncheon was to take place, the Band of the 28th North Gloucester Regiment played "The Roast Beef of Old England." And then the guests and workpeople sat down to a magnificent luncheon which included three beasts, ten lambs, four hundred plum puddings and five hundred dishes of tartlets. Well might the Earl of Harewood say that he had never attended a larger dinner. In his speech he mentioned Mr. Salt's intention to build sanitary cottages for his workpeople, and he also referred to the heavy toll of deaths at Newcastle due to a disease caused by bad drainage. In his speech Mr. Salt observed that at one time he had planned to retire from business on his fiftieth birthday; instead of which he was beginning a new venture.

Titus Salt was born in the Old Manor House, Morley, in Yorkshire on September 20th, 1803. His father had been an iron-founder at Hunslet, but on marrying the daughter of a drysalter he began to take an interest in the drysalting business. Later he became known as "Daniel Salt, white cloth merchant and drysalter." The Salts were Nonconformists and this led to Titus being baptised twice; once by the Rev. T. Clough at Morley Old Chapel and two years later by Rev. J. Sedgewick of Batley Church. This was probably to obtain an entry in the Parish Register. In 1813 the Salt family moved to a farm at Crofton, near Wakefield, and young Titus attended schools in the district. At one of these his favourite teacher was a Mr. Harrison who was later present at the opening of Saltaire Mills. At one time Titus wished to serve his fellow men by becoming a Doctor, but nothing resulted of this ambition. Instead he was placed under a Mr. Jackson of Wakefield to learn the wool-stapling trade in 1820. Two years later the Salt family moved to Bradford and here Titus learned a great deal more about wool sorting, combing, spinning and weaving, while associated with the firm of Rouse and Son, one of whose maxims was: "Those who have helped us to get money shall help us to enjoy it." Titus Salt obviously learnt this lesson well, as his later career shows.

Titus Salt was a very industrious, intelligent and determined man and the firm which he and his father owned prospered. He it was who had employed Donskor wool successfully in the worsted trade, a thing never done before. And he was always looking for fresh fields to conquer when it came to raw material to turn into manufactured goods. The story is told how once, when staying at Scarborough during the American Civil War, Titus read a letter in the *Times* which alleged that "along the seaboard of England ample material existed capable of being utilised as a substitute for cotton." Later the manufacturer was seen on the beach picking up seaweed and carefully examining it. On being asked what he was doing he replied: "I've been trying whether this stuff could be manufactured but it won't do." It was the Alpaca trade which really made Titus Salt a wealthy man and changed Bradford industry. Before 1836 Alpaca had been previously experimented in by a Mr. Outram, but nothing further had come of his experiments. The story of Titus Salt's visit to a Liverpool warehouse and of his interest in what looked like bales

of dirty horse hair is well-known. Dickens relates the incident in "Household Words": "It was a huge pile of dirty looking sacks, filled with some fibrous material bearing a strong resemblance to superannuated horse-hair, or frowsy elongated wool, or anything unpleasant and unattractive. Our friend took it up, looked at it, rubbed it, pulled it about, in fact did all but taste it, and he would have done that too if it had suited him, for he was 'Yorkshire'." He paid a second visit to the warehouse of Hegan, Hall and Co., and brought a sample away with him. Shutting himself up he experimented with it, scouring it first, then combing it. After testing its strength he decided to try it in light, fancy fabrics and astounded the Liverpool firm, which had been contemplating shipping the Alpaca back to Peru, by offering them eight pence a pound for it.

His father and friends tried to persuade him to have nothing to do with Alpaca. But he, with true Yorkshire tenacity, believed that he was on something good. And this in spite of difficulties in the manufacturing of the product at first. His belief was justified for he founded one of the staple trades of Bradford. An historian of Yorkshire tells how "in 1840 about 500,000 pounds of the wool was imported. In 1852 this had increased to well over 2,000,000 pounds; twenty years later nearly 4,000,000 came in."

In 1848 Titus Salt became the Mayor of Bradford and during his Mayoralty cholera broke out in the poorer districts of the town. It may have been this which finally decided him to carry out his favourite ambition—the erection of a model town amid lovely scenery. And in 1851, after his success at the Great Exhibition, he began to look around for a suitable site for his town. Finally he decided on the land above Shipley with easy access to the moors. After the completion of the factory and houses a fine hospital was opened on September 20th, 1868. Shortly afterwards the Victoria Hall and Institute with its reading rooms, library, lecture room, games rooms, gym, and other recreational rooms was opened for the inhabitants of Saltaire. In a circular letter explaining the purpose of the Institute the manufacturer's son explained what his father had in view in providing the building to be occupied for the purpose of 'The Saltaire Club and Institute.' As the name implies, the new society is to be in the first place a social club, and secondly an educational institute—it is intended to supply the advantages of a public-house, without its evils; it will be a place to which you can resort for conversation, refreshment as well as for education—elementary, technical and scientific. After careful inquiry into the constitution and working of various Mechanic's Institutes, the conclusion has been arrived at that they do not meet the wants of the working classes during their hours of leisure, mainly from the fact of their being almost purely educational societies; and of their presenting to only a very limited extent means of social intercourse and healthy recreation." Since those early days the fine Institute has served an admirable purpose in the life of the people of Saltaire and in addition to the adult library has a fine Junior library. There are also many fine schools including the Boys' and Girls' High Schools, Shipley Technical School, and the School of Art; all these came under the Salt's School Trust. In addition to these Titus Salt

made provision for scholarships to Bradford Grammar School.

The road that leads to Shipley glen goes past many of the houses, the Institute and the unusual Congregational church, past the mills and over the bridge into one of the loveliest places in the district. Here on holidays and week-ends vast crowds of people throng the glen and walk over the moors to Baildon, Higher Eldwick and Ilkley. The Glen overlooks the magnificent cricket field and Roberts' Park, better known as Saltaire Park, which stretches for 14 acres on the northern banks of the River Aire. During his lifetime Titus Salt received many honours including the decoration of the Legion of Honour conferred upon him by Napoleon III of France. Two years later he was created a baronet by Queen Victoria. A statue of him was unveiled in Bradford during his lifetime. And to celebrate the Jubilee of Saltaire Mills, Mr. (later Sir) James Roberts had a bronze statue of Sir Titus erected in what is now the park. But, like Sir Christopher Wren, the memory of Titus Salt can be seen as one gazes around Saltaire, the model town which he created.

MARION TROUGHTON.

PUERTO RICO

JULY 25, 1952, was a unique day for the new Commonwealth of Puerto Rico—and in the colonial history of the world. On that day of flag-raising and parading the 2,250,000 people celebrated the adoption of their new Constitution, which became effective 54 years to the day from the time United States troops landed on Puerto Rico in the Spanish-American war; by that document Puerto Rico ceased to be a colonial possession of the United States and became a self-governing "Free Commonwealth" closely associated with the United States. The status of the island was changed from a territory to that of a Commonwealth, gave full appointment powers to the Governor of Puerto Rico, and eliminated the United States' Congressional power of repeal over legislation. The document retains all the familiar guarantees of American Bill of Rights, and also goes one point further in that it recognizes social and economic rights which are found only in the post-war constitutions of other countries and in recent international declarations. Furthermore, Puerto Rico is allowed to handle its purely internal affairs provided that they are handled under the constitutional set-up in conformity with the U.S. Constitution. The document gives the maximum self-government on the local level, and, at the same time, retains "Free Commonwealth" relations with the U.S. It abolishes the power of the U.S. Congress to repeal insular laws, leaving the way open for Puerto Rico to become a state in the Union later. It takes away from the President of the U.S. the power to appoint such local officials as auditors and Supreme Court Justices. Puerto Ricans living in Puerto Rico do not vote in U.S. national elections, but when living in the U.S. they vote under the laws of the state where they reside. No federal legislators are elected by Puerto Ricans, who are represented in Washington by a Resident Commissioner with the status and duties of a Congressman. He may introduce bills in the House of Representatives, speak on the floor, and serve as a member of several House committees, but he does not have the right to vote.

The Legislature is composed of 27 Senators and 51 Representatives. There is a very interesting provision that "no person shall be a member of the Legislative Assembly unless he is able to read and write the Spanish or English language". The Legislature meets in February of each year and special sessions may be called by the Governor. One of the important powers of the Senate is the right to reject officials nominated by the Governor. There are 77 municipalities, which correspond roughly to counties in the U.S. Each municipality elects a Mayor and other officers. But many of the normal activities of a mainland municipality are discharged by the Insular Government which is responsible for fire protection, water and sewage services, and maintains the police force. The Insular Government is composed of the Departments of Justice, Health, Interior, Education, Treasury, Agriculture, Commerce, and Labour. The Executive Secretary of Puerto Rico and the Commissioners of the Departments and the Executive Secretary form the Executive Council which acts in the capacity of a Cabinet. The step taken by the United States in allowing such a far-reaching Commonwealth autonomy was taken deliberately in order to quiet the fear of "Yankee-ism," which has been agitating the nationalists below the Rio Grande since the days of "dollar diplomacy." In fact, the whole evolution of the United States-Puerto Rican relations shows that the problem was not what one author called in his inflammable book *The Dynamite on Our Doorsteps*, but the search for a relationship of mutual consent and esteem.

Columbus discovered Puerto Rico on November 19, 1493, on his second voyage to the New World. Settlement began with Ponce de León, later discoverer of Florida. For four centuries Puerto Rico remained a part of the Spanish Empire. In San Juan, at the Caribbean gateway, Spaniards planted the first permanent colony in the present territory of the U.S. To protect the colony and their treasure fleets the Spaniards built El Morro, a chain of mighty forts rising 140 feet and more above the sea-level, whose remains can still be seen in San Juan. Above all Puerto Rico was used by the Spanish military and naval forces as the key to the Caribbean gateway, guarding a homeward passage via the Florida Straits and the Gulf Stream. Twice a year, the riches of Spain's American empire were sent to Spain by two convoys; they met at Havana for the homeward voyage past the shores of Florida and Spain tried to protect them from bold pirates of the Caribbean by maintaining bases at Puerto Rico and St. Augustine, Florida. But corsairs persistently threatened the island, and the long 17th century conflict between Spain and the Netherlands, with England standing on the sidelines and utilising the global struggles for her own purposes, was mirrored in Puerto Rico's history. At any rate, Spain used Puerto Rico for four centuries for purely strategic purposes, offering it nothing but its culture (of which the contemporary Puerto Rican is inordinately proud) and the colonial administration which provides no material benefits. The social structure was simple: a few Spanish administrators and the Spanish landlords. The Indian population gradually disappeared mainly as a result of absorption into the Spanish and the Negro population, the latter brought in from Africa under slavery.

The results of the Spanish-American war of 1898 led to the acquisition

of Puerto Rico by the United States, although very few Americans knew where the island was and why the United States should be interested. But the influence of Admiral Mahan, America's great exponent of the strategy of "sea power," induced the military and naval strategists in Washington to conceive of the Caribbean as the "American Mediterranean" with Puerto Rico and Cuba—and later the Panama Canal—as the cornerstones of the U.S. military naval bases there. Ever since, Puerto Rico (together with the Virgin Islands) form the juncture in the arc of West Indian islands which supervise the entrance to the Caribbean Sea as the getaway points to the Panama Canal, or at least having the rôle of sentinels in the outer circles of defence (the Virgin Islands being only 40 miles to the east of Puerto Rico).

Although Puerto Rico is a small island—about 100 miles long and 35 miles wide—its strategic importance has been growing in the airplane age. During World War II the Caribbean was America's second line of defence, the first being the battered fleet and small but valiant air force that prevented the invasion of the British Isles by the Nazis. Furthermore, before North Africa was cleared of the enemy in 1943 and the Mediterranean opened, the Caribbean route was the principal air-ferry and water route from the United States to Africa, the Middle East, the Far East and South America; and as late as the summer of 1942 submarine sinkings seriously threatened this route. For that reason the U.S. strengthened its position by the transaction of September 2, 1940, which involved the exchange of 50 U.S. over-age destroyers for leases on air and naval bases in eight British colonies in the Western hemisphere. After the conclusion of World War II, the U.S. returned 3 air bases to Cuba, one air base to Peru, and several naval and air bases to Brazil, in addition to others, but held on to Puerto Rico. Today a circle of bases protect it: Guantamano Bay (Cuba), Puerto Rico, headquarters of the Antilles command, and Aruba, Curacao, and Trinidad. The Roosevelt Roads project on Puerto Rico has one of the world's largest dry docks, complete with a machine shop; three good 7,000 foot runways are there. The Air Force's main bases are at Panama, and at Ramey Air Force Base (formerly Borinquen Field), Puerto Rico. Of importance to Puerto Rico is the agreement between the U.S. and the Dominican Republic, signed in 1951, which allows American installations on Dominican territory to track and control experimental guided missiles; this extends to some 1,000 miles the flight test range of the U.S. Air Forces' missile test centre at Cocoa, Florida.

Puerto Rico has also been assuming ever-increasing importance as a major air centre in the Western Hemisphere. While it has been for some years an important station on air routes to all parts of Latin America, quite recently it has been closely integrated with the air-traffic pattern of the United States. Eastern Air Lines has proved the importance of this growing air-travel market; during the first full year of its operation (ending April, 1952), Eastern carried some 80,000 passengers. The Old Isla Grande Airport inside San Juan has been breaking traffic records every month since 1948 and is fast approaching its capacity; an average of 1,000 passengers clear the airport every day. The insular government is building an "airport for the future," big enough to handle the biggest

and fastest planes now on the planning boards, and is to accommodate aircraft which cannot now use the Isla Grande's 5,200 foot-runway. The new field is to be located a few miles east of San Juan along a beautiful palm-lined beach. Air cargo has also shown a rapid increase. It rose from 3,600,000 pounds in 1946 to 18,000,000 in 1950. Puerto Rico imports huge quantities of meat by air every day, not to speak of other products, since nearly everything from refrigerators to needles and suits has to be imported.

The strategic importance of Puerto Rico, combined with the low cultural background of the people, delayed the granting of the Commonwealth status until 1952. The U.S. Army ruled until 1900. The Foraker Act of 1900 granted nearly all the powers to the Governor, the 31 heads of the Departments, and the Justices of the Supreme Court, appointed by the President of the U.S.; the Department heads served both as the Governor's Cabinet and as members of the upper house of the Legislature (the Executive Council)—a departure from the traditional American separation of powers. The Puerto Ricans were citizens of Puerto Rico, but not of the U.S. The Resident Commissioner of Puerto Rico represented the island in Washington as a member of the House of Representatives but with no right to vote.

On the economic side, the first Organic Act incorporated Puerto Rico into the American tariff system by extending the federal import duties to goods received in Puerto Rico from foreign countries and providing for customs-free movement of goods between the island and the mainland. Customs duties collected in Puerto Rico, as well as the excise taxes collected in U.S. on Puerto Rican goods and federal taxes collected there, were reserved for the support of the insular government, with the most beneficial results to the insular government (especially during World War II years when the taxes collected on sugar cane and rum in U.S. were returned to San Juan).

In 1917, the Jones Act removed many of the earlier limitations on self-government made the people of Puerto Rico citizens of the U.S. Both Houses of the Legislature became elective; the Executive Council was shorn of its legislative power and upper house became a Senate of 19 members (5 of them elected at large), but Congress reserved the power to annul the laws enacted by the Legislature (although no insular law has ever been annulled by Congress). In 1947 Congress extended self-government to Puerto Rico by making the Governor an elected official. The final step was taken on July 4, 1952, when Puerto Rico was allowed to change from a territory to a commonwealth, the Governor was given full appointment powers, and the U.S. congressional power of repeal over legislature was eliminated. But behind this evolution had been storms of political controversy, with the local politicians trying to decide whether they should accept the American favours or demand complete independence. In turn, economic hardships lie behind much of the island's political controversy. For behind the picture-post-card scenery of Puerto Rico lies a lot of human squalor. The island is one of the least endowed territories in the world with natural resources (except its exotic and tropical atmosphere) and with one of the fastest growing populations. Furthermore, the population is relatively young, and during the last 50 years general

mortality has maintained a decreasing trend. How to support the rapidly growing population has been the burning problem of all the American administrators or Puerto Rican governors. Until recent years, Puerto Rico's economy has been dominated by mainland sugar interest, which needed cheap sugar and cheap labour to process it. This influenced the policies of the War Department in Washington, and then of the Department of the Interior. The one-crop economy prospered but living conditions were going down and down; while public health was able to cut the death rate one half, the birth rate was the same, if not rising, with the result that there were eventually four more hungry stomachs and more jobless workers for every one that died.

When Professor Rexford Tugwell was appointed Governor in 1941, he utilised the brains of a former poet of Greenwich Village, Muñoz Marín, who, then aged 43, was the head of the Popular Party and President of the Senate of Puerto Rico. The team started to break up corporation ownership of giant plantations, diversify agriculture, and tried to attract American capital to launch new industries. When Muñoz Marín was elected Governor in 1949, he inaugurated the "Operation Bootstrap," an effort to replace the historic one- and two-crop economy by an industrialization mainly by American businessmen invited to establish new plants. The invitation has been made enticing by exempting new business from paying taxes for a certain number of years. The hope is that this plan would eventually absorb the ever-increasing labour force and build up a middle class. The "Operation Bootstrap" has proved remarkably successful. Subsidised at first, manufacturing began with the island's own needs. Soon the programme of tax easement attracted U.S. capital, resulting in an average of one new plant every 2 days; production of everything from textiles, plastics and pharmaceuticals to artificial flowers, shoes, zippers, and refrigerators has raised living standards and tripled imports from the mainland.

Governor Muñoz has dominated the island's politics for the past 3 decades. A powerful orator with wide appeal to island voters, he is the first governor elected by popular vote. All his predecessors—numbering 150 beginning with Ponce de León in 1509—were appointees either of the Spanish Crown or the United States President. Undisputed boss of his Popular Democratic Party, and hence dominant in both legislative and administrative fields, he has been accused by his political foes of running a one-man government. Three groups oppose him. The smallest, the Nationalists, want independence and have tried to assassinate both him and President Truman. The Independence Party wants the island to become the Republic of Puerto Rico by peaceful means. The Statehood Party wants it to become a state of the Union. Formerly favouring independence, the Governor now believes that for some time to come Puerto Rico should maintain close ties with the U.S. He also sees it as the "frontier of two cultures" of the Western Hemisphere and able to contribute to a better understanding of the U.S. in Latin America. He is idolised by the masses for his efforts to improve their lot by social legislation and educational advantages. The voters chose him as Governor in 1948 and gave his party a smashing victory, and Election Day in Puerto Rico in November, 1952, again produced a landslide.

The Governor, running for re-election, received 65% of the total vote, compared to 61.8% in 1948. His Popular Party won 70 of 96 seats in the Legislature—all it could get under the proportional representation system in the new Commonwealth constitution. The party also carried all 76 municipal councils in the island.

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK.

*University of Bridgeport, Connecticut,
Visiting Professor in the University of Puerto Rico, 1952.*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"CAUTIOUS OPTIMISM"

THE irony, bitter as it is, of a half century turgid with wars and armaments and diplomatic conferences, strident with talk about "peace" and "disarmament," and ending with less true peace and more preparation for war than has been known at any other period of history: this irony of a mocking failure in the international field demands the attention of seriously-minded people. Let a random example be chosen to illustrate it. On one day, namely on September 23rd last, two western politicians made solemn pronouncements on the existing state of affairs without apparent consciousness of the light they thereby threw upon the tragedy. M. Bidault on that day gave his inaugural address as chairman at the weekly meeting in Paris of the permanent deputies of N.A.T.O. countries. He talked exclusively about surprise attacks, prolonged invasions, military expenditure and the like, and observed that we were living in a time of "half-peace" characterised by actual war in Asia and unsolved tension in the broad international scope: this, nearly forty years after that initial outbreak of war in 1914. Mr. Spaak for his part, winding up a debate on European policy which had been held in the Council of Europe at Strasbourg, spoke of the proposed four-Power conference as "indeed the last chance." The last chance of what? Of peace. In 1953, after two world wars, we talk about a last chance of peace, or in other words of the avoidance of a third world war. On the following day (September 24th), Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, speaking at the United Nations Assembly, diagnosed a world "poised between hope and despair," and prescribed what British politicians are fond of calling "cautious optimism." What sort of optimism that may be, one can only cautiously guess. One can hope (optimistically), that it does in fact mean something.

To put it shortly, these spokesmen find themselves a little confused in mind, and that is hardly surprising when one observes what has been happening since Stalin died. Communist propaganda—which is the chief weapon used in the communist aggression—has not stopped, nor even been modified, since that event took place. Nor has there been the slightest change or slowing-up in the communist atrocities directed against the Christian Church. There is ground enough for caution, but no ground as yet for optimism in the immediate outlook.

In our time we have passed through a prolonged period of total failure in international diplomacy; but that failure gives no ground for despair

in the long run. Quite the contrary. In the sad meantime, however, we have to face the established fact that whatever else in this transient life may have changed, the substance and temper of high diplomacy in our time have not changed. In the recent experience the wave of post-Stalin promise that came from Moscow and the post-truce wave of the like hope that came from Korea both spent themselves without affecting, say, the temper of Mr. Vyshinsky within the walls of the United Nations; although, to be sure, the actual fighting had stopped in Korea and the blood had ceased to flow. One is thankful for the lives saved and the further misery averted by the cease-fire in Korea; but no contrition was in evidence, no amendment of ways foreshadowed in the counsels of the communist mighty. To ordinary workaday people it seems odd that these Russian diplomats do not choke in their throats as they utter the same old tiresome clichés and propound the same old peevish animosities. In fairness to the western world it should be borne in mind that the fault is Mr. Vyshinsky's, and that the western diplomats have had perforce to be dragged down to his level.

To some of the hard-headed and slightly cynical people who have studied international relations over a long period it will perhaps seem at first sight a little green and naïf thus to attribute all the fault to one side. Exceptionally, however, this particular case seems clear enough. It is true that in the major diplomatic crime that blighted the present century from the start the initial fault could be divided between both of the contending sides almost equally, to British diplomacy for its lack of farsightedness and to Germany for its excess of provocation. In the aftermath, however, that is, in the now prevailing and consequent issue between communism and civilisation it is impossible for any informed and fair person to dilute the responsibility. It rests upon the communists. There is something unchangingly sinister in the words and deeds of these men of Moscow. Though it be true that those men would never have been given the opportunity to perpetrate their evil if Britain and Germany had not in the first instance prepared the ground by the devastation they inflicted upon the world at large, yet the present fault is squarely recognisable. Almost any random extract from what still falls from Russian lips, though it nauseate the reader, proves the case.

The main topic of interest that dominated the latest session of the United Nations Assembly was that of the Charter itself. That defective instrument of what was postulated as security and peace has been defeating its own object for eight years, and there is no room for dispute over the central fact that by her exploitation of the veto and her gigantic piling up of armaments it is Russia who is mainly to blame for the shipwreck of what the Charter promised. She took, and continues to take, advantage of the unfortunate provision for that veto. As the opportunity is now foreshadowed of a revision of the Charter two years hence, the reaction on Mr. Vyshinsky—as was only too desperately expected—has been to combine an uncompromisingly flat opposition to any such revision with his old song of hatred against the West, the whole of it seasoned with his old concoction of Russian self-praise. His main speech in that sense was made in New York on September 21st. He began by denouncing the West for its policy of rearmament, based upon what he called arti-

ficially cultivated fear of Soviet intentions—those intentions, he argued, being by contrast as white as driven snow. He roundly declared that Moscow's actions were based upon a policy of peace, whereas the purpose of the West was to unleash a new world war. We have had this so often. Moreover, he went on, as usual, to make categoric new proposals, numbered one to four, which none the less were precisely the old ones, designed, as he claimed, to prevent the said new world war.

For the sake of documentary exactitude, though the task be tiresome, it is necessary to reproduce again this precise tale of Soviet proposals. They were: "(1) To declare the unconditional prohibition of atomic and hydrogen bombs and instruct the Security Council to take steps without delay to prepare and implement an agreement for international control over such prohibition; (2) to call on the five great Powers to reduce their armaments by one-third within a year and, in order to ease the burden of military budgets, to recommend to the Security Council that a world disarmament conference be convened within a brief period; (3) to ask the Council to take measures for the dismantling of all military bases in foreign territories. These intensified the threat of a new war and subverted the sovereignty and independence of States, and their removal was a most important contribution to lasting peace; (4) to condemn propaganda in a number of countries designed to stimulate hostility and hatred, and to call upon all States to put an end to such incitement as being incompatible with the purposes and principles of the United Nations."

The worst effect of Mr. Vyshinsky's insincerities is that they leave the western politician or commentator no alternative but to repeat again what has been said so often, and what has explained the rejection of all those Vyshinsky proposals, whether made in one form or another, by past Assemblies. There is in the Russian character a pronounced taste for talk, for dialectical exercise, for impish mischief. When that propensity is hitched to the wicked purposes of atheist communism, it loses whatever attractiveness it might otherwise present, and becomes an ugly menace to decency and well-being on an international scale. Mr. Vyshinsky is not the only, but is perhaps the most accomplished exponent of the trick. Being negative and destructive in its object, it is an easy trick. It consists of steadily pursuing the real object in view, while camouflaging it with a pretence of pacific intent, and countering criticism or opposition by the crude tactic of a *tu quoque*. In other words, whenever in the United Nations or elsewhere Russia's policy is denounced for its unpeaceful, tortuous and deceitful purpose, the Vyshinsky answer is simply to accuse the accuser of the very practices that are charged against Russia. Item, it is the United States who is warlike, Russia peaceful; item, it is the United States who is building up armaments, Russia being concerned merely to be prepared against western aggression; etc. And always the Vyshinsky technique reverts shamelessly to the old "propaganda grab-bag" (as it was described by one delegate at this recent session of the United Nations Assembly). No matter how often the Russian subterfuge has been exposed or the Russian proposals defeated, the subterfuge and the proposals are used again *ad nauseam* as though they had never been heard before.

