

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

VOLUME CLXXXVI

JULY 1954—DECEMBER 1954

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

JULY, 1954

LOSS AND GAIN

IT has been a crowded year. Not only has there been an abundance of events, but the spot-light of international interest has been continuously shifting from country to country or even from continent to continent. Occasionally something like the tragedy of Dien Bien Phu; or the Oppenheimer affair in America; or the disclosure of Khokhlov's secret weapons; or the strange episode in Australia in which much more than the ex-Soviet official, Petrov, and his wife were involved, creates a very special kind of sensation. This brand of international news, however, is usually short-lived. But there are also the more drawn out affairs, like the Berlin Conference at the beginning of the year; now the Geneva Conference; the almost permanent crisis in Rome; political trouble in Paris; the McCarthy hearings; anti-British agitation in Spain; strange changes of personnel in Moscow; and innumerable other events which compel the reader of newspapers or student of international affairs to switch his mind from place to place with the utmost rapidity.

Perhaps the only pleasant cause commanding this continuously roving interest was the Queen's tour. She and the Duke of Edinburgh seem to create admiration, affection and curiosity on an international scale. Indeed, their perigrinations were followed with the utmost sympathy by millions of people who are not even remotely connected with the British Commonwealth. This long and exhausting journey, beautifully carried out, has undoubtedly contributed to the present trend of Britain's rising prestige and good-will in the world. There is little doubt that at a time when most nations appear to be afflicted by one kind of madness or another Britain stands out as a paragon of sanity, dignity and national discipline. The quarrels within the Labour Party or latterly also among the Conservatives are of too personal and too local a character to command international interest or to be of any great consequence to the world outside. There is also an undoubted economic improvement in Britain at the moment and, what is even more important, a psychological one. The continued strength of the pound sterling, for instance, is most encouraging. But there is no room for excessive optimism. The fact remains that not a single one of Britain's fundamental problems has been solved, and the present improvements are so precarious that they may vanish almost over-night on the slightest pretext. However, it is all a matter of proportion, and compared to most other nations Britain at the moment presents a most encouraging picture.

Africa is frequently appearing in the head-lines these days because of troubles in almost every part of that huge continent. Dr. Malan's policy towards the coloured population of the Union; Mau-Mau; the clash in Buganda; continued tension in Morocco, Tunisia, and Egypt—in fact almost along the whole of the Mediterranean shore—all this and plenty

more is hardly an encouraging sign for those who had evolved a somewhat unrealistic plan of promoting international reconstruction through the development of Africa's resources.

The problem of Asia is even more complicated and is fraught with far greater consequences—both immediate and latent. The Korean affair is by no means settled. The war in Indo-China, which for nearly nine years France has been waging alone under the disapproving eye of America, has suddenly ceased being a reprehensible "colonial enterprise" of the "imperialistic French" but is now regarded by Washington as a vital part of the free world's struggle against Communism. On the Asiatic side, not merely the immediate associates of the Viet-Minh—such as China and Soviet Russia—are involved. There are also the "neutrals" like India or Ceylon, and beyond them scores of millions of men and women who are determined to drive out the white powers from this continent. Moreover, behind all this, there are other immensely difficult issues such as the admission of Communist China to membership of the United Nations, or the relations between China and Russia about which so many wild guesses are always being made, or again the most irksome problem of the utterly unco-ordinated British and American policy in the Far East. It is curious how in this particular area the present positions of America and Britain are the complete reverse of what they traditionally used to be. The British are now abused as appeasers by America because they seek accommodation with the Asiatic races and because they recognised at an early date the Government of Communist China, while it is the great American democracy which is uncompromising and which observes what in early days it would have indignantly described as a colonialist attitude. The visit of leading British labour members of Parliament to communist China can hardly fail to infuriate the Americans still further.

Here it may be observed in parenthesis that the personal stock of Mr. Nehru and the India he represents has fallen very markedly in American eyes. When India became independent, there was much enthusiasm in the U.S.A. about this new democracy of some four hundred million people, and tough business men in Wall Street were falling over themselves in offering the Indians loans, credits, and industrial "know-how". Now, however, they regard Mr. Nehru with the utmost suspicion and cannot forgive him his attitude towards Communist China or towards Asia's problems in general. America's moods in this respect can change with the utmost rapidity. This greatly affects Washington's foreign policy, or, to be exact, policies—since there are many of them, frequently of a quite contradictory nature. There is nothing new in that, since in recent years any competent observer could see that the State Department had one policy, the Department of Defence as often as not a different policy and the Department of Commerce, or perhaps the Treasury yet another policy. Indeed, sometimes there were several policies within the same Department, evolved and applied by different sections simultaneously without any discoverable co-ordination. This is as true under the new Administration as it was under the old, and Mr. Dulles is suffering from the further difficulty that he has to shew Congress that he is doing something very different from what Mr. Acheson used to do. Having condemned the policy of "containment" as being too passive the new rulers of America

endeavour to pursue a policy that could be presented as active. This is not always very wise or very successful in the present circumstances, and does not appear to give any satisfaction either to Congress, or to the American nation, or to America's allies abroad. In fact at no time in recent years was there a greater strain between Washington and Western Europe, and especially between Washington and London. The only direct beneficiaries of this are the Communist States, or precisely the very countries whom America and her European allies are jointly supposed to be combating.

After an ill-defined and irresponsible threat of possibly "going it alone", the American authorities have made it quite clear that they do not intend to embark on the adventure of a preventive war without their allies or without Congressional sanction. At the same time they do not believe that a practical compromise can be reached in Geneva—or elsewhere, for that matter—and that even if Mr. Eden were to succeed in finding some sort of formula this would lead to an effective and lasting solution. Obstinate and indignantly Washington continues to exercise pressure on Paris, desiring the French to put up a much stronger effort in Asia and at the same time also to join E.D.C., thus taking a greatly increased part in the re-armament of Western Europe. The fact that France is almost completely exhausted, both morally and physically, while her economy is beset with many difficulties, seems to count for little in Washington. Though the Laniel Government nearly achieved the paradoxical record of having lasted longer than any other post-war Cabinet, this is not due to any desire for continuity or any discipline amongst the French politicians but to the contrary. There is such complete disunity between the parties, and within each of them, that no individual and no group is capable of forming an effective coalition. French Cabinets are apt to collapse at any moment, but whoever becomes M. Laniel's successor will be faced with exactly the same problems and difficulties.

It is not true that the French are defeatist or have lost their great military qualities; the names of Dien Bien Phu and Brigadier-General de Castries are reminders that glory is anything but a forgotten word in France. But the war in Indo-China is unpopular since it not only demands an effort beyond the French nation's possibilities, but also happens to be futile even in case of victory or a stalemate—full independence having been promised to Viet-Nam. To fight for a territory in order to give it away after it has been liberated, while in the meantime risking a disastrous defeat, is not a very attractive proposition. The tragedy of France is that in all these years, when her position was still strong, she missed every chance of a negotiated settlement, while now the Viet-Minh is so drunk with success that it is neither in the mood nor under any pressure to seek accommodation. Were the Communist forces to be successful in driving the French into the sea, quite obviously they could negotiate on very different terms than those even their present advantageous position can justify.

It would have been foolish in any circumstances to believe that the Soviet world has suddenly changed its views and objectives, and that it would therefore be ready for a genuine settlement at Geneva. Nor is it quite clear what sort of arrangement the Western Powers—whose interests and conceptions are by no means identical—would regard as acceptable. After all, both sides went to the Conference with scarcely concealed dislike and

distrust of each other, and nothing has happened to change their attitude. If, nevertheless, Geneva is important, the reason must be sought on an altogether different plane. This Conference, frustrating and futile though it may be, signifies a methodological change in the conduct of the cold war. Instead of pronouncing diatribes against each other at the United Nations, the representatives of East and West have been facing each other for several weeks in the much more intimate atmosphere of the Conference room. They have re-established a personal relationship and have had many meals with each other. All this may not amount to very much, but at the same time it does mean a certain diminution of tension. Before the Conference relations had reached such an impasse that no solution seemed possible except an inevitable clash. Now at least the Powers are on talking terms again—a modest achievement, perhaps, but certainly not negligible in the age of atomic warfare and H-bombs. Even assuming that some kind of arrangement is reached at the last moment, it would not be easy to implement. After their experience in Korea, the neutrals like Switzerland and Sweden can hardly be expected to be eager for similar tasks. And what other nations would be acceptable as neutrals? Quite apart from Geneva and the war in Indo-China, most countries have too many troubles of their own to be entirely independent agents. This is true even of the U.S.A. and Soviet Russia.

In November the Americans will have to choose a new House of Representatives, one-third of the Senate, many State Governors and innumerable other office-holders. There is a serious danger that the President may lose control of both Houses. Moreover, these "off year" elections frequently have a determining effect on the Presidential election two years later. The spectacle of utter disunity offered by the Republican Party over since it won a majority in 1952 and the endless embarrassments it is creating for its chosen leader are not edifying. Internal tension, the McCarthy affair, the slowing down of the economic tempo and, finally, electoral pre-occupations, do not make it easy for the Eisenhower Administration to act very effectively on an international scale, even if Washington happened to have a far clearer conception of what its foreign policy and its foreign economic policy should be. As the elections approach the various battles will get increasingly tougher and even more dirty linen will be washed in public. It is one of the tragedies of our times that while the Russians do everything behind closed doors and windows, the Americans do everything in public. International relations would certainly be much improved if the Soviets were to open a few doors and pull up a few curtains, and if the Americans would learn to shut some doors, pull down some curtains and turn off both the spot-lights and the television.

For some considerable time it has been obvious that Moscow desires a certain respite in the cold war. There seem to be political and economic pressures from inside about most of which Western Europe cannot know anything precise. But one or two things are reasonably clear even to outside observers. While the fundamental character of the Soviet State has not changed there have been many adjustments of policy both at home and abroad. Nothing in this respect is more significant than the admitted inadequacy of Soviet agriculture and industry, coupled as it has been with very substantial orders abroad for foodstuffs, consumer goods and equip-

ment. These orders have been shrewdly distributed over a large number of countries so as to achieve the maximum of political advantage for the Soviet Union. The Russians have re-appeared as buyers or potential buyers at the precise moment when many countries were worried about agricultural surpluses or other export difficulties. For how long Moscow will go on with these purchases no one can say. But the need seems genuine and indicates, among other things, that spoliation of the satellite countries must be nearly completed, otherwise the food supplies of Poland and Roumania or the industries of Czechoslovakia or Eastern Germany could easily have satisfied Russia's requirements. Nor should the alleged "triumphs" of collectivised agriculture and all the industrial five-year plans be forgotten. If Russia now has such an urgent need of food and goods something inside the Soviet Empire must not be functioning properly.

Of Europe's smaller states Switzerland continues to enjoy prosperity and stability, while constantly worrying and complaining in her habitual manner. Holland is growing from strength to strength economically and, far from complaining, seems well satisfied with this outstanding achievement. Belgium has had a change of Government, but, apart from the shortening of the period of compulsory military service, the present coalition of Socialists and Liberals is likely to show far greater continuity of policy than the electoral battles seemed to indicate. There has been a welcome reconciliation between the Socialist Party and the Monarchy. After several years of unprecedented shipping earnings, due to a booming freight market, Norway feels greatly perturbed by Greek competition and a considerable drop in profitable employment for her own merchant marine. There has been some minor Government re-shuffles, but happily Mr. Halvard Lange still remains at his post; he is an admirable Foreign Minister.

In Sweden, too, there have been a few minor changes, but the Government remains a coalition of socialist and Farmers. The economic and social policy of this strange coalition remains a sore point with many Swedes, but on its foreign policy the nation stands firmly united with only a very few individual exceptions. Through a curious coincidence, or perhaps as a gesture of independence, Professor Osten Unden, the Foreign Minister, has spent a short holiday in Moscow as guest of the Swedish Ambassador there before accompanying King Gustaf VI Adolf on his state visit to London. In Denmark the new Socialist Government is proceeding very cautiously. It is now generally recognised that the country's re-armament effort is meeting with great obstacles and some British experts have been invited to help with the building up of the Air Force. In Italy the Scelba cabinet has so far been able to maintain itself without too much difficulty, but the economic and the political situation remains precarious.

The Trieste question is about to re-emerge, since yet one more attempt at a solution is being put forward. Italy and Yugoslavia, animated by entirely emotional considerations, are fighting over a bankruptcy. To Italy, in her present position of weakness, Trieste means much from a prestige point of view, and the whole affair also is of great importance in domestic politics. To Yugoslavia, especially at the very moment when she is becoming a member of a Balkan "trio" with Greece and Turkey, any compromise over Trieste would appear as a diminution in stature. It is a vicious circle, and in present circumstances the only thing to hope is that a

repetition of the clashes following the most recent attempt at "solution" can be avoided.

What will the second half of 1954 be like? We live in a world so full of uncertainties and with so many surprises in store for us that correct prediction is impossible, and an astrologer or a crystal-gazer has as much chance as being right as the best of scientifically trained and the most intuitive of experts. However, there are quite a number of things which we do know, so that we can estimate some of the coming international developments with reasonable certainty. Thus we know our problems—if not their solutions; we know our leaders—with their good and their bad qualities; we know the political climate in which we have to operate and we are familiar with the machinery at their disposal. But, chief of all, we know that time is slipping away with breath-taking speed. The free world has just celebrated the tenth anniversary of D-Day, yet to many people it seems like only yesterday. If ten years can evanesce at that tempo, what is a mere six months, or even one whole year?

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK.

ISRAEL AND THE NEGEV

IT is a commonplace, nowadays, that a military base belonging to one country and situated in the territory of another may be rendered useless unless it exists with the approval of the surrounding people. And, quite apart from the question whether or not the Egyptians are reliable as allies, they plainly do not approve of the presence of British forces on their soil. It behoves Britain, therefore, to think of some alternative to the Suez Canal Zone Base—and quickly, for her treaty with Egypt expires in 1956. The great advantage of the Canal Zone as a base is that it can be approached by sea both from the Mediterranean and from the Red Sea. The value of this was plain in World War II, when the Mediterranean approach was so precarious. This is why Cyprus, which seems such an obvious alternative, cannot replace the Canal Zone. In fact there is no place which possesses topographical and other advantages equal to all those in the Canal Zone; but there is one area which has much to recommend it, and in which British forces might not be unwelcome.

It will be remembered that the northern end of the Red Sea is divided into two arms, the western leading to Suez and the Eastern, the Gulf of Aqaba, leading to the few miles of Israeli territory in which is the settlement of Elath. If it were practicable to develop a port here, and another on the Mediterranean seaboard in the neighbourhood of Gaza, and to construct adequate means of communication between the two, this would make a "next best thing" to the Canal Zone from the point of view of access from both seas. Is it practicable, and would a British base in this Israeli territory—the Negev—be welcomed by the Israelis? Opinion in what are often described as "informed circles" in this country seemed very doubtful on both points. But a Jewish friend of mine, a native of Jerusalem, said, "Every Jew will pray for it". I decided to go to Israel to study on the spot some of the problems involved. I talked at length with members of collective and co-operative farms, discussed matters with the Prime Minister

and other political and trade union leaders and civil servants, and visited the Negev itself. First as to practicability. Most things can be done if there is a will. Few would have believed what could be done in the way of agriculture in the northern Negev until the Israelis themselves achieved it, conjuring vast tracts of waving corn from these barren wastes of sand and stone which have remained untamed since the dawn of history. The expense of so developing the southern Negev as to make it fit for use as a base would be enormous, but at least, at the end, there would be something to show for the outlay. The same cannot be said with confidence about the Canal Zone base, and the annual eighty millions now thrown away on its upkeep. It is true that a large labour force is nominally available in Egypt for work on the base, and of course, this is essential to its successful operation and maintenance. But the extent to which Egyptian co-operation in the supply of labour can be relied on is doubtful indeed. In Israel there is considerable unemployment at present which might well enable the recruitment of the necessary labour. And if, by chance, the final settlement of our differences with Egypt left us in possession of the Gaza Strip, we should be left with a place in which a new Mediterranean port might be built, and in which a source of labour—the Arab refugees—might be tapped.

Already wells have been bored and water pumped in parts of the Negev where it was previously supposed that none existed. Enormous tracts of land around Beersheba have been rendered productive; and this former village on the edge of the desert has already been transformed into a large, well-planned centre with its industries, and a great hall on the lines of the Royal Festival Hall, which would do credit to a long established city with great resources. The town is divided into *quartiers*, each having its own shopping centre. It is to serve as a node for the rapidly developing Negev, and it is to co-ordinate the pioneering efforts of the hardy settlers who are braving the rigours of the desert and turning its wealth to man's advantage.

Further to the South there stretch the parched and barren uplands shimmering in the heat, and the pale, delicate hues of the desert. Here occur those fantastic saucer-like plateaux, products of the violent upward pressures of former cataclysmic times when the tortured crust of the earth, stretched beyond breaking point, fell asunder, leaving highland craters surrounded by bastions of jagged rock. Now they stand like the great earthworks of Salisbury Plain, but infinitely greater in extent; and, far from being memorials of a civilisation of the past, they are rather reminders of the little that man has accomplished in this inhospitable land since the time (how many millions of years ago?) when the earth was struggling to take its shape after its ejection from the parent sun. On the outward slopes of these are found the phosphates now being exploited by a modern plant, high on the watershed between the Mediterranean and the Jordan Valley. An admirable road leads hither from Beersheba, and to the South lies the vast undeveloped region of the southern Negev. A modern road runs along the Jordan frontier, down the Araba or Dead Sea Rift, to the shores of the Red Sea at Elath. By a series of amazing contortions it plunges through the Ma'ale Aqrabim, the Scorpions Pass where recently Arabs, concealed behind rocks, fired at and killed the occupants of a civilian bus.

Fresh water has been found along this road, not far from Elath, and the hunt is always on for more. Already the Histadrut, the Israeli T.U.C., which not only federates all the labour unions of the country but actually owns and runs a very large proportion of Israeli industry, has announced that it is giving Elath a great new hall of culture and recreation. In time it is hoped to develop Elath as a port through which can pass the mineral wealth of the southern Negev. Prospecting for minerals and oil is going on all the time and there are high hopes of the former and a chance of the latter being found in exploitable quantities. But as yet there is no harbour, only an open roadstead; and the Egyptians are acting upon their most doubtful claim to be entitled to close the Gulf of Aqaba to ships bound for Israel, just as they are illegally preventing them from using the Suez Canal.