For instance, this Vyshinsky proposal for "disarmament," dished up again on September 21st last, has been turned down time and again on the plain exposure of its crude and obvious trickery. The trickery consists in the combination of a proposed *total* and *unconditional prohibition* of atomic and hydrogen bombs (in which arm Russia happens to be at a present disadvantage) with a merely *proportionate reduction* in conventional armaments (in which she happens to have a huge present preponderance). Any child can see through the stratagem. It has been exposed many times. Yet Mr. Vyshinsky gets up and makes the proposal again, not even caring, it appears, that it has no chance whatsoever of being accepted or even considered. He launches the proposal as a gun launches a bullet. He is not interested in its effect upon the delegates of the member nations assembled before him. It is aimed at the ignorant masses outside who will read it again (not remembering perhaps that they have heard it before) in their newspapers, which go on each time reproducing it. All these masters of the propagandist racket, Hitler, Lenin, Stalin, Vyshinsky, have believed as an article of faith that if you go on telling the same lie, provided it is a big lie, it will go on deceiving an increasing number of dupes, as a snowball automatically increases in size as it is propelled.

What matter therefore to Mr. Vyshinsky that Mr. Dulles or Sir Gladwyn Jebb or Mr. Selwyn Lloyd see through him? They do not matter to him. One of the most negative and most destructive aspects of this offensive propaganda is that it assumes the ignorant to be ignorant, and the innocent to be innocent, and regards their ignorance and their innocence as fair game. The children of the subjugated countries are organised under the inspiring slogan (intended to inspire the innocent) of peace and good will; they are armed and drilled under banners that proclaim them to be Fighters for Peace. This cynicism, this deception and seduction of the young, is the worst part of the crime attempted by the communist ring-leaders at this time. It happens of course to be the case that the human spirit is sanctioned and safeguarded by a divinity that cannot in the long run be thus trifled with; but the logic of a divinely given free will normally allows the devil to win the first round. The temporary results are painful and unpleasant; and we have to go on, for instance, giving a free publicity to Mr. Vyshinsky's stale obscenities.

GROWING PAINS

The comforting thought, however, is that these apparent setbacks in the human adventure have after all a constructive value. In the end they do good. They have to be in the meantime endured as part of the process of youth and development. The shocks and discomforts, the general uneasiness, frustration, adversity and fear which are a feature of the times in which we live, and which belie of course the theory of what we call a welfare state, are a matter that challenges and deserves the appropriate explanation. If we cast back our minds over the events of this past half century what mostly strikes us is the speed with which change and "progress" have overwhelmed us. It is as though we have been engaged in a process, so to speak, of breaking the sound barrier in every direction. We are deafened and confused. We have not been able to adjust our mentality to the suddenness of our own achievements.

In our reaction to the many new avenues of achievement opened to us successively and without pause by the headlong expansion of scientific knowledge and skill, we have made mistakes, have plunged ahead without caution or adequate thought, and find ourselves in a fog, both moral and material, from which we cannot see the way of escape. It is a painful experience. In a sense it is the normal pain of growth and development, embracing both the growing pains of quick enlargement in the existing circumstance of daily life and the birthpangs of new life added to it.

If it were possible to take a disjointed view we should no doubt cease to worry or wonder about it, because it would be seen to conform with a natural attribute of life. But it has happened with such devastating speed. Speed is a feature of the century. When the last day of 1899 passed into the first day of 1900—an event which falls within the memory of millions of people still living and indeed hardly past the prime of life—there were no such things as aeroplanes. Motor cars were an odd contraption which make a modern child laugh when he sees a picture of them. Surgical operations were unknown in any sense comparable to those of the modern practice, which have become a commonplace of our experience. Pasteur had died only five years earlier. The Institut Pasteur had been founded only seven years before he died. Within the space of half a century a scientific revolution has swept over nearly every field of material human activity. Let it not be forgotten that the internal combustion engine, upon which has been built so much of bad and of good in our mechanical equipment, dates only from 1820, and that the dynamite (nitroglycerine) from which has originated the whole range of modern explosive power dates only from 1867. There are people still living who were alive at that time. Into so short a space of history has been concentrated a development of the mechanics, so to speak, of civilisation greater than the sum of achievement spread over the whole former span of history.

We have been shot into a new world in which even the old distinctions between one sphere of life and another have been blurred; and we lack the leisure to make a measured estimate of what is happening. For the most part we stand and gape. The lively minds that are able to expound the possibilities of any particular new departure find themselves out of date as soon as they expound it, and are swamped by a still bigger new wave in the flow of the tide. Hence it is that in a sense we are too near to events to evaluate them, or to detect their connection with each other. Elementary cause and effect have become confused in men's minds, although men are not conscious of the confusion. If one stated solemnly that effect follows cause, one would raise an average eyebrow in protest. Why waste ink? But the ink is not wasted. Though the theoretic connection between cause and effect is obvious, the practical connection is often not seen. In other words a particular effect is not necessarily traced to its cause. Industrial warfare, for instance, which is an incidental feature of the present century, is apt not to be correlated with its prototype, namely the international warfare which preceded it, and keeps pace with it. The dividing line between what we used to distinguish as "home" and "foreign" affairs has in our time been largely obliterated. Before 1914 there were no industrial strikes to speak of. In 1953 there is a crescendo of organised strikes chiefly launched for the extraction of higher wages

in an inflationary spiral of wages chasing the cost of living, and launched despite the obvious fact that higher costs are the logical and inevitable result of higher wages. Sometimes strikes are declared for other more flippant causes such as, in a recent example that was staged in Sheffield, for a postulated right to make tea whenever and as often as the worker decides to do so in his "working" time. But the chief cause is wages. We observe the spectacle on the one hand of trades union leaders warning their rank and file that wage demands defeat their object (by driving up the cost of living) unless adjusted to higher production and similar criteria, and on the other hand of the said demands continuing unabated despite the warnings, because the said leaders, dependent as they are for their continuance in office upon the votes of the rank and file, succumb to the exigency and become, not leaders at all, but servile followers in a cause they know to be bad. It is a form of warfare, as stupid, as unprofitable, as impartially harmful to all concerned as is war between the nations. Workers demand, and get, higher wages even when reason tells them and experience confirms it, that they thereby defeat their own object, there being a difference between paper wages in the weekly packet and real wages measured by their buying capacity. Employers in the past have for their part made a contribution to the folly by extracting maximum profits in utter disregard for the obvious fact—obvious to any man of commonsense—that fairly treated, contented workers would be more conducive to profits than underpaid discontented workers.

During this present century a matter of elementary concern to human welfare has come to a head in a comprehensive scope. In the diplomatic field England and Germany led the way into the sort of adversity the world at large now suffers. At all costs—and the cost defeated the object—each side pursued the single object of defeating the other. The truth is that welfare is either mutual between nations and between individuals or is non-existent. Mr. Neville Chamberlain was right when on the eve of the second world war he declared, with a broken heart—broken by a prospect then made inevitable—that in war there are no winners, but all are losers. That truth applies equally to industrial warfare. It might almost be said that a main feature of this twentieth century is conflict and mutual destruction, both in the national and in the international scope, presented as an attempted means of selfish interest. It fails, of course.

One of the simple basic truths is of an opposite import. The mystery of mutuality and reciprocity in welfare boils down, as the Christian teaching has put it for two thousand years, to this paradox: that we get, not what we grab, but what we give. The Kilkenny cats broke the rule. Aesop's dog missed the substance through grabbing at the shadow. High diplomacy today works on the low level of the Kilkenny cats and Aesop's dog; and the bad example is copied in the tactics of the industrial conflict. The two spheres have in our time become inextricably intermingled. Industrial strikes—both unofficial and official—sometimes betray a communist motive, in Britain as well as in France, and are indeed directly inspired by the Kremlin, whose agents now work openly in our factories. In 1926 a leading Moscow spokesman publicly boasted that the British general strike had been organised by him and his colleagues; and

it was not an empty boast, as the Arcos archives in the City of London were later to prove. (Mr. Bukharin, speaking at a 1926 conference of the Russian Communist party and before the Executive Committee of the Communist International declared: "Mighty masses are marching under the Soviet star under the banner of communism. Comrades! Our proletariat is ready to do anything to strengthen the forces of the world revolution and to facilitate the process thereof. Has not our party proved that it will do everything necessary to defend the cause of world revolution? During the great English Strike, during the great China revolution, our party—we can and dare assert this—has shown itself in the forefront".)

In 1953 it is no longer necessary for the Kremlin to claim the credit for such disturbances. The facts are too well known. The overriding simple truth of our contemporary experience has not, however, fully dawned upon our generation. The communist menace, industrial unrest and the like disturbances are merely symptomatic and incidental to it. When it dawns in its full majesty we shall no doubt be on the threshold of the historic advance in the material human amenity which indeed has been foreshadowed in these painful preliminaries. Science after all, it is reasonable to suppose, will win through to benefit, not to destroy, the human race. Did Louis Pasteur foresee the issue that was to be decided in the century that followed upon his own contribution to scientific knowledge? When the above-mentioned Institut Pasteur was founded in November 1888 he ended his inaugural speech with these words: "Two opposing laws seem to me now in contest. The one, a law of blood and death, opening out each day new modes of destruction, forces nations to be always ready for the battle. The other, a law of peace, work and health, whose only aim is to deliver man from the calamities which beset him. The one seeks violent conquests, the other the relief of mankind. The one places a single life above all victories, the other sacrifices hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual. The law of which we are the instruments strives even through the carnage to cure the wounds due to the law of war. Treatment by our antiseptic methods may preserve the lives of thousands of soldiers. Which of these two laws will prevail, God only knows. But of this we may be sure, that science, in obeying the law of humanity, will always labour to enlarge the frontiers of life."

October 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ANEURIN BEVAN

Admirers and critics agree that Mr. Bevan is the most controversial figure on the British political stage, but they agree in little else. The former hail him as the destined leader of the Labour Party, the champion of the underdog, the fearless commander of the forces which are massing to storm the last bastions of the fortress of privilege, the inspired spokesman of the frustrated millions clamouring for their place in the sun. The latter, on the other hand, regard him as a noisy demagogue, a bull in a china shop, spitting venom against his

political antagonists, ready to inflict injustice on other classes who, as he sees it, selfishly block the advance to the brave new world of his dreams. Though not a Marxist in his economics, he is saturated with the crude Marxian doctrine of the class war. Between these two extremes Mr. Broome threads his way without either hero-worship or invective. He fully recognises the dynamism, the eloquence, and the element of idealism in his sitter, but the spots on the sun are too big to ignore. He has felt the impact of his personality but his judgment is not deflected by personal sympathies or personal dislike. The book is a useful interim report and cannot be anything more. The most interesting chapters are those which describe Mr. Bevan's early years as one of ten children in a Welsh miner's family, for in his case more than that of most politicians the child is father of the man. Squalor, poverty, underfeeding, unemployment, the burning sense of injustice, left ugly scars on his soul which time has failed to heal.

Mr. Broome rightly describes his speech at Manchester in 1948 as the most dramatic in his career. "In my early life I had to live on the earnings of an elder sister and was told to emigrate. That is why no amount of cajolery and no attempt at ethical or social seduction can eradicate from my heart a deep burning hatred for the Tory party that inflicted those bitter experiences on me. So far as I am concerned they are lower than vermin. They condemned millions of first-class people to semi-starvation. They have not changed, or, if they have, they are slightly worse than they were." That outburst reveals more of the mentality of Mr. Bevan than chapters of narrative and pages of analysis. He has painted his own portrait. He remains a man with a grievance, individual as well as political. Many others who have had no less distressing experiences have possessed the nobility of character to keep bitterness out of their hearts. Mr. Bevan, on the contrary, preserves his resentments at white heat in his ripe middle age. Ignoring the immense legal and social changes in the condition of the manual workers, the levelling down of privilege and the levelling up of opportunity which we describe as the welfare state, he snarls at our society as if we were still living in the era of workhouses and festering slums. Unless he undergoes some change of heart, which seems unlikely, he can scarcely be more than he is today—the leader of the left wing of his party; for his violence of tongue and temper is detested by large sections of the Trade Union world and by many of his colleagues in the Labour Party hardly less than by his middle class critics. Temperamental Celts occasionally play a useful part in gingering the more sluggish Anglo-Saxon, as Lloyd George gingered Asquith half a century ago; but broadly speaking England is best ruled by Englishmen who inherit the wholesome tradition of solving our problems by compromise and good feeling.

Mr. Broome, after some little research in South Wales, traces the rise of his subject to a national position, overcoming his stammer by a fine effort of will, winning the confidence of his fellow-workers in the mining districts, entering Parliament, quickly making himself felt, and marrying Jennie Lee, as live a wire as himself. He emerged as a national figure during the Second World War, as Lloyd George made his name during the South African war. But in Mr. Bevan's case it was not opposition to the war but opposition to the captain of the ship which brought him notoriety. Both men love a fight and they fought with the gloves off. "The Prime Minister's continuance in office," exclaimed Mr. Bevan, in 1942, "is a major national disaster." Mr. Churchill, equally a master of invective, snapped back that his critic was a squalid nuisance. Mr. Broome reminds his readers that the gladiators had a good deal in common. "Both had a dash of the demagogue, both are born rebels, rebels capable of standing alone against half the world. It was this quality which made them the black sheep of their respective parties at different times. Both are *bons vivants*, convinced that life should be lived to the full at all costs."

When the Labour Party was swept into power in 1945 the lone wolf became Minister of Health and piloted the National Health scheme through Parliament with a patience and competence which surprised observers of the Parliamentary scene. That he is a considerable force is obvious, and a few admirers have spoken of genius. Has he the qualities which make a statesman, including the capacity to envisage our people as a whole and not merely as a chaos of class antagonisms? It is too early for a confident reply. The testing time will come when the present respected leader of the Labour Party quits the stage.

G. P. GOOCH.

¹Vincent Broome. *Aneurin Bevan*. (Longmans, 15s.)

SWIFT

This handsome volume—first published in 1936 and now once again deservedly available—illustrates the time-tried truth that a just estimate of a man's life-work usually necessitates considerable knowledge of his life. For, in spite of a title which excludes the idea that his erudite treatise is but yet one more biography of the great satirist, Mr. Quintana fully acknowledges this necessity and aims, he tells us, at "projecting his subject against the background of his age" and thus "estimating the qualities of his mind and art." That he should have amply attained that aim is not to be wondered at, since few masters of English Literature have more recognisably reflected in their writings the landscape and figures of their world than the misanthropic genius who is the subject of this book.

Even in the most fantastic of his satirical allegories, there is sufficient merciless realism to tell us of what, and whom, Swift was thinking and the very distortions of the images render the likeness more striking and lend emphasis to the scathing satire. Especially, of course, is this the case with the *chef-d'oeuvre* of the collection, the ever-famous *Gulliver*, which, unwithered by age and un-staled by custom, has triumphed over the tricks of time and taste and contrived not only to be still re-printed but re-read. In those immortal *Travels* the parable spoken against contemporary abuses is, as we know, more enlarged and extended than in the lesser products of Swift's fertile brain and tremendous creative energy; but much the same law applies to the *Battle of the Books*, *The Tale of a Tub*, *A Modest Proposal*, and the rest of the bitter fruitage here enumerated. Truth speaks through tale and fact through fiction with no uncertain voice; for literature, for Swift, was no Ivory Tower wherein a man of letters could shelter from the rough realities of life. Rather was it the chosen battlefield whereon he met and fought the forces of darkness, and so his literary output makes an almost perfect record of his painful experiences and his reaction to their successive onslaughts.

Death alone could extinguish those flames of savage indignation of which his tombstone speaks and which consumed him till his bitter end. Yet, as this careful and scholarly book well reminds us, we must not think of him as a mere contemptuous critic and cynic, but also as a human being whose powerful human affections could only be controlled by an equally powerful will. His tribute to his dead mother's endearing virtues, his anguish at Stella's wasting illness and his self-forgetful loyalty to his friends, notably to the disgraced Earl of Oxford, sufficiently indicate his emotional nature and it is pleasant to note how well Mr. Quintana appreciates them. The absence of illustrations is a rather regrettable detail. The chronicle would have been enriched by a few well-chosen representations of Swift's haunts and homes. Otherwise the *format* of the volume reflects credit on the publishers.

G. M. HORT.

The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift. By Ricardo Quintana. London. Methuen and Co. Limited. 21s. net.

WILD FLOWERS

It is to pass on to others the pleasure and interest she has found in the wild flowers of our island that Mrs. Eastwood has written this charming and at the same time fascinating book. Her enthusiasm over their variety certainly stimulates the wish to enjoy the wealth of wild flowers all around us, whether they are to be found in the countryside or in a bombed site, for in one such derelict place in Chelsea the author has found no less than sixty varieties. From the poet Andrew Young Mrs. Eastwood has borrowed, with acknowledgement, the name *botanophil*, denoting one that enjoys the study and collecting of plants without going as deeply into the scientific side as a true botanist. Such a *botanophil* she humbly professes to be. This gives wider scope to express the colour her observant eye sees in the countryside, and scope also to delve into the historical, medicinal and romantic background of our wild flowers.

She is at her best when describing the natural scenes, such as her first sight of the host of fritillaries growing in the Oxford meadows. From old botanical books she has culled much of her knowledge of the plants she describes, and of these volumes she writes: "I love the very feel of such books. I love their warm leather bindings, their sherry coloured glints and gleams; their faint autumnal smell." Many of these old books are now unknown or forgotten, although Nicholas Culpeper with his advice on the medicinal value of herbs, not unmixed with some magic and astrology, will always live, as also will the superintendent of Lord Burghley's gardens, the Elizabethan John Gerard with his famous *Herball*. From both these writers and many more Mrs. Eastwood quotes. To all of them the medicinal value of our herbs and flowers were an important part of everyday life. Today it takes a war to send us to the hedgerows and fields to gather neglected plants and berries prized by our forefathers. There is just one query in this book. The author mentions the "pathetic madness" of Dorothy Wordsworth. Could the gradual weakening of her splendid body and mind, when age overtook Dorothy, be called madness? However there is little to query or criticise. The author has succeeded in conveying a reminder of our wonderful inheritance of wild flowers that grow on the wayside, in the woods and even in the heart of London. For this we owe her a debt. The book is well illustrated, but so much interesting information deserves an index.

THEODORA ROSCOE.

Mirror of Flowers. By Dorothea Eastwood. (Verschoyle 21s.).

MR. STRONG'S ESSAYS

The title which Mr. Strong has chosen for this pleasing collection of fugitive literary essays is more appropriate than many titles tend to be; for there is an informality, and, as it were, casualness about the majority of these papers which sounds the personal note and excludes the impression of strictly official judgments. The literary figures here presented differ considerably both in their literary importance and their general interest, a fact not surprising, since most of the essays reproduce, apparently, the substance of actual talks given by the author to very varied audiences on very varied occasions and bear the impress of the spoken, rather than the written, word. Consequently, we look in vain for any unitive and uniting purpose to link one chapter to another and to embody any particular aspect of life and letters.

The nearest approach to continuity is the little group of essays on Irish writers, starting with W. B. Yeats (whose Celtic yet cosmic temperament Mr. Strong is so peculiarly fitted to understand that we feel ourselves to be entering under his guidance into more than one of the secret "holy places" of this unequalled poet's heart) and continuing with Francis Sylvester Mahony,

that ill-starred and ill-regulated genius better known to most of us as "Father Prout", rightly recognised by the author as "an odd mixture of charm, pedantry, ingenuity and sensitiveness", and kept in general memory as "the man of one song." The longest essay is devoted to another Irishman, J. M. Synge, and it contrives also, for those to whom Synge's work is dear, to be one of the most interesting; for although Mr. Strong merely echoes the customary verdict on "The Playboy" as Synge's masterpiece, what he finds to say of such dramatic gems as "Riders to the Sea" and "The Well of the Saints" should satisfy their most devoted admirers. Apart from the Irish essays (which include stimulating papers on Padraic Colum, Seumas O'Sullivan and Elizabeth Bowen) the most fascinating chapters perhaps are those that deal with that ever-thrilling problem-saint John Henry Newman and the well-nigh forgotten 17th century dramatist Jasper Mayne; both will repay careful study. On the other hand, the discriminating reader may possibly be willing to skip two of the more popular disquisitions—on the totally unimportant novelist Charles Garvice and the deteriorated art and craft known as "Pantomime," respectively. For in these latter Mr. Strong's flexible prose (presumably subdued to what it has chosen to work in) sheds some of the trained distinction we have grown to expect of it and becomes almost pedestrian in style. Similar minor defects, however, tend to appear in most collections of this quality, and Mr. Strong's numerous admirers can hardly fail to rejoice that this ripened sheaf of his wit and wisdom has been bound together and offered to them in so handy and handsome a form.

G. M. HORT.

Personal Remarks. By L. A. G. Strong. Peter Neville. 15s.

* * * * *

John Adams and the Prophets of Progress, by Zoltan Haraszti (Harvard University Press, 5 dollars), forms a valuable supplement to the usual histories of the foundation of the United States. Most of the Fathers, as they are called, were distinguished Intellectuals as well as lawyers and patriots, and John Adams, the second President, was the most erudite of them all. In this handsome volume we learn not only what he read in many fields but how he read, namely, by inserting frequent and in many cases lengthy observations in the margins and on blank pages. Admirably summarised and analysed by the Keeper of Rare Books and Editor of Publications at the Boston Public Library, they add up to a substantial treatise on his political philosophy. Chapters on Bolingbroke, Rousseau, Voltaire, Mably, Turgot, Condorcet, Mary Woolstonecraft and others reveal the lawyer-statesman in his spacious library matching his brains against the celebrated treatises, most of them French, which he studied so closely, and testing their doctrines by his own clear-cut ideology. If Jefferson may be fairly described as a Liberal and Hamilton as a Conservative, the most suitable label for Adams is that of a Liberal Conservative. He was always hotly opposed to single chamber government. When the storm broke in France in 1789 he applauded Burke's denunciation of the politically inexperienced doctrinaires who had helped to produce the catastrophe, though later he admitted that the Revolution was the result of evil conditions and was therefore in some degree inevitable. His chief teachers were Harrington, Locke and above all Montesquieu, whose gospel of the separation of powers formed the core of his belief. "The fundamental article of my political creed," he declared in his old age, "is that despotism or unlimited sovereignty, or absolute power, is the same in the majority of a popular assembly, an aristocratic council, an oligarchical junto, or a single Emperor; equally arbitrary, cruel, bloody, and in every respect diabolical." The sentence might have been written by Lord Acton, who proclaimed that the best—and indeed the only—guarantee of liberty was to cut up power into little bits.

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THE PROBLEM OF TRIESTE

I

"WELL, we lost the War didn't we?" Undergraduates dining in the College Hall of a Northern Italian university frequently ended with this remark their conversations around the problem of the Italo-Yugoslav frontier. It is interesting to put this personal experience beside that of recent newspaper reports of blackshirted Italian students marching around Rome singing Fascist songs and shouting insults at Yugoslavia. Interesting because it suggests Italian public opinion is divided just where intransigent unreasonableness was supposedly concentrated. It is precisely this division of the Italian people over the problem of Trieste that worries Allied diplomacy concerned with possible repercussions of an upsetting of Italy's internal stability on the defence of the West. For Trieste could be the national issue which brings to crisis proportions Italy's latent democratic problem taxing beyond their strength those "live and let live" elements at present in control of Italian society. On the one hand the rich and middle classes so preoccupied with patriotic questions and their privileges might once again seek refuge in Fascism, while on the other hand the working classes, too tired by social injustices to worry about those patriotic questions, might accept from the Communists a People's Democracy.

Allied diplomacy to-date has not however had great success in settling the future of this Adriatic port, indeed after the *tour de force* of October 8th the two contesting countries seem to have come nearer to war than they have ever been since 1945. Perhaps at this moment it will be found helpful to go back quietly over the years, re-examining the interaction of Allied diplomacy on Italian internal politics to see if explaining how the present *impasse* came about cannot also offer us some guide for future conduct—conduct that is to say which would go beyond a possible conference and lead to an eventual compromise settlement acceptable to both Italy and Yugoslavia. Italy after the First World War had the same problem of settling her frontiers with Yugoslavia as she has had after this last War. Then flushed by victory she resolved the problem by a use of violence. The social background was, as it is to-day, one of widespread discontent among the common people. The reward for this so hardly won victory was considered to be annexation of Istria and of the chief Dalmatian ports, Italy's share of the estate of the defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire. The 1915 Treaty of London, by which Allied diplomacy had secured Italy's entry into the War, had countenanced annexations of this kind. In peacetime, however, the Allies went back on their too lavish promises and now felt the newly established Yugoslav state deserved

some outlet to the sea. And that could only lead to a conflict of claims over Fiume. Moderate politicians in Italy, notably the Foreign Secretary Count Sforza, attempted a compromise solution with Yugoslavia at Rapallo in 1920 and internationalised Fiume. When however two years later Fascism came to power the port was re-incorporated in Italy and cut off from its hinterland in Yugoslavia.

The prime cause of Mussolini's accession was the social discontent which exacerbated all the patriotic agitation, but undoubtedly a factor contributing powerfully in sympathy for Fascism had been the disillusionment of patriotic aspirations. These aspirations had been at first inflated by Allied diplomacy and then too rapidly deflated, with the result that the "middle of the road" elements in Italian politics were weakened and their compromise solution could not be lasting. One conclusion helpful to Allied diplomacy can surely be drawn from this consideration of the Adriatic problem during the years 1915 to 1924. If the Allies are really concerned with Italian stability their conduct must be calculated so as to reinforce supporters of the existing regime. Further, if the Allies do not intend to make more than slight material sacrifices for such an end, then a promise which suggests anything more lavish is only self-defeating, often dangerously so. After the Second World War Italy was a defeated power and she accordingly lost to Yugoslavia the Dalmatian ports and all of Istria except Trieste. Moderate Italian public opinion has accepted the Adriatic position and the loss of the Colonies as all part of the ruin brought on Italy by Fascism. Such for instance is the meaning to be given to the remark quoted at the beginning of this article. With a mounting sense in the justice of its cause such public opinion has therefore come to concentrate itself on the problem of Trieste. Viewed in the light of the necessity of strengthening the moderate political forces which provide the basis of the liberal Republic set up in 1946 how has Allied diplomacy fared? By 1947 the ideal solution of internationalising the Territory proved impossible—ideal for it would have both given an economic viability to the port and assured the democratic rights of minorities.

To visit Trieste is curiously unilluminating. The Triestini have resigned themselves to having the troubles of their city made a topic for newspapers on the breakfast tables of half Europe, and they seem only to wish to attend to their own affairs, personal or business. Solely the enthusiastically pro-Italian or pro-Yugoslav speak their opinions quickly, the more moderate opinion being much more difficult to assess. Yet one knows it exists; only in May of last year in the Zone A elections 42 per cent of the overwhelmingly Italian population voted against parties advocating a return of Trieste to Italy. And the present local uneasiness shown because Anglo-American troops are supposedly destined to leave Zone A suggests similar underlying feelings. Allied diplomacy has merely followed the Triestini in their sad conclusion that, in a world of sovereign national states, the city is too conspicuous a prize for the wishes of the local inhabitants to be decisive. The United States, Great Britain and France therefore made their Tripartite Declaration of March, 1948. This proposed the return of the *entire* Territory of Trieste to Italy despite the fact that Yugoslav troops had occupied the area called Zone B since the end of hostilities. This Declaration has been fated to replace the role of

the Treaty of London after the First World War. For after Tito's break with the Cominform Allied diplomacy has no longer had the wish—if it ever had the power—to satisfy Italian patriotic aspirations to the maximum. Material has however been provided for the Fascists to try and induce the Italian people to resolve once again by violence this "betrayal" of their national interests. Such arguments provide the exiguous rational basis for demonstrating Roman students. Why the French were moved to promote the 1948 Declaration is well-known, the Declaration's effect on Italian domestic politics perhaps less so. Countenancing what all moderate opinion has come to see as impracticable patriotic aspirations, the Declaration has hindered the efforts of those forces in Italy which might have worked towards a compromise solution of the problem.

Returning after twenty years of exile from Fascism Count Sforza was again Foreign Secretary from 1947 to 1951. During a last long illness which preceded his death he collected together all the principal speeches he had given and all the memoranda he had prepared while in office for a book published posthumously as "Five Years at the Palazzo Chigi: Italian Foreign Policy from 1947 to 1951."* If the value of the book were not locked inside the Italian language it would undoubtedly have got the wide attention it deserves here in England. Coming from such an eminent source the large part of the book devoted to the problem of Trieste could be very helpful at the present time. For Sforza saw clearly that if Italy was in the best position theoretically over Trieste all the practical advantages lay with Yugoslavia. The damage done to efforts for a compromise solution by the 1948 Declaration is clearly revealed. On one occasion for instance, Sforza points out he is forced to be more intransigent over Zone B in order to refute accusations that the Declaration was an intervention by the Allies in an Italian General Election. Meanwhile Sforza himself sketched a more moderate solution to soften the apparently irreconcilable Italo-Yugoslav positions by economic co-operation and to work so that Italian troops replacing Anglo-American troops in Zone A might eventually face Yugoslav forces in Zone B. Then from that parity to negotiate frontier rectifications to attempt to satisfy the ethnic interests of both sides. There is clearly a need to do this with the existing zonal frontiers. For while the Slovenes form a sixth of the total population of Zone A the Italians make a fifth of that of Zone B. In July, 1951 Sforza attempted preliminary soundings.

The lines of a possible solution appeared for a moment as much on the Yugoslav side as on the Italian. Parts of the present Zone A with a Slav population would go to Yugoslavia, while in compensation the Italian zone including the city of Trieste would be pushed south to bring in Capodistria. These talks in Rome failed to come to a positive conclusion, but their significance for Allied diplomacy should not be lost. It seems indeed unlikely that either Italy or Yugoslavia could abandon their present positions to the extent of concluding a compromise by themselves. And that for this reason in neither country is the existing political regime secure enough to withstand the emergence of an opposition armed with the argument that compromise has "betrayed" some vital national interest. But if Allied diplomacy once got clear to itself what were the means to its

*Atlante, Rome 1952 (2,000 lire).

objective and were prepared unflinchingly to use them such an influence to make both sides recognise their interest in a compromise solution might well be decisive. Pressure might be brought to bear to get tied up those loose ends left at Rome two summers ago. Though it may take time to call a conference on such conditions, on any others it would be unreasonable to expect a settlement of the problem of Trieste.

From the foregoing we have an explanation of why the Statement of October 8th failed so signally to "lead to a final solution." Maintaining a studied silence as to the future of Zone B, the dangerous possibility that it meant "all for Italy and nothing for Yugoslavia" was allowed to emerge. Though not responsible for the Statement, the present American Ambassador in Rome, Mrs. Luce, seems to have influenced its formulation considerably, for she is known to believe that Italy's patriotic aspirations must be generously handled if the country is not to go Communist. But, as we have seen, this is only to repeat a past diplomatic error: the cure against slipping to the Left is not to lean heavily over to the Right. The first and most obvious result has been a marked tightening of the Yugoslav position, and the Rome discussions of July, 1951 now seem sadly unreal. Tito's reply to an Italy not brought to renouncing Zone B has been to threaten war if her troops should enter Zone A.

If the main argument sustained by this article is however accepted, the long term guide and condition of success for Allied diplomacy is clear. Only if the Italian government is kept to the compromise solution prospected by Sforza can those "middle of the road" elements be strengthened in Italian society and the Republic continue to be accepted by Italians as "that which divides us least." Such a moderate resolution of the Trieste problem would alone allow for a continued Italian contribution to the defence of the West. To act so as ultimately to concede to Yugoslavia over Zone A would be to repeat just that too rapid deflation of Italian patriotic aspirations that occurred with such tragic consequences after the First World War. Phrases like "appeasement of Yugoslavia," to be heard to-day in the mouths of moderate elements in Italian society, suggest that disillusionment might again play the game of the extremists. And this time it is the Communists who are most likely to win. It is not yet too late for Allied diplomacy effectively to assist Italy's Democratic Centre.

Though now the popular manifestations in Yugoslavia of early October have been paralleled by those in Italy of early November, we can clearly glimpse the grim alternative to a Conference of the five interested Powers: a trial of arms by Italy and Yugoslavia. It is impossible sometimes not to wonder if the chances of a reasonable settlement of the Trieste problem did not die with Sforza; but then, while he was alive, the Tripartite Declaration was fresh in men's minds.

RICHARD WIGG.

II

ALL Yugoslavs—not merely official circles but the entire nation, men and women of all ages and all walks of life—have denounced the decision of the Governments of the United Kingdom and the United States of October 8th, which give Zone A and the City of Trieste to Italy. Zone B of the Free Territory of Trieste is indisputably inhabited

by population predominantly Yugoslav. Likewise, Zone A itself is almost one hundred per cent. Yugoslav populated. Furthermore, the Yugoslav areas reach not only as far as the present frontiers between Italy and Yugoslavia (or, rather the present frontier between Italy and Zone A) but even over these frontiers. In fact the real ethnic boundary between the two countries lies along the Soca River, beyond the present Eastern frontier of Italy. Parts of Yugoslav national territory—Trieste itself, Gorica Province, Istria, the city of Zadar, the island of Lastovo and several others—had been given to Italy by the Treaty of Rapallo after the First World War as a reward for the services she rendered by stabbing in the back her former friends and allies. From that time right until September, 1943 when Italy capitulated and abandoned her ally, Hitler's Germany, these Yugoslav areas remained under Italian rule.

Even though Italian nationals in Trieste itself are today more numerous than the Yugoslavs, the city is nothing but a small island within a compact Yugoslav sea of population. But even in Trieste itself there are today more than 40,000 Yugoslavs. Hapsburg Emperors had allotted to Trieste the role of a Central-European port. Even a glance at the map shows that it offers the best natural outlet to the sea to all states of its hinterland. As such the city developed successfully until it was given to Italy. In 1914, that is to say before the city was surrendered to Italy, the merchant shipping totalled some 720,000 registered tons. But in 1940 the tonnage had fallen to 520,000 tons. The twenty years of Italian rule brought, therefore, a net loss of some 200,000 tons. Even at the time of her own domination, Italy never participated to any considerable extent in Trieste's railway traffic. What would happen now if the city were to be given to Italy again? There is no doubt that it would inevitably suffer another serious decline. This danger is well appreciated even by the Triestini of Italian origin who are among the most ardent advocates of the internationalisation of their city.

The early XXth century saw the emergence of clearly defined drives of Italian expansion. The first drive aimed at domination of the Adriatic and the Balkans. Let us quote some opinions expressed by Italian sources concerning Italy's efforts to dominate *the Adriatic and the Balkans*.

Signor Mario Alberti, the ideological champion of Italian irrendentism in Trieste (in his publication *Trieste e la sua Fisiologia Economica*, published by the "Association of Italian Industrialists," Rome, 1915) wrote: "Trieste is a very important factor for the solution of the Adriatic problem. But Trieste is only one such factor. Side by side with Trieste we must have several other factors, should we wish to complete a lasting and successful effort: Istria, Fiume and Dalmatia, side by side with Trieste are but links in one and the same chain The problem has to be solved integrally or not at all There could be no two masters of the Adriatic"

There is no need to recall either the scope of or the ghastly methods employed in carrying out Mussolini's ambitions in this part of the world. Let us, therefore, turn to present "democratic" Italy. Ever since 1947 an institution has been hard at work in Rome, known under the name of the "Centro studii Adriatici," enjoying financial and moral support from the Government of Italy. The leadership of this institution includes

Members of Parliament, Generals, Admirals, University Professors, etc. No doubt, one of the most distinguished members of this "Centro" is Signor Guido Gonella, until recently the Secretary General of the Government's own Christian Democratic Party and a member of the Italian Cabinet. The "Centro" publishes its own bi-monthly *Bollettino d'Informazioni*. In this bulletin one reads frequently statements like this: "There are people who do not take into consideration the fact that the problem of Trieste does not stand isolated, but, on the contrary, that there exists the problem of the Adriatic itself within which the problem of Trieste is but a detail." (No. 82, p. 104, 1952.) Therefore, since Trieste is "but a detail," Italy could not be satisfied by receiving Trieste alone, since the wider problem, the problem of the Adriatic itself, would still remain unsolved.

A solution of the problem of Trieste in favour of Italy is considered by the expansionist circles of Italy to be but the first step back into the Balkans, and to offer an opportunity to inflict upon Yugoslavia a heavy foreign policy defeat with the aim at weakening as much as possible her international position. This in turn, according to their plans, would be the first step towards restoring the former dominant position of Italy in this part of Europe. These tendencies also show why Italy so stubbornly opposes an understanding between the Balkan peoples in their efforts to join forces against aggression. Italy wants the Balkans to be disunited and broken up so that she can dominate them. Obviously, the expansionists from Italy feel now that she has no sufficient forces to carry out alone any of these plans. That is why the attempts are being made to enlist the support of the Western Government and the entire Atlantic Pact in a policy hostile to Yugoslavia. These same Italian circles through a policy of blackmail and open threats are trying to alter the role of Italy as a member of the Atlantic Pact. According to them, Italy is not a member of that Pact in order to help to build international security, but to make use of the Atlantic Pact in her own expansionistic policy.

With the decision of the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, announced on October 8th, to hand to Italy Zone A, the problem of Trieste and Italo-Yugoslav relations have reached a deadlock. Italian appetites have been stimulated further. Italy has received yet another award light-heartedly given. Yugoslavia, on the other hand, has been presented with a *fait accompli*, which both by its form and substance inflicted a heavy blow to Yugoslav interests. That is why Yugoslavia can never reconcile herself to it. Yugoslav national rights and territory are endangered in Zone A. The taking over of the civilian and military administration of Zone A by Italy would be an open breach of the Peace Treaty and an act of violence and aggression. Should Italy decide to take such a step, the Yugoslavs would consider it to be within their lawful rights in taking adequate measures to protect their interests. Naturally, the entry of Italian troops into Zone A under the protection of the Atlantic Pact forces would not be a lesser act of aggression than if they were to enter without that protection.

A solution by a simple application of the Peace Treaty in the present situation would not help to strengthen peace in this area. The recent suggestion made by Signor Pella to hold a plebiscite was made with the

aim of acquiring Yugoslav territories by the use of the Italian vote concentrated in the city of Trieste itself. Yugoslavia has made several suggestions in order to find an agreed solution. At the present time perhaps the best solution would be to have the city of Trieste internationalised, with Zone B and the rest of Zone A—both these areas being overwhelmingly Yugoslav populated—joining Yugoslavia. Yet another proposal was made by Yugoslavia after the October 8th decision. It shows that Yugoslavia is prepared to make even the greatest sacrifices to reach an agreement. President Tito suggested that the city might be placed under the sovereignty of Italy as an autonomous city, while the rest of Zone A and Zone B, again as an autonomous unit, might be placed under the sovereignty of Yugoslavia. *Here, no doubt, is a basis wide enough to begin negotiations.* It is still not too late to avoid the far-reaching consequences of the decision of October 8th. However, now is the time to decide whether to continue to yield to blackmail and threats of the Italian expansionists and thus jeopardise peace and security in this part of the world, or to persuade Italy that she cannot go any further along her present lines of policy without endangering peace and security in the world.

M. STOJAKOVIC.

III

THE Trieste problem represents an undoubted danger to the peace of Europe, and its settlement is hindered not so much by the difficulty to bring Italy and Yugoslavia together as by the fact that the Western countries have failed to understand the true substance of the question itself. Disputes in the Adriatic between Italians and Slavs are as old as the beginning of this century when Austria, in order to fight Italian expansion in the zone of Trieste, mobilised the Slavs of the former Dual Monarchy and, in order to fight Italian expansion in the zone of Fiume, mobilised the Hungarians. Government officials, police staff, customs inspectors, railway officials, etc., of Slav origin have been encouraged to immigrate from Slovenia, Croatia, etc., into the Trieste district while those of Hungarian origin replaced the officials of Italian origin in the Fiume district. Until 1912-1913 the police in these towns was in the hands of the local authorities, while on the eve of the first world war the police powers were transferred to the State and trains full of Slav and Hungarian policemen arrived in the Adriatic regions of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. If, therefore, any doubt should be raised as to the present feelings of the population living in the Free Trieste Territory it is evident that things should be investigated not only as far back as the 1918-1919 period but as far as 1900 when the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy started her denationalisation action in the Adriatic.

It is in view of the undoubted rights which Italy has on these territories from the nationality point of view that Premier Pella has suggested the settlement of the Trieste question through a plebiscite both in Trieste as well as in Zone A and Zone B. This suggestion has been rejected by the Belgrade Government in defiance of the principle of freedom of the people to establish its own destiny according to its nationality. The fact that the Western countries have not drawn the attention of Yugoslavia to the

anachronism represented by the alleged democratic feelings of Marshal Tito and his refusal to follow democratic principles by a plebiscite is a good argument for the Fascist and Nationalist propaganda in Italy to claim that freedom is a mere dream and that what counts is power. Just as Hitler's attitude in Munich induced Great Britain and France to accept the occupation of the Sudeten region of Czechoslovakia, now the Western countries refuse to get Marshal Tito to accept democratic principles. This is the most dangerous aspect of the situation, as in 1919 the Fascist agitation started in Italy exactly after the refusal of President Wilson to meet the Italian demand for a plebiscite in Fiume and the consequent D'Annunzio enterprise which compelled the Allies to withdraw their forces from the Gulf of the Quarnero, thus abandoning democratic and liberal principles. The uncertainty of the Western countries in regard to the necessity of getting Marshal Tito to follow democratic and liberal principles, namely the organisation of a plebiscite in the Free Trieste Territory, works only in favour of the creation of a black or of a red dictatorship in Italy, because there are many Italian democrats who claim that Mussolini alone succeeded in 1926 in reaching a direct agreement with the Belgrade Government on Fiume.

Independently, therefore, of the dangers which the Italo-Yugoslav quarrel might have in regard to the international situation, delaying its settlement through a plebiscite, after the restoration of a situation of parity between Italy and Yugoslavia, who administers already Zone B, involves considerable dangers for the democratic regime in Italy. If Italy has suggested that the Free Trieste Territory question be settled through a plebiscite, this is the best confirmation of the fact that she has no fear in regard to the recognition of her political rights on the territory itself. On the other hand, the Italian political control on the territory involves no danger for the economic requirements of the countries of the hinterland. In 1913 goods unloaded in the port of Trieste reached 2,314,018 tons and goods loaded 1,135,712 tons, making a total of 3,449,730 tons. This figure has been regained in 1938 with a total traffic of 3,380,866 tons realised through the development of the iron and steel industry, oil refining, and seed-crushing plants in the territory of Trieste itself and through a policy of cooperation with Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. In 1938 Czechoslovakia occupied the first place in the imports into Trieste by rail with 252,821 tons, Austria the second place with 160,150 tons, Hungary the third place with 99,139 tons, and Yugoslavia the fourth place with 59,058 tons, while in the exports by rail during 1938 Austria occupied the first place with 502,252 tons, Czechoslovakia the second place with 144,523 tons, Germany the third place with 55,213 tons, Yugoslavia the fourth place with 51,748 tons, and Hungary the fifth place with 49,637 tons. In the postwar years Austria has greatly increased her traffic through Trieste, reaching during 1952 a total of 506,180 tons in the imports and 1,519,663 tons in the exports by rail, despite the fact that direct railway connections between Trieste and Vienna via Graz are hindered by the Yugoslav railway tariff policy, and that the greatest part of the trade must be handled by the single rail line from Trieste to Udine, Tarvisio and Willach. Even Germany has increased her transit trade through Trieste in the post-war years, but Yugoslavia, despite the inter-

national regime of the port, has shown her outward transit trade declining from 51,748 tons in 1938 to 17,981 tons in 1952, while in the inward Yugoslav transit trade there has been only an increase from 59,067 tons in 1938 to 70,446 tons in 1952, which is quite comprehensible since Yugoslavia must look upon her own ports such as Fiume as the Dalmatian maritime centres. If Czechoslovak and Hungarian transit trade has not developed through Trieste in the post-war period this is simply the result of the facilities granted in Poland and in Roumania to transit trade from Czechoslovakia and from Hungary. Thus there is no necessity to internationalise the port of Trieste in order to safeguard the interests of the Central European countries.

If Trieste industries have been able to work practically at full since 1945, this has been because Italian shipowners have ordered in Trieste huge ships such as the motor liners "Augustus" and "Giulio Cesare" of 27,500 gross tons each, and three or four supertankers of 32,000 tons in addition to smaller ships, because the Aquila oil refinery has been able to sell about 60 per cent. of its output on the Italian home market, and because the Ilva iron and steel works at Servola secured orders from the same market. There are also important interests which the Trieste insurance companies have been able to develop in Italy.

These circumstances clearly show that Trieste is not connected with Italy only by historical and national ties but also by deep economic interests which could not be ignored without affecting not only the life of the Adriatic city itself but also the progress of the Central European transit trade through the Adriatic. Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and even Yugoslavia are guaranteed regular sailings from Adriatic ports thanks to the subventions of the Italian Government to leading Italian lines as the Lloyd Triestino, the Adriatica Società di Navigazione a Vapore, etc. The freedom of shipping in the Gulf of Trieste is vital for the future of the great Adriatic port. From this point of view it is evident that through the control of the coast of Zone B Yugoslavia could affect such freedom. Nobody could prevent the Belgrade Government from connecting the Bay of Pirano or the Bay of Capodistria in Zone B with the Erpelle railway station, thus developing a competitive activity against Trieste, just as it has occurred in Fiume when the eastern section of that port (Porto Baross) was given to Yugoslavia in 1919. Sooner or later Yugoslavia and Italy must find a basis for agreement, but this will not be realised until the question will be considered exclusively from the political point of view. By delaying an understanding through the refusal to accept the plebiscite proposal made by Premier Pella for the Trieste Free Territory Marshal Tito hinders the development of the export trade from Yugoslavia, which sold in Italy about 50 per cent. of her exports between 1926 and 1938, and favours the competition of the North Sea, Baltic and Black Sea ports in the Central European countries, which in view of the political tension in the Adriatic, instead of using Trieste or Fiume for their trade, might grant preference to the competitors of these two ports.

ANTONIO GIORDANO.

Genoa.

TIBET AND INDIA

THE menace of the occupation of Tibet by the Chinese is fully realised by the Indian Government which has taken energetic steps to guard the two thousand miles frontier. Frontier posts have been reinforced and villagers are being trained in the use of firearms. Military missions have been sent to Nepal for the purpose of organizing and training Nepalese forces. Exports of many articles to Tibet have been stopped and a check has been imposed on Chinese using the new roadway from Lhasa to India. In November 1950 Pundit Nehru stated at Delhi that he would tolerate no crossing of the McMahon Line which constitutes the boundary between India and Outer Tibet. This line was agreed to at the Simla Conference in 1914 by the representatives of England, Tibet and China but was afterwards repudiated by the Pekinese Government. The frontier between India and Tibet is formed by the independent States of Bhutan, Nepal and Sikkim with the exception of about 250 miles on the northern border of Uttar Pradesh, formerly known as the United Provinces. The Nepalese Government have long since recognised the danger that threatens them from the Communist occupation of Tibet and it is possible that the "liberation" of Nepal will be undertaken before long. The formation of a "Nepalese Council for Democracy", financed by Russia, lends support to this belief. The "Council" consists mainly of deserters and disgruntled officials with a following of ruffians who are merely out for loot.

The Chinese occupied Tibet with an army of some 10,000 men in addition to strong guards posted at the passes leading out of the country through the hills. They serve the double purpose of protecting the country and preventing the escape of Tibetans who have been fleeing in large numbers with their treasures, especially after the Communist decree confiscating privately owned gold, silver, and jewelry. The army of occupation is now reported to have been increased to about 25,000 men and has absorbed the Tibetan army except for 500 men who act as guard of honour for the Dalai Lama. Tibetan officers are allowed to retain their swords and to receive the same rate of pay as the Chinese officers of equal rank. The Chinese grip on the country has been firmly established. Air fields have been built and others are under construction which allow of a regular air service with China. Existing roads and tracks have been improved and new roads laid out between Tibet and China, as well as from Lhasa westwards to Kashmir and south and east to the border States which will be able to carry heavy military traffic.

Pundit Nehru's foreign policy has ever been towards the establishment of friendly relations with Peking, but his efforts in this direction seem to have fallen on stony ground. Despite the protests of the Indian Government to China prior to the invasion of Tibet and the assurance that any such occupation would be effected by peaceful means, the occupation of Tibet was only carried out by the Chinese after considerable fighting. The faith of Pundit Nehru in the Communist Government at Peking must have been rudely shaken. Nobody was naive enough to believe the explanation put forward by Peking that the occupation of Tibet by the Chinese was essential to forestall "imperialist manoeuvres." The trust

of India in the good faith of Communist China has received a bitter disillusionment, and Indian politicians are beginning to realise that Peking is not taking them seriously. The occupation of Tibet by the Chinese must inevitably influence the strategic situation of India to a degree that can scarcely be reassuring to the Indian Government. Besides the command of the air over the Eastern Provinces of India, the Communists have gained complete control over the Himalayan Ranges and so over India itself. The Tibetan plateau, 12,000 feet above sea level, affords an ideal site for rocket projection as well as planes. Protected as it is by the encircling ranges, Tibet is practically impregnable against attack from India while at the same time the possession of the frontier permits the Chinese to launch attacks on India and Kashmir at will.

It must be borne in mind that when Tibet was threatened with attack and sought assistance from India, Pundit Nehru not only refused any help but on the grounds of strict neutrality stated that no military assistance of any description would be allowed to go to Tibet through India. From a political point of view an invasion of India by the Chinese from Tibet would present a problem of serious complexity. India is still within the Commonwealth of Nations and as such is entitled to protection and assistance from the rest of the Empire as well as from N.A.T.O. This would mean that British and allied troops would have to fight in India against the Communists, which would merely amount to a continuation of the struggle in Korea on a smaller scale in which it is doubtful whether America would render any assistance beyond the supply of equipment. Were India attacked from Tibet, the attitude of Pakistan would be problematical. Would she come to the assistance of India or would she remain aloof? Pakistan would be threatened as well as India, either directly or through Kashmir, and her efforts to assist India would thus be neutralised.

India is threatened with Communist political infiltration no less than by direct military action. Hordes of Communist agents are infiltrating into the country from Tibet and are spreading Communist propaganda throughout the country. They are in close touch with the strong Communist Party in Hyderabad and in the Congress itself where they form the only recognisable opposition to the Government. Communism is gaining a strong hold on the University students and the *Intelligentsia* of India who can find no outlet for their activities in government employ. Communist literature is sold openly at Lahore and Peshawar and many of the newspapers are openly Left inclined. Early in 1950 Moscow issued direct orders to its agents for an intensification of Communist aggression in south-east Asia. A meeting of hand-picked trade union leaders from different countries was summoned at Peking where verbal orders were issued for the Soviet campaign in which emphasis was laid on the preparation of steps to be taken in conjunction with China as a base for further successes in India, Pakistan and other countries. Sjelvankar, the Indian representative, was admonished because mass uprisings in India had not been used correctly by the Communists and was given further instructions aimed at the disruption of the social and economic life of India. Recently the Governments of India and Burma have discovered a plot by the Communists in Tibet to send monks to the Buddhist shrines

as spies and agitators from among a certain sect known as "Ch'oundokys" who have always given their support to the Chinese Communists and acted as a fifth column during the occupation of Tibet.

The rosy view taken by the Chinese representative in Lhasa on the second anniversary of the "liberation" of Tibet by the Chinese is to some extent discounted by more recent reports of deep resentment by the Tibetans against the seizure of their traditionally monastic country by China. There have been anti-Chinese riots in Lhasa and attempts to assassinate the Quisling Sawang Ngabou. Gun-running from both India and Pakistan has assumed serious proportions, and on both frontiers a sharp lookout is being maintained for Communist political agents who were largely responsible for anti-Indian demonstrations at Khatmandu after the return of the Everest team. Tibetan refugees who have arrived at Kalimpong near Darjeeling have reported that food in Tibet is scarce; and in some districts where food is being distributed there is practically a famine and the economic situation is getting worse partly owing to the requisitions to feed the hordes of Chinese soldiers who are living on the country. Refugees confirm reports that these troops now number about 25,000 men. The price of food has quadrupled within the last two years. Great discontent is caused by the forcible removal of many of the Lamas from their lamasarais to work on "development" schemes. At the same time the Chinese have undoubtedly done a great deal of good in the way of medical care of the people. Hospitals have been established and a medical team is touring out of the way districts. Further developments in this direction may depend on and coincide with Communist operations in Indo-China on the conclusion of the monsoon rains where renewed activity by the Communist Viet Minh forces is confidently expected by the French. Finally, the entire scheme of Communist operations in south-east Asia may and probably does depend largely on events in Korea.