From a practical point of view, it is already possible to say that the southern Negev could be made to serve the purposes of a base for British forces and materials, as an alternative to that in Egypt, so greatly diminished in value in recent years. What would be the attitude of Israel to such a project? This is today by no means the easy question to answer that it would have been a year or two ago, when the answer would have been decidedly unfavourable. The animosities against the British, aroused by the war of independence which gave rise to the establishment of the State of Israel, were far too bitter then for such a thing to be thinkable; and it would be foolish to imagine that these would not at least be remembered should there be any question of such open and close rapprochement as would be involved in the presence of British troops in Israeli territory. In any case, apart from the peculiar relationship of the Jews to the British, it would be abnormal for a people which has so recently won its independence to be prepared to take any step which might be capable of being described by demagogues as a sacrifice of sovereignty.

It so happens that the particular part of Israeli territory involved, the Negev, is at once the ewe lamb of the nation and the cynosure of all Israeli eyes, for upon its development, as the former Prime Minister Ben Gurion has said, will depend the survival of the State. Israel will stand or fall by its success in taming the Negev. Only by its development can enough land and raw material be found to absorb the hundreds of thousands of Jews abroad who are yet expected to seek a new life of hope in Israel; and only if its mineral wealth can be exploited will the state be economically sound and independent. The Israeli mind is therefore particularly sensitive to anything which might jeopardise the people's own control and free exploitation of this vast Gulliver within their borders. However, no traveller in Israel today could fail to be impressed by the friendly admiration there is for things British, and by the sympathy with the British people which there exists. Those who have known former years in Israel find it difficult to believe that such a change could have come about so soon. Apart from the fact that the State is founded upon social democracy, the Army gives one the impression of being consciously and enthusiastically modelled upon the British Army; it is smart yet pleasingly informal, and its officers look like British Officers. The Civil Service, too, is just like—indeed has sprung from—ours. The Judiciary is entirely incorruptible and acknowledges its debt to our system. Amongst ordinary people, even

those who speak English only with difficulty, there is an almost pathetic longing to express sympathy with the British which augurs well for any genuine effort on Britain's part to win confidence and co-operation from the Israelis.

It is the fact that the Israelis feel themselves to be of the West. But there are the strongest possible economic considerations which may well incline Israel towards the closest co-operation with Britain, should this be genuinely offered. At present a fantastic proportion of the Israeli budget is devoted to defence. To such an extent is this the case that there are many who think economic collapse by no means impossible. If it were the deliberate intention of the neighbouring Arab states to wring from an uneasy and indefinitely prolonged period of armistice that which their arms failed to win for them in their war against Israel, they could not adopt a policy more calculated to achieve their aim of throwing the Jews into the sea than that of creating such tension as to necessitate a crippling defence effort on the part of the Israelis. After a hard day's work in the fields, it is no small ordeal to have to spend a night on armed guard to protect the farm and the family, as is now the case in many parts of Israel. And the Arabs are past-masters in the art of infiltration. In the South, near the "Gaza Strip", much of the land reclaimed from the desert on which the corn now grows is worked by men from already established settlements away to the North. They come to harvest their crops and find them gone—the water pipes which they had laid out for irrigation vanished. In Gaza, now across the Egyptian border, a merry market thrives for these things, and the thieves and receivers do good trade. Sometimes crops or buildings are just destroyed, and it is a rare twenty-four hours in which there is no attempt on Israeli life.

Most Israelis realise that this cannot continue indefinitely. They do not believe that they should settle scores with the Arabs by military means, though they are convinced that, left to themselves, they could sweep all before them. But they could not ignore any suggestion which might relieve them of any substantial part of their military expenditure. Instead of pouring out so much of their substance and effort on the purely negative, and necessarily not always successful resistance to border raids, robberies and shootings along the whole length of their grotesque frontier, they could devote themselves wholly to the development of their country and to the creation of economic stability. If some arrangement could be made with the British whereby a base were established in the Negev, these ends would be achieved by the Israelis. It would accelerate the development of this crucial territory and bring a stability not only to Israel but through Israel to the whole of the Middle East. I believe that if Britain were to try to convince Israel that she sincerely intended to do all in her power to achieve this stability she would find a warm response in Israeli hearts. And the best way so to convince this already friendly people would be to make it plain to the Arab States that Britain not only recognises the existence of Israel in the Middle East but intends to help her to remain and prosper there, and that anyone who seeks to undermine her stability "does it also unto Britain".

E. L. MALLALIEU.

THE AUSTRIAN SCENE

WHEN the Berlin conference ended last February without bringing the slightest satisfaction to Austria's hopes of the signature of a State Treaty and evacuation, the Austrian ship of state seemed to have entered the doldrums. In private conversation Austrian statesmen of all parties told me that the Treaty issue had been shelved for at least the next 12 months. Hopes based on the theory that Austria might benefit from the insolubility of the more vital conflict over Germany were definitely abandoned. The exploded theory had been that the Soviet Union, fighting tooth and nail against the greatest threat to her further expansion in Europe—the incorporation of West German contingents in the European defence forces—would decide to blunt the edge of the propaganda weapon that her intractability gave the West. A graceful yielding over Austria, where no military issues were involved, would enable communist parties everywhere to claim that the Malenkov new look had come to stay—hoped the Austrians. Only where her security through the re-creation of German military power was threatened was she forced still to say no.

The results of Berlin forced Austria to realise the fallacy of these and the other hopes aroused by such concessions as the payment of occupation costs—Russia's belated following of America's lead actually forced the hands of reluctant Britain and France to dip into their own pockets—the abolition of Zonal barriers and the replacement of her military by a civilian High Commissioner. The new look, the Austrians had to recognise, would be but skin deep and would bring no change of heart. But at least, they thought, it had come to stay. Opportunist as Austrian statesmen learned to be during a century of holding the polyglot Hapsburg empire together by tight-rope balancing, by yielding here to gain ground there, they instinctively reverted to the traditional cotton-wool policy. No Treaty—but at least the air had been cleared, the utmost concessions made by themselves and the West, and now they must seek compensation. There was nothing more to surrender save the nation's existence. This would have been the price of entering the carefully camouflaged mouse-trap, well-baited with the name of a Treaty, produced with a genial smile by Mr. Molotov at Berlin. The bait was a Treaty, the snap of the trap the abolition of the Allied Council and the four High Commissioners, leaving the capital and the Government at the mercy of the enveloping Red Army.

Short of thus committing suicide, Austria had gone the limit. Now the line would have to be a demand for the removal of a few more occupation burdens, by accepting which Russia's gain in prestige would far outweigh any possible loss. One demand would have been the closing of Russia's 200 retail smuggler's dens in Austria. These are the U.S.I.A. trust shops—mostly hole and corner, furtive affairs bearing no name, set up to sell the produce of the 2-300 factories seized as "German Property" in Austria which evade revenue dues, and import goods from behind the Curtain smuggled in without payment of customs duties as Russian "military stores". Other concessions which the Austrians hoped to get were the cessation of this smuggling, an agreement to subject the seized factories to ordinary Austrian financial and economic regulations, the abolition of military courts except for such offences as sabotage or espionage, the

subjection of soldiers breaking Austrian laws—common crime, traffic offences and so forth—to Austrian jurisdiction. Apart from that, there might be a little exchange of banter at Geneva with that merry Mr. Molotov—the role he had played in Berlin—regarding subsequent re-opening of Treaty talks. Then, when the Eastern situation was calmer—say in a year's time—it might prove possible to raise a gentle wind to waft the Austrian ship of state out of the doldrums and on towards the blessed islands of independence.

Instead, in the middle of May, came the roaring tornado of Soviet charges and threats against Austria. At the end of one of the Allied Council's dullest and briefest fortnightly session, the Chairman asked "Any other business?", the Soviet High Commissioner, Ivan Ivanovitch Ilyitchev, rose to launch his whirlwind attack out of the blue. It left the Western High Commissioners speechless—save for the request that evidence of the charges should be produced for preliminary private Four Power investigation. Ilyitchev declined, demanding a full-dress debate with its propaganda publicity. Four days later he summoned Chancellor Raab and Vice Chancellor Schaerf to his headquarters in the Hotel Imperial. Treated like delinquents, with all the usual formal courtesies dropped, they were forced to listen to a hectoring repetition of the original charges, which had meantime been pepped up, and new threats added. Then they were dismissed. This treatment was meted out by a man calling himself not only High Commissioner but Ambassador, to the two heads of the Government to which he had presented letters of credence a few months earlier, with the avowed mission of making a friend of Austria. Ilyitchev did not expressly claim that his unilateral action was undertaken in the name of the Four Power Commission—which would indeed, alone have been entitled to administer such a rebuke to the Austrian Government. But for his invisible propaganda audience he sought to create this impressed by his repeated citation of the Four Power Control Agreement, Four Power decisions, and the Four Power Berlin Conference. On the heels of the General Assembly of the International Press Institute in Vienna and its firm stand for press freedom everywhere and under all conditions, Ilyitchev declared that the press in Austria was forbidden "to publish any material directed against the occupying Powers, yet day by day it publishes various slanderous incitements against the Soviet Union and its troops in Austria". His outrageous demand was one for the suppression of criticism of Soviet policy and the reporting of the (recently very numerous) murders and other acts of violence by individual Russians. It was accompanied by reiteration of the wearisome Berlin charges of revived militarist, neo-Nazi and general anti-Soviet propaganda in Austria. It was coupled with a sinister suggestion that this all resulted from the abolition of inter-Zonal controls and a summons to the Cabinet to proceed against its Socialist Minister of the Interior, Oscar Helmer, failing which the Soviets would take their own measures. The Chancellor naturally refuted all these charges in Parliament, repeated that Austria would not be brow-beaten, and at the same time enjoined the population to maintain discipline. The American element was only restrained from drastic action by the pleas of the Austrians, French and British. Dulles finally ordered the matter to be raised, as it was, in the ensuing session of the Allied Council.

Just what this violent Russian outburst means will probably not be clear for a month or so. There are many possible explanations some comparatively harmless, some serious. The most optimistic view is that it may prove to have been just letting off steam. The Chochlow revelations, particularly the proofs secured by the Austrian Ministry of the Interior that Chochlow's false "Hofbauer" passport was issued to the M.V.D. by the communist police commissariat in Russian-occupied St. Polten, certainly brought serious trouble to M.V.D. headquarters at Baden-near-Vienna, the Russian High Commander and High Commissioner, Ivan Ivanovitch Ilyitchev himself. Yet it would be unusual to find the Soviets reacting so promptly. It might have been a punishment for the refusal to enter the mouse-trap, or an attempt to stop Austrian mockery of the excuses offered in Berlin, for refusing evacuation, neo-nazism, militarism, soldier's reunions.

Regarding these reunions, Austria is in an equivocal position. The Government says that it watches that they shall develop no political activities. But at the same time it declares itself unable to forbid old comrades in arms from getting together to talk over perils and hardships shared in World War II. That would be sound enough reasoning in Germany. But in Austria? In every kind of official publication as well as in speeches it is asserted that Austria was invaded and annexed—which is indisputable—and that her citizens were forced to fight against their will. That they were conscripted to fight is equally true; probably a considerable majority were unwilling. But if there had not been a great many Austrian Nazis eager to give their lives to further Hitler's aims—who attends these old comrades gatherings? From the official Austrian Government attitude elsewhere it follows that these gatherings are not those of old comrades who fought for Austria, but of old traitors who betrayed her. Austria must be the only country in the world whose government tolerates and defends gatherings of "Old Collaborators", while at the same time officially standing behind the none-too-efficient but indisputably patriotic Austrian underground, insisting on their contribution to the country's liberation. The truth is that the Catholic Volkspartei dare not challenge the neo-Nazi, pan-German elements in the V.D.U. ("Union of Independents") by calling these gatherings by their right name, and forbidding them—not to please the Russians, but to avoid insulting the anti-Nazi majority and those of them who are officially labelled the heroic resistance. But although this and other inconsistencies furnish ammunition to native and Russian communism, both of these know very well the powerlessness and stupidity of these pot-bellied, (Hitler) medal-clanking Blimps.

It is inconceivable that the Soviet Union suddenly sees a menace in these long tolerated heel-clicking, goose-stepping organisations sufficient to call for this sudden change of front towards Austria. The moderate pessimists see in Ilyitchev's move the opening of a new campaign to undermine national confidence in the successful coalition Government before the highly important Diet and local council elections in October hit the "Five-Per-Cent-Party" (the Communists) harder than ever. The full pessimists believe it presages the restoration of Zonal controls, an attempt by the Russians to abolish the Ministry of the Interior, and to set up their own communist police. The concurrent 16th Congress of the Austrian Communist Party

in Vienna furnished supporting evidence for this theory. Party leader Johann Koplenig startlingly abandoned the persistent Party line of demanding Austrian "neutralism". This, said Koplenig, in face of Western encouragement of German militarism no longer sufficed. He called for the setting up of a Government "which would put Austria in the front rank of the nations fighting German militarism". That was a clear directive from Moscow to drag Austria behind the Curtain as a new "People's Democracy". This would mean the reduction of Vienna to the status of Berlin and the setting up of a communist dictatorship in Eastern Austria. This in turn would necessitate the establishment of a West-Austrian government in Salzburg or the union of Western Austria and Western Germany pending liberation. Again, after the long and—from an Eastern as much as from a Western standpoint—generally successful period of quadrupartite control, it is difficult to imagine that the Soviets intend thus to create a new cold-war focus in Austria. But they are playing with fire. The West must not only be ready with fire extinguishers but must make very certain that in their haste to prevent a conflagration they do not snatch up any containing oil.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

Vienna.

THE GENEVA CONFERENCE

AS this is written the Conference on Far Eastern questions is completing the seventh week of its discussions in Geneva. The Conference has been, in fact, two conferences with some common membership. Consideration of the Korean question has brought together the delegations of nineteen countries which were involved in the Korean war or are intimately concerned in a Korean settlement. This Conference of Nineteen absorbed the first two weeks of the Geneva meeting in a general debate on Korea and has met intermittently in plenary sessions since that time. There has been little or no close negotiation on this theme. Meanwhile the delegations of nine countries—the Soviet Union, the United States, France, Britain, the People's Republic of China, the Associated States of Viet-Nam, Laos and Cambodia and the so-called Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam (Viet Minh)—"interested", to quote the communique of the Berlin Conference, in Indo-China have been endeavouring to negotiate a cease-fire in that country and to lay the foundations of an Indo-Chinese settlement.

The Conference of Nineteen will no doubt remain formally in being as long as discussion of the Indo-Chinese question continues in Geneva. But it remains as improbable as it was on April 26th when the Geneva meetings opened that an agreed solution of the Korean question can be reached at this time. The peace of Indo-China and all that hinges thereon has been from the beginning and still remains the primary issue at Geneva. However burdensome for the Korean people the continued division of their country, failure to transform the military armistice there into an agreed settlement seems unlikely to threaten the general peace or to imperil the Korean armistice itself. Here the expectation of achievement was minimal and the dangers and disappointments of failure will be circumscribed.

Not so in the case of Indo-China. There the war goes on and indeed must soon enter a decisive phase. The breakdown of the negotiations to end it could have momentous consequences not only for Indo-China but for the world's peace.

So much indeed hinges on the Indo-Chinese negotiations for a cease-fire that nothing less than a positive outcome of these negotiations will substantiate the success of the Geneva meetings. But already a good deal can be set to the credit side of this Conference and given eventual success in the Indo-Chinese peace-making the effects of these incidental achievements may be cumulative and far-reaching. It is of no little significance that a Conference of this character has been held at all and has continued for an extended period. Soviet participation in international assemblies is now commonplace enough though the results are not invariably fruitful. But the presence of the People's Republic of China in a full-scale international gathering is a new and basically encouraging event. For two months or more a high-ranking delegation of Communist Chinese led by Foreign Minister Chou En-lai who stands high in the Peking hierarchy, has been sitting in the centre of Europe and has conferred at length with the Foreign Ministers of the Western world. This is not Sir Winston Churchill's proposed meeting of the Heads of States of East and West. But in fact if not in form it is a conference of the Big Five. The realities of power in the contemporary world have been recognised implicitly if not explicitly and nothing can be quite the same again in international politics.

Nor have the encounters of the Foreign Ministers been limited to the formal sessions of the Conference itself. It is true that neither Mr. Dulles nor Mr. Bedell Smith has met Mr. Chou En-lai privately and that the American delegation has confined its activity almost entirely to the plenary meetings whether "open" or "restricted". Mr. Dulles had one discussion in Geneva with Mr. Molotov on President Eisenhower's proposals for an atomic energy pool and, at a later stage, Mr. Molotov had a private conversation with Mr. Bedell Smith. Moreover the one meeting between Chinese and American representatives on an issue outside the formal Conference agenda—on the question of American and Chinese subjects detained respectively in China and the United States—required the intervention and presence of a third party, the British *Chargé d'affaires* in Peking. But the informal meetings in twos and threes between Mr. Eden, Mr. Bidault, Mr. Molotov and Mr. Chou En-lai have been numerous, friendly and within limits productive. They have been indeed a major feature of the Geneva gathering. And their main significance from the British standpoint is that they have established a personal relationship and perhaps a measure of personal understanding between Mr. Eden and Mr. Chou En-lai. Both in these personal encounters as well as in the general meetings of the Conference, British, as well as other Western statesmen, have come to know Communist Chinese spokesmen for themselves and not as represented to them by the men from Moscow. There is a good prospect where Britain is concerned that the greatly increased contact which Mr. Eden and others have had in Geneva with the delegates of the People's Republic of China will result in a development of more normal diplomatic, commercial and cultural relationships between the two countries. Be that as it may a personal relationship has been established which did not exist

before and even allowing for the limitations of the personal factor where relationships with Communist statesmen are concerned, this is a matter of some significance in itself.

It is thanks to these private meetings of the Foreign Ministers that procedural questions in this Conference have been resolved with comparative smoothness. Less time has been wasted in haggling over procedure at Geneva than at any East-West meeting since the cold war began. There has been a disposition if not to settle the business in hand at least to get down to its discussion without undue delay. There has been a disposition also to avoid irrelevancies and to refrain from pressing points not vital to a settlement which were clearly unacceptable to one side or the other. There has been surprisingly little insistence too on the wider political issues which the Communists were expected to place in the forefront of the discussions. The claim for the rectification of Chinese representation in the United Nations has been mentioned but not repeatedly and its acceptance has certainly not been made the pre-condition of discussion on the substantive items of the agenda. There has been a general readiness to concentrate on the specific purposes for which the Conference was called. And on the whole the discussions have been conducted with more moderation of temper than is usual in meetings of this kind. There have been propaganda speeches from various sides particularly in the plenary and non-restricted sessions but they have been fewer than anticipated. These are small mercies perhaps but welcome none the less.