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. E. CROCKER.

THE AUSTRALIAN SCENE

WITH six State and one Federal parliament to throw in and out Australian citizens soon become experienced voters. An occasional Referendum—almost invariably recording a "No" majority, whatever the issue—provides opportunity, not altogether wasted, to enlarge political education. This year a general election in Victoria has ended a long, and latterly uneasy, term of office of the conservative parties, distracted by bickerings between their Liberal and Country Party components, by putting the Labour party into power. South Australia has retained its conservative government, but with lessened electoral support. In all States excepting South Australia Labour governments are in office. That does not mean that the States are girding themselves for tasks of radical innovation. Indeed, it is often difficult to see what difference it makes whether Labour or non-Labour is in office. Australian Labour parties are problem children. On their left are socialists. On their right are people who presumably accept the socialist policy which is, more or less, a Labour aim, but whose allegiance to socialism is much weaker than

their desire to prove that they are anti-Communists, and to do nothing to lose the Roman Catholic vote. About a quarter of the population of Australia is Roman Catholic, and the Church, which is conservative, shows tactical wisdom in leaving the conservative parties to carry on the good work without aid which they do not need, while it concentrates on widening its influence in the trade unions and labour parties, which, without the Church's support, might be expected to be leftist. Labour leaders have a ticklish job in holding together their right and left wings. Before the last Federal general election, about two years ago, the leader of the Federal parliamentary Labour party, Dr. Evatt, who is an eminent barrister, conducted two cases for the Communist party before the High Court, and added to his offence by winning them. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and Dr. Evatt, despite his prestige in the United Nations Organisation and in Australian political and legal life, was hard pressed to retain his seat. He maintained that the ethics of his profession demand that a barrister should take a brief and do his best for anybody, and that law and justice do not depend on political or economic opinions. Last year in Britain Sir Hartley Shawcross upheld the same principle, when he was assailed for appearing for what were described as near-fascist organisations. It is to be hoped that that tradition is secure in our practice of law and justice.

Of wider interest than State elections were the Federal Senate elections held in May. The Senate has sixty members, ten from each State, half of whom retire every three years. The Senate was elected, after a double dissolution, in May, 1951. As a year is counted from the July 1st preceding an election, half the Senate retired this year. Nominally the Senate's function is to care for the interests of the States. The State is the electorate. Actually the Senate has the same party complexion as the House of Representatives. When the government has a majority in the Senate it is an unnecessary house of swift transit for government legislation. If the Senate has an opposition majority it exercises a function which is described, on the one hand, as hampering and frustrating the government in carrying out the tasks which it was elected by the people to do, and, on the other hand, as providing a breathing space for wise and statesmanlike second thoughts on ill-considered proposals. During the electioneering campaign the Senate came in for hard knocks as redundant, effete or obstructive. Suggestions that it be abolished tailed off into vague agreement that it needs to be reformed. Nevertheless, both parties tried hard to secure a majority, not only for present use, but even more to provide easy transit, or wise and statesmanlike second thoughts, for the bills of whatever party happens to be in office after next year's elections to the House of Representatives. In the event both Labour and the Liberal-Country party coalition profess satisfaction at the result of the Senate election—the Labour party because the voting showed a considerable swing in their favour, and the government parties because their electoral losses were less than seemed likely a couple of months earlier, and they retained a narrow Senate majority.

Economic trends are, on the whole, encouraging. The rapid depletion of sterling has been reversed, and substantial reserves—they were never low—have been accumulated. Drastic restriction of imports is a most

unsatisfactory feature in obtaining this result. The *Sydney Morning Herald* writes, "Continued steady improvement in Australia's overseas trading results is making the import restrictions imposed last year seem more and more an unnecessary and hampering survival." At the same time the paper points out the uncertainties of Australia's position in world markets, flowing from high and rising costs. Income from wool will be about £400,000,000, and there are significant rises in other export items. Larger shipments of meat to Britain are gratifying to Australian graziers and to British consumers. Further expansion is likely. Good results are being obtained from skilful cattle breeding and attention to the improvement of pastures. Better pastures raise carrying capacity and the quality of animals. Sheep and cattle grown for food provide better meat when their own food is good and abundant. Wool-bearing capacity and the quality of the wool are significantly related to the types of pasture on which sheep are grazed. In New South Wales the combined effects of careful sheep-breeding and pasture improvement are shown in the rise of an average of 4.75 lb. of wool per sheep in 1876 to 9.57 lb. in 1951. Last season's clip is expected to work out at an average of 10.75 lb., the highest figure yet reached. Forty years hence, it seems, sheep will be induced to carry a fleece weighing 12.8 lb., but, on present showing, will not go much beyond that. Russian wool buyers made a welcome and stimulating reappearance at this year's wool sales. The more business men get together to do business the better are the prospects of mutual understanding and of the personal relations which will mitigate political acerbities.

It is expected that there will be an excellent wheat harvest this year, but so far there is uncertainty about what to do with the crop when we get it. The present stabilisation scheme expires in November, and the Wheat Board and the farmers have not yet made up their minds about what comes next. Australians, like other people, want to eat their cake and, if possible, have something over. In other words, how can wheat farmers get the benefit of high world prices without adding to the cost of living at home? Poultry farmers are as concerned at the cost of feed for their stock as housewives at the price of bread, bacon and eggs. It is estimated that a rise of 1s. per bushel in the price of wheat adds 2½d. a dozen to the price of eggs, ¼d. to the cost of a 2 lb. loaf, and ½d. a lb. to the cost of bacon. The housewife's point of view, with its hint of buyer resistance, is doubtless reflected in the comment of Mrs. Waight, Federal secretary of the Australian Primary Producers' Union, "Eggs are now 6/- a dozen and bacon is 5s. 6d. a pound. That's as far as Australians will go." Production, however, is buoyant and expanding. Mr. McEwen, Minister for Commerce and Agriculture, has reported that rural production in 1952-53 was estimated to be about 15 per cent. above that of the preceding twelve months, and 19 per cent. above the average of the three years immediately preceding the war. Further expansion is expected next year. The dilemma of high production costs and selling prices that deter purchasers is, of course, not peculiar to Australia nor is it likely to be solved by exhortations to work harder and use better methods. A price structure which, in the last resort, depends upon preparing for and waging war cannot any longer be tolerated, nor can the artificial and

hampering division of the world into East and West. Stable and expanding economies must be based on peaceful construction, in a world whose trade flows freely to every part. Sound morality is sound economics. The Rev. Alan Walker, spokesman for the "Message to the Nation" of the Methodist church has been declaring to overflowing audiences in some of the largest halls in Australia the urgent need to resolve the East-West tension. Australia has a direct and overriding interest in the cultivation of friendly relations with Eastern Asia, to which geographically she belongs. Yet the chair of Oriental Studies in the University of Sydney, which was so ably filled by Professor Sadler, is at present vacant, its attenuated remains being a weekly lecture by Mr. C. P. Fitzgerald, Reader in Oriental History at the National University in Canberra.

In a land of three million square miles, inhabited by nine million people, transport and communications present difficulties and impose burdens unknown to more populous countries. A frequently noted handicap to the swift working of Australian railways is the man-made one of different railroad gauges in different states. But there is fine achievement. Australians, it seems, support a greater mileage of railways per head than any other people in the world. Fast and comfortable trains run between the main cities and towns. Melbourne and Sydney have good electrified city services. Great loads are hauled long distances by powerful modern locomotives. There are as well thousands of miles of excellent roads. First class ships carry passengers and cargo round the coast. Air lines criss-cross the continent in every direction. But there is almost no limit to what may usefully be done. More ships are needed on the coast. Congestion in the port of Sydney slows down the handling of cargo. Melbourne harbour authorities are using revenue on long-range plans of improvement and developments, but work is retarded by inflation and rising costs. Today a million pounds accomplishes less than it once did. Whyalla in South Australia and Port Kembla in New South Wales owe much of their industrial and shipping importance to Broken Hill Proprietary Limited, the great steel company, as does also Newcastle, a main centre of Australian heavy industry. Work is in hand to turn Cockburn Sound, near Fremantle in Western Australia, into a big commercial harbour, with cement production as its first industrial support. Queensland and Western Australia are the two largest states, very sparsely populated, though their populations are growing fairly quickly. Both states have climates ranging from mild temperate to tropical, in which anything may be grown. Queensland is the leading cattle-producing state, and, with northern New South Wales, supplies the Australian market with sugar, pineapples, bananas, tobacco and other tropical and sub-tropical fruits. Valuable deposits of iron ore at Yampi Sound in the north-west are being worked; pearl fishing has long been carried on in northern waters. The Northern Territory, for a long time almost neglected, is recovering, and will surpass its old importance as a breeder of cattle. Hopeful experiments are being made in rice-growing, hitherto confined to the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area, in southern New South Wales. Simple comparisons underline the basic importance of large-scale swift transport. From Sydney to Perth is about as far as from London to Leningrad; from Brisbane to Melbourne as far as London to

Madrid; and the distance across the country from south-east to north-west equals that from London to Cairo.

Not only men and goods but water also needs transport. From the lovely island of Tasmania in the south to Northern Queensland stretches a vast belt, of varied and magnificent beauty, whose rain-fall varies from high to very heavy. Other coastal areas might be cited, but this is the best known and most populous. Short rivers, swollen by rains, rush tumultuously to the sea, or flood the farms in the rich alluvial plains. Valuable lands on slopes and lowlands are eroded; precious water is wasted. It is certain that the vision of the late Dr. Bradfield, builder of Sydney Harbour bridge, and of the well-known writer Ion Idriess, of immense volumes of water, turned back from their headlong course to the sea to penetrate the mountains and feed interior rivers, will be realised. Work now in hand will divert water from the Snowy river, in the south-east mountains, into the Murrumbidgee, enlarging and controlling the flow of that important river, and adding to the sources of hydro-electric power. The Hume Reservoir, opened about twenty years ago, forms a lake two and a half times the size of Sydney Harbour, in the upper stretches of the Murray. Its benefits are felt as far as the grape-growing lands of South Australia, a thousand miles away. Hydro-electric power will be generated at the dam. The face of north-west Victoria and south-west New South Wales has been transformed by irrigation. Some projects have been started where work is too slow, or temporarily suspended. Such lapses are too readily shrugged off with the remark, "We have taken on too much at once."

Uranium deposits open up the prospect that, unless, as one scientist remarks, all the ore is sold to the United States, atomic energy will, within comparatively few years, become the most important source of power in Australia. Youths of scientific bent are encouraged to undertake advanced studies in physics by hysterical and uncivilised legislation which makes knowledge of nuclear research so dangerous to its possessor that the conservative *Sydney Morning Herald* is provoked to comment that the only safe course for the owner of such knowledge is to fall on his head and suffer a loss of memory.

Water and trees go together. Australians have been slow to value the majestic and diverse beauty of their forests, the plumage and song of their birds, the curious interest of their native animals, just as they have failed to appreciate the amazing bushcraft, the bold and vivid art, the fascinating ritual and lore of their aboriginal predecessors in this land. Awareness grows as the means for its satisfaction diminish. More people are preserving or planting native trees about their homes. Large state forests aim at providing commercial soft-woods, and not at restoring the native bush. Happily a slight increase is reported of the total native population. There is awakening consciousness of the inhumanity with which the aborigines have been treated, and that opportunities for a good life must be given them, with gradual assimilation into the general stream of Australian life. Meanwhile aboriginal artists and singers become successful exponents of Western art forms, and native children hold their own with white children in schools. Attention given to aboriginal art and music is rather the scientific curiosity of anthropologists than popular

interest. This ancient, gifted and patient people have much to give to Australian life, not least perhaps the sense of roots cast deep in an ancient land and culture.

New South Wales.

E. E. V. COLLOCOTT.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND TELEVISION

IN a recent speech, in Manchester, Mr. Randolph Churchill said, of the London *Times*: "charging their readers 4d. and printing larger newspapers than anybody else, ready, as they have shown themselves on many occasions, to act as the conscience of Fleet Street as well as of other larger and more important institutions, they set the lead in the glorious cause of suppression." With Mr. Churchill's demand that his attack on Lord Rothermere, and also on the pornography mongers, should be reported *in extenso* I am not here concerned. The implications, however, of the principle of the Freedom of the Press, neither to suppress nor be suppressed, deserve less conventional treatment than they usually receive. There is a great deal of bogus connected with it.

It is well to remember that Freedom of Speech was one of those Four Freedoms under the banner of which, as well as under that of national survival, we are supposed to have fought the Second World War. With Freedom of Speech for historical reasons Freedom of the Press, as a major organ for the expression of public opinion, is usually associated. But the pulpit, theatre, films, radio and television are also organs; and their impact upon the public mind is, on the average, almost certainly more influential. Television is, as the Archbishop of York has said, "a most powerful organ of thought and opinion." It would be poor compensation to maintain freedom of the press while denying it in all other fields. Should we chance to regard Freedom of Speech, even at heavy administrative costs, as quite vital to a liberal democracy, then we shall have to enquire very gravely just what this involves—and expect to pay those heavy costs.

Freedom of Speech from the point of view of the administrator and technocrat is almost always untidy and usually inefficient. For them the virtues are efficiency for the authorised ends of public policy, loyalty and knowing when to keep quiet. The inquisitive reporter and snooping journalist are almost invariably a nuisance and in bad taste. Compared with all this a despotism is tidy. However, as John Stuart Mill states, in his classical essay *On Liberty*, the worst of all despotisms, because the most subtle, is the benevolent despotism. Mr. Randolph Churchill suggests that Sir William Haley, at the *Times*, exercises such a despotism and the right to suppress what is news. Lord Simon of Wythenshawe alleges precisely such a dictatorship by Sir William Haley and also by his predecessor, Lord Reith, at the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The major difference is that the B.B.C. is a monopoly, by law and Lord Baldwin established, and the *Times*, perhaps fortunately, is not. If the *Times* does not like one's views one can go to the *Daily Telegraph*, or the *Manchester Guardian* or the *Daily Worker*. There is also some reason to suppose that, if the *Times* does not like one's philosophy, this will provide

excellent ground why the *News Chronicle* will; and conversely. But, on the other hand, the B.B.C. moves with a massive impartiality in the twilight zone between the party limelights and, if Mr. Jones or Smith, Boggs or Binns or gentlemen with other agricultural names do not like one's voice for reasons unassigned, or have the view that one can contribute nothing they would like contributed, that is the end of the matter so far as the United Kingdom is concerned. This voice will then only be heard, if at all, on Radio Luxemburg or on the American Armed Forces Programme. The rest is silence. The monopoly within the United Kingdom is total.

The present writer is well aware that there are excellent and most respectable reasons for this point of view. Let us look at it as touching the press. There are tabloids, both daily and monthly in this country, which offer material compared with which the American press has no equivalent. Some of the contents, in the case of the monthlies, would probably be banned by the police from the American bookstalls. A once-a-week journal is not unknown in Britain which, after a brief period during which its chairman sought to introduce responsible political and economic articles, reverted to a simple formula for successful circulation by stress upon sex and crime. The chairman and editor resigned, but the circulation rose by two million. It is not necessary to look here for the corrupting effect of advertisers. The enquiry of a recent Royal Commission does not, on the whole, sustain this charge. The source of corruption is the public taste itself. We can, therefore, understand the self-righteousness of *Pravda* which, reviewing the corrupt follies of a free press, exhorts us to "be cultural."

Pravda has a case. But, broadly, the decision of the free world is to remain free; to permit rivalry and more competition than exists between *Pravda* and *Izvestia*; and to pay the undoubted costs (for costs there are) of this policy, even in that lucrative sensationalism to which the editor of the *Daily Mirror* genially admits. There is a great deal of bunkum in the argument for Freedom of the Press, since not everybody, but only a few very wealthy organisations (such as the Co-operative Party and Trades Union Congress) or very wealthy men, mostly peers, can subsidise or sustain a national newspaper and bring it before the public. And few editors hesitate to exercise the prerogative to "play up" or "play down" the news—what is "news" is not automatic—and the freedom to print or to suppress. There is a lot to be said for a monopoly governmental press, with lofty standards, sustaining law, order and respectability. But not enough . . .

The whole issue turns on the right of people to be wrong. Since, however, nobody in morals has a right to be certainly wrong and if "error has no rights," we should rather speak of the right of people to experiment about what is right and to learn for themselves about taste by exercising their own judgment. We may have scepticism about whether "Government knows best." Trust in the judgment of the common freeman (about which he had yet very shrewd doubts) Aristotle made the very touchstone of democracy. Without going so far in scepticism and individualism as to affirm that "there is no disputing about tastes" (because there is), we may entertain a doubt whether any Government department,

or any public corporation or self-selected body of mentors, is entitled to tell us what finally is good for us in taste, values, morals or politics. Matthew Arnold praised Cardinal de Richelieu for preparing to set up a French Academy which should be a recognised master in terms of tone and taste. We may take advisers—but we will make our own choice about who these advisers shall be. This principle today occupies a central position in the controversy about the future of the monopoly B.B.C., broadcasting and television. In the United States there is no such monopoly, the Federal Government limiting its intervention to technical matters of wave-length distribution. Nor does it exist in Canada where, under a not unsuccessful system, the national broadcasting corporation is in competition with private companies.

It is true that the applications of this principle, like all exercises of freedom, have to be subject to restrictions in the interest of a good public order. And here, of course, the rub comes. In the United Kingdom, although not in the United States, there is a mild censorship of the theatre, seldom (matters affecting the royal family apart) exercised politically but rather against "gags" of more than a nautical shade of blueness. In the United States there is a voluntary censorship accepted by the film industry under threat of worse. Hence the principle of "no censorship," despite the *Areopagitica*, only obtains in the book industry as an idiosyncrasy and not as a sacred principle of general application. Nor can we sharply distinguish the fields. That grave and serious matters of morals are only affected by what people read in books and newspapers, and not by what they see in the theatres, films, and television, is nonsense. But to accept a censorship against obscenity and the like is one thing and to admit a monopoly mentorship of good taste is quite another. It can be—I do not say that it need be—controversial, inquisitorial and pernicious. I do not say that the basic principles of democracy, including trust in the judgement of the common man, are beyond controversy. They are not: dictatorship by the politically or educationally conscious vanguard or by some kind of scientific, aesthetic or other clerisy, has a case. But I do say that a monopoly mentorship is dead contrary to those principles of democracy.

It was, at first, proposed that any private broadcasting corporation in Britain shall not be permitted to broadcast or televise on religion or politics. Except as a merely temporary precaution I do not know why. As to politics it seems to be highly undemocratic, except as a provisional exclusion for technical reasons. So soon as wavelengths become available I know no reason, if there is solid ground to fear partiality, why the T.U.C. and Co-operative Societies should not own their own stations. Exclusion cuts out from the field some of the most eminently desirable public commentators. I can see, of course, that permission can be inconvenient to the discipline and vested interests of party machines. Perhaps the private corporation might invite in unrepresentative or unofficial or unpopular politicians (I mean with the party central offices). But then the B.B.C. has already had to confront complaints of this same kind, when it found the more official back benchers to be dull as broadcasters and chose others. The question here is whether a democracy, given time, can detect a demagogue, given rope. Maybe not; but I like to hope so.

As touching religion the Bishop of Oxford utters a weighty protest against any exclusion; and it is interesting to notice how, in free competition, a religious broadcaster such as Bishop Fulton Sheen has built up an immense public to hear his presentations of Christian faith and apologetics. On the other hand, within the last year, a pacifist speaker could be heard and seen in the States, on radio and video, who could not be heard in Britain.

There are two major arguments, from the point of view of those concerned for the first of the Four Freedoms, against monopoly national television and broadcasting, one negative and the other positive. Negatively, it is dangerous by what it has arbitrary power to exclude. Positively, it is dangerous because of what it may arrogate to itself the power to inculcate. "It is not what they want," said the Lord Protector, "it's what's good for them—that is the question." This is a view that has been heard throughout the ages. Among the two or three humorous Latin inscriptions in London (one being over Admiralty Arch) not the least eminent is that in Broadcasting House which, by the slightest of misconstructions, seems to identify Lord Reith with God Almighty. It is not for nothing that Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, in *The B.B.C. from Within*, animadverted to the dictatorial powers of two of the Directors-General. Lord Reith referred, as "a fundamental," to "the brute force of monopoly" and modestly added, in *Into the Wind*, that "I have always functioned best when responsibility and decisions rested solely with me." Referring rather to Sir William Haley's direction, Lord Simon comments: "I fear that complacency is a real danger to the B.B.C." In the entertainment world, but assuredly not only there, if the B.B.C. does not like anyone the appeal is not to the consumer, the public. There is no appeal and there is nowhere else, in the world "on the air," to which to look.

It is, moreover, a fact that societies nationally famous, when selecting their speakers, con through the lists of those who have spoken on the B.B.C. It is, therefore, no exaggeration to say that, indirectly but actually, the B.B.C. has a patronage with the sovereign public exceeding in power the royal patronage of the Eighteenth Century. It is a dangerous power, much too great, to make or mar, for any small group of men to have. It has been said that, thirty years hence, no one will succeed in politics who has not got a private radio station at his command. It might be said that, disastrous although this could be, it would be yet more disastrous if he had to have a national monopoly station as his patron.

On the positive side, I have been impressed by a remark made to me by a member of the Beveridge Commission on Broadcasting. "If the public is given a chance between bad taste and good taste, of course it prefers bad taste." This is what may be described as the "superior intelligentsia" attitude, peculiarly British and the new form of class rule. I am not for the moment arguing whether the view is true. It is not the American or Canadian view, but these may be quite wrong. The B.B.C. is probably not as beset with the results of a little group of mutual admirers being in charge, who find each other amusing, as have been certain other British public corporations at certain well-known epochs in their career. Nevertheless the danger is real. And I am unable to make any philo-

sophical distinction between issues of educated taste (except that the criteria here may be less certain) and issues of educated values. Shall the public then have their values decided for them, by choice of persons or themes, and perhaps expounded in the well-known style of a *Times* editorial? If I had to entrust my conscience to (or have it informed by) a traditional church or the staff of the B.B.C. I know which I would choose. It would be better than the latter to have the ghostly presences of the Founding Fathers, as in America, as the counsellors of our social conscience. There seems to me to be an element of impertinence in a small group, whether self-selected or Government appointed, deciding what is good taste for me—not as a sound point of view, but as a monopoly, apart from my own free choice of faith. Against this I am protestant.

I suggest that this whole argument has to be taken very seriously indeed. I am well aware that liberty may belong only to virtue and that moral service may be "perfect freedom," the true slavery being bondage to vice. The question is: who settles what is moral service and what is vice? Should we choose to accept the democratic philosophy, then I submit that it follows that the public must have the right to experiment in what is right, even if wrong; to be crude and clumsy; to learn by its errors; to grow. We have time. Or have we? Admittedly Mr. Gladstone, while saying ("at Chester") that the principle of the Tory Party is "distrust of the people qualified by fear," added that "the principle of the Liberal Party is trust in the people qualified by prudence." Liberalism, from the days of James Mill, believed that "the middle class, which gives to science, to art, and to legislation itself their most distinguished ornaments, the chief source of all that has exalted and refined human nature, is that portion of the community of which . . . the opinion would ultimately prevail." Perhaps these views may have swayed Lady Violet Bonham Carter and others.

The problem here goes to the very basis of education and of the question "who is to decide who should educate whom in what." Is it to be the Marxist clergy or the Catholic clergy or Archbishop Fisher—or is it to be Sir William Haley (to whose credit, as Lord Simon says, it should be put that he left school at fifteen) of the B.B.C. and *Times*, a man of firm character? These are indeed problems, not local, but of the civilisation of the Twentieth Century and (as Plato said it would be) of democracy itself and its opinions.

The technical problems of private corporations in broadcasting are, as the newly published White Paper makes clear, not as prohibitive as have been alleged. The original reason for establishing, under a Conservative Administration, a national monopoly system sustained financially through the Post Office may have been, in part, an obvious analogy with other Post Office activities for what was, in Savoy Hill days, a very precarious undertaking and, in part, considerations of national security. Incidentally (and as against an argument used by Mrs. Stocks), it is worthwhile to point out that the Postmaster-General is not entitled to open our mail and to decide which of it would be for our good to have delivered, even if he is the obvious person to deliver it. Some feel that a general programme of nationalisation, in affairs of iron and coal and banking and "some other such low concerns," commits them to a particular point of

view in the higher contracts of the things of the mind. The only contract here is with truth. The present writer has been a life-long adherent of the Labour Party, because he believed that its policy was more likely to conduce to a concrete and substantial liberty for the weekly wage earner, without discrimination of race, than lay in the tendencies of a party among whose elected representatives a manual worker was still a rarity. It may be that he was mistaken; and this is merely inserted as an autobiographical comment. But, assuredly, the issues of nationalisation in matters affecting staple industries, national monopolies, fiscal decisions touching the pockets of all, which *debent ab omnibus approbari*, are something fundamentally different, as different as they well can be, from all proposals for a spiritual monopoly, based on police power and not choice.

To many advertising is a scandal. I shall not discuss discreet B.B.C. advertising or even mention whether Mr. Gillie Potter's alliterative charge was right about "boosting bawdy books." The B.B.C. is indeed very discreet and, like any efficient benevolent despotism, highly tolerant in whatever does not matter. But I fail to see why those who are not scandalised by the consideration that the *Times* and *Observer* and *Manchester Guardian*, so far as they do not run at a loss, run on the basis of advertisements related to circulation, as well as of subscriptions, yet are horrified by the thought of Reckitt's Blue or Mr. Gollancz being advertised on the air with the propriety which we might expect. Or is it Johnny Walker who terrifies?

The decision is that the advertisers will no more control policy or contents than they do in the *Observer*. They will not be sponsors able to pick and dictate the views and news. They will be sold space in time. The sensitive public will doubtless get used to ignoring advertisements on the air as in the press. Others like them. It may, however be said that we have here a captive audience, the presumption being that the customer who has paid all of fourpence for a copy of the *Times* is not captive. Nevertheless the member of this audience is free to decapitate his captor by the turn of the knob, and to return to the B.B.C. programme which, as a monopoly, is oddly enough not supposed to have a captive audience. It is not even the case, hitherto, that the regional programmes of the B.B.C. are in genuine competition as touching the decentralised supply of speakers and artists. The tyranny is total.

I have discussed the very real issues here at stake. I do not wish to appear to overlook the equally real difficulties. It was Bernard Shaw (scarcely a democrat in good standing) who said that "all culture is imposed from above." Those who have a deep aristocratic distrust of the good judgment of the common man, who is thought of as the inevitable dupe of demagogues in politics and of charlatans in art, have their case. It is even formidable and I should be the last to deny that, if we decide against culture as imposed by the secular arm, the little man being taken by the scruff of the neck and elevated to higher things by a kick in the pants of his lower nature, we are taking great risks. Some think them worthwhile. I am indeed sure that everything will be done, in this great country, with a fair linen decency and decorum, and not without benefit of lawn sleeves. This is one recognised route in Britain of progress and

liberation. I praise it. I am no disrespecter of Areopagites. But I am solidly sure that if we have more Areopagi than one, a spiritual garden blooming with many Bloomsburies, we shall be very much safer. The great socialised corporations, incidentally, will have the money to advertise. The Conservative Party will now have to consider what small private enterprise shall do, singly or co-operatively, to persuade us, for example, to drink milk.

Music, as Plato said, decides politics. He was serious and he was right. Is the prospect with competitive television merely one of tango and rhumba, bebop and jive? Who said that there should not be a strict censorship against "sex" and sadism—which might later be applied to the press too, in curtailment of its over-ripe and fruity liberties? I am not against stern checks being put upon some who would be ahead of the rest in giving the public what it wants. Forty million Englishmen can be wrong from ignorance, political or artistic. But some trust in the natural good in human beings, as well as awareness of their original sin, is necessary if democracy is to survive. And it is surely an interesting and relevant consideration that, during the war, when the authorities found they had opera singers in the ranks, they offered them to the troops to sing popular numbers. But it was "the ranks" who set up a popular demand that opera singers should sing opera. Maybe the rankers were B.B.C. trained. Maybe, however, it was they who demanded this better training.

Maybe that just as a B.B.C. manner gave Lord Baldwin great advantages, and radio enabled Mr. Roosevelt to toast marshmallows with the home folks before the national fireside, so competitive television will sweep Mr. Aneurin Bevan into power. And maybe not. At least if a mistake is made there will always be those who are ready to return by legislation to the national monopoly, perhaps once again under some future *Times* editor. At least it seems to be a responsible thing to suggest that we could take a chance with freedom, and with seeing how and what the millions wish to sing. That chance I would take.

GEORGE CATLIN.

ATOMS, HYDROGEN AND HUMANITY

ALL material things are composed of one or more of some 90 elements. Each element consists ultimately of minute particles called atoms, so incredibly small that counting at the rate of one atom per second it would take over a million years to estimate the number in a piece of matter about the size of a marble. Since August 6th, 1945, when the news was broadcast to the world that the Japanese city of Hiroshima had been devastated by an atomic bomb, we have passed into the atomic age, and the time has come when everyone should have some idea as to what an atom might look like, if we could see it, and of how energy can be obtained from it. Each element has its own distinctive type of atom, and when elements combine to form compounds the ultimate particles of the latter, called molecules, contain whole numbers of the atoms of the elements concerned. It is possible, therefore, to estimate the relative weights of atoms from an analysis of the compounds in which they occur, and it is

now usual to express the atomic weight of the elements relative to the weight of the oxygen atom, to which an atomic weight of 16 is assigned. On this scale the atomic weight of hydrogen, the lightest element, is 1.008, of helium, the next element, 4.003, and of Uranium, the heaviest element, 238.07. In the 19th century atoms, as their name implies, were regarded as indivisible, but this view could no longer be maintained after 1898, when J. J. Thompson, at Cambridge, showed that minute particles, now called electrons, were emitted by the atoms of any gas when an electric discharge was passed through it. An electron is a minute charge of negative electricity with a weight two thousand times smaller than that of a hydrogen atom. Atoms are, however, uncharged, so that if they contain negative charges they must contain an equal number of positive charges to neutralise them.

Following some years of research at Manchester University, Rutherford finally showed that the positive charges in an atom are situated on a nucleus at its centre, and that the electrons rotate about the nucleus in much the same way as the planets about the sun. His experiments indicated that atoms, far from being solid, are highly porous structures, the empty spaces in an atom being proportionately as large as those in the solar system. On Rutherford's theory, hydrogen, the lightest atom, consists of a nucleus, of weight almost the same as that of the atom itself, with a single planetary electron rotating around it. The hydrogen nucleus is now called a proton, and it carries a positive charge of the same size as the negative charge of the electron; this charge is called the unit charge. In 1919 Rutherford showed that protons could be knocked out of the nuclei of other atoms, and in 1930 Chadwick found that neutrons could also be obtained from atomic nuclei. A neutron has about the same weight as a proton from which it differs only in the fact that it is uncharged. It is now believed that, with the exception of hydrogen, the nuclei of all atoms are built up out of protons and neutrons which, together with the electrons, are the fundamental units out of which matter of all types is composed. The number of protons in a nucleus determines the nuclear charge, and, starting from hydrogen with nuclear charge one, this increases by one unit as we proceed from element to element up to uranium, the 92nd element, for which the charge is 92. In any atom the number of planetary electrons is numerically equal to the nuclear charge. The total number of protons and neutrons determines the atomic weight. Helium, the second element, for example, has an atomic weight of about 4 and a nuclear charge 2. It consists, therefore, of 2 protons and 2 neutrons. J. J. Thomson, and later F. W. Aston, developed at Cambridge an electromagnetic method of weighing atoms to an accuracy of about one part in ten thousand. They found that most chemical elements are composed of two or more types of atoms, each differing in weight but having the same nuclear charge. Atoms of the same element which have the same properties but different weights are now called isotopes. Since the chemical identity of an atom is determined solely by its nuclear charge, it follows that isotopes of given elements contain the same number of protons but different number of neutrons in their nuclei.

Now to the problem of energy from atoms. In the theory of relativity proposed by Einstein, he showed that energy of all kinds possessed weight

of its own. Thus if a body gains energy its weight increases by an amount determined by the energy acquired, or if it loses energy there is a corresponding loss in weight. A body possesses more energy when in motion than it does at rest, but the corresponding increase in its weight is very small. The energy that a man puts into a life-time of manual labour would weigh little more than a few specks of dust. Einstein derived this relation between mass (weight) and energy; if one gramme of matter were converted into energy the total energy set free would suffice to maintain a 4,000 horse power engine for over ten years. Evidence for the liberation of energy in this way was first obtained in 1932 by Cockcroft and Walton. They designed a giant machine at the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge for producing half a million volts, in which protons could be accelerated to enormously high speeds. On allowing them to fall on a thin target made of the metal lithium, a proton occasionally collided directly with and became embedded in the nucleus of a lithium atom. A lithium nucleus contains 4 neutrons and 3 protons, which with the embedded proton forms an unstable structure that immediately breaks up into a pair of helium nuclei each containing 2 protons and 2 neutrons. These fly off in opposite directions with enormous energy. The total weight of the helium nuclei is slightly less than that of the proton and lithium nucleus from which they are formed, and Cockcroft and Walton found that the weight loss corresponded exactly to the total energy liberated. This was the first time that atomic energy was liberated in the laboratory, and the total energy emission was exceedingly small, since collisions between protons and lithium nuclei were very rare. In other elements the energy release was found to be equivalent to the mass loss, and it became clear that nuclear matter is the fuel from which atomic energy is derived. Later atomic transformations were effected by bombarding the elements with neutrons. Neutrons are very powerful weapons for attacking nuclei as, owing to their lack of electric charge, they are not repelled by the positive charge of the nuclei. It was shown in 1939 that the uranium nucleus, after absorbing a neutron, splits into two almost equal fragments with explosive violence due to an unusually large mass loss. Moreover, under certain conditions this fission process appeared to be cumulative, since in addition to the main fragments more neutrons are liberated which initiate a chain reaction by carrying on the process to the surrounding uranium nuclei.

There are five isotopes of uranium of weights 238, 235, and 234. Of these uranium 235 is fissionable even by very slow neutrons, and it is only in this isotope that an explosive chain reaction is possible. It occurs only to the extent of about 1 per cent in ordinary uranium, so that for use in the atomic bomb this isotope had to be separated from ordinary uranium, this being the main technical difficulty which had to be overcome in producing the first atom bomb. The possibility of a chain reaction in uranium 238 is ruled out by the fact that its nucleus is fissionable only by neutrons of high energy. It can, however, combine with the neutrons emitted by the fission of uranium 235. When this happens it forms a new element of atomic weight 239 and of nuclear charge 93; it is called neptunium. This new element is, however, unstable and quickly becomes transformed into another element, plutonium with a nuclear charge 94

and an atomic weight 239. Like uranium 235 this element is of importance because it is fissionable by neutrons of any energy. In the bomb dropped on Hiroshima, uranium 235 was used. In the second bomb at Nagasaki, plutonium was used. And what is the hydrogen bomb? The fact that the sun consists of a massive globe of hydrogen suggested that its energy might be derived either from the annihilation of its hydrogen, or its conversion into some other element. It is now thought that the energy is produced by the conversion of hydrogen into helium.

One way in which this may happen is the so called "Carbon Cycle" in which a carbon atom undergoes a series of nuclear rearrangements in the course of which it collects 4 protons. Two of these protons change into a pair of neutrons and finally unite with the two unchanged protons to form a helium nucleus. There is a weight loss in this process and energy is liberated; this energy is heat and light some of which reached the earth. The nuclear reactions constituting the "Carbon Cycle" arise from the speed and frequency of the collisions between atoms at the high temperature (of the order of 20 to 40 millions of degrees), prevailing in the central regions of the sun, so that the formation of helium from hydrogen is essentially a thermo-nuclear reaction. In producing energy in this way the sun loses about 4 million tons of its weight per second, but despite this it has enough fuel to maintain its present energy output for another 50,000 million years.

The synthesis of helium is the central idea behind all projects for producing a hydrogen bomb. One suggestion is to simulate the Cockcroft and Walton experiment on a large scale by causing the atoms of hydrogen and lithium to produce helium at a temperature of the order of some millions of degrees, produced by the explosion of some fissile uranium as a detonator. Another suggestion, probably the one which has been tried out in America, is to synthesise helium by the combination of ordinary hydrogen and its rarer isotope tritium under high temperature conditions.

In producing helium from hydrogen alone it has been calculated that 180,000 kilowatt hours of energy would be released from every gramme of hydrogen transmuted. The equivalent calculation for the fission of one gramme of uranium (235) gives an energy release of only 20,000 kilowatt hours. The relative power of the hydrogen bomb would, however, be increased by the fact that the fusion process would be much more efficient than the fission process, also by the fact that there is no limit to the size of a hydrogen bomb, whereas the uranium bomb cannot be increased in size beyond a certain critical amount. It is claimed for this reason that a hydrogen bomb could be as much as a hundred times more powerful than a uranium bomb.

In view of the international struggle for supremacy in the design and use of atomic weapons of war, it is hardly surprising to find that even among responsible people there are many who regard the release of nuclear energy as an unfortunate discovery. Actually such a view cannot be justified since it is already clear that the use of this source of energy for peaceful purposes offers almost unlimited possibilities. First and foremost is the contribution which the release of nuclear energy is likely to make to the world's power supply. Although still in the experimental stage, atomic piles, in which energy is being generated under controlled con-

ditions, are now being operated both in Great Britain and in the U.S.A. In these piles a large quantity of heat is produced, and this can be carried away by the flow of a suitably driven liquid or gas through the uranium, and caused to generate superheated steam to drive engines, etc. Most of the outstanding technical difficulties are associated with finding suitable materials for use in this transfer of the heat from the pile. They have to stand up both to high temperatures and to the extremely powerful radiations emitted within the pile; also they must not absorb neutrons to any appreciable extent. Assuming that such difficulties have been overcome, as they will be, it would seem that the most useful application of nuclear energy will be in the industrialisation of large mobile units. In America an atomic power submarine is at present under construction. This, it is claimed, will revolutionise naval strategy and tactics, for atomic powered submarines will be able to travel under water without surfacing at regular intervals for refuelling. Atomic powered aeroplanes are also now in the experimental stage.

Ultimately the large scale application of nuclear power is dependent upon the availability of nuclear fuel. One pound of fissionable uranium is equivalent in energy output to 15,000 tons of coal or 8,000 barrels of oil, and it is reckoned that the present "proved" supplies of uranium 235 could supply the world with power for about six months, which could be extended to 50 years if all the available uranium 238 could be converted into fissionable plutonium. The use of Thorium for conversion into uranium 235 would further extend this period. Since November 1951 a large block of offices has been heated by atomic power at Harwell, and the Atomic Energy Commission Depot at Idaho now produces all its own electricity from their atomic pile. Undoubtedly the great problem in connection with power production on a large scale is the enormous capital outlay involved. It is estimated that £1,000 M. would be required for the plant needed to provide 50 per cent. of the present electrical consumption in England. Once in operation, however, the generation of electrical energy from atomic piles could compete economically with the conventional coal burning methods.

Of more importance so far have been the advances in medicine, science and various branches of industry arising from the use of radio isotopes produced in atomic piles. Already radio-active forms of almost all the elements have been obtained in this way. Those of longer life like Cobalt 60, a powerful gamma ray emitter, are being used with great success as a substitute for radium to which they are, in some respects, superior and are far cheaper. Radio cobalt has a half life of 5.3 years, which means that within this time it loses half its gamma ray activity. At Cambridge 2 radio-iridium bombs, with a gamma ray emission equivalent to 20 grams of radium, are in constant use. Radio iridium has a half life of 70 days: one of the bombs is kept at Harwell for re-activation whilst the other is being used. Radio isotopes of short life, of which a great many are now available, have the added advantage that they can be introduced by injection into parts of the body inaccessible to radium. Further, the dose can be controlled automatically by using radio isotopes of known lifetime, and in many cases small doses of the isotopes delivered in this way migrate selectively to that particular part of the body upon which they

are required to act, since special tissues automatically absorb certain elements. Use is made in surgery of the fact that radio sodium, injected into the bloodstream, is carried to every part of the body and so, by the use of a Geiger counter, the circulation in any particular region of the body can be checked. Tracer techniques can also be applied to studies of the absorption by certain foods and drugs within the body. Recently, heavy nitrogen produced in America has been used with great success for investigating gout.

In industry radio isotopes are being used in many fields. In, for example, the production of synthetic textiles like nylon and rayon, electrification by friction in the weaving machine causes the collection of dust. With a little radio isotope near by the charges leak away through the air, thus dust accumulation is prevented. The use of tracer techniques in chemistry for following the course of chemical reactions is obvious, and the employment of tracer elements has already added extensively to our knowledge of various processes in agriculture, such as the absorption of certain elements by plants and the efficiency of fertilisers, whilst the study of plant diseases is being developed along similar lines to those employed in medicine. The advent of atomic energy gives promise of spectacular advances in the near future, and the development of its many applications must ultimately bring great material benefits to mankind. The realisation of this promise is, however, not solely in the hands of the scientist; it is fundamentally a political problem dependent upon our ability to ensure by international co-operation that this greatest of all scientific achievements shall never again be used for purposes of destruction in war.

J. A. TEEGAN.

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SIBELIUS

JEAN SIBELIUS is not only the greatest living composer, but the greatest Symphonic composer since Beethoven. Renewing the symphonic form by striking fresh paths and opening new vistas, he achieved for music in this century what Beethoven did for his time. His work scales the entire gamut of musical creation, from the light lilt of his "Valse Triste" to the sombre Fourth Symphony, descending to depths of Hades never plumbed in music before. An old Finnish saying holds that "music is born of sorrow" and the vast horizons of Finland are tinged with melancholy. One has to be a Finn to experience the full meaning of his famous tone poem "Finlandia", or to feel fortified by the dark terror of "Tapiola." All the world, however, feels the radiance of his Symphonies and hails the classic simplicity and serenity of that culmination of his genius, the Seventh.

His music has a universal appeal, yet it is essentially Finnish, nurtured by Finnish mythology and poetry, shaped and moulded by the Finnish landscape. The greatest interpreter of the spirit of his people and of the beauty of his country, his name has become as symbolic for Finland as Chopin is for Poland. His are not the lilting streams of Beethoven's Pastoral, as they have nothing of the fragrance of an English summer which

pervades Delius. Sibelius' music has the primaeval strength, the myriad sounds and colour and textures of the eternal struggle with elementary force of a land of granite locked in ice during long dark winters, an awe-inspiring solitude matched by his spacious phrasing. One has to know Finland to realise how the music of Sibelius rings everywhere in Finnish ears. The serene oboe melody of the Scherzo in his Second Symphony hangs over those island-dotted lakes, and the lake waters madly race over the Imatra Rapids with the resounding fortissimo of the last movement in that Symphony. The sea and the wind crashing over the granite boulders on the coast and inland seas found their reverberation in the adagio of the first movement of the Fourth which is so evocative in its entirety of the solitary mood of endless snow-carpeted forests of silver birches.

When his people's struggle for independence reached the height of foreign oppression, Sibelius expressed in his Symphonic Poem "Finlandia" a protest which it was then forbidden to voice in words. One can easily understand how the composer could not be divorced from his country. He refused to leave it in the Civil War when Communist sentries prowled outside his room "like beasts." He refused all offers to be evacuated during the recent war. "I must live in Finland. If I ever abandoned my own country, it would finish me and mean death to my art."

"Ainola," the home which he built himself over half a century ago, is a compact villa set on a knoll in a pine grove overlooking Lake Tunsula, an hour's train journey from Helsinki. It looks sturdy with its deep red tiles, the log and timber walls, set on stone foundations. Early this century the hamlet was an artists' colony. It changed after the Russian invasion when thousands of refugees from Soviet-annexed Karelia were settled here, and made Jarvenpaa a miniature boom town, emergency dwellings dotting patchwork acres. "No," said Sibelius when I asked him, "I could not bring myself to move. One loves one's home because of the joys as well as the sorrows which one has lived in it. I couldn't just uproot all that." We sat in his library on the ground floor, the end of a suite of rooms of which the sophisticated salon leads into a peasant art dining room, the dining room into his study. Above the Steinway Grand hangs a laurel wreath from the late Marshal Mannerheim. Sibelius filled a homespun-covered easy chair, lighting a vintage cigar, steadying with his left fist his badly shaking right hand.

He is a very big man, but not oppressively so, since his build is well proportioned. His well cut suit gave him plenty of room as did his collar a few sizes too large for the turtle-leather neck. And what a head! I had seen it hewn in marble by Aaltonen; now I faced it as cast by nature in all its strength—the very embodiment of the Finnish national epic, the Kalevala. He is as bald as a billiard ball, his skin the colour of ivory. His high forehead is deeply furrowed, a mass of wrinkles when in thought; I counted between the eyebrows six deep vertical furrows. His large, piercing ice-blue eyes are ageing with a tinge of grey. His ears are beautifully shaped; the sensitive mouth is tightly drawn above the controlled energy of the jutting jaw. He looks in appearance every inch the titan of the man he is in his music. For all his embodiment of Finland, Sibelius is hardly a pure-blooded Finn. A genealogical table of about

1700 shows his 32 direct ancestors living then as only four pure Finns against nine pure Swedes, 18 Finnish-Swedes, and one German. It proves his theory (as does the example of Flemish descended Ludwig van Beethoven) that environment and tradition are much more formative of national characteristics than racial origins. The very fact that the composers' ancestry can be traced back so far so minutely evidences that he is not the peasant-prodigee as he has occasionally been made out to be. The great majority of his ancestors were professional men, ministers of religion, small landowners or yeomen.

He was born on December 8th, 1865, in the small inland town of Tavastehus. His father died when he was two, and the three children were brought up by their mother in her mother's house. An aunt gave him his first music lessons, later he went to the military bandmaster of the town. Janne, as he was called at home, played the violin, his brother Christian (later Professor of Psychiatry at Helsinki University) the piano, and their sister the 'cello. His first composition as a boy, "Drops of Water", was written for their Trio. Music soon took hold of him with a power that set aside all his other interests, but his grandmother considered it too risky a career and insisted that he should study law. He set off for the University, but his law studies did not last more than two terms. All he had somewhat comically to show for it was a change of Christian name. His godfather was an uncle, a sea captain. In the fashion of his time Uncle Johan used the frenchified version of his Christian name when abroad. After his death they found a big supply of fine visiting cards which his nephew and namesake felt he might as well use up, and the Christian name Jean has stuck ever since.

An intervention with Grandmama—who ruled the fatherless family—allowed Jean to switch over to the Conservatoire. He studied for six years there, and made a valuable friend in a young Italian pianoforte professor Ferruccio Busoni. He then went to study abroad for some years; in Berlin he made the acquaintance of Richard Strauss, in Vienna Brahms—who rarely praised—thought well of his song compositions. Returning home at the age of 26, he became professor in composition and violin at the Helsinki Conservatoire which has since been renamed after himself. A year later he married the beautiful daughter of a distinguished General and provincial Governor, Jarnefelt, the champion of Tolstoy. Her two brothers made a name in their own right, Armas as Director of the Stockholm Opera and Eero as a painter. *Petite*, graceful Aino Jarnefelt had many gifts; she was a fine pianist, a good linguist, and she had the ability of looking after money all the more useful as her husband had not. Sibelius calls his five daughters his best symphonies. All startlingly beautiful and variedly talented, they were married before they were twenty-one. Ruth Snellman, the actress wife of a well-known actor, lives in Snellman Square in Helsinki, named after a statesman-relation. Two other daughters—one of them now widowed—married bankers; one an architect and the youngest, Mme. Jalas, the conductor of the Theatre Orchestra. They all live in Helsinki. I asked Sibelius if he ever regretted not having a son. "No," he replied, "my daughters are such a joy that I never felt I missed anything." Added his wife—who, notwithstanding a face all wrinkles under her silver white hair, is one of the most graceful

octagenarians that one could meet—"There has always been enough of a boy in my husband for both of us."

The first public performances of Sibelius' compositions received such a reception that press and public besieged the Government to grant him a regular state allowance. Thus, at the early age of 32, he could dis-embarrass himself of teaching and dedicate himself entirely to his music—and never has a subsidy paid richer dividends. It was then that he built the house in Järvenpää which he named "Ainola" after his wife. Paris was the first city to recognise the rising star. His fame and his repute as a conductor soon spread over the Continent. Sir Granville Bantock invited him to England. As long ago as 1914 the University of Yale made him an Honorary Doctor. He was never a Bohemian starving for his muse, never had to fight for recognition; few composers have lived so smooth a life or have been so successful right from the start. His brow ploughed with deep furrows, his face of a Nordic Jacob who has battled with the Angels, reflects his inner battles rather than his outward circumstances. He has recast tenaciously works that roused the world to enthusiasm because they did not satisfy him completely. He has been a dreamer all his life. As a boy he walked the forests in search of fairies and goblins. All his life he has been supersensitive to the rhythm of nature, a ray of light, the falling of a leaf, the patter of rain. He still can sit for long silent hours to listen to the intensive life of the night. For his ear each note of nature has its musical value. Rosa Newmarch has described how he took her to see the mighty rapids of Imatra. "Sibelius", she recounts, "had at that time a passion for trying to catch the pedal notes of natural forces. The pedal note of Imatra no man has gauged, but he often seemed satisfied with the results of his rapt listening, when he caught the basic sounds of forest, or of the wind whistling over lakes and moorlands." Once he stopped on a walk irritated by the pungent smell of hemp; when he came home it inspired him to a grotesque "Capriccio."

Most of his composing was done before he touched the piano. He wandered in the woods, sat up late on his balcony overlooking the lake, wrestling mentally while a work was taking shape in his mind with a preoccupied intensity hardly bearable to those around him. Once he sets himself down to translate the mentally completed composition into notes, it goes at a great pace. His pen whizzes over the sheets, he composes all the instruments at the same time so that the entire score springs up simultaneously, bar by bar. He is a great and affable talker, but his work is anathema in his presence. Once when he got quite aggressively angry he apologised afterwards! "You know how the wings of a butterfly crumple at the merest touch—so it is with my compositions, the very mention is fatal."

He has not published a major composition these last twenty years or so but—piecing together circumstantial evidence—his family and intimates believe that he has an Eighth Symphony ready and may be working on a Ninth. Did he not once admit himself: "For three score years back I cannot remember a day when I have not thought in music." For him music begins where words end. He likes talking about nature. He can still recall the exact colours of a pheasant which, as a youth, he once saw flying against the setting sun, and every autumn he follows the migratory

birds, the wild swans flying south. The man has many facets, ranging from the Grandseigneur to the anchorite. He dresses fastidiously, is a connoisseur of food, and has a Socratic capacity for wine. He nearly chain smokes Havana cigars; their absence was his greatest privation of the war. Many stories still go the round of Helsinki of fabulous parties of the younger Sibelius with fellow musicians, actors, writers and painters in Rabelaisian conviviality. His interests are vast, he has never ceased loving the Greek and Latin classics of his College days, and he is well read especially in philosophy and history.

Nowadays, in his very old age when a visit to twenty miles away Helsinki has become an expedition, he listens to concerts every evening by his powerful radio set in his library into the early hours of the morning, yet rises early. Broadcasting, he holds, has materially spread the cult of good music. He has a theory that composers should write specifically for the radio, where the woodwinds come out well, but the strings tend to lose a good deal. Talking to him I was repeatedly surprised by the absence of any pose, by his still very quick comprehension and his close contact with music everywhere. As to his own taste, Beethoven—both as man and as composer—is his idol. He considers Mozart and Mendelssohn the greatest orchestral composers, thinks Wagner too rich—though he does not seem to mind the overrichness of Bloch—and finds Puccini too perfumed, though, on the other hand, he admits to liking Verdi. We had been standing near a shelf in his library, entirely filled with books on himself. It was a darkish day, and suddenly the room lit up. "Look," cried Sibelius, as he walked with firm step to the window and gazed out at the forest "now the sun comes." On the spur of the moment, though I feared that he might dismiss it as a reporter's superficial question, I asked him: "If you could hear only one more piece of music in your life, which would you choose?" He stood silent for a moment, glanced at the Rembrandtesque vision of the massed shafts of sun rays between the tall stems of silver birches, and then said quietly: "I think—above everything else—Handel's *Largo*."

KEES VAN HOEK.