In all these secondary though not unimportant aspects, therefore, the Geneva Conference has improved on expectations and preserved the amenities of diplomacy beyond what has come to be regarded as normal in East-West exchanges. Given the final essential agreement on an Indo-Chinese armistice, Geneva could be the prelude to a developing phase of East-West negotiation on outstanding issues in which the bargaining is hard and the discussions inevitably prolonged but in which both sides have the desire to reach agreement and from which tangible results could be gained. In Geneva there has been reason to think that both sides were negotiating in this spirit though not always with sufficient appreciation or acceptance of the conditions of success. Communist intentions are notoriously difficult to divine but certainly in the earlier stages of the Conference the general belief was that the pressure of her internal problems was disposing Communist China to welcome the kind of detente in the international situation which an Indo-Chinese settlement would bring, and that South-East Asia was not an area where the Soviet Union desired to involve itself openly or to try conclusions with the West.

Nevertheless as this is written the Conference is approaching a climax and the prospects of a successful outcome have sharply declined. The return of Mr. Molotov from Moscow has been marked by a stiffening of the Communist attitude as revealed both in his own subsequent speeches and those of Mr. Chou En-lai. It is still reasonable to assume that the Communists would prefer to avoid a complete breakdown of the Conference. But they face a strong temptation to exploit in their own supposed interests the military advantage they hold in Indo-China and the political advantage they believe they can derive from the internal weakness of France and the scarcely veiled differences of the Western great powers. If they maintain

their insistence on the formal recognition of the "resistance movements" in Laos and Cambodia and their refusal to entrust the supervision of a truce in Indo-China to genuinely neutral countries, it can only be assumed that they hope to win on the battlefield or through the confusions of others what they have not been able to gain at the Conference table and to take the risks of a termination of the Geneva discussions.

Developments in France itself and the proper reluctance of the West to embark on large-scale intervention in South-East Asia may in the short run justify these perilous calculations for the Communists and the worst consequences of a breakdown of the Conference may be avoided or at least postponed. But failure at Geneva will at best create a situation of strain and danger in international relations and in any case bring to an end perhaps the most hopeful attempt so far to reach some concrete agreement between East and West. It must be earnestly hoped that even at the last moment wiser counsels will prevail and that calculations of power and military purpose will yield to the overwhelming common interest to relax international tensions and to achieve a *modus vivendi* between the Communist and non-Communist worlds.

GERALD BAILEY.

THE CYPRUS CHALLENGE

THE decision of the Greek Government to bring the thorny issue of Cyprus before the United Nations General Assembly in the autumn, unless the British Government in the interval agree to open bilateral talks on the island's future, follows inevitably on the futile and negative debate in the House of Lords on February 23rd, and the subsequent curt statement in the Commons by Mr. Eden that "Her Majesty's Government cannot agree to discuss the status of Cyprus". The student demonstrations in Athens, Salonika and Cyprus; the smashing of the windows of the British Consulate in the island of Rhodes and the consequent protest by the British Ambassador in Athens, Sir Charles Peake, all ensuing on the visit of Archbishop Makarios, the leader of the ENOSIS movement, to the Greek capital and to Rhodes; and the bitter criticism in the Athenian Press of what is described as "the intransigent and indifferent attitude of Britain", not only serve to show that Hellenic emotions and tempers are running high, but that the romantic and traditional Anglo-Greek friendship, which has lasted from the time of Byron, is under severe strain. In the emotionally super-charged situation which has developed, the Greek Government, obliged to adopt a firm pro-Enosis policy in view of "the strong feelings of Greek public opinion in this matter"—as pointed out in Athens to me by Mr. Alexis Kyrrou, Director-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—has shown commendable restraint and a sensible appreciation of British difficulties. That there is a serious prospect of Russia cashing-in on this vexed question there is no doubt, and her role will be far from disinterested or altruistic.

The Greek Prime Minister, Field-Marshal Papagos, told me, in an interview, that a suitable solution might even now result from an Anglo-Greek exchange of views on the principal points of a constitution to be offered to

the Cypriots. This offer should be coupled with a formal guarantee that after two, three, or four years after enactment of the constitution, the Cypriot people would be called upon to make their decision on Enosis by a referendum. The Greek Premier informed me that the Greek Government would definitely bring the dispute before the United Nations in the autumn, unless Great Britain agreed to open talks. They would, however, wait until the last minute, that is, until August 22nd. As to the possibility of the vote going against Greece, the Field-Marshal said he could not imagine the United Nations voting against the principles of the Charter, but in the hypothetical event of an adverse vote, Greece would not give up the fight, but continue to press with vigour for the right of self-determination and freedom from colonial rule of the Cyprus people. He did not think the strategical importance of Cyprus was an argument of substance against Enosis, since Britain and the United States knew very well they could have all the bases and military facilities they required on Greek territory. Greece did not desire a situation where the Russians would support the Greek case in the United Nations, but the attitude of Britain forced them to bring the matter before the international forum.

Before I saw the Greek Prime Minister, I had a discussion with Mr. Alex Kyrrou, who was Greece's very able representative at the United Nations. He disclosed to me that whilst at U.N.O. in 1946, when Mr. Constantine Tsaldaris was representing Greece in his capacity as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, whom Sir Winston Churchill had once described as possibly the greatest of all British Foreign Secretaries, had declared in his presence that he was "absolutely in favour of Enosis". Mr. Kyrrou added: "It is extremely important that British official circles should know that the anti-British movement in Greece is gaining momentum, is general and spontaneous, and is not inspired by Government action. On the contrary, the Greek Government are taking all measures in their power to prevent demonstrations". It would be a terrible mistake on the part of the British Government if they were to make up their minds that Greece, in the present circumstances, must become something like an American colony, and consequently it would not be worth while to make any sacrifice over the Cyprus question, nor to retain the friendship of Greece. On the contrary, there could not be found in Greece a responsible person who was not convinced of the necessity to base Greece's foreign policy on that of Great Britain and the United States.

Prior to my talks in Athens, I had an exclusive interview with Archbishop Makarios in Cyprus. Repudiating British Press reports that the Church in Cyprus was in alliance with the Communists, he made an interesting revelation. Referring to a recent leading article in *The Times* that the Communists were so well organised that a free constitution, immediately applied, with the promise of a plebiscite after a fixed number of years, might prove as disturbing to Greece as to Britain, he said, in point of fact, no such Communist danger existed. There were very few pure or fanatical Communists in the island; the hard core, according to Government statistics, hardly exceeded 200, but they influenced many people, especially workers in the town, and such persons probably represented 15 per cent. of the workers. But the important thing was that these people did not see Communism as a revolutionary movement, but regarded it in the same

way as the British people regard their trade unions—as a means of improving their standard of living. Except for the zoo, they were imbued with the same patriotic feelings for Enosis as the rest of the community. That was why the Communist leaders were anxious to appear as patriotic supporters of the Enosis movement. There would have been no Communist movement at all if Cyprus, in the past, had not been so shockingly neglected, with wages and the standard of living the lowest in the world. I asked the Archbishop what would be his line of action if there was an adverse vote at U.N.O. If there was an adverse vote, he replied—and they did not anticipate that—and Britain still refused negotiations, then it would still be a great moral victory for Cyprus and Greece, and Britain's prestige would suffer. "We do not know", he added, "what the attitude of the Greek Government might be, but in Cyprus the struggle would go on and be intensified. The continued intransigence of Britain would probably lead us to take other measures. There are measures which could only be taken in extreme cases". I did not question the Archbishop further on this point, but I am sure he did not mean anything in the nature of violence or disturbances, nor any incitement to disorder. I think the Archbishop is far too shrewd and diplomatic for that.

Expecting a reasoned, constructive and hopeful statement from the British Government that the Cyprus issue will be dealt with in a democratic way at an opportune time, the Greek people, like the Greek Cypriots themselves, I found in Greece, are exasperated and affronted by such suggestions as that of Lord Winster in the Lords that there is no widespread demand for Enosis. The former Governor said he had visited almost every village while he held that position, "and no one had ever raised the subject". Rightly or wrongly, whether the Cypriots are misguided and foolish in desiring to exchange a "rich stepfather" for a "poor mother" of their own blood, the fact remains that Greeks everywhere, at home and abroad, including the million Greeks in the United States, are solidly behind the Enosis movement. Much resentment has been caused in Greece by Lord Winster's remark that the Archbishop had carried out a plebiscite in the island, and, "following the best Russian examples, there had been a 100 per cent. vote in favour of Enosis". The actual vote in favour was 96 per cent., which is hardly surprising considering that slightly more than four-fifths of the 500,000 population are Cypriot Greeks.

Whilst the word "constitution" appears to be an anathema to some leading Cypriots I met, and *The Times* has expressed the view that "there is no real chance that the 1948 constitution will ever be practical politics again", there is more than a good hope that Field-Marshal Papagos's proposal, if acted upon, would lead the way out of a deadlock which, if allowed to continue, would not only gravely undermine Anglo-Greek relations, but might conceivably have some political repercussions on the Greek mainland, with an ultimate impairment of Greece's strategic position in the European defensive system.

It is remembered, with some emotion, that at the time of the announcement of the Truman policy, the State Department was favourably inclined to the proposal that Cyprus should go to Greece. Secret documents circulated to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, and subsequently made public, disclosed a recommendation that

Britain should cede Cyprus to Greece, "provided due provision is made for the security of British lines of communication". On this point, the Greeks say they are prepared to satisfy British needs and anxieties in every respect; the Greek argument was concisely put by Mr. Evangelos Averoff, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in a statement to journalists in Athens: "The military importance of Cyprus will be strengthened rather than weakened by giving satisfaction to the wishes of the inhabitants. Further, the whole of this region (the Eastern Mediterranean) is of great military importance, and it is common knowledge that bases, whether provisional, semi-permanent or permanent, are at the disposal of the Atlantic Alliance, including Great Britain, in all territories belonging to the latter's old and trusted friends". Greek deep water harbours and ports, the Greeks say, have always been at the disposal of the British Navy, whereas there are severe limitations as regards the facilities in Cyprus. Famagusta, with a depth of water of 23 ft., is the only port at which ships can berth, and the British Government face a difficult task in attempting to make its inadequate wharves meet the requirements of an emergency. Moreover, whilst Britain has apparently committed herself to moving her Middle East Command Headquarters from the Suez Canal Zone to Cyprus and spend £10,000,000 on an Army cantonment near the port of Larnaca, a construction which will take another five years to complete, both Greece and Turkey are acutely aware that the strategic value of Cyprus will be governed strictly by the situation obtaining in Turkey at all times. In the event of war, an enemy-occupied Turkey would greatly reduce the usefulness of Cyprus as a base. Many foreign as well as Turkish military authorities share the view that was expressed by Air-Marshal Sir John Slessor, of Britain, that "defence of the Middle East against major aggression in any future war means the defence of Turkey". Acting on this assumption, the Americans have expanded the port facilities at Iskenderum (Alexandretta) whilst large airfields have been constructed at Adana and Diyarbakir, among other places, and all weather highways run from Iskenderum to Erzurum, in the northeast, headquarters of the crack Turkish Third Army. The Turks have even ruled out Cyprus as a planning headquarters, and suggest Southern Turkey instead.

On the crucial question, for the Cypriots, of self-determination, the politically sensitive and liberty-loving Greeks are angered by the thought that the Americans—who maintain large wireless monitoring and official telecommunications centres in Cyprus—and the British, in setting-up and holding on to bases everywhere, "in the interests of democracy", may yet deny to a whole people the elementary right to determine their own political destiny. The words of Mr. Attlee ring ironically in Greek ears: "We have no desire to keep any people within the British Empire against their will". Another British inconsistency is that while the British are averse to maintaining a base in Egypt amid a hostile population, a similar situation in Cyprus does not apparently worry the British Government, a tacit admission that the Cypriot people are of a different mould, and are worthy of greater trust. But what the British Government fail to appreciate, in spite of the British claim to political sagacity, is that a thwarted people of Greek origin can be an extremely non-co-operative people, and the Archbishop has previously made it plain that civil disobedience is not to be

ruled out as a means of making Britain think realistically. While Field-Marshal Papagos is anxious to keep the issue within the framework of Anglo-Greek friendship, the Ethnarch is determined that Britain shall not be allowed to side-track the question. "In our effort to achieve the longed for liberty", the Archbishop told a large congregation in the Cathedral at Nicosia, "we shall stretch out both our right and left hand, to accept aid from the East as well as the West". The Ethnarch was undoubtedly speaking under a sense of exasperation, and while no doubt Russia and the Communist satellites would be only too willing to oblige, and make the United Nations forum as embarrassing as possible for Britain and the United States, neither the Greek Cypriots (excepting the Communists), nor the people of Greece, or Greeks anywhere, would like matters to develop in this way. Nevertheless, as the situation now presents itself, with the Greek Government committed to bringing the issue before the United Nations Assembly, the two major democracies face a challenge of a most intriguing kind, for Greece is not only an ally who sacrificed everything she possessed in the interests of freedom and democracy in the last war, but happens, also, to be the birthplace of democracy. In this struggle for Aphrodite's isle, the claims of Britain and America to be the guardians and defenders of democratic rights will be under somewhat withering fire, and neither Britain's pre-occupation with other colonial troubles, nor the fact that Russia is herself an "imperialist" Power, will deflect the Greeks from their purpose, once begun. "That the Sunussi should be free, and the descendants of Socrates remain slaves", is something that seems like a direct insult to the proud and sensitive Hellenes.

Greeks and Cypriots alike display much impatience over British solicitude for the Turkish minority in Cyprus, who represent less than one-fifth of the whole, and are even more resentful of the assertion that Cyprus has never formed part of Greece. The idea that a change in sovereignty would meet with disapproval in Turkey, now within the U.N.O. orbit, is looked upon as even more specious. The Greeks recall that when the Cretans, fighting for their independence, had the Turks on the run after terrible massacres which shocked Europe, Britain intervened in the interests of the Porte. Power-politics, not democracy, mattered more in those days, and curiously disturbing shadows seem to be projected into this atomic age. Moreover, the Turks fought against Britain in the first world war, and sat on the fence in the second world conflict. The British, say the Greeks, might as well tell the Chinese that Hong Kong was never part of China, as insist that Cyprus was never part of Greece. The former puisne judge, Sir Anton Bertram, is quoted as having said: "There is probably no region of the Levant where Greek civilization has had a more intense or a more successful struggle to establish itself".

Strongest argument of all, perhaps, is that in 1915 Cyprus was offered to Greece by Sir Edward Grey as an inducement to enter the war on the side of the Allies. Greece came in eventually, but the offer lapsed. At Paris in 1919 Veniselos received assurances that, once the Greek question as a whole was settled, Cyprus would become part of Greece. That hope, too, faded away, and since then Cyprus has become strategically important. But Greeks and Cypriots are outraged by the very thought that democratic liberties, or the right of a people to determine their own destiny,

must be sacrificed to political expediency and power-politics. How can Britain and America hope to stem the flood of Communism throughout the world by such a debauchment of principle? it is asked. Greece is a proven and staunch ally, not a Communist country.

Britain's influence in Greece has sadly declined; every mission but the naval mission has gone. British trade has fallen steadily since 1952 and that of Germany has greatly increased. The Germans, in fact, are out to capture the Greek market, which they held in large measure before the war. In 1953 Germany bought one-third of total Greek tobacco exports; last year increased Greek purchases in Italy put the United Kingdom down to fourth place among exporters to Greece. Russia and her satellites have all entered into trade agreements with Greece. Despite all this, the Greeks cherish the warmest friendship for Britain at heart, and if the severest strain is being put on their good will over the official British attitude on Cyprus, the problem is not beyond a mutually satisfactory and happy solution. As Lord Killearn said in the recent House of Lords debate, "the feeling in Greece cannot be ignored". And Lord Ogmores is right in saying that it is a situation which British statesmanship should aim at altering. British statesmen must grasp the fact that Greece's part, a key part, in the Western defence system, is not separate from the Cyprus issue, but in the ultimate political implications is part and parcel of it. A solution agreeable to Greece will strengthen the moderate political forces in Greece; if Britain should—inconceivably—flaunt the desire of the whole Greek nation, the Communists will certainly make the utmost of the charge of "British and American imperialism". The temper of Greeks on irredentist problems should be known to the British by this time; even the Gods quail before the wrath of the people.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

TROUBLE IN BRITISH HONDURAS

THE arms shipments to Guatemala have caused much consternation. The consignments were large and came from behind the Iron Curtain. The United States have furnished Nicaragua and the Republic of Honduras with weapons. The more military supplies that reach Central America, the less peaceful the future promises to be. How too do these manoeuvres reflect upon British Honduras, upon which Guatemala has had, for the last hundred years, irredentist designs? How will the People's United Party react? In April it won the elections under the new constitution and the members take their seats in the new Legislative Assembly this month. The Guatemalan press greeted the election result with much satisfaction. The P.U.P. received twice as many votes as all other contestants put together; its principal opponent, the National Party, failed to return a single candidate in a campaign remarkable for its orderly conduct. Only one sitting member—an Independent—was re-elected and his was the only constituency which did not return a P.U.P. man. Every Guatemalan schoolboy knows, for his copy book display the slogan, that "Belice est nuestra". The P.U.P. was, however, careful to stand for independence. This objective gained, the people

would make up their minds whether the territory was to rejoin the Commonwealth or seek "closer association with the Central American Republics." As the recent evidence of disunity among them shows, this platform is a long way removed from any *Anschluss* with Guatemala. The election signifies a "continental victory" and is a defeat for the friends of West Indian Federation. Nationalism, dislike of West Indian "infiltration" and immigration schemes, economic grievances resulting from devaluation of the local currency, produced a rare alignment of heterogeneous forces which proved too strong for the counterweights which Britain had to offer. The deserved popularity of the young, humane and competent Governor and the Colonial Development and Welfare funds, though three times the usual per capita grant made to the peoples of other colonies, were of little consequence at the polls. £2,250,000 have been allocated for the period 1946-56 without any pressure exerted from Honduras, in the hope of economic development and West Indian emigration, perhaps, as advocated by the Evans Commission. No doubt, the electorate saw its nuisance value and a chance of coaxing the British Government into bigger subsidies, somewhat as the Latin American states, to annoy Mr. Dulles, applauded Guatemala at the recent Inter-American Conference, although most of them had its own reason for disliking Guatemala which has various prickly claims to attention, beside "Belice".