TRADE UNIONS IN FRANCE

TRADE UNIONS stem from the economy of our age. Marx sounded a clarion call to workers everywhere to unite. He misjudged human loyalties, for trade unions are reared in national soils. In France, labour life reflects the same influences that condition her political life. Her parliament is fractioned, her trade unions splintered. French trade unions owe their origins to the Waldeck-Rousseau law of 1884. Once the right to associate was legalised, workers organised dually, in unions and bourses de travail. Unions and bourses fused to form the Confédération Générale du Travail, the French T.U.C.

The period till 1914 was an heroic age. The C.G.T. advanced the traditional claims for better pay and conditions of work, soon adding demands for "the three eights", eight hours each of work, sleep and leisure. It was of course antimilitary for "workers bear the cost of all wars, should

they bear arms to massacre other workers?". It was suspicious of "government, the ally of the patron". It worked for the end of wagery and the master class. It advocated the revolutionary general strike to secure the emancipation of the workers and to prevent war. At the Congress of Amiens 1906, "the constitutive charter of French trade unions", it decided to keep aloof from all political parties. The rebellious heritage of France seemed incarnate in her syndicats. May day processions were redolent of revolutionary grandeur. Syndicats rejoiced in being anti-patriotic. Historians who like to tidy human growth explained the emergence of this fearsome phenomenon as socially logical. Just as the bourgeoisie had replaced an effete aristocracy, so the tiers état were to replace the exhausted bourgeoisie. Since 1909 this C.G.T. was guided by the statesmanlike hands of Léon Jouhaux. The war in 1914 came as a shock to the trade union world. The only war it had envisaged was one against capitalism for "workers have no patrie, all wars are an attack on the working classes." Yet everywhere workers marched against workers. This blow however proved creatively testing. War transformed the C.G.T. from a rebel stronghold into a bastion of society. Unions found they could no longer isolate themselves from the nation for they were part of the patrie. They became aware of the constructive role they could play. They accepted it as their duty, to rebuild, reorganise and reconstruct and share in the reconstruction.

So the C.G.T. associated itself with the post-war social and economic renovation, in creating an International Labour Office and a League of Nations. But war had also fostered Red Revolution, and the Soviet bird song was heard appealing and raucous across the plains of Europe, and trade unions that had kept aloof from national politics became entangled in world politics. Red Moscow gave focus to those who still held pre-war "anti", feelings and to the vast unanchored, whom success had swept into the movement. Complaints arose against leaders who had allied themselves with the bourgeoisie, who had compromised with their masters, who had accepted the League of Nations, the new Holy Alliance of Capitalist States. At the splinter Congress of Lyons, 1921, the dissidents raised the cry *Vive la République Internationale des Soviets* and seceded to form the break-away C.G.T. Unitaire. So the French trade-union world was splintered as a result of forces outside the ambit of unionism, and C.G.T. and C.G.T.U. vilified each other and outbid one another for workers' support. The C.G.T. sought to teach workers how to use the tools for their liberation. In 1924 it issued a programme based on workers' control and an industrial democracy. In 1928 it helped to inaugurate the welfare state. In 1934 it summoned an États Généraux du Travail to thrash out a plan for economic well being. Political instability however went parallel with economic dislocation and Fascist groups in 1934 broke out in open rebellion. The *riposte* was speedy. Democracy rallied to form a Rassemblement Populaire, and C.G.T. and C.G.T.U. reunited. They serenaded their manifestations with the Internationale and the Marseillaise. On the crest of that wave, Léon Blum surged to power. The unified C.G.T. took control of the explosive strike fever and in June 1936 secured the Accord Matignon.

Unity had been forced on C.G.T. and C.G.T.U. by Fascist attacks, but

there were other equally potent reasons. France had but to glance beyond the Vosges where with menacing ease Hitler had wrecked the most powerful trade union movement in Europe. Moreover Muscovy was at last provoked by the Hitler dogma of Nordic expansion to re-form with France her traditional alliance. Stalin did not wish to have a divided France for an ally. The Laval-Stalin Pact geared labour unity. At the fusion Congress of Toulouse, C.G.T. and C.G.T.U. reunited. The cracks were but plastered over. Deep was the concern over Munich. Munichois and anti-Munichois, pacifists and bellicists divided the C.G.T. When it was seen that appeasement could not placate the dictators, belated negotiations began between London, Paris and Moscow. Then came the thunderbolt. To a bewildered world, there came the dread, meaningful news of the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact. And with pliant obedience, the C.G.T.U. broke away again from the C.G.T. There occurred the new scission in September 1939. In tragic sequence there followed the invasion of France, the June exodus, the Conspiracy of Bordeaux. France suffered the ugly apparatus of German occupation. Under the shelter of enemy bayonets, Pétain and Laval imposed the Charte du Travail, which all recognised as Reaction's revenge for the Matignon Agreements. In September 1940 they disbanded the C.G.T. They drove the C.G.T. underground. It proved a perillous and heroic experience, full of grandeur and sacrifice. Then again affairs beyond France came to shape her trade unions. On May 1943 Hitler invaded Russia. One dark night in that month, the break away unions reunited with the C.G.T. by the Perreux Agreement, against the invader and Vichy and to work for the Restoration.

It was a united C.G.T. that gave the order for the General Strike to aid the Allies in August 1944, that linked up with the National Council of Resistance, that sent delegates to the Consultative Assembly at Algiers, that welcomed de Gaulle. And again a united C.G.T. took part in the Reconstruction, the second in this Thirty Years War 1914-45. And again history repeated itself. While Europe was still groping to recovery, the shadow of Muscovy fell over the land. America sought to heal the war wounds by a European Recovery Programme. But Russia that had so victoriously aided Europe against both the Black and Brown Fascisms suspected her allies. When France responded to the offer made by Marshall, Stalin reacted sharply and Communist leaders launched a violent campaign against the Marshallisation of France. Russia's war effort, Communist self-sacrifice, post-war adhesions, all resulted that Communists dominated the C.G.T. and in December 1947 they drove Jouhaux and his friends into secession to form the C.G.T. Force Ouvrière. It was the third secession since 1914 and the gravest. For Communists now controlled the C.G.T., with its finances and its prestige, even its journal *L'Humanité*.

Trade Union disunity is further intensified by still another grouping the *Confédération Française des Travailleurs Chrétiens*. In that period of Marxist sway, when Black and Red Internationals competed for workers loyalty, the Holy Father issued the Encyclicals, *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*. Mother Church pleaded for industrial peace, for a just wage and the force of religion to sustain workers. Christian trade

unions were formed which in 1919 federated as the C.F.T.C. So clearly were its members "labour" that even the orthodox could not label them "jaunes". They worked with the reunited C.G.T. during the war against the Charte du Travail and to launch the strike to hasten the Liberation and the Restoration. The C.F.T.C. adds to the pluralism of French unions. Thus Trade Unions in France bear the impress of her people's individualism. They have moved far from their origins, for they are a *movement*. They indicate how workers mirror the national habitat, (in Russia they are state unions, in the U.S.A. they embody the dualism of the A.F.L. and the C.I.O., in Britain they embrace the statesmanlike unity of the T.U.C.). And in addition they have become politicalised. The largest centre, the C.G.T. (under Frachon), claims a membership of some 1,500,000 and is the trade union wing of the Communist Party. The C.G.T.F.O. (under Jouhaux) with a membership of about 1,000,000 is the trade union link with the Socialist Party, the C.F.T.C. with a membership of some 750,000 (under Tessier) is the industrial ally of the M.R.P. There are further such bodies as the *Confédération des Cadres*, the C.G.C., a federation of trade unions of executives and even unions with no affiliation to any centre. Even their figures are unreliable and the system of membership cards lends itself to doubt. Each centre issues cards and stamps to local unions and calculate their membership on the number of cards issued and not on the contributions received. Criticisms of trade unions have been continuous. Today critics complain that association rights have replaced the right to associate. Yet in spite of their divisions, in spite of their political affiliations, they contain a reserve of might and loyalty which enriches the lives of its members and constitutes a human challenge to the French economy. France would be the poorer without her unions.

VICTOR COHEN.

ROBERT BROWNING

RECENTLY quite a number of new books about Robert Browning have appeared. It is a fact well worth remembering that hitherto literally hundreds, both in England and in other countries, have been published, all, without exception, evoking a singularly consistent picture of this great English poet, the picture of a man of genius whose actual life did indeed approach the stature of his poetry, and that the majority by far were the testimonies of those who knew him personally. In the light of some of the recently proffered theories, it is interesting and important to recall these testimonies, for, as Mr. H. C. Duffin has remarked, ignorance about Browning is as dense and pervading as a December fog, so the public, lacking any yard-stick of comparison, are likely to believe as authentic any information offered them.

The key-note of the earlier, contemporary testimonies, was struck by Walter Savage Landor in the words he wrote in acknowledgment of the dedication of *Luria*:

... Since Chaucer was alive and hale
No man has walked along our roads with step
So active, so enquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. . .

William Sharp described Browning's as "the robustest intellect of the century," remarking that "He was essentially manly, so manly that many frail souls of either sex philandered about his over-robustness. From the twilight gloom of an aesthetic clique came a small voice belittling the great man as 'quite too loud, painfully excessive', 'but the consensus of opinion was that he was a man of indescribable charm,' a man to 'captivate any woman of kindred nature and sympathies.'" And it is clear that he captivated many besides the famous woman-poet who became his wife; all his life, as G. K. Chesterton tells us, he was friendly chiefly with women, who, with the outstanding exceptions of Joseph Milsand, the French critic, Alfred Domett, and Carlyle, were his closest friends. He is variously described as having in his early years "great comeliness and simple grace of manner", with a rare grace also in all his movements, and a characteristically high poise of the head, which made him appear taller than he actually was. "A swift alertness pervaded him, noticeable as much in the rapid changes of expression, as in the deepening and illuminating colours of his singularly expressive eyes, and in his sensitive mouth", and he had what was described as "a greyhound-like apprehension, which often grasped the subject in its entirety before its propounder himself realised its significance". According to Mrs. Bridell-Fox he was "slim, dark and very handsome", and the actor Macready said that he looked and spoke more like a youthful poet than any man he had ever seen. Mrs. Bridell-Fox gives an attractive and characteristic picture of him when he was about twenty-three, and she still a child:

"I remember . . . when Mr. Browning entered the drawing-room, with a quick, light step; and on hearing that nobody was at home but myself, he said, 'It's my birthday to-day; I'll wait till they come in', and sitting down at the piano, he added, 'If it won't disturb you, I'll play till they do'. And as he turned to the instrument, the bells of some neighbouring church suddenly burst out with a frantic merry peal. It seemed, to my childish fancy, as if in response to the remark that it was his birthday."

In childhood, according to his first biographer, Mrs. Sutherland Orr, he was handsome, vigorous and fearless, and early developed an unrelenting activity and a fiery temper. His energy of mind naturally made him a quick learner, so much so that when he was first sent to school his proficiency in reading and spelling was so far ahead of the other children that the mothers complained, and it was thought best to remove him from the school. Certainly the pupils had little chance against a boy who while still so small that his head was scarcely above the dining-table would walk around it, supporting himself by his hands and extemporising verse aloud. Moreover, at the age of eight he was able not only to read but to delight in Pope's translation of Homer, and used to go about declaiming some of the couplets with a most earnest air. Mrs. Orr, who was a close personal friend, says that "he clamoured for occupation from the moment he could speak"; the result was that when he could read he laid siege to his father's library, said to consist of over six thousand books, and became, as Chesterton says, "perhaps the most educated man that ever lived," although by the test of actual schools and universities "he will appear to be one of the least educated men in English literary history." "He was," Chesterton adds, "a keen artist, a keen scholar, he could put his finger on

anything, and he had a memory like the British Museum." His voracious reading made him familiar with all sorts of unusual subjects, and almost the last book published in his life-time, *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day*, is concerned with characters of whom scarcely anyone, even the most cultivated, has ever heard: Daniel Bartoli, Francis Furini, Gerard de Lairese, and so on. It is not surprising that a stereotyped University Course held little appeal for so powerful and original a thinker, who already, at the age of eighteen, was overflowing with more knowledge than the University syllabus could offer him; and it is amusing to recall that this man who lacked any academic background was quite overwhelmed in later years with academic honours, his qualifications having been acquired in his own way, independent of orthodox education.

All through his early years he was, as he himself later described it, "passionately religious," and one of the ministers of a place of worship he frequented in his youth said sixty years later that "his face is present to my memory still. It was the most wonderful face in the whole congregation—pale, somewhat mysterious, and shaded with black, flowing hair, a face whose expression you remember through a life-time." His was in fact the kind of personality that caused one woman who knew him in later years to say that, even though he only met you in a crowd and made some commonplace remark, you went for the rest of the day with your head up. He possessed what has been described as a rare quality of physical magnetism, and people were known to say that a handshake from Browning was like an electric shock. There is a story of a nervous lady who, during a "literary afternoon," suddenly rose from her seat and told her hostess she could not continue to sit beside the gentleman who was talking to Mrs. So-and-so because his near presence made her quiver all over, "like a mild attack of pins and needles." We can well imagine the effect of such a personality on Elizabeth Barrett, and understand how much of that intense nervous energy came to be transmitted to her to further the healing of both body and mind—for both had been weakened through contact with a very different personality, a father who, as she herself once wrote to Browning, would rather see her lying dead at his feet than resolutely opposing his wishes.

There are many fascinating word-pictures of Browning in middle life. The American poet and critic, Bayard Taylor, who met him in Italy, described the "great cordiality" of his greeting, his "lively, cheerful manner," quick voice and perfect self-possession, and thought that the strong individuality which marked his poetry was expressed not only in his face and head but in his whole demeanour. This was when Browning was thirty-five. Ten years later Nathaniel Hawthorne spoke of him as looking younger and even handsomer than two years earlier, and his grey hairs seeming fewer. "He talked a wonderful quantity in a little time . . . and was very efficient in keeping up conversation with everybody, and seemed to be in all parts of the room, and in every group, at the same moment; a most vivid and quick-thoughted person—logical and common-sensible." He added an interesting touch: "His conversation has an effervescence which you cannot catch even if you get the very words that seem imbued with it." And there is a charmingly human note in the remark that "his nonsense is of a very genuine and excellent quality, the

true babble and effervescence of a bright and powerful mind; and he lets it play among his friends with the faith and simplicity of a child." Elizabeth Browning, in one of her letters, relates how "Robert and I go to the toy-shops and buy Pen's toys; and Robert spent the whole of last Sunday morning between breakfast and church-time in learning to spin a top, I standing by and giving important counsel. He said he considered it a 'religious duty'—a doctrine which I hope you won't set down as heretical."

Hawthorne's wife made the curious statement that she met Browning one day in Rome, in April 1859, and "he rushed at me from a distance and seemed to come through the carriage in his way to me," which rather coincides with Hawthorne's impression that he "seemed to be in all parts of the room and in every group at the same moment." Chesterton describes Browning about this time as "middle-sized, well-set-up, erect, with somewhat emphatic gestures." His hair was still fairly dark. Chesterton thinks his whole appearance was finely and truly represented by Watts' portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, which bears, so Chesterton asserts, one of the many testimonies there are to Watts' grasp of the essentials of character, since it is the only portrait of Browning which gives primarily the air of vitality, even, he says, of "animal virility," tempered, but not disguised, with a certain touch of the pallor of the brain-worker. His manner in society was "that of a man anxious if anything to avoid the air of intellectual eminence." According to some he was at times "talkative and noisy to a fault," but Chesterton wisely comments that "there are two kinds of men who monopolise conversation, the first those who like the sound of their own voice; the second those who do not know what the sound of their own voice is like, and Browning was of the latter class. His volubility in speech had the same origin as his voluminousness and obscurity in literature—a kind of headlong humility."

It seems that there were two things which aroused in Browning what Chesterton has called a consuming hatred: spiritualism of a spurious kind, and any intrusion into the private lives of either himself or his wife. In this latter connection he wrote to Isabella Blagden in January 1863, nearly two years after his wife's death, of the "miseries" he was suffering through being "pestered with applications for leave to write her life." "I have refused," he said, "and there is an end." In our own age, when personal revelations are demanded almost as a right, such an attitude is so little understood that it has to be interpreted as at worst "pathological," at best "amusing," and it cannot be realised apparently that it springs from nothing more nor less than a profound reverence for life and personality which is inevitable to the innately religious type to which Browning belonged. Chesterton remarks that many of his poems "were marked by a certain trait of which by its nature it is more or less impossible to give examples," and the peculiarity of this "occasional coarseness," as he calls it, is that it is always used to express a wholesome fury and contempt for things which undoubtedly deserve contempt and should be subjected to it. This is exactly the forthright attitude so greatly needed in these days of compromise and apathy. It might seem that Browning's propensity for calling a spade a spade without reserve conflicts with his extreme sense of delicacy and personal reticence, but actually the reverse is true;

it is precisely the man who sees things in their true perspective, and, like Albert Schweitzer, feels reverence for life as a passion, who is singularly sensitive to life's most personal and intimate aspects, and therefore knows exactly what is permissible in dealing with such aspects, and what unpardonable. He also sees evil wherever it may be hiding, and has the courage to treat it unsparingly.

Nettleship, a great student of Browning in his time, wrote the truest words and gave the clearest clue to the poet's unique personality when he said: "Weary yourself as you may in tracking the labyrinths of Browning's personality, you can only find your way to its heart by holding fast the truth that Browning's is the artist's mind, that its first sign-marks are receptiveness and creativeness hand in hand." He further spoke of the impartiality with which he chose, and delighted in treating, themes as wide asunder as the poles, of his "revel of invention in song or speech; his boundless delight in production." It is useless to consider Browning except in the light of outstanding genius; for such consideration a wide knowledge of the psychology of genius is essential, and such knowledge is rare. Jung, who almost alone among psychologists has come near to understand the peculiar constitution of the creative artist, says that "every creative person is a duality or synthesis of conflicting impulses. On the one side he is a human being with a personal life, while on the other side he is an impersonal, creative process." Always the genius is a "dual personality," with conflicting desires; always he is to some extent what is known in contemporary psychological language as schizophrenic. It must be recognised that such people are confronted by unique problems, and live an inner life of a nature quite incomprehensible to the average man, and biographies which take no account of these all-important facts cannot be regarded as reliable.

DALLAS KENMARE.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN ULSTER

IN which of the Western Democracies can the overall result of a General Election be predicted with absolute certainty? From those who oppose the Partition of Ireland loose and wordy eloquence about dictatorship has been issuing in greater volume than usual over the last few months. Northern Ireland went to the polls on October 22nd to elect members for fewer than half the 52 seats in the House of Commons. Already, 25 members had been returned unopposed. Much is made of such a matter as the number of uncontested seats in Northern elections, and facile comparisons are made with Iron Curtain countries. The Unionists, led by Lord Brookeborough, will form the Government of Northern Ireland for the next five years, and the elections just finished differed in no remarkable way from any of the seven which the North has had since 1921. On the face of it, the fact of a political party exercising power for more than a generation points either to that party's possession of extraordinary competence in administration or, alternatively, to inhibitions on the conventional functioning of the machinery of democracy. In the case of the North

of Ireland the Unionist Government enjoys no special inspiration nor does it maintain itself in power by the system of Fascist muzzling of opposition that enthusiastic anti-Partitionists accuse it of employing. Still, all is not well in the North.

In the 23 contested seats on October 22nd only 61.5 of the electors took the trouble to vote. The Unionist *Belfast Telegraph* commented: "How can one account for the small general poll, and especially for the fall in the vote for the Government? . . . it seems fair to conclude that many Unionists abstained from voting in this election, not from apathy, but as a dissatisfaction protest; they were not fully persuaded that they should vote for the Government party as at present constituted, and still less that they should vote against it."

This is the first time that Unionist discontent with the Government has been allowed to show itself in an Ulster General Election. In the past the silence of critics has been self-imposed. The compelling necessity for unity against enemies of Ulster has appeared to the majority of Ulstermen to be a good reason for rallying behind a Government certain to maintain the connection with Britain, whatever the shortcomings of that Government might be in other respects. Over the years the party representation in the Ulster House of Commons at Stormont has been remarkably stable because the fundamental election issue has remained unchanged. About two-thirds of Ulster's population of nearly 1,400,000 are Protestants, and firmly support the historic cause of the Union with Great Britain. An Ulsterman's attitude to this vital question is today determined by his denominational grouping almost as inflexibly as during the violent controversy over Gladstone's 1886 Home Rule Bill, when Lord Randolph Churchill whirled through the North of Ireland driving home the catching slogan: "Home Rule means Rome Rule."

The situation seems to contain the elements of permanence. In the Irish Republic all political parties, it is true, oppose Partition and in recent years the agitation for the re-integration of Ireland has clearly strengthened, conducted, as it is, not only by Irish politicians, but also by a section of the British Labour Party important numerically and including several M.P.s well-known to be able and persevering. Probably an easy majority of the Bevanite members are anti-Partitionist. In 1949 Mr. Attlee's Government passed the Ireland Act, which declared that Northern Ireland's status would not be changed against the wishes of the Northern Parliament. On that occasion nearly 200 Labour M.P.s either abstained from voting or went into the lobbies against the Government, and five Junior Ministers were dismissed.

Consequently, the Ulster Protestant cannot feel that the North's continuing to be part of the United Kingdom is something accepted as above political argument even in England. He is, therefore, compelled in a sense to suspend his right to use his vote to disagree with the Government on matters of ordinary policy. The Labour movement in the North is very weak. Indeed the Northern Ireland Labour Party has only now made up its mind to accept the constitutional position. Its decision to do this had the effect of a small tonic in this year's General Election, but the Party is unrepresented in the Northern House of Commons in spite of an increased vote.

At Stormont there is no opposition of a constructive kind. Of the nine Nationalist members two are abstentionists, and all are, of course, strongly orientated towards Dublin. More than that, they take little interest in Ulster's economic problems, which would certainly not be solved by the abolition of the Border. Northern Ireland has always had more unemployed than the rest of the United Kingdom. In his Budget speech this year the Finance Minister said that in recent years the position of the North had become even more markedly unfavourable. The area has not yet recovered from the effects of the industrial depression of the Thirties. With the War came an improvement, but since 1945 the unemployment figures have been much higher than in the British development areas, of which Merseyside has tended to have the highest rate—about 4 per cent.—against the North's rate of about 8 per cent. The fact that there is no compulsory military service in the North is not enough to explain the unemployment figures.

Unionist Ministers are far from complacent about the problem, and placed it during the election campaign as second in importance after the issue of partition. Lord Glentworth argued that the situation would be much worse if the Border were abolished. He said that he had asked "a very responsible person" in the shipbuilding firm of Harland and Wolff how such an event would affect the firm. The answer was that it would close down. Lord Brookeborough maintained that his Government deserved credit for "its energetic measures to cope with a problem of quite exceptional difficulty." The Minister of Labour compared conditions in the North with those in the Irish Republic and said: "I mentioned Eire as a country in which there is still no system of medical benefit for all persons, and it is just as well to remind you that the Eire social service system falls far below ours in other respects also. For instance, there are no retirement pensions in Eire. There is a school of thought that sees no hope for Northern Ireland unless we have a fuller control of our finances and economy." The last sentence is important. Mrs. Irene Calvert, who has sat in the Ulster Commons for eight years, recently announced that she would retire from political life, and in the General Election she did not stand as a candidate for the Queen's University seat which she had held. She said: "As an economist, I am now convinced that it is quite impossible for us to improve our tragic unemployment circumstances, or control our cost of living, so long as we are deprived of control over our entire finances and trade. I have spoken of our higher level of unemployment as tragic, and tragic it is in the fullest sense of the term, not only because of the obvious waste of material and human resources, but also because unemployment is the rot which undermines our social services and the standard of living of each and all of us. These fundamental matters today require a new approach. The circumstances of 1920 are not necessarily the circumstances of 1953. The sooner that is realised the better for the prosperity of the Six Counties."

The notion that the Ulster Government should have more power is not new. The powers reserved to the Imperial Parliament by the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, are extensive and include not only matters that may loosely be called political, such as foreign policy and the armed services. The Imperial Parliament also reserves the imposition and ad-

ministration of Customs and Excise duties, Income Tax, Sur-Tax, Profits Tax and Excess Profits Tax. All these are regulated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Westminster in exactly the same way as for the rest of the United Kingdom. The principal matters of taxation under the direct control of the Parliament of Northern Ireland are Death Duties, Stamp Duties, Motor Vehicle Duties, Entertainments and Betting Duties; the "Transferred Revenue" amounted to about £7,500,000 in 1951-1952. The "Reserved Revenue" for the same year was more than £62,000,000. The yield for the current financial year is expected to be the same from the "transferred" taxes; the "reserved" taxation is estimated to yield nearly £57,000,000. The main reason for the reduction is the Income Tax and Profits Tax changes announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget.

From the "Reserved Revenue" the cost of services provided by the British Government is deducted; as well as this, the Northern Ireland Government receives a further sum to meet the cost of the local services which it directly administers. After some other minor deductions the amount remaining is handed over to the United Kingdom Exchequer. This is called the "Imperial Contribution," and represents the North's contribution to the cost of such services as defence and foreign relations. The highest "Imperial Contribution" was that for the year 1944-1945, which amounted to more than £36,000,000. For 1951-1952 the amount was £20,500,000; for the current year, £8,600,000.

The great need of Northern Ireland is the attraction of capital investment projects. Some Unionist M.P.s have argued that part of the "Imperial Contribution" would be well spent in promoting industrial undertakings and land reclamation in the North. This attitude was deplored by the present Finance Minister in his 1953 Budget Speech. He said: "Our contribution to Imperial revenue is not a form of tribute; it is a contribution towards forms of Imperial expenditure from which we derive substantial benefit. We obtain our share of the food subsidies, our share of agricultural subsidies administered on a United Kingdom basis. We derive benefit from overseas and diplomatic representation, and we have the protection of the armed forces of the Crown."

Labour M.P.s at Westminster have lately sought to show that the "Imperial Contribution" is swallowed up by contra payments to the North. This contention is based on the cost of consumer and agricultural subsidies. Mr. Geoffrey Bing arrived at a gross total of these payments for 1950 of nearly £21,000,000. In June, 1952, the Ulster Finance Minister said that the agricultural subsidies amounted to £1,592,000 in 1950, and not to £5,330,000, as Mr. Bing alleged. "Furthermore," he said, "to the degree that these subsidies increase the production of foodstuffs, as they are designed to do, it is the British consumer who stands to gain substantially by that result." The North's exports of agricultural produce come to nearly £40,000,000, Great Britain taking far the greater part. The Minister also challenged Mr. Bing's estimate of the cost of the food subsidies, and said that since the reduction to the level of £250,000,000, the North's share assessed on a purely population basis would be £6,250,000. Therefore the total amount now would be less than £8,000,000 against Mr. Bing's figure of nearly £21,000,000.

It is not easy to frame a convincing answer to the question whether Northern Ireland is maintained as a unit by disbursements from the British Exchequer. In July the point was put to Mr. Butler by Mr. Cahill Healy, Nationalist M.P. for Fermanagh and South Tyrone. He asked whether the Northern Government did not receive more by the way of grants and subsidies than it paid as "Imperial Contribution." Mr. Butler answered that there was something in what Mr. Healy said. Lord Brookeborough has said that no change in Northern Ireland's financial relations with Great Britain could increase its taxable capacity. However, there is no doubt that the demand for a change has recently grown. One of the leading linen industrialists in Ulster, Sir Graham Larmor, made a memorable speech during the election campaign. He said: "Some of us with commercial responsibilities are beginning to doubt if the country can afford a Government with only limited authority." Northern Ireland did not control its own destiny, and political considerations should not stand in the way of economic salvation.

It is at last beginning to be officially admitted that the North's taxable capacity is lower than that of Great Britain. At present, it is clear that the North needs consideration as a special problem. On day-to-day financial matters, so to speak, there is a harmonious association between the Northern Ireland administration and Whitehall. But that is not enough. The area suffers from under-development in various fields, and there is no sign that the present system can lead to improvement of the North's economy. A good case can be made for the appointment of a Royal Commission similar to that now investigating Scottish affairs.

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE.

THE UNITED NATIONS AND HUMAN RIGHTS

THE security of the rights of the individual is generally regarded as one of the achievements of Western Civilisation. It is, in a sense, a product of the Renaissance and the Reformation with their emphasis on the freedom of the individual in art, intellect and religion, reinforced by the growth of economic individualism. The full flowering of the idea of individual rights belongs to the era of "the Liberal Experiment," heralded by Rousseau's revolutionary doctrines, by the American Declaration of Independence with its dogmatic assertion: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights," with the legal expression of the most important of them in the "Bill of Rights" added to the American Constitution, and finally the classical formulation of Human Rights in the *Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen* of the French Revolution. The elaboration and enforcement of these individual rights continued throughout the 19th century and down to the period of the First World War. Since then we have seen almost everywhere reactions, both in theory and practice, which have cast doubt upon the "self-evidence" of human rights, and have clearly shown that they are

not "unalienable." We have in fact been forced to ask ourselves whether there is any real meaning in the statement that we are born with certain rights, as individual human beings. We grow up as human beings only in so far as we are nurtured and educated in human society; left to ourselves we should be no more than inefficient animals. To a man in isolation most so-called "rights" would be meaningless. Are they not, in fact, the rights of man *in society*, deriving from society and existing only in so far as they are enforced by society?

The observance of human rights has in large measure depended upon the extent to which they were recognised in the constitutions (written or unwritten) of particular States and enforced by the public opinion and the courts of those States. They were in fact the rights of Englishmen or Frenchmen rather than the Rights of Man in the abstract. No universal code of human rights existed and no supra-national machinery had been created to defend the individual man against oppression. International Law was concerned with relations between governments, with the interpretation and enforcement of treaties and conventions between sovereign States—and only States could be parties to its proceedings. The beginning of a change is observable with the creation of the League of Nations. The Minority Treaties, enforced upon the defeated and the Succession States of World War I recognised the special rights of linguistic, religious and other groups and made the Council of the League responsible for their protection. Similarly the Mandates Commission had to see that the Mandatory Powers fulfilled their obligations towards their wards. The right of petition to the Council and to the Mandates Commission was allowed.

At the end of World War I it was recognised that there were "conditions of labour involving such injustice, hardship and privation of large numbers of people as to produce unrest so great that the peace and harmony of the world are imperilled." Hence the establishment of the International Labour Organisation. By the end of World War II, it was similarly recognised, particularly after the experience of large areas of Europe during the nineteen thirties, that the suppression of human rights by totalitarian States may equally imperil the peace and harmony of the world. Hence the concern of the United Nations with the definition and enforcement of human rights. The Preamble to the United Nations' Charter reaffirms "faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person" and declares that nations should "practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbours." Article 55 of the Charter binds the signatories to further the "respect for, and observance of, human rights and fundamental freedoms." This implies that individuals now become a subject of international law—an important step forward—in theory—and one of which the full implications have certainly not yet been recognised in principle nor realised in practice. The Charter declares one of the purposes of the United Nations to be "promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion" (Art. I, para. 3, repeated in Art. 55 (c)). Responsibility for fulfilling this function is vested in the General Assembly and, under its authority, in the Economic and Social Council (Art. 60).

It seems therefore that the General Assembly itself has a responsibility for enforcing human rights, but the Charter nowhere defines these rights. A number of complaints by States about infringement of the rights of their nationals by other States have been brought before the Assembly but based on Treaties between the States concerned (e.g. India and Pakistan concerning treatment of persons of Indian origin in South Africa) and in no case on Article 55 of the Charter. In the case mentioned, South Africa denied the competence of the U.N. on the basis of Art. 2 para. 7 of the Charter: "Nothing contained in the present Charter shall authorise the U.N. to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any State or shall require the Members to submit such matters to settlement under the present Charter." Other attempts by the Assembly to deal with similar complaints have come up against the same obstacle even though the issues have been raised on the basis of Treaty obligations and danger to friendly relations (Arts. 34 and 35) and not on the basis of Human Rights under Art. 55. In no case has an initiative come from an individual.

It was noted above that the Charter does not define the human rights to be enforced. Therefore an 18-member Commission on Human Rights was set up by the Economic and Social Council—and produced the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which was accepted without opposition, but with some abstentions, notably U.S.S.R. and South Africa, at the Assembly meeting in December, 1948. This Universal Declaration is a statement of principles which has no binding force upon Member States—and indeed most of its articles are too general to be capable of legal enforcement for which the Declaration provides no machinery. To make the observance of human rights internationally effective two further steps are necessary:—

- (1) the drafting and acceptance of a Convention setting forth in legal form the rights to be guaranteed and enforced, and
- (2) the drafting and acceptance of a Convention providing the machinery for enforcement.

It is upon the former of these tasks that the Human Rights Commission is now engaged. It was anticipated that this could be ready for presentation to the Assembly in 1950. In fact, the Commission has this summer held its ninth session—lasting for eight weeks—and is still very far from concluding this part of its task. One might have thought that the transformation of the accepted Declaration into a legally enforceable document was in the main a technical task which should not present any great difficulty. In fact, the Commission has run into two almost insuperable difficulties. One arises from the disparity in existing standards of rights in different parts of the world: the other from the ideological differences between the two blocs more or less equally represented on the Commission. If rights are defined too generally they become almost unenforceable: if they are defined too specifically and with the standards of the less advanced countries in mind, then they may actually have the effect of limiting their application in advanced countries; while if the standards of the advanced countries are adopted, the rights may be quite impractical so far as less advanced communities are concerned.

The ideological clash revealed itself in a demand by the eastern bloc

countries for the inclusion of economic and social rights (e.g. the right to work, to adequate housing, minimum wages, a decent living) which they regarded as of fundamental importance, whereas the western representatives were concerned with the traditional western civil and political rights and regarded the social rights as something largely outside the sphere of the law. In the end the Commission resigned itself to the preparation of two Covenants, one of Civil and Political Rights and one of Social and Economic Rights. Neither of these is yet completed and the question of their relation to one another and whether States will be free to adopt either or must accept both has not yet been considered. Under pressure of the eastern bloc representatives, there has been inserted as Article 1 in both Conventions a statement of the right of national self-determination, which might be useful as a lever against colonial powers but is certainly not an individual right.

Three points arising from the Ninth Session are significant:—(1) the suggestion that the function of the United Nations in relation to Human Rights will in fact be conciliatory rather than judicial, (2) the decision by a majority of the Commission that complaints of breaches of the Covenant may be made only by States Parties to the Covenant against other States Parties—in other words that neither individuals nor voluntary organisations will have any right of complaint of denial of human rights, and (3) the announcement by the U.S. delegation that its government would not ratify the draft Covenants, on the grounds that the world was not ready for treaties on so comprehensive a scale and that they might not be as effective as had been expected. The U.S. delegation, however, continued to work on the Commission and put forward suggestions for advisory services, studies and annual reports on human rights which would appear to be intended as an alternative to an internationally enforceable code—and of little more than academic value.

The present position is that the United Nations have adopted a Universal Declaration of Human Rights which there is so far no means of implementing. A proposal by the Indian member in 1952 that the Economic and Social Council should authorise an interim plan for remedying certain specific grievances was rejected on the ground that it was impossible to enforce rights not yet defined. The Secretary General has reported that between April, 1951 and May, 1952 he received over 25,000 concrete complaints of infractions of the Declaration (more than 24,000 being cases of political persecution). All he can do is to acknowledge these complaints and state that there is as yet no machinery to deal with them. Even if and when the Commission has completed its two remaining tasks and its proposals have been accepted by the Assembly, it still remains uncertain whether the clause in the Charter denying the United Nations any right of interference in the domestic affairs of its Members will not bar any effective international action. The international enforcement of human rights against the governments of Sovereign States is in fact paradoxical. Either we must await some kind of world government or the protection of Human Rights within its own territory must be left to each Government, increasingly influenced, let us hope, by an enlightened world public opinion.

HAROLD F. BING.

CHRISTMAS IN CHINA

CHRISTMAS DAY 1943 I remember as the day on which the woman was stabbed. It stands out in my memory as an altogether exceptional Christmas: it was my second in China. I was working with the Friends Ambulance Unit at the time and living in the same compound in which the Wei Sheng Chan was situated, the little Government hospital which ministered as best it could, though very inadequately, to the people of Kutsing. Kutsing was a remote sort of place in which to spend Christmas, though not so remote as other places in Yunnan; for the main road from Kunming to the heart of China skirted its old undulating wall and the still more ancient hill which overlooked the city. Yet we who lived there got the feeling that Kutsing was on the edge of nowhere. In winter on a clear day you had only to climb up the hill to the grey ruins of the fort which had been built to watch for the Communist army during its Long March of 1934-5 to glimpse snow mountains, part of the wild border country which lay between us and the frontiers of Tibet. It was little wonder that the Chinese who prospered in the fertile river valleys of Central China had for centuries called this the country of the barbarians. But to return to the unfortunate woman. Some time during Christmas morning she got involved in a fracas in one of the city's opium dens—she was an addict herself—and in the ensuing brawl got in the way of a bayonet. She was taken to the hospital and the doctor in charge sent over to us for assistance.

That Christmas we had with us in Kutsing Dr. Robert McClure, our Medical Director and one of the most colourful personalities who ever came to China. Auden and Isherwood met him in Honan in the late thirties and described him in their *Journey to a War* as "a stalwart, sandy, bullet-headed Canadian Scot with the energy of a whirlwind and the high spirits of a sixteen-year old boy." As a bare description of the most untypical missionary I ever set eyes on, it will do. On this occasion Bob could not get to the hospital quick enough, with a group of us trailing after him to assist or watch and help catch the flies which were sure to be flitting around the far from sterile operating theatre. McClure gave his customary running commentary in terms of damaged carburettors and broken pipes while he was probing about in the woman's abdomen. The liver had been penetrated and he plugged it with a piece of muscle and stitched away while the electric light bulb flickered continually in its faulty holder, making a tricky job infinitely more so. Under the ether the 32-year old woman snored away her last Christmas afternoon.

The Chinese, unless they are professing Christians, do not celebrate Christmas, though those in contact with westerners at this time of the year would be drawn into the celebrations. The children in particular were not forgotten. Off one of Kutsing's cobbled streets there was a little white distempered Protestant church with a cross set over the door. Here I once watched a Santa Claus handing out gifts to little almond-eyed children and listened to a girls' choir singing carols in Chinese. Going back to our beds past the shuttered shops of the city, a group of us had started singing "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht", and those who were still awake on this Christmas Eve peeped through their lattice windows at

us as the foreign men from over the water sang in a Christmas far from home. Few people doubt that home is the place to spend Christmas, just as the Chinese themselves will go home for Chinese New Year if at all possible. And on these Chinese Christmases westerners would get together and do their best with decorations, carols, parties and the like to make their bit of China as much like home as possible.

In some places this was easier than in others—in Chengtu, for example, where I spent my first Chinese Christmas. This is the university city and provincial capital of Szechwan Province; and the green lawns, shady trees and western style buildings of the West China Union University campus provided the kind of environment that brought home nearer. A large number of Chinese and westerners lived together on the campus and there was a well-developed community life. In 1942 there was a group of the R.A.F. stationed in Chengtu. They had driven up the long road from Burma, and for a few months became part of the life of this city. There were dances in the Canadian Mission Hall, football matches against Chinese teams—often followed by unpleasant barracking by the crowds when the Chinese were defeated—and much individual entertainment in missionary homes. Over Christmas these activities were intensified. Carols and excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan were sung in carpeted drawing rooms, and a fancy dress ball left no doubt in the minds of the delighted coolies who pressed their squat noses against the windows of the hall that foreigners were a pretty queer bunch altogether. Kweiyang, wet muddy transport town in the Province of Devils, was an entirely different setting for a Christmas. Even the Chinese regarded it as a backwater—and very much a stagnant one at that. There was a medical college outside the town presided over by a charming Dr. Li who had once studied at Oxford, which seemed about as remote to him as it did to me; and there was another Chinese doctor with an excellent collection of gramophone records. I cannot recall any other cultural influences of the uplifting kind; the influence was rather one of landscape, which to the Chinese always implies a combination of mountains and water. All about Kweiyang, when the rain did not conceal them, was the most inviting sea of odd-shaped hills you could imagine.

I spent that Christmastide in excursions by jeep or on foot into the surrounding hills. With a friend or two I made my way into valleys far from any main roads, where the tribespeople dwelt in simple homes beside placid streams which flowed between the leaning walls of limestone hills. There were some good climbs among these Kweichow alps, and the kites watched our scrambles along the sharply tilted strata with sullen beady eyes. Adventuring in these hills one had the feeling that one was constantly setting foot in untrodden places. In the English Lakes a year or so ago I was reminded of Kweichow when straddling some crag; but I was struck by the main difference. There was a worn path at my feet, and when you got through the mist to the summit there was always a cairn to prove that someone had been there before you.

It was, I suppose, fitting that I should spend the last of my Chinese Christmases in Peking—or, as it then was, Peip'ing, the City of Northern Peace. I flew there in a draughty plane from Nanking and managed to get a room in the crowded Wagons-Lit Hotel, the great tourist Mecca of

the inter-war years. It was a tiny room and very hot with the central heating on, and I was glad on Christmas Eve to move over with some friends to a Chinese home built round a courtyard off one of the city's innumerable dusty lanes. Partitions separated an elongated room into three, and I was lucky enough to be put in the central portion where the stove was. I doubt there is a traveller who has ever been to Peking who does not hope one day to return to that loveliest of cities. The giant walls that once surrounded Khanbalyk, the City of the Khan, have looked upon a pageant that is almost a miniature of China's own history. They saw the Mongol Empire shattered when Chaucer was still a young man, and over five hundred years later witnessed the decline of the Manchus while, within the mysterious mazes of the Forbidden City, the Empress Dowager span her web of intrigue as an empire decayed. Through the rise and fall of dynasties the city has remained—a walled casket holding the splendours of the centuries. On Christmas Eve I climbed up Coal Hill in the heart of Peking, a vantage point for superb views over the flowing roofs of the Forbidden City, which is today preserved as a museum; over the frozen lakes where China's last empress used to go boating in the summertime; and far over the jumbled confusion of the temples, gates and housetops which stretch to the limits of the outer wall.

This is no place for a catalogue of the Peking sights which made my Christmas there so memorable. Contentedly I wandered the streets and poked my nose into gateways and leaned over marble bridges and watched shaggy two-humped camels padding along the road from the Western Hills. There was no forgetting that Peking had a yesterday. It was just as impossible to be unconscious of its vivid present. The jolliest, happiest people in the world, muffled in padded gowns and fur-lined caps against the cold, thronged the Street of the Bronze Workers and Lantern Street and Jade Street where I went shopping on Christmas morning. On the North Lake young people were skating with far more agility than Mr. Winkle had shown upon the ice at Dingley Dell; and near them the Great White Dagoba, built to commemorate the first visit of the Dalai Lama from Tibet, towered like the ornament on some utterly fantastic Christmas cake from its island base.

On Christmas afternoon I motored out to the Summer Palace in the Western Hills. Snow fell as I strolled round the gardens which the Chinese, with their genius for beautiful names, call the Park of Peace and Harmony in Old Age. West of the frozen lake on which the snow was falling in great white blobs, wooden galleries a mile long with their rafters decorated by delightful little landscape paintings provided a sheltered walk to the Hall of the Serrated Clouds. And snow blurred the sweeping lines of Buddha's Fragrant Incense Pavilion which crowned the Hill of the Ten Thousand Ages. I have known other white Christmases besides this one; yet never one so different from the Christmas of western tradition. There was no turkey; but there was unforgettable "Peking Duck", and the night when four of us found our way to a Mongolian restaurant in a dark alley near the North Lake. It was a dirty little place with a floor of beaten mud. We bought our meat and vegetables raw from the proprietor and cooked them ourselves on a charcoal stove set on a table in the middle of the room. When our morsels were cooked and eaten with

thin fresh pancakes, they tasted excellent; and a favourite Mohammedan dish became one of my memories of that Peking Christmas. For all of us Christmas is a time of retrospect, every card and carol bringing to mind recollections of Christmases past. And I shall not soon forget those Chinese Christmases—each one so different from the others—which I spent in the Middle Flowery People's Kingdom in the forties of this tumultuous half century.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE ROLE OF THE UNITED NATIONS

MR. SELWYN LLOYD left London by air for New York on October 18th to lead the British delegation to the eighth General Assembly of the United Nations. That day happened to be the beginning of what we call United Nations Week. Before he left he recorded a talk which the B.B.C. broadcast that same evening, the while he himself was travelling over the mid Atlantic, on the function of the United Nations and the degree of success it had attained in the eight years of its functioning. It was an interesting review, designed obviously to give a fillip to the prestige of the United Nations and to provide grist for the mill of the U.S. Association in our country. Its importance in the day-to-day preoccupations of the ordinary person could be gauged perhaps from the fact that *The Times* the next morning did not even mention it, whereas according to its true importance in the interests of that ordinary person it deserved to be reported in full.

In a gem of summary condensation, lasting only fifteen minutes, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd gave to the United Nations every item on the credit side that goodwill and imagination could muster, and ignored the other side. In particular he recalled what was being done by the World Health Organisation, and featured it as an essential asset on which in the long run the political work of the U.N. must depend for its success. That was a fair point to make. Yet when all is said that can be said to substantiate the claim of the U.N. upon the loyal faith of human beings the world over as a means—the only means discernible to the materialist eye—of avoiding a third world war and its potential final destruction of the human heritage, there yet remains the deep uneasiness of a suspicion that the United Nations, in common with the League of Nations before it, cannot affect the true central issue that now divides the world. Let full credit be given to what the U.N. has already done in the field of defence against aggression, of conciliation among States torn with dissension, and of humanitarian service. These two latter causes were served also by the League of Nations with no decisive effect (as history has established) upon the peace of the world.

The first mentioned cause, that of defence against aggression, upon which Mr. Selwyn Lloyd laid much stress, is by no means clear in its benchmark quality. What Mr. Selwyn Lloyd claimed was that North Korea's aggression was met by United Nations counter-action, the fifty-

odd member States combining in such an enterprise for the first time. The truce of this last summer constituted the check thus given to aggression by this new scheme of mutual security in action. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd declared—his precise words cannot be quoted because they were not reported and one has to write from memory—that in the future any State contemplating an aggression would be faced by the knowledge that the United Nations would similarly and at once intervene. But he thereby missed an all-important point. The North Korean aggression was in fact, albeit indirectly, a Russian aggression. It was organised, equipped and conducted by Russia. And Russia was a member of the United Nations. She was theoretically therefore involved in a United Nations war of defence—against herself. She was fighting on both sides, on the one side theoretically, on the other in dead earnest. The situation could not afford satisfaction to any person of ordinary commonsense. To quote Korea as a United Nations triumph is at the least an equivocation.

Nor is the case of Korea of any great essential relevance to the problem in hand. The greater Russian aggression is to be seen in the many disturbances, hot or cold, in Asia, Africa, Europe and now in South America, organised by the Kremlin and designed to overthrow the existing system of law and order. Whether in British Guiana through the instrumentality of the People's Progressive Party, or in Persia through the Tudeh Party, in Morocco through the Istiqlal, in Kenya through Mau Mau, or in the European countries, including our own, through the communist-dominated sections of the trades unions, a concerted attack is being made upon the established order. When Mr. Selwyn Lloyd in the broadcast argument above mentioned declared that the United Nations had started with this advantage over the League of Nations, that both the United States and Russia were founder-members, he made a point that sounded good, but was less good than it sounded; and when he went on to submit that so long as affairs were debated within the United Nations, a safety-valve was operating, for so long as the nations talked they did not make war, he made a point that was clearly bad. He added that he himself, sitting next to Mr. Vyshinsky, sometimes had to listen for three hours on end to Mr. Vyshinsky's diatribes against the Western Powers, but bore it willingly because of the preferability aforesaid of talks against bombs.

But has it not occurred to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd that Mr. Vyshinsky is not greatly interested even in the presence of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd or any other of the delegates to the U.N. when he launches his propaganda within the walls of the United Nations? He knows that what he says will be reported in the newspapers of the whole world, and what he says is directed exclusively to that grand audience. Mr. Vyshinsky's talk is in fact a sort of cold bomb, used deliberately by him as such. We are therefore presented with the ironic spectacle of the United Nations itself offering a free platform to the enemy whose purpose it is to destroy the United Nations and every other instrument of civilisation. To argue that it was an advantage to the cause of peace that Russia became an initial member of the United Nations is to argue something demonstrably and even obviously false, proved to be false by what is happening in all the many storm centres which take their cue from the Kremlin; and which often enough take it via the United Nations.

It is, however, an inescapable duty to answer this question: if it be true that the world is split in two, the one part defending the old civilisation rooted in the Christian tradition, the other seeking to impose upon it an atheist, materialist tyranny, would it not be the more Christian and therefore the more profitable gesture on the part of the West to mix and fraternise with the enemy, if only to illustrate and thus to spread the truth of Christian charity? In other words, must we not love our enemy, even when that enemy is out to destroy the Christian Church and to root out Christianity and all spirituality from the earth? What, in short, would Christ do if He were incarnate at this moment? The answer is not really far to seek, for it follows from all one knows of Christian revelation. To love one's enemy is not to condone his crime. God loved Saul of Tarsus, as He loves all His creatures, but Saul had to stop his persecution of God's other and more faithful children. We may love the communists; but we may not love communism. Communism and Christianity are incompatible with each other and are mutually destructive. If communism wins as a way of life, Christianity dies. They cannot flourish side by side. Russian communist leaders have themselves often declared that full communism in Russia is impossible unless and until the whole world is communist, and that in the meantime all that is possible in Russia is a form of socialism.

In that argument the communists are concerned of course mainly with the material factors. They argue that it is impossible, for instance, to abolish money (which is one of their objects) so long as other States, with which they have to exchange the products of their industry or agriculture, retain money as a token or measure of values. That argument is sound. It is equally sound to argue that communism is impossible so long as Christianity survives. The communists at any rate appreciate this fact, and that is why their first concern in the countries they overrun is to stamp out the Christian Church. Now, as it is impossible for Christianity, being the doctrine of omnipotent God, to be suppressed, it follows that communism, the doctrine of mere man and of man's lower or exclusively materialist nature, is doomed. But so long as the so-called Christian West tries to compromise its own standards in the mistaken cause of pretended peace where there is no peace, so long will the doom of communism be postponed. It follows logically, and the inference is wholly typical of the mysterious perfection of God's contrivances, that the first step to the defeat of communism is the re-christianisation of the West itself.

There is something hollow and unconvincing about the political leaders who, almost without suspecting it themselves, have been jockeyed by the events of our time into the position of defenders of our Christian civilisation. It will dawn upon them sooner or later that before they can begin the definitive accomplishment of their own purpose, they will themselves need to become conscious, practising and faithful Christians. This then is the true miracle of these pregnant times, that by the course of events for which they themselves were responsible in the first instance, the so-called Christians are destined to be converted to Christianity as to an active faith. As the individual seeds sown in the spring are the beginning of the harvest gathered in the autumn—the intervening miracle being

God's exclusive work, though needing a first step on the part of the farmer—so the conversion of individual "Christians" to true Christianity, the sowing as it were of the individual seed, will, through the intervening miracle, yield the harvest of peace and goodwill.

It is not otherwise that the end will be encompassed. Peace is a spiritual thing, the spiritual harvest of a spiritual sowing. It cannot be dictated by the Covenant of a League of Nations nor by the Charter of a United Nations. The method of war as the arbiter in international relations is an evil method that therefore defeats its own object. The arming of fifty odd nations, members of the United Nations, to form an international army for the confusion of an aggressor will not lead to peace, because bad means cannot produce good ends. For nearly half a century we have been deluged with illustrations of the simple truth that peace cannot be manufactured, no matter how good be the machinery, whether it be Covenant or Charter or Locarno Treaty; and can flow only from the hearts of men. Peace is a mystery of our life on earth. The ennobling and exciting thing about the prevailing phase of the mystery is that by the results of our own folly we are being forced to mend our manners and reform our practice. It was the unfaithfulness of professing Christians that produced communism. By going to war in 1914—when communism was a word almost unheard—the "Christian" West started a plunge into materialist methods which has had as its logical outcome the mastery of the Kremlin over half the world. It is the "Christians" who are responsible for communism. It will be the Christians, when they are truly and effectively Christian in faith and in act, who will banish communism and its dreaded scourge from the earth. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd made a masterly review of what the United Nations stands for, so far as the materialist circumstance is concerned. He made no mention of the spiritual problem that is the true and only problem facing mankind. The time will come when such men, in making such a review, will put first things first instead of wholly omitting them.