The economic influences of the American continent have always been strong. Until the fated day of devaluation the American dollar was legal tender in Belize. Americans would buy the bulk of the exports and supply the imports, since the colony grows but a fraction of its food. Hondurians have found work in the United States. An occasional millionaire builds churches for a new religion. The Church of the Nazarene started, with American optimism about the future, without a congregation. Honduras is quick, its seediness an advantage, in attracting the odd with money—which in these days means Americans. A solitary eccentric gentleman from a past generation of British men of leisure had chose the colony in order to fish: he died before he could enjoy his sport and on his death bed bequeathed his fortune to the colony, which is building a college. The Colonial Development Corporation, its signs still to be seen in Belize but its staff gone, has been most unhappy in its dealings. Texan ranchers and Californian banana magnates hold out for better terms, using the failure of the C.D.C. as an argument. The air is full of stories of C.D.C. aeroplanes which never were flown and machines imported, not used, and shipped back to England where they promptly were charged several thousand pounds custom duties. I myself paid my bill of £3 10s. od. a day in the C.D.C. hotel, with its second class amenities, with bad grace. The official picture is not entirely black. The Colonial Office grants, under the Colonial Development and Welfare Act, enabled the colony in April, to complete the Humming Bird Highway, a 32½ mile road, through jungle and mountains. It links Belize with the citrus growing area, but its beneficial effects are still to be felt by the colony.

The hopes pinned to American capital are not unconnected with the very real fear that the forest resources are giving out. It takes 60 years to grow a mahogany tree and too many of the accessible trees of small width have been felled. The forester (late from Burma) with whom I

discussed the position shook his head at such a reckless policy in the past. Hardwoods, the main export, face a declining market, as do the chicle growers who trade with Guatemala. All the while the fickle, touchy labour demands easier working conditions, and the Spanish grumble about liberties and lack of discipline. Buying some cigarettes in a village store, I asked the fat Spanish lady behind the counter if they were locally made: "I say they are. They are called 'Colonial' and that's what they taste like. You wouldn't find that name anywhere else in Central America, hombre." Her husband chimed in and pointing to a group of workmen outside: "Those men are Mexicans. See how they work without supervision. Not like lazy Hondurians who can only talk." The P.U.P. is the political expression of the General Workers Union. In a few years labour built up a trade union organisation and an effective political machine. An even greater achievement is the party's ability to override class, national, racial and linguistic differences. A left-wing party, they yet have the services of the mysterious Mr. Turton, a rich man, whose type-writer features in the cloak-and-dagger inquiry into the P.U.P.-Guatemalan pre-election machinations. The party is equally strong in Creole Belize as in Spanish Cayo. The different racial groups do not intermarry, but they have supported in equal numbers the P.U.P. platform.

"We've always had a taste for independence", their spokesman explained, in 1523 the local representative of Cortes rebelled against his chief. The buccaneers would turn pirate or wood cutter according to their interests. "The Settlement of English Woodcutters in the Bay of Honduras" ruled their affairs by direct democracy, in public meeting". Slaves were better treated than elsewhere. Deliberate injuries were punished. The Mayas revolted; in a 15-year war they kept 5,000 refugees confined in Corozal in the middle of the last century." The English crown fobbed us off, after years of hesitation, with a Lieutenant Governor subject to Jamaica—imagine! Now we haven't time for England, which can give us little." Experts can be hired under Point IV from inter-American organisations. Surveys and loans may be more readily forthcoming from the World Bank in Washington. "We will have a say in the choice of the technicians, not have them foisted upon us by the Colonial Office." All this was smilingly said in a Creole Club dignified by a picture of Queen Victoria and a Union Jack. Belize with its wooden huts and untidy straggling streets, its weird law-court and secretariat, like a great West African business premise, the long-windedness of the retired gentlemen, so devoted to the colony, the Victorian bric-a-brac in Government House, timbered and on a small plot of ground, have the atmosphere of a past age. "There's nothing much England has or can give us", said the politician to me and invited a girl in a rose-coloured dress who had come up with jam cakes (one of the local "cottage industries") to the next dance.

He wanted a change. So did the priests at the Jesuit missions, American Irish from the Midwest, traditionally "agin the government", with elements among them not unwilling to play off Guatemala, for all its fellow-travelling, against the Governor, "that English dictator", as the radio called him from Guatemala City. "He put your patriots and heroes, Richardson and Goldson, in prison for 18 months on hard labour. This

blasted man and his kind do not care for you. Take hold of them and take care of them. Do as the Malaysans. When the English speak of introducing Federation of the West Indies ask them of the Malayan Federation where the natives have been reduced to worse than animals."

Now Richardson and Goldson are members of the Legislative Assembly. They have taken the oath loyally and without reservation. The Secretary of State has told the House of Commons that he has assurances that the new constitution will be used in strict conformity with the letter of the law, and he has boldly allowed the remoulding of the Executive Council in which the P.U.P. will be represented. No ministerial system is envisaged, and the Governor is not committed to take the advice of the Executive Council. Historical events rarely repeat themselves, and the troubles of British Guiana should not be re-enacted in British Honduras. The unity between the "blacks" and the "reds" will make demagoguery on the part of the unofficials less necessary. The local confidence in orderly advance is gratifying, but its justification will come from quarters outside the colony, notably those who determine the economic destinies of the colony and, of course, Guatemala.

Guatemala's case for union with "Belize" looks fragile to the historian, and the British offer to submit it to the scrutiny of the International Court has been refused. But I found Guatemalan intellectuals, who impress one as much cooler and matter-of-fact than their counterparts in Mexico, modestly accepting any charge of backwardness and local ineptitude, and then suddenly going to a map: "The root of all our troubles lies here in the Petén, our vast rich province, which has no outlet to the sea, to Belize, and therefore cannot be developed." Guatemala lacks capital, and the addition of a swampy coast and a Creole port with an independently minded population will not lighten her burden. Nor is it clear whether the masses follow the government's irredentist policy. In last year's May Day procession only one float featured the Honduranian theme: "Belize is ours—not the sons' of the Great B——". The procession with marimba music from every third lorry certainly disguised any communist inspiration it may have had. There were no flags with hammer and sickles. Rather was the President's name continuously shouted, reminiscent of a Peronist parade. The President was brought up in the Argentine and is a friend of Peron. The streets of Guatemala City look like those of any other American town without the posters and the red bunting so prominent in an Eastern communist town. "Too much is made by the United States of communist influence", I was told by an onlooker, "we enjoy greater freedom, better roads, land has been distributed. Ubijo's police molested us when we played cards in our houses or threw a match on the streets. Things are better today and the government molests not us but the United Fruit Company, whose power has been too great." A contingent of the C.P. was marching in the procession, but without a banner. At least one guessed that those demonstrators were the communists who looked so much more bookish than the Mayan workmen elsewhere in the parade. "Octobre" was bulging in their pockets, and from the banter that went on the onlooker could surmise that here was a closely knit group where everyone knew everyone. Nor did they look the most determined body of demonstrators. Undoubtedly, the campesinos'

modest demands for a reasonable minimum wage or land stamped the parade, this year as well as last.

The events in Central America are part of the awakening of the Indian masses, a revolutionary progress of men who long have been silent. The forests are recovering. The Mayan civilisation is joining forces with the Aztec revival which is part of the Mexican modern scene. In British Honduras only six Mayan stellae were known before the war, today 108 have been mapped. Here is a happy hunting ground for the archaeologist, who in the circumstances also adds to the myth of a Mayan, separate Central American destiny.

"Should we stay on?" One ponders the question. Gliding in a pitpan on one of the 17 rivers, passing the crocodiles which snap but do not attack human beings in this picture-book jungle with its tucans and jaguars, gibnot and bush dogs, tapirs and raccoons, one feels sure that the British presence is worthwhile, provided the economic problems can be solved. In one area in Latin America there is no bribery about visas and exit permits, there is politeness and expedition at the air port, policemen go about their business without guns, girls in pink dresses delight on May Day to dance around the May Pole, and the old-worldly Anglican vicar breathes tolerance. Civil servants are the servants of the public. Obviously the visitor is more taken by all this than the local, but in the long run the Honduranian would learn the high cost of associating himself with the Spanish heritage; despite the Mayan awakening the *ladino* is still dominant. Meanwhile we must do better than teach Honduras all about jam cakes. The revolutions of this ferocious century affect even the most backward, backwoods places of the Queen's dominion. What happens in Central America is as exciting and, ultimately, important as what goes on in Kenya or Malaya.

LEO SILBERMAN.

THE REGENCY ERA IN FRANCE—I

ON THE morning of September 1, 1715 when the chapel clock had struck a quarter past eight, Louis XIV passed away, three days before his seventy-seventh birthday, in the seventy-second year of his reign. Only Père le Tellier, his Jesuit Confessor, and the Duc de Villeroy, Captain of the Guard, were with him at the end. A few minutes later an officer in a hat with a black plume stepped out on to a balcony. Removing his hat he shouted *Le Roi est mort* and disappeared. A moment later he reappeared with a white plume, doffed his hat and cried three times *Vive le Roi Louis XV*. Few tears were shed in the palace of Versailles or beyond its walls. Mme de Maintenon, who had never cared for Court life, retired to her École de Saint-Cyr where she spent the last and happiest years of her eventful career among her little girls. France sighed for a change. Everyone was tired of the old ruler who had left an empty treasury and a mountain of debts. "Some hoping to play a part," reports Saint-Simon, "were delighted to witness the end of a reign from which they had nothing more to expect. Others, wearied by a crushing yoke—of the Ministers even more than of the ruler—welcomed their freedom."

Everyone was glad to be relieved from a continual strain and hungered for new ways." The people, he adds, ruined, crushed and in despair, gave thanks to God with a scandalous exuberance. When the funeral *cortège* passed through Paris on the way to St Denis there was dancing, singing and drinking in the streets and insults were hurled at the corpse. The spell was broken. In his best days he had inspired respect and admiration, but he was too remote and self-centred to be loved. Never again was the Crown to recover the prestige at home and abroad which it had known under the greatest of the Bourbon Kings.

The first public duty of the new King, accompanied by his Governess, the Duchesse de Ventadour, was to receive the homage of his subjects. The pretty boy of five, with curly hair, delicate features and long plumes in his hat, combined grace and dignity, seeming, we learn from Buvat, much older than his years. His parents had been more generally liked than any member of the Royal Family for half a century, and their son inherited their popularity. It was a wise decision on the part of the Regent to remove him from Vincennes, where no one could see him, to the Tuileries, for monarchical sentiment was strongly entrenched.

The first of the nobles to greet him was Philip, Duke of Orleans, aged forty-two. "Sire," he exclaimed, "I come to pay my respects as the first of your subjects." However many sins weighed on his conscience, neglect of his duties to the crown was not among them. He felt genuine affection for the shy lad who during the eight years of the Regency always regarded him as a friend. The belief that he wished to poison him and inherit his throne was a monstrous libel on a kindly man without much ambition. We know the gifted and dissolute Regent as we know few other eighteenth century princes, for he lives in the correspondence of his mother and the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, the most faithful of his friends. The best feature in his complex character was his steady affection for his mother, who made allowance for the fact that he had not been permitted to choose his wife, and in that dissolute age no one expected him to be a faithful husband. "He is quite crazy about women," she reported. "Provided they are good-tempered, indelicate, great eaters and drinkers, he troubles little about their looks." When she complained of his choice of ugly women he blandly rejoined: "Bah! Maman, dans la nuit tous les chats sont gris." The orgies of the Palais Royal became the talk of Europe, but, like his uncle, he allowed his mistresses no political influence. A second failing was drunkenness, though in fairness we must remember that two or three glasses were enough to upset him. A third was his licentious talk, so gross that his long-suffering wife dared not invite decent folk to their table. A fourth was his open scorn of religion. No wonder Louis XIV called him *un fanfaron de crimes* and dreaded his rise to power. On the credit side of the balance sheet, however, there were some excellent qualities. He was gracious, human, generous, tolerant, open-minded, deeply interested in science and art, and fully aware of France's desperate plight. No Bourbon prince came so close to the pattern of a Renaissance prince, combining military prowess and intellectual tastes with the unbridled lusts of the flesh. "He has the best intentions," reported his mother, "and he loves his country more than his life. He works all day and wears himself out. He would like to see everyone happy. For

tradition he cares nothing. He is very nice to me, shows me real friendship, and would grieve to lose me. His daily visits are a joy. His stories always make me laugh. I should be an unnatural mother if I did not love him with all my heart". "The fairies", she added, "had been invited to his birth, and each had given him a talent, but one of them had been forgotten and, arriving later, remarked that he would possess all the talents except the capacity to use them". He pitied his wife, who bore him eight children, even more than himself, for he possessed compensations which she was denied. Both were pawns on the royal chessboard, victims of ineluctable fate.

That the most dissolute Prince of the age could win the friendship of better men is proved by the unchanging devotion of Saint-Simon. The proud, passionate and narrow-minded little Duke had stood by him when the courtiers cut him, and when he was insulted by the mob at the funeral of the Duc de Bourgogne in the belief that he was a poisoner. Though they were almost of the same age Saint-Simon regarded him as his political pupil and never ceased to tender advice. They talked a hundred times of the plight of France—the necessity to break with the system of the detested Mazarin, and to restore the power of the *Noblesse* which had been largely usurped by the bourgeois (*gens de rien*) and the lawyers (*gens de robe*). The Regent let his friend talk, but he was too much of a liberal to approve the restoration to power of men who had been excluded from affairs for so long that many had become mere drones. Whatever changes might be made in the machinery of government everything would depend on the Regent, whose notorious failings filled Saint-Simon with apprehension. "I was the only person with whom he could have heart to heart talks. He was gifted by nature, and his first instincts were usually right. He never gave himself airs. He had the weakness of believing himself like Henri IV. Like Henri IV he was naturally kind, human, compassionate. He wished no harm to anyone. He loved liberty, for others as well as for himself. In England, he used to say, there were no *lettres de cachet*. He had no ambition either to reign or to rule. No one was more expressly formed to secure the happiness of France. Unfortunately he was badly educated. He had been ruined by his evil genius, the Abbé Dubois, whom his father in an unlucky hour had chosen as his tutor." That influence was the more fatal since the pupil was a weak nature, drawn rather to the arts and sciences than to politics. He loved painting, was a minor composer, and dabbled in chemistry. He laughed at decorum. Like all the members of the Royal Family he had been excluded from affairs by his uncle, and when his chance came he was too old to change. He divided Frenchmen into clever rascals and honest imbeciles, declares d'Ardenson, and only the former were employed.

Another vivid portrait was painted by Duclos. "Though not tall he possessed ease and grace. Endowed with rare penetration and sagacity he expressed himself with vivacity and precision. His repartees were prompt and gay. His first judgements were the best; second thoughts often clouded his will. A quick reader, with a good memory, he seemed rather to sense things than to study them. He had a fair acquaintance with painting and music, chemistry and mechanics. Though modest in speaking of his military valour and severe on those whose courage was suspect, he

would have held high military rank had the King allowed. He was thoroughly approachable, feeling that personal distinction rendered it needless to stand on his dignity. He bore no malice, but the cause of this indifference was his contempt for mankind. He believed that his most devoted servants would have been his enemies had it been to their interest. This pose he learned from Dubois, the most corrupt of men. He was one of the most amiable of men, talented, brave, kindly, and one of the worst of rulers. The Duchess possessed figure, intelligence, virtue, but she entertained illusions about her birth. She felt that she conferred no less honour on her husband than she received. Proud of her royal birth she never gave a thought to her mother, Mme. de Montespan. She was jokingly compared to Minerva who, acknowledging no mother, boasted of being the daughter of Jupiter. Her *hauteur* fortified the taste of the Duke for a free life. Human and sympathetic, he would have had virtues if that were possible without principles, which Dubois had destroyed in him. The leading-strings in which the King held him made him a great admirer of English liberty, and the liberty he desired for himself he allowed to others. If he liked people they became his equals. Despite his talents and intellectual resources he could never suffice for himself: he needed dissipation, noise, debauchery. He admitted into his circle people whom no one with self respect would recognise as friends, despite their birth and rank. Though he took pleasure in their company he did not respect them, calling them *mes roués* to their face. One day at supper the Comtesse de Sabran remarked that when God created man a little mud remained from which was formed the soul of princes and lackeys, and the Regent laughed with delight at the *mot*. As to religion he affected a scandalous impiety. He celebrated the festivals of the Church by spectacular debaucheries and made a cult of his impiety. But in doubting the existence of God he frequented fortune-tellers with all the credulity of a simpleton. Had he been seriously ill he might well have had recourse to relics or holy water".

The most urgent task of the new era was to decide who should stand at the helm during the long minority of the King. The Royal Family, like the Court, was divided between the champions of the *Légitimes* and the *Légitimés*, captained respectively by the Duc d'Orléans and the Duc du Maine. In 1694 Louis XIV had placed his bastards, Maine and Toulouse, directly after the princes of the blood in the official hierarchy, and before foreign princes, dukes and peers. After the death of his youngest grandson the Duc de Berry in 1714 he declared that the sons of the Duc du Maine should enjoy the same honours as their father. In July of the same year he took a more important step by declaring that the *Légitimés* should inherit the crown in default of legitimate heirs. Though the Orleans family had the better right the old King hoped to keep the succession in the direct line. Saint-Simon, needless to say, was horrified, but the public was used to autocracy and the Parlement registered the edict without any fuss. The status of the *Légitimés*, however, was only part of the problem, for who should take control till the heir came of age? That his nephew should hold the reins of power filled the old ruler with dismay. His fears were shared by Fénelon, who regarded Orleans as enslaved by a degenerate daughter. To avert such perils the King drew up a will, dated August 2nd, 1714, providing for a Regency Council consisting of fourteen persons, among

them Maine and Toulouse, the Duc de Bourbon, Marshals Villeroy and Villars, and the Secretaries of State, which should reach decisions by majority vote, the Regent being merely *primus inter pares*. The education of the heir and the command of the Household troops was entrusted to the Duc du Maine, with Marshal Villeroy as Governor under his control. Louis XIV was well aware that his authority would end with his life, and he could only express his wishes.