THE TACTIC OF DISARMAMENT

In the July *Contemporary Review* some reference was made to a proposal made by Mr. Frederic C. Smedley of the United States, about the method of achieving a state of true and total disarmament throughout the world. In my summary of his proposal (pp. 58-9) I wrote: "Mr. Smedley attractively suggests that a bid for total, immediate disarmament from the United Nations Disarmament Commission would be likely to achieve its purpose whether it were agreed to by all the parties concerned or not; for the dissident still-armed governments would be the object of revolt on the part of their peoples." Mr. Smedley has now written to me to point out that a danger of misunderstanding may arise from the possible inference that his proposal envisages an initial *partial* or *sectional* disarmament among the nations of the world, whereas, he writes, "I want the free nations to adopt a draft convention providing for complete disarmament, completely enforced, conditioned as to its going into operation on universal adoption and simultaneous, universal effectiveness."

In other words his proposal is closely allied to the proposal made in this section of the *Contemporary Review* more than ten years ago for a world-

wide disarmament commission functioning in all the capitals of the world. I therefore gladly give the clarification he now sends about his own proposal. The clarification is necessary because of a badly drafted paragraph in his proposal which runs thus: "Holdout governments"—by which epithet he meant those governments which refused to accept the scheme—"holdout governments would soon be placed in a position, even if they do not engage in war, wherein they would have to go along with the program or be overthrown by revolution."

BELGRADE AND GEORGETOWN

What was once the hushed and reverent silence observed for two minutes at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month each year has become a disturbed and uneasy respite from the crowding perplexities of a rapidly worsening tension. "Tension" at any rate is the word used in the diplomatic circles. Yet the disagreement, bickering, intrigue, riot and subversion that are the constant characteristic of what is happening in four out of the five continents in our harassed world seem by now to have ceased to pull or strain international relations. We have passed beyond mere tension. The situation rather is one of collapse, of broken threads, of resignation to the unlikelihood of improvement or rescue. It is, however, always darkest before the dawn. Maybe this extremity of badness in our public affairs is the necessary circumstance of an impending delivery; for it is palpably true and elementary to the facts of life that God cannot, or does not, help those who refuse to be helped. The gift of free will to man is not an empty theory of the theologian. In a sense there is something exciting in the fact that high diplomacy in our time has landed itself in something like a state of bankruptcy, because it is not in human nature to accept irretrievable defeat. The alternative to such defeat is to be found in recaptured simplicity of faith in the only source of intelligence and welfare available to man, namely in the grace of Almighty God.

It is not perhaps obvious how the "conversion" is to be effected in so traditionally unpromising a field as international politics, where men do not speak the same language, where standards and methods vary, where the only consistent and common practice has been a lawless competition in the acquisition of material spoils for the supposed benefit exclusively and selfishly of one's own sovereign country. The fact, however, that one cannot foresee the way in which miracle will operate is neither surprising nor important, for the incidence of God's omnipotence cannot be foreseen by men. Yugoslavia, British Guiana, Panmunjom, Egypt, Kenya, Nyasaland, Nigeria, Malaya, Indo-China, to mention the more active arenas of the disturbance, offer a baffling spectacle. It is arguable that the bankruptcy must be complete and beyond recovery before an alternative method of conducting our affairs can be thrust upon us. We have at any rate nearly reached the limit of our tether. No sooner is the Korean disturbance brought under control by the signing of a truce than another disturbance breaks out in British Guiana; and the Korean truce itself becomes the occasion of another cold war. Venezia Giulia suddenly becomes another diplomatic battleground.

One of the logical results of these latest disturbances radiated from Trieste in the Old and from Georgetown in the New World is this: that those rather odd sections of opinion in our own country, who have had no patience with General Franco and endless patience with all the communist leaders, whether in the one world or the other, now have to answer an obvious challenge. It may indeed not yet be obvious to those people who shun anti-communist Spain and welcome communist Russia, communist China, communist Yugoslavia and communist British Guiana with open and understanding arms, that this communist menace is the big issue in world affairs; but even to those people, the truth must now be dawning. In Europe, Asia, Africa and America, the normal communist strategy of infiltration through terrorism has been, and still is being, illustrated to a degree that fills normal people with wonder as they survey the virtual encouragement given to it by the muddled people aforesaid.

The most flagrant example is that of their attitude to Tito. They have lionised and feted him, the while he has consistently flouted and even threatened them. Communist dictators do not suffer opposition gladly, even when the opposition is firm and determined. When it is diluted with invitations for State visits and tempered with flattery, it excites the sort of exuberance and contempt we have experienced time and again from Tito. It is on his own terms, and on none other, that he is prepared to deal with the West. He broke with Stalin for the elementary reason that dictators are disposed to dictate, not to be dictated to. Dictators inevitably quarrel with each other, whether it be Hitler and Stalin, or Stalin and Tito. When Tito duly quarrelled with Stalin, the Western leaders proceeded to repeat with Tito the mistake they had already made with Stalin. They had lionised and flattered Stalin because, when he ranged himself against Hitler, they thought he was an ally, or could be made into an ally, against Germany. They discovered their mistake when it was too late, that is, when they had irrevocably handed over half of Christian Europe to communist Russia. They have similarly lionised and flattered Tito because, when in his turn he duly quarrelled with Stalin, they imagined that he was, or could be made into, an ally against Russia. They are now engaged in discovering their second mistake of the series.

The fact that both Moscow and Belgrade are communist headquarters—which is the decisive fact to people of ordinary commonsense—has been regularly ignored by these western leaders. Communists are communists the world over, whether they quarrel with each other or not. Tito has persecuted, and persecutes, the Christian Church as determinedly as ever Lenin or Stalin persecuted it. It is one of the tragedies of a world that has been demoralised by two major wars in half a century, and did not start with any great moral capital, that high principle in policy is to be counted among the casualties. Principle being lost, can the results surprise any reasonable person?

Let one or two recent landmarks in the unhappy tale be recalled. As lately as May 14th last year Mr. Eden, speaking in the House of Commons about the Russian menace, made this confession: "Over and over again the Western nations have sought to build up a reasonable civilised relationship, at least of mutual forbearance, *with our former ally* (my italics)"; and "we have got nowhere." And at that very moment the other nemesis

was being clearly outlined. On April 3rd last year the British, United States and Italian Governments began a conference in London, which lasted five and a-half weeks, about Trieste. The result was, not a decision to implement the 1948 promise that Trieste should be restored to Italy, but merely a temporising expedient to allow Italy a small share in the administration of Zone A. The said share amounted to nothing more than the right of an Italian official to put his views about Trieste directly to the Allied Military Governor, who remained in charge. Yugoslavia meanwhile continued to exercise her full control of Zone B. Promptly (May 9th) the Yugoslav Ambassador in London protested to our Foreign Office that the Western Governments could not make decisions about Trieste without Yugoslav "consent"!; and two days later (May 11th) Tito turned his thunder upon the West, roundly rejecting "the entire agreement from A to Z," and threatening that he "would at the right moment do everything that is required." And now—who can be surprised?—when the United States and British Governments decided to withdraw their forces and to hand over full control to Italy in that one zone, just as Yugoslavia has full control in the other, Tito announced that he would regard the presence of Italian forces in Zone A as an "aggression" against Yugoslavia!

Dictators are apt to bend words to their own purpose, after the manner made known to us in a less grim context by Lewis Carroll. "When I use a word" Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." The western leaders are at last (or so we may hope) waking up to the established fact that there can be no agreement or compromise between the mutually destructive causes of Christian civilisation and atheist communism. The Kremlin of course backs Tito, whether Tito needs or wants such backing or not; and Italian nationals have given way to uncontrolled and unwise demonstrations against the lukewarm Western leaders.

November 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

ALFRED NOYES*

The reminiscences of Alfred Noyes will be read with pleasure not only by his many friends but by the far larger number of people on both sides of the Atlantic who know him by his lectures and his books. If a sub-title were to be chosen it would be *The Story of a Happy Life*, for, apart from the recent loss of his eyesight, it seems to have been roses, roses all the way. If happiness is self-fulfilment, his has been one of the happiest of literary careers. Born to write poetry as others to compose music or to paint pictures, he began to sing in his precocious Oxford days and has been singing ever since. How much of our poetry of the last half-century will survive is anyone's guess, but *The Torch-bearers* and *Drake* will surely find readers long after the present generation

has passed away. Only poets are in a position to assess the technique of a member of their craft, but the general reader has the right to say what he likes and dislikes. What most of us enjoy in Dr. Noyes is the combination of verbal felicity with elevating thought. He is never obscure or commonplace, and at times he rises to the heights. He is in the direct line of succession to Swinburne, one of his earliest admirers, but he has more to say to us for he has reflected on the deepest problems of life and thought. His autobiography is the record not only of a poet's life but of a spiritual pilgrimage which has found its goal in the Catholic Church.

Dr. Noyes possesses the enviable gift of making friends, and the book, as we might expect, is a gallery of portraits. He is a kindly artist, and there are more smiles than frowns on his face. His sharpest arrows are aimed at James Joyce for debasing the moral currency, Bishop Barnes for his rough handling of sacred things, H. G. Wells for his bad manners and pretentious omniscience, and Hugh Walpole for his misuse of the hospitality of a gracious host. Perhaps the most arresting portrait is that of "the gloomy Dean," who, despite his well-known disapproval of the Catholic Church as an institution, finds much to admire in the great Catholic mystics and enjoys the company of a few kindred spirits in that communion. That Dr. Inge possesses one of the finest intellects of our time is recognised by friend and foe, but in these pages he also appears as a mellow octogenarian. It is a feather in the author's cap that he has succeeded in winning and retaining the affection of a man who does not wear his heart on his sleeve.

Two other striking portraits may serve as examples of the author's likes and dislikes. Lord Jellicoe, his neighbour in the Isle of Wight, receives full marks. "He had the simplicity and sincerity of greatness. His kindness and gentleness of manner hardly suggested the man who held the fate of the world in his hand at Jutland. I saw him frequently during the long period of controversy with the Beatty faction about the battle of Jutland. Though the other side was extremely vocal and bitter, and, as I learned afterwards, Lord Jellicoe could have given the most complete and crushing answer, I never heard an ungenerous word from him about the others. He was not only a great Admiral of the Fleet but a great Christian gentleman."

And here is a snapshot of the Duce, once believed to be a great man and now reduced by the revelations of Ciano to the size of a pigmy. Visiting the Palazzo Venezia for the purpose of presenting an address concerning the Keats house in Rome, the author found not an awe-inspiring superman but a third-rate actor. "It seemed to be an essential part of the ceremony that while the visitors were escorted down the long shining floor of this immense room, Mussolini should rise and walk, not towards his visitors, but pompously to and fro at the far end of the room, his chin up and his chest well inflated." During the reading of the address, which had been submitted to him beforehand, "when a formal compliment was introduced Mussolini would elevate his chin and inflate his nostrils as if he were snuffing up incense. I had gone to the Palazzo Venezia fully prepared to find something admirable in the man who had at least drained the marshes, established a punctual train service, and made it possible to send your unlocked luggage from Rome to Venice without losing your shirts on the way. But that brief interview shattered my hope. The pompous little man was not a normal human being; every glance, every gesture was theatrical. The vanity of an actor-manager possessed him to the point of megalomania."

The narrative closes on a major chord with the dinner organised for the author's seventieth birthday. His speech on that occasion is reproduced since it embodies his ideology and reveals the man. "The only ground for that kindness is that, whatever the defects and limitations of my own work may be,

I have truly loved the art of poetry and given the best of my life to it." The greatest poetry is not only music but magic, a subtle alchemy transforming pebbles into shining gems. But it must do something more. "The music has a deeper and richer beauty when it rises from nature into the realm that transcends nature." Wordsworth has shown how it can be done.

G. P. GOOCH.

*Alfred Noyes: *Two Worlds for Memory*. Sheed & Ward. 21s.

COUNT COUDENHOVE-KALERGI

The golden calf of Nineteenth Century Liberalism was parliamentary democracy based upon proportional representation. But the question can very seriously be asked whether, owing to the corporate self-importance of elected persons, there is not a very real antagonism between the policies of parliamentary democracy and the views of pure democracy as now becoming articulate in, let us say, Gallup Polls. To take a practical, although not a perfect, illustration, would the views of an Assembly at Strasburg of which the members were nominated by national Parliaments or Governments be the same as those of an Assembly based upon direct democratic election? One suspects that the answer is "No." In this autobiography, which is also the history of the Pan-Europa movement which Count Coudenhove-Kalergi founded and of associated movements, he gives us the encouraging story of a long fight for an authentic political union of Europe against the nationalist views of Governments, relying upon a traditional mandate to maintain and magnify national sovereignty, and against the uncertain timidities of parliamentarians. Himself with an ancestry which ranges widely and vividly over the breadth of the *Almanach de Gotha* and claiming descent from Charlemagne, Count Coudenhove has made himself the exponent of what can be briefly called the Canolingian Idea. In terms of it he is on his way to achieve immortality. It must be encouraging to the Count that an equestrian statue of the great Frankish Emperor stands outside the doors of Notre Dame in Paris. And it was entirely fitting that he should be presented the first gold medal for services to European Unity by that imperial city of Aachen which bears in its arms both the imperial eagle of Germany and the fleur-de-lys of Royal France. His life is one long protest against the Partition Treaty of Verdun.

The American attitude towards this noble plan, which counts Henri Quatre and Victor Hugo among its progenitors and has in Count Coudenhove its *preux chevalier*, has undergone a total change from the days of Charles Evans Hughes, when it was regarded as a devious scheme to consolidate a debtors' bloc, to those of Mr. George Marshall, who extended a vigorous blessing to this scheme for federating Europe, in part with a view to economising American man-power—but of course the prescription did not apply to America but only to others. The villain of the piece, it emerges clearly from these pages, has been Britain. Count Coudenhove does not scruple to suggest that she has had a traditional and vested interest, under the specious name of liberty, in keeping Europe divided so as to have freedom of manoeuvre in adjusting the balance of power and in sustaining her own splendid isolation. At a time when Briand and the elder Masaryk and Benes had been persuaded to raise the standard, to which Stresemann might rally, of good Europeanism, Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson were blowing cold. Soon both Stresemann and Briand were dead and the chance to avert Hitlerism's dictatorship of the Third Reich was lost. Count Coudenhove comments very charitably that perhaps, in the 1950's, Britain may at length see her own interest in having a Europe powerful enough to resist invasions which could reach the Channel.

Today the scene repeats itself. We have Konrad Adenauer and Robert Schuman, both good Europeans, but the one nearly eighty years of age and the other already out of office. We have Messrs. Bevan and Crossman leading the campaign in favour of some other plan than that projected for European Union, in part because there is "no need to give publicity to Churchill," and in part because European Socialism in charge must come first. There is one major difference. Sir Winston Churchill writes the introduction to this book by an old personal friend. "The movement towards European solidarity . . . may even prove to be the surest means of lifting the minds of European nations out of the ruck of old feuds and ghastly ravages." However here the hero of Zürich and Strasburg has been unable to carry the enthusiasm of his own party. Count Coudenhove records a profound comment by Mr. L. S. Amery: "Our hearts are not in Europe; we could never share the truly European point of view or become real patriots of Europe." British adhesion *from the point of view of Pan-Europa itself* would be a catastrophe. Is there any way out of this impasse? I believe that there is. It is the immortal glory of Count Coudenhove that he has dauntlessly striven to realise an idea which, due to his energy, has long ceased to be Utopian. But the Count is as much totally European as his mother, whom he so enchantingly describes, remained utterly Japanese. The route out for Britain cannot lie in isolation. It must not lie in the Machiavellian frustration of the unity for which Europe longs. But, despite Count Coudenhove's argument, it may be beyond Europe. It has to lie in a wider ideal which can embrace all the Commonwealth and Western Europe, for which Europe itself recognises the economic and strategic need—an Atlantic Union which it will require a man of Count Coudenhove's dedication to forge, by breaking into pieces the forces of Anglo-American fratricidal jealousy.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN.

Count R. Coudenhove-Kalergi: "*An Idea Conquers the World*." With introduction by Sir Winston Churchill, Hutchinson, 21s.

BOLIVAR

In this fine work, the last in a notable trilogy dealing with successive phases in the history of South America, the crux and theme of the whole tale is the liberation of certain states from Spanish rule. Simon de Bolivar, the "Liberator," was born in Caracas in 1783, of aristocratic lineage, into which Indian and Negro strains had been infused. The early death of his parents detached him from the old family traditions and, at the same time, by the teaching of Voltaire imparted by a tutor, brought new vistas were before his mind. Senor de Madariaga draws a vivid picture of the young man, passionate, pessimistic, but with strong social ideals and ambitions, torn by the conflicting strains of his ancestry. On the Spanish side, he is heir to a proud tradition of power and rule, and, at the same time, to the fine principles of human equality which, according to the author, were the glory of the Church in the New World. On the other hand, as a Creole his soul is seething with irritation and resentment against Spanish domination.

When, in 1799, the young Bolivar journeyed to Spain he was already a rebel at heart, with little faith in God or man. It was not surprising that revolutionary France, which he visited, appealed to his nature. His marriage, in 1802, brought a calming influence to bear on him, but after a short year of happiness his young wife died, leaving him bitter and with no curb to his ambition. To France he went once more, and was fired by the power and glory of Napoleon. Here was a model worthy of emulation. He began to see himself as the Napoleon of South America, the saviour of his people from the "slavery" of Spain. The ferment in Europe gave Bolivar opportunities for contact with military leaders

and for playing the game of international intrigue. But this was not his real bent. He was above all "a man of the sword and the cape." It was not long before he was back home leading armies against the Spanish "tyrants." Hard and inexorable, finding his solace in the amorous adventures to which the loss of his wife had left him prey, Bolivar is no knight of chivalry. His ruthless exterminations, his duplicity and faithlessness, make him a far from pleasant hero. Yet, thanks to the ideal of "liberation," of something bigger than himself which he kept before his eyes, his figure, as depicted by his biographer, has an element of greatness.

Did Bolivar add to human happiness? Did he bring about the freedom which he proclaimed? The answer appears in the working out of the story. He was not capable of building on the ruins he created, and found that freedom could not be imposed by the sword. When victory came, anarchy was often let loose. On one occasion he presents to his ministers a plea to put Spanish America under the protection of Great Britain. "This proposal," writes de Madariaga, "reveals that, subconsciously, he was rebuilding the Spanish Empire in his mind: religion, monarchy, reunion to a European crown—every element had returned except the Spanish name and nation which his whole past had tabooed." A fascinating Epilogue imagines him stepping before the bar of history, reviewing his career and resigning his title of Liberator. "How," he asks, "could I give you a liberty I did not possess? How could I have liberated you? All I did was to tear to tatters with my sword a thrice secular tradition which had interwoven your froward freedoms into a social canvas whereon History had embroidered an Indo-Spanish pattern."

MOSA ANDERSON.

Bolivar. By Salvador de Madariaga. Hollis & Carter. 45s.

JANE AUSTEN ONCE MORE

Jane Austen has been so much written about that another book on her may seem unnecessary. But Mr. Wright, an American University lecturer, a keen and sympathetic student of her work, has wisely avoided generalities, and mainly devoted himself to one aspect—the structure of the novels and their dominant note, irony. Not merely verbal irony, though felicitous examples of that are quoted, but irony shown in the inter-relation of widely differing characters with incompatible outlooks. He defines "dramatic irony" as the reader's awareness of something hidden from a character by wilful blindness, or failure of perception. Emma's confident disregard of her brother-in-law's hint about Mr. Elton and herself, and of George Knightley's about an understanding between Frank Churchill and Jane Fairfax, are instances in point. In such irony disillusionment is a foremost element, not only in Emma's case but in that of Elizabeth Bennet. Elizabeth is blind to Charlotte's mercenary attitude to marriage, though she had had evidence of it earlier than the Collins engagement which undecives her, while Darcy and Wickham "are virtually perfect agents of illusionment and thus of the ironic theme."

Mr. Wright shows how Jane Austen at times intervenes, with direct or oblique comment, or the use of some third person as reporter; beginning as a neutral, disinterested observer, she may pass on to express her own views, or, identifying herself with some characters, give an insight into their minds. Instances are given—the summary of Mr. Bennet's married experiences and disposition—the first impressions of the child Fanny Price. Jane must not, however, be identified with her heroines; "the many shifts in viewpoint indicate a completeness and a detachment which none of the characters can possibly share." Her themes, says Mr. Wright, have been too shallowly interpreted. In *Sense and Sensibility* and *Persuasion* we find much besides an opposition between prudence

and love; *Northanger Abbey* is far more than a mere parody, however delicious, of Gothic romance. The chapter on style shows the novelist's various devices for ironic criticism, by "sly understatement" or the employment of words with the reverse of their usual meaning. As a rule, she avoids metaphors, putting them in the mouths of the characters that she, and we, dislike. Though the pattern in each novel is the same, it is impossible, we think, to adhere strictly to the scheme suggested by Mr. Wright, of a hero and villain as pendants to each heroine; Frank Churchill is neither, and Henry Crawford has critics who fancy him in either capacity. Perhaps it was unnecessary to quote in full such well-known estimates of Jane Austen as Charlotte Brontë's and Scott's, or passages from the novels where a reference might have served, or to describe their plots; either the reader is familiar with these or he should turn to the novels themselves to become so. Mr. Wright has steeped himself in the literature of his subject, his bibliography is exhaustive. One might suggest the addition of Naomi Royde-Smith's *Jane Fairfax*, with its imaginative account of her early life.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

Jane Austen's Novels: a Study in Structure, by Andrew H. Wright, Chatto & Windus, 16s. 1953.

Some modern poets love to tie up their message in knots and leave the reader to untie them. Theodora Roscoe belongs to an earlier and better school which expresses its meaning in simple language without any verbal tricks. Her latest volume *St. Albans and other Poems* (Alden & Blackwell, Eton, 3s. 6d.), like its predecessors, breathes a love of the sights and sounds, the birds and flowers, of the countryside which is one of her most endearing characteristics. She also possesses a reverence for the past which shines forth in the poems on *Fountains Abbey* and *The Thames from the South Bank*. The deepest note in the book is struck in *The Great Ones*, a little gem of words and feeling. Here are the opening lines:

Some pass along the highway of our lives
Gentle yet strong, eager and unafraid.
Some only give a sign then hurry on,
But others offer us their outstretched hand.

William Godwin and his World, by Rosalie Glynn Grylls, (Odhams Press, 21s.) is a valuable addition to the author's series of volumes on the Godwin-Shelley-Byron period, in other words the closing decades of the eighteenth and the opening phase of the nineteenth century. It covers the Romantic Movement, the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars and the Restoration. As in all such epochs of intellectual ferment thinkers and writers, like the politicians, range themselves on the Right or the Left. In the former were men like Burke, Pitt and Lord Eldon, in the latter forerunners of nineteenth and twentieth century democracy. The present volume, lavishly illustrated and delightfully easy to read, is not yet another biography of the author of *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams* but a collection of studies of certain aspects of a colourful and controversial epoch. It opens with a detailed account of the Treason Trials of 1794, in which the British tradition of justice triumphed over the panic of the Government at a moment when the blood on the scaffold in Paris had hardly had time to dry. Next comes an instructive chapter on the English Jacobins at home and in France, and then a less politically exciting picture of Charles Lamb and his friends. The later portion of the volume is dominated and

illuminated by the sylph-like figure of Shelley. Amid the throng of celebrities Miss Glynn Grylls moves with easy mastery, equally removed from hero-worship or severity. No twentieth century reader can share the enthusiasm for Godwin felt and expressed by Shelley till he discovered his master's failings, but the old sage had his good points and the author treats him with respect. Far more attractive was Mary Woolstonecraft his first wife, whose emotional experiences in England and France lose nothing in the telling. While there is a certain dryness and drabness about Godwin, the author of the *Vindication of the Rights of Women* bubbled with vitality and therefore provides far better material for the biographer. But the brightest star in the literary firmament is Shelley, erratic and unpredictable, a born social and political rebel, with a soaring imagination and a gentle heart. When he is on the stage we have no eyes for the common crowd.

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The latest instalment of the captured *Documents on German Foreign Policy* (Series D., Volume V, H.M. Stationery Office, 25s.), covers the period from June 1937 to March 1939, supplementing previous volumes by a survey of Germany's relations with Danzig, South Eastern Europe, the Baltic and Scandinavian states, the Benelux countries, Switzerland, Turkey, the Near East and Latin America. To British readers the most interesting chapters in this enormous volume of nearly a thousand pages will probably be the first, entitled Poland and Danzig, and the last, entitled the Jewish Question. German policy, as expounded to Burckhardt, the League of Nations High Commissioner for Danzig, to Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, and to others, was based on saving Europe from the Bolsheviks. Knowing nothing of England, past or present, Hitler hoped we should join him in the crusade and was furious because we declined. He complained in 1937 that, though he had taken great pains to win our friendship, he had encountered ill-will time after time. Since England turned a deaf ear he had helped Franco to save Spain—and perhaps Western Europe—from Communism. Poland, not merely anti-Communist but traditionally anti-Russian, was treated as a friend till the hour for her destruction should strike. Danzig, he informed Beck in January 1939, would sooner or later become German, but he promised that there would be no sudden *coup*. That no trouble was to be expected from England Hitler learned from the report of a conversation with Lord Halifax at Geneva in May, 1938, when the British Foreign Minister described Danzig and the Corridor as an absurdity; separating a large province from the Reich had probably been the most foolish provision of the Treaty of Versailles. While Hitler was weaving his schemes for the domination of Europe, he developed his diabolical vendetta against the Jews. The horrors of the gas chambers had to wait till the world was aflame, and during the period covered by this volume the Nazi policy was to drive out the Jews and steal their property. Invited by the Evian Committee to cooperate in the migration of unwanted citizens by facilitating the transfer of Jewish capital, the German Foreign office bluntly refused. After further discussion, in which Göring and Schacht took part, it was decided to allow them to take out a small percentage of their assets, leaving most of it in the hands of their persecutors. One advantage of the policy of spoilation was indicated in a circular of the Foreign Ministry of January 1939. "The poorer the immigrant Jew and thus the greater burden he is to his country of immigration, the more strongly will the host country react and the more desirable will be the effect in the interest of German propaganda." The more we learn of the aims and methods of Nazi policy as set forth in their own official documents, the more we realise to what depths of wickedness the temporary masters of a great nation could sink.

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