On September 4th, 1715, Orleans called a meeting of the Parlement of Paris—all three chambers sitting together—to hear the reading of the will. He knew he could count on its support, for he promised to restore its cherished right of remonstrance which had been withdrawn. Saint-Simon vividly describes the arrival of the bastards, smiling and confident, almost bursting with joy, since they knew what the document contained. Their satisfaction was short-lived, for Orleans was unanimously declared Regent before the will was read. "It seemed as if the whole Parlement was determined to ignore the instructions", wrote Marshal Villars in his Memoirs, "and to make the Duke of Orleans Regent and absolute master." That the express instructions of Le Roi Soleil should be set aside almost before his body was cold symbolised that the *Grand Siècle* was over and that a new era of independence had dawned. During the reading of the will Orleans intervened. "I have been proclaimed Regent and during the minority I ought to possess the power of the King." He was now authorised to select the members of the Council of Regency, which was merely to have deliberative powers. This decision, reports Saint-Simon, was received with such acclamation that Maine dared not open his mouth. On the following day the members of the Parlement complimented the King on his accession. The lad was frankly bored. "He would be very nice", commented Madame, "if he would talk a little: it is difficult to extract a word. He seems to love no one except perhaps his governess." On September 12th the solemn ceremony of a *lit de justice*, in which the sovereign attended a meeting of the Parlement, confirmed the new arrangements.

The Duc du Maine lacked ambitions, but his Condé wife resented the spectacular rebuff. Her views were shared by the King of Spain who had never ceased to feel himself French. Though he had renounced his claim to the throne, he believed he had the best claim to the post of Regent. After three years of rule the popularity of Orleans had ebbed, and in 1718 the Cellamare Conspiracy, which took its name from the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, brought the latent rivalry to a head. The plan of substituting his master for the Duke of Orleans was born in the busy brain of Alberoni, an Italian adventurer who dominated the policy of Madrid through the masterful Italian Queen. In France the soul of the movement was the Duchesse du Maine, of whom Madame acidly remarked that if she were as good as she was malicious, there would be nothing against her. We may well believe Saint-Simon's testimony that her colourless husband trembled before her. She cuts a somewhat better figure in the Memoirs of her *dame d'honneur*, Mme. Staal-Delaunay, but she inspired neither confidence nor affection. When the incriminating despatches, which were not in cipher, were intercepted, the Maines were imprisoned.

Not a drop of blood was shed by the kindly Regent, but the time had come to put the bastards finally in their place. Saint-Simon had long urged

his friend to act. "I was the oldest, the most attached and the most outspoken of his servants, and he trusted me without reserve. But he was on his guard against what he called my vivacity, my love for my dignity which was challenged by the bastards and the activities of the Parlements." It was decided that the Regent should announce his decision to the Council, and he assured Saint-Simon that he would not flinch. The secret had been well kept, and the members had the surprise of their lives when a serene but determined voice announced that the *Légitimés* (the Duc du Maine and the Duc du Toulouse) were deprived of the privileges granted to them under their father's will, and that the education of the young King was transferred from the Duc du Maine to the Duc de Bourbon, head of the house of Condé. "The Regent," records Saint-Simon, "wore an air of authority that was new to me." Each member of the Council was asked for his opinion. There was no overt opposition, but the faces of Villars and Villeroy told their own tale. The second act of the drama began when the Parlement was assembled to register the decisions of the Council, and the young King, as was usual on solemn occasions, was present. When the ceremony was over Saint-Simon congratulated the Regent on his firmness, but his joy was clouded when he was asked to break the news of the humiliation of her brother to his neglected wife at St. Cloud. "I am the last person for the task," he exclaimed, "for my hostility to the bastards is notorious." "No," was the reply, "she likes you and admires your frankness." She had no love for her brothers, but she was sensitive about her position and her prestige largely depended on theirs. She wept bitterly and promptly drove to Paris to see her husband. Very different was the reception of the news by Madame, who rejoiced at the firmness of her son. Maine and Toulouse took their final humiliation with a good grace, and the Duchesse du Maine found scope for her energies among the Intellectuals who thronged her little Court at Sceaux.

The final eclipse of the bastards filled Saint-Simon with such delight that he feared his heart would cease to beat, but the failings of his friend caused him corresponding distress. He particularly resented the influence of his old tutor, later his secretary and chief adviser, the Abbé Dubois, who had encouraged him in sin. "All the vices competed within him for the first place: avarice, debauchery and ambition were his gods, perfidy, flattery and subservience his means. Falsity oozed out of every pore." He was treacherous, ungrateful and malicious, a blasphemer and an unbeliever. He was no less detested by Madame. When the Regent visited her immediately after the meeting at which the will of the late King was set aside, she received him with the words: "My son, I desire only the good of the state and your glory. I ask only one thing for your honour—a promise never to employ that arch-rascal Dubois." Later she described him as a fox crouching for a spring on a chicken. All appeals were unavailing. Despite the hatred and contempt Dubois inspired, old ties proved too strong for the Regent, and the two men collaborated till the end. Appointed a Councillor of State, he assumed control over foreign affairs. His first task was to repair the friendship with England, his second to counterwork the intrigues of Alberoni, who was dismissed by his master after French troops crossed the frontier. The policy was better than the man whose ambition and greed were insatiable. He demanded and received the

Archbishopric of Cambrai, the richest see in France, and later a Cardinal's hat, in addition to enjoying the revenues of seven abbeys. Part of the undying odium attaching to the Regency is due to the fact that the power behind the throne was the shady Dubois.

Scarcely less painful to his mother and his friends—and far more harmful to his reputation—was the extraordinary passion for his eldest daughter the Duchesse du Berry, which led contemporaries to talk openly of incest and twentieth century scholars to leave the question open. Since the narrow piety of his eldest son was an unspoken rebuke to his evil life, the Regent centred his affections on his daughters. He visited the second, the Abbesse de Chelles, once a week, but it was only in the society of the eldest that he felt completely at home. Married in 1710 at the age of fourteen to her cousin the Duc de Berry, the youngest grandson of Louis XIV, she found herself a childless widow four years later, with a large income, a palace, a household of eight hundred and nothing to do but to enjoy herself in her own reckless way. Her amours were as notorious as those of her father, and she was no less addicted to drink. He met her lovers at her suppers at the Luxembourg with as little embarrassment as she met the Parabère and the Falari at the Palais Royal. If we are to believe Saint-Simon, she would drink till she rolled on the floor and vomited over the guests. When drunk she would use vile language and call her mother a bastard. "She imported into her amours an incredible frenzy, a temperament of fire." Without a blush she called her circle "*mes roués*." Like almost all members of the Royal Family she was an inveterate gambler and piled up mountainous debts. To belong to the intimate circle of the Regent was to wear the badge of infamy. The intensity of her father's grief on her early death seemed to confirm the rumour that he was drawn to her by something more than parental affection. "There is no longer a Court," lamented Madame. "Would to God that the late King were alive. I found more satisfaction in a single day than in six years of the Regency of my son. Then there really was a Court and not this bourgeois life to which I cannot accustom myself, I who have been bred at Court and spent all my life there." It was typical of a freer age that anyone could join in the Opera balls, masked or otherwise, which the Regent inaugurated by payment of six francs. The *Tiers État* was slowly moving towards the centre of the stage.

To be continued.

G. P. GOOCH.

COBDEN—150th ANNIVERSARY

WHETHER despite, or because of, his West Sussex yeoman stock or his all but lifelong association with the great Radical and Anti-Corn Law centres of opinion, like Stockport, Rochdale, Manchester and Huddersfield, Richard Cobden's mind was European, and, in the highest sense, cosmopolitan. Far from being the creature of his age and generation, Cobden, like Gladstone, Disraeli and Jefferson, like, too, his American friend, Senator Sumner, and his own biographer, John Morley, was far more "modern" a statesman than many office-holders who have

distinguished, disfigured or disgraced, the pages of twentieth century history. He was both of his age, and in advance, of it. He, more than any other nineteenth century statesman, perhaps even more than Gladstone, qualified for J. A. Hobson's epithet, "The International Man". More widely travelled than any other political figure, he visited the United States in 1835, as a young business-man, one of Carlyle's calico "bagmen", in his 31st year, and in 1859, as a world statesman of 55. Thanks to the industry and devotion of Elizabeth Hoon Cawley, his *American Diaries* have recently become available over the imprint of the Princeton University Press. Illinois and the Mississippi basin were familiar to him; so, too, was Smyrna. Cobden wrote several pungent, but always apposite, pamphlets, on relations with America and Russia and Ireland. While Palmerston jauntily exacerbated Anglo-French frictions, Cobden calmly assuaged them with a fine pamphlet, admirably timed, on *The Three Panics*. It was because he was an "international man" that Cobden was a Free Trader, a notable practitioner of the "most-favoured-nation" clause, the advocate of arbitration, the admirer and interpreter of America, the negotiator of the historic Commercial Treaty with the France of the Second Empire, the friend and confidant of Frédéric Bastiat and the translator of Michel Chevalier's treatise on Gold.

Cobden was essentially the man of ideas. He was, withal, a practical man, undertaking, as his journals show, his own research and his own fact-finding, and maintaining a vivid and voluminous personal correspondence. He would have warmly endorsed, had he lived, a dictum of Gladstone in a letter to Mrs. Gladstone in 1874: "I am convinced that the welfare of mankind does not now depend on the State and the world of politics; the real battle is being fought in the world of thought". He would, too, have emphatically applauded a sentence from a letter by Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer to Achille Fould, one of Napoleon III's Ministers of Finance in 1866, six years after the Cobden Commercial Treaty with France: "The statesmen of today have a new mission opened to them; the mission of substituting the concert of nations for their conflicts and of teaching them to grow great in common, and to give to others by giving to themselves". Cobden was snarled at in 1860 by a small cohort of Cobdenites seemingly more Cobdenite than himself who raised objection to the concept of founding an Anglo-French policy of economic reciprocity within a Free Trade framework. His project was, however, quite free of the obnoxious discriminatory principle, and passed on the gains of greater fiscal freedom, through the "most-favoured-nation" clause, to countless others besides Frenchmen and Englishmen. Others loathed the very idea of negotiation with the Second Empire, but, as Dr. G. M. Trevelyan has observed in the *Life of John Bright*, "The much-abused Napoleon was one of the few Free Traders in his own dominions, and Cobden tried upon him with success that personal fascination which seldom failed with emperor or clown". He would doubtless have been saddened by the sorry spectacle of the semi-mercantilist fiscal policies of the Third Republic, which, after having assured the triumph of civil liberty by the overthrow and repudiation of Bonapartism, sponsored a relentless and ruinous trade war with newly united Italy and substituted a vicious protectionism for the Free Trade aspirations of the fallen Emperor.

The international flavour and the crusading fervour which distinguished Cobden's approach, not only to Corn Law Repeal and to trade relations with France, but to the entire range of the fiscal problem, were supremely exemplified in two representative speeches. They illustrate, too, Mr. R. J. Cruikshank's apt remark in *Roaring Century*, 1846-1946, that Cobden's platform performances were "so effective because he avoided all the oratorical devices of his age, and was an early exponent of the modern conversational style". One such example was the speech in the debate in the House of Commons on Corn Law Repeal on February 27, 1846, when Sir Robert Peel had announced his intention to sponge from the Statute Book the outmoded restrictive laws of Charles II and George III. Cobden expatiated upon the Christian ethical basis of Cobdenite economics:

"We are going to set the example of making industry free—to set the example of giving the whole world every advantage in every clime, and latitude and production; relying ourselves on the freedom of industry. Don't think there is anything selfish in this, or anything at all discordant with Christian principle. I can prove that we advocate nothing but what is agreeable to the highest behests of Christianity. To buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. What is the meaning of this maxim? It means that you take the articles which you have in the greatest abundance, and obtain from others that of which they have most to spare, so giving to mankind the means of enjoying the fullest abundance of every earthly good, and in doing so carrying out to the fullest extent the Christian doctrine of 'doing to all men as ye would they should do unto you'".

Another was a speech delivered at an Anti-Corn Law League demonstration at Covent Garden, on September 28th, 1843, and later selected by Edgar Jones, M.P., for the *World's Classics* Series as one of nineteen "outstanding examples of English speeches which illustrate the highest attainment in oral expression":

"If I were not convinced that the question comprises a great moral principle, and involves the greatest moral world's revolution that was ever yet accomplished for mankind, I should not take the part I do in this agitation. Free Trade? What is it? Why, breaking down the barriers that separate nations; those barriers behind which nestle the feelings of pride, revenge, hatred and jealousy, which every now and then burst their bounds and deluge whole countries with blood; those feelings which nourish the poison of war and conquest, which assert that without conquest we can have no trade..."

The economic facets of the moral case were discussed by the present writer in *The Contemporary Review* of June, 1946, in an article entitled "The End of the Corn Laws", which cited two illuminating series of figures presented by A. S. Turberville. The late President of the Historical Association, writing in *History* (September, 1944), on "The House of Lords and the Advent of Democracy, 1837-1867", pointed out that "an early analysis" of the Local Government Return of 1876, often described as the New Domesday Book, had drawn four conclusions: first, that the landowners at that date totalled 209,547; secondly, that 80 per cent. of the kingdom's surface was in the control of 7,000 persons; thirdly, that twenty-eight dukes, owning 158 separate estates, possessed rather less than four

million acres; fourthly, that 525 noblemen, including the aforesaid dukes, possessed more than fifteen million acres, or little less than half the total acreage of the kingdom. A very different computation by John Bateman in *The Great Landowners of Great Britain and Ireland* was also quoted (and commended) by Professor Turberville in the same essay. John Bateman estimated the total acreage at 34,523,974, and the acreage owned by 400 peers at 5,728,979, or about one-sixth of the whole, with a much higher proportion in the "Dukeries" and a much lower percentage in some of the Home Counties and the central Welsh counties. Moreover, forty-nine peers owned an acreage in excess of 50,000, and fifteen an acreage in excess of 100,000. Forty-five peers possessed an annual rental of more than £50,000, ten of more than £100,000.

Such figures summarise, as it were, in a nutshell, the vast implications of the territorial hegemony of the noble families and the associated landed interests and their political paternalism. They throw into relief the sardonic bitterness of Byron's onslaught in *The Age of Bronze* and the acerbity of John Bright's sustained offensive against the House of Lords and some of the Corn Law Rhymes of Ebenezer Elliott, the Sheffield iron merchant;

They taxed your corn, they fettered trade,
And clouds to blood, the sun to shade,
And every good that God had made
They turned to bane and mockery.
They knew no interest but their own,
They shook the State, they shook the Throne.
Oh! years of crime! The great and true,
The nobly wise,—now, not a few—
Bid freedom grow where Corn Laws grew,
And plant it for eternity.

The story of the foundation of an historic alliance in September, 1841, was afterwards told by John Bright, with exquisite tenderness and pathos, and in prose of imperishable excellence. An oft-quoted speech at the unveiling of Cobden's statue at Bradford on July 25th, 1877, may be invoked yet again and without apology:

"At that time I was in Leamington, and on the day when Mr. Cobden called upon me—for he happened to be there at that time on a visit to some relatives—I was in the depths of grief. I might almost say of despair, for the light and sunshine of my house had been extinguished. All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life, and a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. Mr. Cobden called upon me as his friend and, addressed me, as you might suppose, with words of condolence. After a time he looked up and said, 'There are thousands of houses in England at this moment where wives, mothers, and children are dying of hunger.' 'Now', he said, 'when the first paroxysm of your grief is past, I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed'. I accepted his invitation. I knew that the description he had given of the homes of thousands was not an exaggerated description. I felt in my conscience that there was a work which somebody must do, and therefore I accepted his invitation

and from that time we never ceased to labour hard on behalf of the resolution which we had made. Now, do not suppose that I wish you to imagine that he and I, when I say 'we', were the only persons engaged in this great question. We were not even the first, though afterwards, perhaps we became the foremost before the public. But there were others before us; and we were joined, not by scores, but by hundreds, and afterwards by thousands, and afterwards by countless multitudes; and afterwards, famine itself, against which we had warred, joined us; and a great minister was converted, and minorities became majorities, and finally the barrier was entirely thrown down. And, since then, though there has been suffering, and much suffering, in many homes in England, yet no wife and no mother and no little child has been starved to death as the result of a famine made by law".

Such was the calibre of the men who waged the war against the Corn Laws. Such was the quality of the men, who, with Sir Robert Peel, translated Adam Smith into the law of the land. Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* had been published in 1776, the year of the American Declaration of Independence, and two Prime Ministers, the much-maligned Shelburne and Pitt the Younger, had mastered it before the sage of Kirkcaldy died in 1791. Huskisson, in the closing years of the Liverpool Ministry, fostered many reforms in the protective and preferential tariff, but the major task of reform was undertaken by Sir Robert Peel. In the Budget of 1842, he reduced the duties on most raw materials to a maximum of 5 per cent., on many semi-manufactured articles to 10 or 12½ per cent., and on most fully manufactured articles to a maximum of 20 per cent., as well as removing prohibitions. In the 1845 Budget, Peel, having already lowered 750 of some 1,200 duties, completely eliminated 430. Francis Place, Poulett Thomson (Lord Sydenham) and Charles Pelham Villiers, M.P. for 63 years for Wolverhampton, fought the Free Trade fight. The Anti-Corn Law League was established in 1838; Corn Law repeal was achieved in 1846, and the repeal of the Cromwellian Navigation Laws followed in 1849. Eleven Gladstone Budgets and the removal of the last protective duty—that on timber—in 1866 consummated ninety years' evolution. The new regime prospered exceedingly. It lasted until the McKenna Duties of 1915 and the Safeguarding of Industries Act of 1921. As M. Pierre Lhote-Lachaume has rightly said in an essay in *The Owl* on "The Keystone of Liberty": "The fluid nature of this liberal capitalist system and the fact that trade was world-wide largely damped out the inevitable cyclic fluctuations of prices. The crisis periods of reorganisation and redeployment to which these swings gave rise were of only short duration, and were of serious consequence only when, as in 1830 and 1848, they occurred in conjunction with political unrest".

Richard Cobden was born on June 3rd, 1804, and died on April 2nd, 1865. He was buried among his people in the parish church of West Lavington barely two miles from the broadly sweeping South Downs he loved so well. A Privy Councillor who had declined every offer of ministerial office, he had left an imprint upon the political and economic history of his country more lasting than that of most Cabinets. Rejecting the specious plea of sectional interest, he had sought the good of the whole commonalty of the realm. Bright, Cobden's junior by some

seven years, survived him by no fewer than twenty-four. On Bright's death in 1889, Gladstone paid stately homage in terms which could have applied in equal measure to his old comrade-in-arms in causes triumphant and in causes still forlorn:

"Mr. Bright is entitled to a higher eulogy than any that could be due to intellect or any that could be due to success. Of mere success he was indeed a conspicuous example; in intellect, he may lay claim to a most distinguished place; but the character of the man lay deeper than his intellect, deeper than his eloquence, deeper than anything that can be described or seen on the surface, and the supreme eulogy which is his due I apprehend to be this, that he raised political life to a higher elevation, and to a loftier standard, and that he has thereby bequeathed to his country the character of a statesman which can be made the subject, not only of admiration, and not only of gratitude, but of reverential contemplation".

And, among the commemorative tributes of 1865, Disraeli, once, in 1846, enemy of Corn Law repeal, who later opined that Protection was not only dead but damned, Disraeli, ally, in 1850, of Cobden, Bright and Gladstone in the famous Don Pacifico debate and its unsuccessful assault on Palmerston's rumbustious chauvinism, had averred: "There are some members of Parliament who, though they may not be present, are still members of this House, are independent of dissolutions, of the caprices of constitutions, and even of the course of time. I think that Mr. Cobden was one of these men".

So indeed he was. For Cobden, who loved the Sermon on the Mount to be read to him, founded his life, his career and his philosophy upon that Sermon. His ideas on fiscal and foreign affairs were inspired by and imbued with its precepts. Cobdenism remains, albeit unacknowledged, a living force, sometimes little more than a habit of mind, sometimes a fully-fashioned, and, in the current idiom, "integrated", philosophy of faith and works. The pillars of Cobdenism were free trade in its fullness, the freedom of the seas, goodwill among the nations, non-intervention in the domestic affairs of other peoples, international arbitration, public economy, civil liberty, a distinctive concept of the concert of nations and the common patrimony of European—nay Atlantic—civilisation. Cobdenism and Millism were, understandably enough, so closely allied as almost to be one, save for the technical complexities involved in John Stuart Mill's misgivings over Cobden's proposed reforms in international maritime law—a project revived half a century later in a treatise on *Capture at Sea*, by Campbell-Bannerman's devoutly Cobdenite Lord Chancellor, Earl Loreburn. It was Francis W. Hirst, himself an ever-faithful disciple and interpreter of both Cobden and Mill, who crisply summarised the differences by explaining that, whereas the Cobdenites were the followers of Adam Smith and Jeremy Bentham, the Millites were the followers of Jeremy Bentham and Adam Smith! And, now, in reaction against twentieth century collectivism, a new libertarian school of thinking, a new Philosophic Radicalism, is gathering strength in the Universities and elsewhere. It can be conveniently, if perhaps imprecisely, dated from the publication of *Economic Planning and International Order*, by Professor Lionel Robbins, in 1937, *The Good Society*, by Mr. Walter Lippmann, also in 1937, and

International Economic Disintegration, by Professor Wilhelm Röpke, in 1942. It is in the tradition of Cobdenism, of Millism, and of the classical economists from Adam Smith to Alfred Marshall—and has added much of its own. Years ago, in a characteristic sally, David Lloyd George once retorted that the men who blackened Cobden's character were unfit to blacken his boots. Today, adapting Brutus' phrase, his detractors cannot but avow: Richard Cobden, thou art mighty yet!

DERYCK ABEL.

CHEKHOV: THE LAST PHASE

IT is tempting to describe Chekhov's last phase as his mature phase, and his mature phase as his emancipation from Tolstoy. Tempting, but a false simplification. In a sense Chekhov was always mature: more so than any Russian of his era. Also, from 1895 on, the bitter self-acknowledgment that he was a dying man brought his whole vision of life into acute focus, and sharpened his desire for a more swiftly effective outlet than the printed page. Chekhov's *differentia* was already clear. The most subtle and sensitive heir of the great Russian writers, he was apart from them because he was never impelled beyond self-criticism by overmastering creative energy, and because he had a European as well as a Slav mind. He had conquered the peasant and the serf in his blood; "sweated the Asiatic out of him". Yet he remained essentially Russian, and it needs no great subtlety to see that though in his last years he grew more in sympathy with the West, he just as inevitably recoiled further and further from the Parisian Turgenev. His marked particularity as a writer, his unceasing urge to reduce the abstractions of the Russian mind to "the reflexion of the moon in a broken bottle", strengthened his passion for perceptions as against ideas. His innate conservatism, so puzzling to earnest ideologues, and his astringent sense of form both guarded him from becoming immersed in the literature of moral evolution.

He had already grown far—perhaps farther than any man in Europe—into that highest kind of self-knowledge which tends towards self-forgetfulness. Long before 1895 he had achieved a detachment from the clamant moral *ego* which made Tolstoyanism impossible. But the break from "the giant, the Jupiter" was a painful one. It was the inescapability of this decision, not self-distrust, which made him shrink from meeting Tolstoy in the flesh. The great day was actually delayed till August 8th, 1894. The two men always got on well together, but inevitably the humanist had come to the parting of the ways. He repudiated Tolstoyanism more deliberately, less abruptly than he repudiated revealed religion. "There is more love of humanity in electricity and steam than in chastity and abstention from meat". There is no trace of the progressive man-of-science or materialist in the words: electricity and steam have positive potentialities; while chastity and vegetarianism are wholly negative. The keyword is love, but the love must be of human beings, not ideas or ideals. The particularly cold winter of 1894-5 was a dismal one for Chekhov. "I am coughing", he writes early in January. A little later he confessed to Suvorin—an unprecedented thing—that he must go off for the best part of

a year or else die, and his piles needed an operation. "To hell with writing". As recently as January he had written to Suvorin: "I am quite well and only cough because I have got used to coughing". He was not to be taken literally, yet such a survival of *spes phthisica* in a man of penetration who was also an experienced physician was astounding. But from this Spring onwards there was no attempt to hoodwink himself and little to hoodwink his friends.

On a visit this February to Petersburg—where he was never at his best—occurred the strange visit to Lydia Avilov (so vividly described in *Chekhov in My Life*) when she had the flat empty and the talkative lady and her husband dropped in for the evening. When they at last went, Chekhov impulsively declared his love for Lydia, and then as impulsively walked out on her. Lydia is generally as reliable in her facts as self-justificatory in presenting them; but all we can draw from this strange incident is that Chekhov was very sick in body and in an acute state of moral self-mistrust since he had weighed the Tolstoyan anchor. It was after this flight that Lydia, feeling all her hesitations "swept away by a sudden gale" sent him the pendant inscribed with a reference to the words in one of his stories, "If you ever feel my life can be worth your having, come and take it." As is well-known, he incorporated this message and a humorously evasive reply to it in *The Seagull*, giving Nina the refusal meant for Lydia.

Early in July, when Chekhov was recuperating from this baleful winter, is the date of the strange story of the seagull which we owe to the rather unreliable testimony of his brother Michael. It concerns Anton's friend Levitan, the philandering painter, who was idling over some landscapes in a country-house near Novogorod. In a fit of melancholia he tried to shoot himself, and Chekhov was sent for as friend and doctor. According to Michael, Anton was met by Levitan with a black bandage round his head, which he tore away, immediately dashing off to the nearby lake, and returning to throw at the feet of one of the ladies a seagull which he had "shot for no reason". So the first real "Chekhovian" drama found its final twist and its title; and it is enormously illuminating to see how differently from any other possible playwright Chekhov transmuted the incident.

"Tolstoy went out of my heart, saying 'I leave thy dwelling empty'", but from Turgenev Chekhov had been conscious of sunderance longer. "A Russian ought to *want* something, have some kind of *temperament*" he declared. It was not the moral impulsion, but the moralities of dogma and covert self-vindication which he repudiated from his depths. "He who wants nothing, hopes for nothing, fears for nothing, cannot be an artist". The real writers "have always axes to grind". Yet to Chekhov's fastidious normality the axe must be as impalpable as Macbeth's dagger. Even when it is heard, far off, hacking down the cherry orchard, it must not, so to speak, proclaim its function. Rather is there a strange music in the air.

Chekhov had passed beyond the simple solutions of Yea and Nay. He was aware of the hiatus between true spiritual perception and the satisfactions of behaviour. He took refuge from moral strenuousness in a seeming hedonism and insouciance.

"Alas, I shall never be a Tolstoyan. I love keenness of wit, and culture as expressed in spring carriages, Turkey carpets and, above all things, beauty in women. . . . Ach, to be an old man and to sit in a corner!"

But he was desperately ill, and the problem of expression was urgent. Something of a solitary by nature, for all his affability, he felt it to be the supreme failure of civilisation that it had increased the isolation of the individual by making that isolation more conscious.

In the short story the character was never quite free from the author: the projection was too apparent. Could a character in a play written to be acted stand more on his own? So he conceived the drama of the disrelated individual: a drama in which character and behaviour should not be subject to the demands of co-ordinating action. He rebuilt *The Wood Demon* into the comic extravaganza, touched with the tragedies of indecision, which we know as *Uncle Vanya*; and developed the technique of tragic farce from *Ivan Ivanovitch* into the sparkling tragi-comedy of *The Seagull*. No play could well be more difficult at a first reading than this, provocatively suggestive of Ibsenish symbolism, defiant of formal beauty, and moving forward with the reins seemingly thrown upon the horse's neck. We see, so to speak, madness in the method before we see the method in the "madness". It was almost inevitable that the play, miscast from box-office motives, and imperfectly grasped by the producer, should have failed in Petersburg: but Chekhov was in no state to face rowdy derision.

More and more he nonplussed his friends with bantering evasions. His testiness and perversity, which are no more to be denied than blamed, grew upon him. But the plays were quite untouched by any itch to be perverse or difficult. His desire for simplicity—a simplicity not easy for him or us to define—dominated his approaches. He repudiated the *Intelligentsia* sweepingly, lectured the unsubtle Lydia Avilov on artistic restraint and the cutting away of brushwood, and almost severed himself from the Russian soul by declaring that "life is probably much simpler than you think." "You write nothing but speeches", says Nina to Triplev. "To my mind there ought to be love in a play." It is possible to take the words on a superficial level, but the tenor of the scene is against it. Nina is not a symbolical figure in the Ibsen-Hedvig sense, but she stands at a parting of the ways, embodies the last of Chekhov's vanishing hesitation and the triumph of fallible unregenerate humanity. He had become overwhelmingly conscious of the need for love, a love Christian yet not sacerdotal "It would be strange not to forgive", and infinite tolerance, infinite humour, infinite pity were the conditions of a civilised sense in art, unfamiliar in Russia and worn with a difference even by such humanists as Thomas Hardy and Anatole France.

Chekhov's stories naturally declined in number, though not in quality. Between 1895 and 1898 he produced only six, of which the brilliant refutation of Tolstoy, *My Life*, is by far the best known in England, but has too much obvious *arrière pensée*, however inspired, to belong with the plays in his movement towards self-disregard and wider acceptance. The founding in 1898 of the Moscow Art Theatre was curiously providential. It gave him a measure of interpretive understanding he could not have found in the ordinary theatre. If Stanislavsky had many of the intellectual limitations of the actor, Nemirovich-Danchenko was a Chekhovian born. Few contemporaries understood the emancipated playwright so well, just as, oddly enough, he was the one Russian who could produce Ibsen. What Stanislavsky lacked in penetration of Chekhov he made up for on

the stage by his peculiar *flair* for portraying what he called "the intuition of feelings". His faculty of "finding something new in every performance" of the plays that inspired him was particularly helpful to the more serious members of Chekhov's audiences. The passion for a new "naturalness" in acting which marked the Art Theatre leaders did something to ease the problems of the new method.

The violent haemorrhage with which Chekhov was seized when dining with Suvorin in Moscow in March, 1897, left him an invalid and a doomed man. He was thoroughly alarmed, and told his old friend that the discharge of blood was from the right lung and the precursor of death. Winter now had to be passed in the Crimea or on the Riviera, and his cheerfulness was the forced cheerfulness of the knowingly doomed. It is not too fanciful to call his inner growth during these years a forced growth. Always whimsical rather than mournful, he found his truest vein to be the laughter that lies beyond tears. He accepted human beings as bounded by their mortality, but never as mere victims. As the best artist is not the man with the widest boundaries but the man who most completely achieves life within his own beliefs, the vitality of Chekhov's men and women gave them a more durable quality than those characters in plays who embody otherworldly ideas. The agnostic dramatist, with his all-embracing tolerance, created men and women not in terms of good and evil, but of laughter and tears. They fretted their hour upon a stage where the ethical ought was suspended and the comic awareness had, by some miracle, come into an authority of its own. Chekhov transfigured the art of drama; but the miracle, as is the way of miracles, has not recurred.

To write tragedy for the Russian theatre of the 90's would have been fatal. A wholly serious play would have involved judgments on character and behaviour that to Chekhov had become impossible. His seriousness and the seriousness of his contemporaries were incompatibles. His comedies narrowly escaped disaster. When, by 1900, he had reached full stature and technical control, he had quite accepted the necessity of being enigmatic, even quizzical. *The Three Sisters*—which has never been a supreme success in England—gradually conquered Russia, and after the eighth performance in Yalta (April, 1900) Stanislavsky was struck by seeing a "transfigured" Chekhov. "He reminded me", said the actor "of a house shuttered and locked all the winter suddenly opened and lit with spring sunshine". He was *actively* understood, and his tragi-comic humanism had been triumphantly tested upon the hearts of other men and women. He had cut free from religion and politics as his compatriots understood them, and justified his freedom in the high courts of the imagination. In this grandson of a serf Russia had nourished a civilized man of a new order. "He is the first man I have met," said Gorki, "who is free and bows down before nothing."

There was a coolness between him and his most trusty friend, the Tory Suvorin, over the *affaire Dreyfus*; but this was a personal blow rather than a political crisis. He had now no tie with the Right, and with the Left he showed no sympathy, except so far as Liberalism in Russia stood for personal freedom. His marriage with the Alsatian actress, Olga Knipper, who starred in his plays, remains rather puzzling. Though in his later stories he wrote with increasing poignancy of frustrated love, the love for

women seems to have had little serious part in his life. But here again we are faced with his whimsical evasiveness. He was a very sick bridegroom in 1901, and it is a little surprising that a doctor could contemplate as cheerfully as he did the propagating of his baleful malady. The 30-year old actress was attracted in a rather uncomprehending way by literary eminence; but he, though he certainly cared for her when they became lovers, seems to have married her mainly from honour and a wish for domestic comfort. She continued to act, all the same, which both tormented him and accorded with his wish that his wife should have interests of her own. Her Masha in *The Three Sisters*, like her Helen in *Uncle Vanya*, was far more inspired and inspiring than one could imagine from her letters.

For the last five or six years of his life, Chekhov's hopeless bodily condition, finely balanced by his creative serenity, kept him fundamentally untouched by the world's slow stain. Day-to-day personal experience had become almost an irrelevance. He was a national figure, and in 1902 his resignation from the Academy in protest against the Tsar's banning of Gorki caused some stir. *The Bishop* and *Betrothed* were almost the only writings to disturb the incubation of his masterpiece, which was so irradiated with his smiling acceptance of mortality that he warned his friends it would be "a comedy—even a farce in places". The production of *The Cherry Orchard* was fixed for the 54th anniversary of the dying man's name-day, and to his horror it waxed into a national occasion. The play's triumph was no doubt due to more than one cause, but even those who think the short stories Chekhov's greatest achievement must acknowledge it as the purest distillation of his sensibility. Its particular universality is essentially Russian also, yet no other Russian had even remotely glimpsed a laughter so subtly mellow. It is the one supremely fitting swan-song in literary history, and the more poignantly precious to us because death was closing in not only upon the author but upon the society which had nourished him. The Russia which he hated with so transfiguring an affection is now as remote as the Empire of the Mongols. The Japanese War (in which Chekhov wildly proposed, from Yalta, to serve as a medical officer), and the workers' revolt revealed the cracks in the edifice pretty clearly. In June, 1904, Chekhov left with his wife for Badenweiler, but late in the evening of July 1st, while trying to write a humorous story, he collapsed. Attempts were made to revive him with ice-packs and champagne, but he suddenly fell over with the glass still in his hand, and died almost immediately. He was taken to Petersburg in a wagon labelled "Fresh Oysters", and the bulk of the crowd which followed him to the grave had mistaken his cortège for that of a general killed in the East. He would have smiled.

H. P. COLLINS.

A KOREAN STATESMAN

PAIK, TOO CHIN—the man behind Syngman Rhee—keeps out of the news. His name is almost unknown abroad. Yet it is he who prepares most of the bullets (that so shock the world) which the aged President fires and who formulates and controls most of the political,

administrative, financial and economic policies of the War-ravaged, infant Republic of Korea. What manner of man is he? What is his past? And his future? Shortly after his first appointment as a member of the Government—as Minister of Finance in 1951—Paik, in an interview with a local newspaper, said—in the words of a rather flowery translation of that interview—“I have ascended from figure-business to a highly political arena. I shall concentrate not on political manoeuvring but, with humble enthusiasm, on effective administration for the enhancement of our economy”. That was three years ago. Since then, willy-nilly, he has, in order to survive in office, had to learn and learn quickly some of the arts of political manoeuvre, for he has to cope with a hastily imposed democratic form of Government with a vociferous and often venal House of Assembly and an autocratic President. But the modesty and determination of that statement mark the man. He has indeed made a meteoric ascent “from the figure-business”.

During the Japanese occupation he was the manager of a branch in North Korea of a commercial bank—one of the few young Koreans whom the Japanese overlords had allowed to hold a position even of minor authority. He then became, after the liberation in 1945, the head of a Department in the newly formed central bank—the Bank of Korea—and later held this office concurrently with that of Director of the Government Office of Supply. Towards the end of 1950, after the war had started, he became President of the Industrial Bank—the Bank in which five years earlier he had been a local branch manager. In March 1951 he was appointed Minister of Finance, in July 1952 Acting Prime Minister as well, and in May 1953 was confirmed by the Assembly as Prime Minister. He relinquished one of his “hats”.

September of that year but still has his finger very firmly on the financial pulse, for he is the chief government representative on the Combined Economic Board—the joint Republic of Korea and United Nations Command supreme planning body for the economic and financial reconstruction and rehabilitation of Korea.

Paik took over the Ministry of Finance at a time when a less courageous man would have recoiled from the task. The Communist invaders, after having been driven back far into North Korea, had been reinforced by huge Chinese armies, had retaken the capital city of Seoul, and had advanced many miles south. Nine-tenths of South Korea had been ravaged by war, most of its towns and cities lay in ruins, half the population were refugees or destitute, requiring public assistance in a greater or lesser degree. Hyper-inflation had followed inflation: the note issue had increased 20 times and the retail price index 29 times. The Budget was hopelessly unbalanced. Despite United Nations aid, the financial demands of the augmented Armed Forces alone were seemingly far in excess of possible revenues. In fact, any revenue at all was extremely difficult to collect from an impoverished yet undaunted population. The government had moved to Pusan, far in the South, many of its records had been lost, staffs were disorganised and untrained. Their pay was perforce inadequate and corruption abounded. Government offices in the overcrowded refugee city were makeshift affairs and despite zero weather many of them were unheated. Paik's own office was a sort of

draughty conservatory warmed only by the sun of a bitter 'early spring. On this ocean of difficulties he launched his programme. He appreciated at once the essentials of the situation. In contrast to the laissez-faire policies of his predecessors, who in despair resorted to an almost uncontrolled currency expansion and huge budgetary deficit financing, he took a firm hold. The budget, at any rate the non-war budget, must be balanced at all costs. The United Nations, already fighting in Korea, must be made to realise that if in winning the war against the communist aggressors they left the Republic bankrupt, its industries destroyed and its economy in collapse, the sorely-tried Korean people, in the grip of ever-mounting inflation and with an apparently hopeless future, might, disgruntled and disillusioned, fall an easy prey to communist propaganda, and all the sacrifices in men, money and materials would have been in vain. The trickle of United Nations relief and military support that had hitherto been given must become a flood.

From these two essential principles Paik has never wavered. The budgets for the Fiscal Years 1951-52 and 1952-53 were somehow balanced: taxes were increased and the farmers—less hard hit by the ravages of war than the urban population (for the land, their source of wealth, is itself indestructible)—were forced by the imposition of a “land income tax”, payable in kind, to make the major contribution to revenues. A grip was taken on credit expansion, the use of the printing press restricted to the utmost, the maximum possible amount of government foreign exchange was released for procurement of essential imports to bring down living costs, and many other reforms were instituted. Some of these steps have been successful, some have failed. But, at least for the moment, further inflation has been prevented, if only by a hair's breadth.

This halting of collapse is largely due to the increased volume of United Nations and United States aid, for which he has fought so hard and so long. He succeeded in obtaining repayment of over \$150 million for the advances of local currency granted to the United States forces which hitherto, quite unrealistically, had been regarded by the United Nations Command as one of the Korean Republic's contributions to the war effort. Secondly, after months and years of unremitting pressure—by personal appeals, by reams of letters, by speeches, by press statements—he has at last obtained promises for adequate military support and for over \$1000 millions of aid from the United States during the next three years for the reconstruction and rehabilitation of his country. Difficulties and disappointments have been many, and many more inevitably lie ahead. But Paik alone is responsible for these successes. No man has done more for his country than this small town ex-banker, and no man has had less recognition.

Paik, Too Chin—he sometimes signs himself in the occidental manner as Too Chin Paik—is still young. He recently celebrated—if by keeping to his rigorous daily work schedule can be called celebration—his forty-seventh birthday. In repose his bespectacled face is stern, reserved and almost sullen, were it not for a glint of humour at the corners of his eyes. But when he smiles, and he smiles often, one wonders how one could even have thought him reserved, for he has the frankest, the most infectious of grins. Even when in difficulty he will invariably see the grim humour

of the situation, shrug his broad shoulders and get down at once to finding a way out of the impasse. "Impasse" is one of his favourite words. His vocabulary and his command of English are truly remarkable for a man who has had all his education in Korea and Japan and has never, save for a hasty one month round-the-world trip in June 1953 (to Queen Elizabeth's coronation and to Washington as the guest of President Eisenhower), been out of the Far East.

His intelligence is sparkling. He contends with the top American economists whom he meets at the Combined Economic Board on economic theory as well as on practical issues. His memory is prodigious. While he was Minister of Finance an applicant for an allocation of foreign exchange referred to a similar case some months before "of about \$15,000". "Oh yes", said Paik, "you mean the case of so-and-so; that was \$15,647 and 37 cents.". He amazed an American General he ran into casually and who asked him his present views on a certain problem. "Quite unchanged, General. They are contained in paragraph three of my letter to you of 17 December". That was six months before. The working schedule of the Prime Minister is an arduous one. He is always in his office (now in the grounds of the gutted Capitol Building in Seoul) before 8 a.m. He never leaves it, save for conferences or other official business, before 7 p.m. at the earliest. A simple lunch is brought in for him. That and innumerable cups of very sweet tea are sufficient to keep him working at high pressure throughout the day. He has no weekly day of rest. Sundays find him at his desk at the usual time. And this has gone on for nearly three years with hardly a break. The Koreans are a tough people: Paik is among the toughest of them or he could not have stood the strain. He is heavy and well-built. He lives quietly and very simply with his wife and his family of six in a modest villa, refusing to move to the large official house of the Prime Minister. His hobby is his work. A simple man—modest, temperate, good-humoured, industrious and capable—Paik is one of today's most important figures in Far Eastern politics and one of the most admirable. Men of his calibre are rare.

IGNOTUS.

THE SOVIET WELFARE STATE

AT Lenin's death in 1924, Russian industrial output had more or less reached its modest pre-revolution level. By 1953, the year Stalin died, it had increased twenty-ninefold. Spearheading the forward march of Russia's heavy industry to the second place in the world was electric power: seventy times as much as under the last Tsar was generated at the end of the year. Steel production totalled 38 million tons; coal output had risen to 320 million and oil output to 52 million. Even more striking advances were recorded by the metal working, engineering and machine building industries, chief beneficiaries of Stalin's successive Five Year Plans. The almost miraculous increase in production was accompanied by wretchedly low living standards. The Soviet industrial revolution, with the same supreme unconcern for the fate of soil and people as the earlier English one, countenanced a completely lopsided growth of the nation's economy.

831,000 million Roubles were sunk into capital construction schemes in the course of the Stalin era as against 72,000 million Roubles which went into industries producing food and consumer goods, and 94,000 million Roubles spent on agriculture. As a result, current industrial output consists to 70 per cent. of capital goods, an imbalance which the new government was forced to redress.

No attempt has been made to thrust into the institutional fabric itself of Soviet economy. Planning instead of a self-regulating market, nationalised industry and collective farming, the three institutions on which the country's economy had rested under Stalin, have been retained as its chief pillars under Malenkov as well. But alongside the short-term economic policies aimed at making up for the arrears of 25 years misdirection, there appears to be a novel long-term agricultural design of great breadth of vision. As if the directors of Soviet economy had at last burst the bonds chaining them to obsolete tenets, a torrent of events began pouring down on the communist world less than a fortnight after his death, carrying away much of the house that Stalin built. As long as Stalin lived, he alone was the source of all authority in State and Party—of the one he was the Premier, of the other Secretary General. Mr. Malenkov replaced Stalin at the helm of the administration where he surrounded himself with a group of able younger industrial executives, thus transforming the seat of State power into an economic directorate. Mr. Khrushchev became Secretary of the Party and Director General of Soviet agriculture, the under-developed area of the nation's economy, which he began promoting with a vigour oddly reminiscent of the past industrialisation zeal of Russian communism. The signal for a round-about turn in Soviet economic policy was given by the Premier when he described as "essential" the task of increasing "by every means" the yields of crops, the number of cattle and their productivity, in his speech to the Supreme Soviet in August, 1953. In it, Stalin's successor laid bare the grossly inadequate allocation of goods and services to the population of the U.S.S.R. under his predecessor's reign, and announced that improvements in living standards would take precedence over the expansion of heavy industry—for the first time in the history of Soviet planning. No less telling than this promise of a new deal for the Soviet consumer appears the candour of discussions leading up to it. Demolishing the myth of Stalin the Provider, and shifting the limelight from the story of Russia's grandeur under his rule to that of Russia's misery, Mr. Malenkov admitted that Soviet citizens were ill fed, ill clad, ill housed and short of all but a minimum of consumer goods; that grain harvests could not keep pace with the increase in population, and the ravages in Russia's live stock wrought by collectivisation had not been made good yet.

Giving definition to the Premier's broad assessment of the shortfalls in rural economy, Party Secretary Khrushchev in a number of reports to the Central Committee of the Communist Party did not stop at the admission that socialist farming had failed to reach the eve-of-collectivisation level of Soviet agriculture. As if to demonstrate the utter bankruptcy of the Stalinist policy in this field, he presented detailed figures showing that in many cases even the primitive peasant economy of Tsarist times could achieve better results. In 1916, Imperial Russia's last year, the beef and

dairy cattle population amounted to 58.5 million head; in the Soviet Union of 1953 it was only 56.6 million head strong. Siberia produced 76,000 tons of butter in 1913 and 65,000 in 1952. But the full measure of the plight of Soviet agriculture can only be gauged if Mr. Khrushchev's figures are related to the number of inhabitants. It can then be seen that there were 27 head of beef and dairy cattle for every 100 persons last year as against 36.5 in 1913 and 44.5 in 1928 on the eve of collectivisation. Due to the shortage of animal products, cereals have increased their share in the Soviet diet, adding yet another aggravating factor to the problem of how to meet with a grain harvest not more than 15 to 20 per cent. larger than the pre-collectivisation output the demands of a population increased by 40 per cent. Moreover, the growing number of urban dwellers, on the way to becoming a majority, has considerably higher consumption levels than the Russian masses in the past. To this must be added the need to feed former producers of food who have now gone over to growing industrial raw materials. Finally, the strain of the agricultural crisis has spread to the textile, the shoe and other consumer goods industries thus generating additional tensions in the national economy. The staggering revelations of economic distress were meant to sound the death knell to the economic civilisation of Stalinism and its chief guardian, the Secret Police. Mr. Malenkov, in his 10,000 word policy report to the Supreme Soviet, made only one reference to Stalin.

The change in outlook of Soviet economy has found its expression in a number of curious statements and proclamations. Thus, for instance, last year's May Day slogans, the traditional messages of the Kremlin to the people, which offered the first opportunity for a re-definition of Soviet economic policy, emphasised the civil liberties guaranteed in the constitution. By drawing attention to the existing scope for personal freedom, and refraining from either peremptory demands or mordant strictures, which had been the hallmark of slogans in the Stalin era, they clearly suggested to the nation that it was considered having reached the age of consent. Disdaining the whip which on past May Days was mercilessly cracked over peasants and workers, the new slogans also added civility as a new feature to Soviet economic practice. Particularly marked was the breakaway from the Stalin tradition in the greetings to Soviet trade unionism which was no longer reminded of its foremost duty to make workers exert their utmost efforts, nor given a catalogue of prodding and cajoling tasks for the year. But the most significant feature, undoubtedly, was the complete absence of any reference to the great capital construction schemes which in 1952 were given the very highest priority in the slogans.

The much advertised Stalin Plan for the Transformation of Nature, which was to change the course of rivers and turn deserts into fertile land, has in fact been severely pruned as funds and resources were required for schemes more directly beneficial to Soviet consumers. The slow-down of these grand-scale projects savouring of an archaic economic system which relied on forced labour for many of its achievements was, however, also a meaningful political act, coming as it did in the wake of an amnesty, soon after Stalin's death, which is believed to have set free one of every three labour camp inmates. But it should be noted that by May Day this year at least two of the bigger construction projects were back in the limelight—

both significantly in Central Asia whose agricultural potentialities are being hastily realised for the drive for more food and clothing. The goad of insufficient grain output served to raise already under Stalin the formidable goal of a 180 million ton harvest by next year—almost 60 million tons more than last year. To come near it, his successors had above all to arrest the trend to urbanization, the predominant feature of planning in the Stalin era. A year after the late dictator's death, moreover, it was decided to press the revolutionary *élan* and the loyalty of the younger ranks of the party into the task of Russia's agricultural expansion by turning them to waste and idle lands in the remote parts of the country, chiefly Central Asia, which are expected to yield a considerable part of the increase in produce. Altogether, some 31 million acres of new land capable of producing 19 million tons of grain are to be made arable within the next two years under the new emergency plan announced at the beginning of the year. At about the same time, a new Four Year Cotton Development Programme was made public providing for a total cotton output in excess of six million tons by 1958. It is for the benefit of this programme that one of the two large Central Asiatic construction projects is being pressed forward—the irrigation scheme in Turkmenistan which is to take the waters of the Amu Darya river on a 660 mile journey across the Kara Kum desert where they shall make three million acres of hot sand dunes bring forth cotton.

"On Machine and Tractor Stations and collective farms there are now some remarkable men, outstanding masters of agriculture and stock-breeding", it was stated at one of the recent agricultural emergency conferences in Moscow.

In the stress on higher productivity through the combined action of greater incentives, more machines and better technicians, the imprint of the technocrats at the helm reveals itself most clearly in the new programmes. Over 100,000 engineers and mechanics have already been sent back to the land in the few months since Mr. Khrushchev's statement that there can be no advance in socialist agriculture so long as there are only 2,400 graduates among the 94,000 chairmen of collective farms, and the overwhelming majority of superintendents of the Machine and Tractor Stations have not even secondary education. With the drive back to the land of heavy industry's trained personnel, the new retrenchment policy combined the mobilisation of industrial capacity until now exclusively used for the manufacture of armaments and capital goods, for a geometric increase in production of farm machinery. In this way, some 500,000 general purpose tractors (in terms of 15 h.p. units), half as many as Soviet farming has at its disposal now—after five Five Year Plans—in addition to many more reapers, cultivators, potato harvesters and other machinery than exist today, are to be built within the next three years. Only a year divides Stalin's recommendations to stamp out the remaining private interests in Soviet farming and Mr. Khrushchev's denunciation of the neglect of gearing incomes to increases in production and profits as the "first and foremost reason" for the lag of agriculture behind industry. Wages have since been raised, taxes abolished, prices increased, bonuses introduced, and the whole system of deliveries of produce to the State linked up with the supply by the State of manufactured goods to the countryside. Moreover, delivery quotas have been lowered with a view to

increasing the scope of deals on the "free markets", these islands of free trade in the main stream of state ownership and management.

An equal pattern of changes marked the new welfare drive for the industrial population, ranging from the normalisation of office hours and the strict observance of the eight-hour day to credits for building private houses, facilities for buying motor cars, and generally more "cultured trade" which in latest Soviet parlance means increased supplies of tastier food, more attractive clothing and footwear, better quality manufactured goods and labour-saving household appliances—"to satisfy the growing cultural needs of the Soviet People", as *Pravda* explained. Forty thousand shops and 11,000 catering establishments are to be opened and 13,000 major factories and 10,000 smaller enterprises for the manufacture of food and consumer goods to be built at breakneck speed within the next three years. In addition, other heavy engineering plants have been turned over to the production of consumer goods together with factories released for this operation "Welfare State" by Army, Air Force and Secret Police. It is claimed that of the 3,445,000 bicycles to be produced in 1955, 500,000 will be made by the Defence industry and 90,000 by the Aircraft industry. The respective shares of the two industries in the 1955 output of metal bedsteads—16½ million—are to be 4,200,000 and 600,000.

The break with Stalinism was there for everybody to read in six voluminous and most detailed decrees out of which grows the tale of a topsyturvy Soviet wonderland where pots and pans are to be turned out by the armament industry and ladies' gold wrist watches "complete with individual boxes and either leather or silk petersham strips" by the Ministry of Machinebuilding. Where hairdressers, waitresses and washerwomen enter into a "socialist competition" for the best service, shop inspectors look sharp that customers are treated with "civility and understanding" and given full measure and correct bills, while flying squads swoop down on factories which "until recently neither knew nor cared whether their garments fitted the clients". Yet for the national economy as a whole the current aims of communism's great retreat to the consumer goods front means in many respects only a return to the original target positions abandoned in favour of over-ambitious industrialisation goals. For the individual Soviet citizen, it means 1½ yards of woollen cloth in 1954 and 1½ yards in 1955; some two yards of silken fabrics this year, and three yards the year after, when there also are to be three shoes for him as against three pairs of shoes a person in the United States, and three cigarettes per grown-up head or mouth a day as against 11 in the United States. In a year's time, each Soviet citizen should be able to buy two tins of vegetables or meat a month, but just now two persons have to share one tin. Twenty-five persons, more or less, will have to share a yard of Turkish towel this year when there will also be one refrigerator for every 4,000 citizens and one vacuum cleaner for every 2,000. By 1955, when the new programme is in full swing, Soviet consumers are to get one yard of Turkish towels to be shared out by 15 of them, one refrigerator for 600, one vacuum cleaner for 400, and one gramophone or one camera for about 200. There are frequent references that the new deal is but at its beginning. Its final shape will depend on non-economic factors, Soviet foreign policy in particular.

Russian statistics claim that last year 51 million Soviet citizens were receiving tuition in one form or another, and that annually 1½ million undergraduates were enrolling in the country's 890 universities and higher educational establishments. People of an intellectually and civilisatory level quite incomparable with pre-revolutionary standards separates an ever widening gap from the arid discipline and the bleak austerity of the Stalin era, though they might continue acquiescing to them under the threat of foreign political complications. The real changes in the social climate of the Soviet Union stem from the attempts at overcoming the shortage of farm products which is the crux of both Soviet politics and economics. One of the fundamental departures from the era that has gone in March, 1953, is the strengthening of the free market element in Soviet agriculture—the greater breathing space given to private enterprise farming surviving on some 20 million dwarf holdings of the collective farmers. Yet more important is that simultaneously with this economic liberalisation measure steps have been taken to increase both State and Party control over agriculture—tens of thousands of party workers are settled on the land to provide political guidance, while at the same time an army of industrial workers, redirected to the countryside, is manning the local commando posts of the agricultural planners, the Machine and Tractor Stations. The shape of things to come is clear to see: collective farms, Stalin's creation, which have badly fallen down on their job, are increasingly turned into agricultural organisations of secondary importance. The leading part in Soviet agriculture is being shifted to the centres of mechanisation with their skilled labour force on State pay roll.

ERNEST BOCK.

TOADS AND TOADSTONES

INADVERTENTLY unearthing a hibernating toad when clearing a bank in my garden the other day, I picked up the drowsy, fat creature, valued ally of all gardening operations, and took a good look at him in his off-duty state. He seemed in sweet repose, well gorged with my slugs and snails and woodlice; and to my mind came Shakespeare's much-quoted lines on his kin:

... the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

and I was reminded that here, for once, the usual uncanny authenticity of the Bard's observations on wild creatures was at fault, for ugly though it may be to human eyes judging only by human standards, the toad is by no means venomous. This opinion is, of course, merely a popular reflection of current belief in Elizabethan times, and indeed until quite recent times. Even now, there are ignorant folk who look upon the innocent creature as manifestly evil, eerie, repulsive, mysterious in habit, brutal in courtship, warty, slimy (to the eye, perhaps, but never to the touch), sinister-eyed. Such views are readily understandable when prompted by ignorance, but in actual fact there are few creatures whose appearance so belies their harmlessness and their usefulness to man. Even the bitter, stinging, irritant fluid exuded from the so-called warts (really a skin-gland) when a toad is

bruised or injured is merely a natural defence against larger enemies, as many a dog knows to its cost. No dog will pick up a toad a second time, and I know few cats that want to have anything to do with them. This defensive poison is fair enough as a natural weapon, but it does sometimes give people a kind of eczema, especially if it reaches tender skin or the lips, and so another superstitious black mark against the humble toad is given some justification. But not when you know him well.

I put back my toad into his winter sleeping-bunk, and wished him well, for he did much good work about the flower-beds and on the rockery the previous summer. A garden toad, at least, is a tireless and deadly pest-destroyer, and feeds pretty continually by night all through spring, summer and early autumn. And a toad, full-grown and in its prime, takes some filling. One has been observed to consume 300 small flies in an hour; another ate mosquitoes at the gluttonous rate of fifty a minute, while a third stuffed itself full with 35 mealworms at a single sitting, distending its elastic stomach well past its normal size in the process. Purely carnivorous, the toad never harms growing things and is, all in all, a good ally of man and a most distracting creature to study. The appetite of an average toad is insatiable, and is wide enough to include such varied fare as beetles, both large and small, grasshoppers, woodlice, snails in the shell, cockroaches, mealworms, bees and wasps (the stings appear to give little more trouble on occasion than is settled by a slight squirming), ants, caterpillars and grubs of many kinds, gnats and a whole host of flies, even small lizards and half-grown mice. Only bees and the occasional earthworm might with benefit be excluded from the toad's dietary, but these slight lapses can be forgiven in face of the relentless toll of night-feeding snails and slugs. A toad will frequently take up his quarters in a convenient cranny under a rockery stone, or under a wall, and there he will squat, eyes half closed, for most of the day, although I have known instances where garden toads had been so thoroughly tamed that they could be induced to leave their day-time lair when called and take tit-bits from the hand. They are not difficult to tame, and are as loyal and long-suffering as any dog. Normally, however, they emerge around dusk and feed through the night hours, lashing out that amazing flat, pink, sticky, elastic, unerring tongue at moving fry of all kinds, whipping it back inside the mouth in a split second. Toads have tongues most usefully fastened to the front of the mouth, and these organs of hunting, rather than eating, can curl round unsuspecting quarry two and even three inches away, carrying them back to the mouth for immediate swallowing in a way that never fails both to fascinate and horrify me whenever I witness it.

Contrary to the widely-held view, toads do not favour damp situations; indeed, most of those I have known seem to prefer dry, if shady, retreats under leaves and stones and roots and banks. Only when breeding do they search for water, and in my experience, although individuals sometimes travel far in search of both mates and mating water, toads are far less vagrant in disposition than frogs. A garden toad, living alone, will often give up all thoughts of even leaving the area, contenting itself with a sterile bachelorhood or spinsterhood possibly compensated for by adequate food and shelter, a not over-strenuous existence, and a good chance of survival for many years. If nature is bountiful over the matter of toads'

eggs which are laid each in ten—or fifteen—foot parallel strands containing anything from 2,000 to 7,000 each, and ruthless in the natural mortality rate of these and the toad tadpoles (it has been computed that a toad's chances of survival from egg to adulthood is only one in about 3,000), she makes up for it by endowing the survivors with a remarkable tenacity of life, which needs only the doziest kind of hibernation and a capacity for longevity equalled by few amphibious creatures. Many toads live ten years or so, some twelve, some several years more. Once they reach maturity, they have a remarkable faculty for looking after themselves well, choosing safe places in which to hibernate, and emerging regularly each March or early April when the stores of body fat have been exhausted, I find they show a remarkable fondness for exploring in autumn and ultimately adopting as permanent winter quarters outbuildings, like garages, woodsheds, coal-holes, summer-houses, tool sheds and the like, dry, warm, undisturbed as a rule, and generally wisely chosen. The toad is a wise creature. More than one housewife has been startled to discover a hibernating toad among her winter coal or wood, and stories that such creatures must have been lurking in air-less cavities under tons of fuel for years must always be discounted: they have a facility for crawling into the tiniest space, where it is darkest and driest, but no toad, hibernating or otherwise, can survive for long without a supply of oxygen. It is the big, red, black-dotted eye that causes all the trouble: when you see it sleepily blinking up with a strange, luminous and rather sinister quality from the back of the wood-pile or under the coal lumps, the tendency to imagine evil things of the interrupted sleeper is understandable.

I have always been amazed to see so many otherwise reliable naturalists, some of them prominent nature writers into the bargain, continuing to misinterpret the second line of the Shakespearian quotation I gave at the beginning. The "precious jewel" in the toad's head, they tell us as though we all ought to know better, is the poet's imaginative and colourful way of describing the creature's large and prominent eye. "Jewel", they say, "is a brilliant description of it and its lustrous ruby glint." But the Bard was thinking nothing of the sort when he wrote that. He was referring to the common belief of his day that inside the head of every toad was a precious jewel-like stone widely believed to have supernatural medicinal powers and to counteract many poisons, especially those caused by snake-bites. The toadstone, as it was known, was much sought after, and Heaven only knows what atrocious crimes were committed on innocent toads in efforts to extract it, for there was a right and a wrong way to do so. "There is a precious stone in the head of a toad, and there be many that wear these stones in rings, being verily persuaded that they keep them from all manner of gripings, and pains in the belly. But the art is in taking it out, for it must be taken out of the head alive, before the toad be dead, with a piece of cloth of the colour of red scarlet, wherewithal they are much delighted, so that while they stretch themselves out as it were in sport upon that cloth, they cast out the stone of their head, but instantly sup it up again, unless it be taken from them through some secret hole in the said cloth, whereby it falleth into a cistern or vessel of water, into which the toad dareth not enter, by reason of the coldness of the water". Thus, the Rev. Edward Topsell, incumbent of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, in his

Historie of Serpents, 1608. Many writers from the thirteenth century onwards mention the toadstone, its properties and how it should be extracted, and the method seems to have varied through the ages. In one of the earliest herbals, *Hortus Sanitatis*, 1491, there is a striking drawing showing the extraction in progress. An alternative method, dated 1579, was to put an "overgrown" toad, "first bruised in divers places", inside an earth-filled pot in the top of an ant-hill, so that at length only the bones and the stone of the toad remained in the vessel. So strong was the faith in toadstones that substitutes, all of them spurious, began to appear at high prices, and many of the old herbalists and sorcerers gave tips on how to recognise the genuine article. The stone itself was of course mythical, but later so-called toadstones were commonly worn as gems in rings. Known as the Bufonites or Crapaudina, it is really the fossilised tooth of a fish of the Carboniferous Age, commonly found in oolitic strata in this country. Such rings were mounted in silver and gold, and were prized until the early part of the nineteenth century. Fortunately they had no connection with toads, which nowadays slowly but surely secure the enlightened protection and respect that is their due.

CLIVE BEECH.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

A THERMO-NUCLEAR OPPORTUNITY

A JUDGE of the High Court of Justice in our country has made a contribution to the process of hard thinking set in motion by the established fact of hydrogen and cobalt bombs being available for the destruction of mankind. Mr. Justice Lloyd-Jacob in a letter to the *Times* of May 11th last, argued a case for what he suggested would be a practicable method of outlawing the use of atomic power for belligerent purposes, and substituting what he envisaged as "new and valuable uses for the benefit of mankind". Now the legal mind by virtue of its training and practice is apt to distinguish the essential from the non-essential in a given argument. More than a generation ago, for instance, just after the first world war came to its unpeaceful end (proved to be unpeaceful by what followed) a leading light of the English Bar, and an Irishman to boot, namely Lord Carson, cut through the mass of irrelevant and quasi-legal argument indulged in at that time by non-legal minds, and put the whole case for the Covenant of the League of Nations in four pithy words. He said that it "might make peace fashionable". The elaborate, long-winded and ostensibly juridical treatises written at the time about the machinery constituted by the League for the purpose of vouchsafing to mankind "a firm, just and durable Peace" (as the purpose was defined in the Preamble to the Treaty of Versailles, of which the Covenant of the League was an integral part) were worth not more, but less, than the paper on which they were printed.

Logic is not the best instrument of human welfare. Goodwill, even if it violate every law of logic, is the most effective instrument. In other words it is love and faith that move mountains, where bull-dozers would fail. The legal mind and the Irish temperament—both of which look straight at a thing and see it for what it is, not for what they wish it were—are alike

adept at this technique of keeping to the point. The contrasting English temperament, which puzzles the foreign observer by its roundabout approach to things, is inclined to find Irishisms amusing. The genius of Bernard Shaw exploited this business of amusing English audiences by telling the simple truth in a simple way. If in 1919 the League of Nations could have substituted a habit and a fashion of peace and trust among the nations for the accursed habit of fear, distrust and war, all might have been well. It failed to do so. Therefore its several provisions for organising safeguards and penalties against "aggression" never came within striking distance of being effective to their purpose. Governments—armed and mutually suspicious—pay little heed to juridical commitments. Mr. Justice Lloyd-Jacob in the letter above referred to put it in this whimsical way: "... the melancholy fact must be faced that even the pledged word of a sovereign nation does not today attract the implicit confidence of other Powers".

If then Lord Carson in 1919 realistically diagnosed the issue of future peace or war as the choice between a change of "fashion" on the one hand and a continuing calamity on the other, what has Sir George Lloyd-Jacob to say in 1954, when the continuing calamity has brought mankind to the precipice of a threatened holocaust, impartial, universal? In one word he gives the answer as Christianity. The choice before us, he says, is between religion and destruction. "How earnestly", he writes, "it is to be desired that our people should receive guidance from the Church on the Christian approach to the use of a weapon which provides the nearest approach as yet to the 'pernicious fire' sent by God."

'Among the accurst, that withered all their strength
And of their wonted vigour left them drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n'

He had been reading Milton's *Paradise Lost* as he wrote.

In a sense it is true that a split atom is the fire of God. The atom is the central source of energy in God's universe. Scientific skill, another gift of God, can split the atom, thereby letting loose a flood of power which can be used for good or evil ends; for man is free, having by a still further gift from his Maker been made free in will. The energy thus let loose is such that if directed to evil ends, it could destroy mankind. The prevailing fashion, now as a generation ago, being for the perversion of God's gifts into uses dictated by the devil, seduced thereto by the devil-inspired sense of fear which is the enemy of faith and love, it follows that atomic power has been promptly harnessed to the contingency of war. Indeed it was the exigency of war that provided the scientific spur which in the first instance led to the splitting of the atom. Mr. Justice Lloyd-Jacob, in his summary of the evidence, divided it into four counts, thus: "(1) But for the threat to our security due to war it is most unlikely that the required grouping of scientists to assert authoritatively the practicability of chain reactions in nuclear fission would have come about for many years. (2) But for the advocacy of Great Britain based upon the assertion of such practicability it is also unlikely that President Roosevelt would have supported a project to demonstrate it. (3) But for wartime requirements it is equally unlikely that the immense expense of constructing plant and procuring material would have been incurred by any democratic nation. (4) But for the ex-

istence of a state of war it is arguable that the fearsome destructive power of atomic missiles would never have been demonstrated".

As though directing a jury of world opinion, His Honour thus pinned upon war, that is upon the habit and the fashion of bedevilled motive in international relations—the opposite motive to the one ordained by God for man's guidance—the full responsibility for the calamities of this present century. Here is a crime to be unequivocally condemned. Instead, there could be a constructive use of atomic energy. "What I envisage" he went on "as the alternative, had war not created a military purpose, is a gradual development, similar to that which followed the isolation of radium, in which modest-sized reactors would have been used to create tracer elements for medical use".

He wrote of the "dread responsibility of using divine power for an earthly purpose" by which, momentarily lapsing into an unclear turn of thought, he meant an unspiritual purpose. For the use by human beings on earth of divine gifts must necessarily be earthly. That is not to say it must be devilish. The devil is permitted by God to operate on earth for the obvious purpose of giving man the exercise of resisting him, and thus of using the earthly training as a stepping stone to heaven, in short of developing his immortal soul. The penny catechism (which now costs fourpence, wisdom being more expensive now than it was before the war) puts it thus for a child to understand: "God made me to know Him, love Him and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him for ever in the next". That is the true earthly function of free will. Mr. Justice Lloyd-Jacob clearly knows this; for in his letter he rejected the destructive argument, and chose the good. "If we assume", he wrote, "as seems inevitable, that the nations will hesitate to pledge themselves unreservedly to outlaw atomic weapons, or what amounts to the same thing, will not trust in any international agreement which aims at so doing, must we accept the outcome as catastrophic? I suggest not. It may not have been a mere coincidence that the first demonstration of man's ingenuity in devising the atom bomb was reported to the Prime Minister in terms of the birth of a baby, for a like announcement 2,000 years before also marked a turning point in man's progress towards the ultimate".

The wording of what was in his mind was not very simple or clear, but it was presumably his intention to correlate the two crises or decisive events and to suggest that the first dominated, or should be allowed to dominate, the second, to the end, as he went on to suggest, that "our present striving for advantage might be replaced by a healthy rivalry in the discovery of new and valuable uses for the benefit of mankind". Somewhat naively, perhaps—for a kindred idea has been often weighed in the diplomatic corridors during the present century and found wanting—he made his practical proposal in these words: "Could we not strive to promote international agreement, whereby the signatories pledged themselves to punish, by atomic retaliation, the first country to loose the weapon upon another? Such a course might bring at least one agreeable consequence. Seeing that such a pledge would be of no value when given by a country lacking atomic weapons, such nations as do possess them would have a ready way of demonstrating peaceful intentions in the offer to provide the means of retaliation".

The shades of the League of Nations Covenant, the United Nations Charter, the Geneva Protocol and the Locarno Treaties, offer a ready commentary upon a proposed machinery of collective security by means of collective retaliation or sanction. And if we try to bend our imagination upon the potential spectacle of retaliation by atomic explosion against aggression we touch the fringe of that very madness it is our hypothesis to prevent—unless indeed the overriding fear of the retaliation were to justify the risk involved. By itself however such a machinery would be of no avail. There would be needed in the motive of its use a spirit more transcendentalised than that of a materialist sanction, as indeed His Honour himself propounded in another part of his admirable thesis.

On the very day when his letter appeared in the *Times*—the coincidence being deliberate on his part—the Convocation of Canterbury met in the Church House, Westminster, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Thereby the expectation could perhaps in some measure be justified that the spiritual lead postulated above might be given. It was not given. Or it was given in a half measure whereby its purpose was defeated. A motion was introduced by the Bishop of Birmingham, supported by the Dean of Westminster, and then referred to the Upper House, where it was carried. There was no mention in it of disarmament, though the word was used in his speech by the Dean of Winchester, who rejected its implication. Now it is true in a sense that the Christian catechumen must walk before he run, and that human frailty be allowed for in the advice and guidance given to him; but there are tides in the affairs of men. Two such tides were detailed by Mr. Justice Lloyd-Jacob. There is a tide and a crisis (that is a time for decision) at this present moment.

It is a matter of elementary intelligence to diagnose that unless the opportunity now given be taken to disarm the world, a catastrophe of immeasurable consequence may be the alternative. It is the clear duty of Christians to take it. That they will in the end take it, despite the faint-hearted performance in the Church House aforesaid, is a certainty, because by one's faith one knows that the good intention bestowed by an omnipotent God upon His creatures is stronger than the evil permitted by God to challenge it. His Honour was no doubt right in bracketting the present turning point in history with that which took place two thousand years ago. The sword of Damocles was a small thing contrasted with a cobalt bomb. What happened at Westminster on May 11th last was a mere rumbling of something important that will inevitably be unfolded, involving leader and catechumen alike in the unfolding. The resolution adopted by the Convocation of Canterbury on that day ran thus: "That this Convocation (1) Regards the existence of the hydrogen bomb as a grievous enlargement of the evil inherent in all war and as a threat to the basic obligations of humanity and civilisation. (2) Recognises that statesmen in the discharge of their responsibilities and in the existing conflict of international interests and beliefs cannot separate consideration of the hydrogen bomb from that of other weapons of war or from the total state of international relations. (3) Calls upon all statesmen urgently to seek agreement on such limitations, reductions and control of armaments as may remove immediate threats of war and encourage the return of mutual confidence. (4) Declares to the nations that they can only be delivered from the evils of war by a general

submission to the laws of God. (5) Calls upon all Christian people in their prayers, thinking and spoken words to seek justice, righteousness and peace for the healing of the nations".

To read that declaration is to become conscious of a gap in the minds of its authors between principle and practice. How is it possible with these new bombs in the offing, whose range of destruction is illimitable, immediate and uncontrollable—so characterised by the scientists who made them—how is it possible for intelligent men to talk about the "limitations, reductions and control of armaments" as an obligation of statesmanship? There is obviously one obligation upon statesmanship at this time, namely to take the opportunity given by the overwhelming menace, to concentrate their diplomacy upon disarmament. This is no time for splitting hairs, when atoms are being split. The tide must be taken at the flood. If it be thought that disarmament is a big step, too big to be taken in one step, let it be remembered that the hydrogen bomb is a big step too in man's downward plunge to destruction. The Dean of Winchester observed on May 11th that the banning of this new weapon "was not practicable, as it meant unilateral disarmament, which the Christian Church had never accepted as a solution".

But there is no question of unilateral disarmament. There is no such thing. Disarmament is total and universal, or there is no disarmament at all. Nor is the hydrogen bomb unilateral in its scope. The opportunity given for disarmament is commensurate with the need. Once the plunge be taken, the specification for disarmament becomes as easy as the specification for the limitation of armaments—as proved up to the hilt by half a century of experience—is impossible. When a house is on fire, the fire brigade does not devise an elaborate means of limiting, reducing and controlling the fire while making idiotic provision to leave some of it burning. It puts the fire out. There are occasions when the choice is between the whole or nothing. Of such a kind is the present emergency in the international field.

There was something slightly disappointing in what was said in the Convocation of Canterbury. Despite the Bishop of Birmingham's warning against inaction and the consequent mistaken supposition "that the Church of England was so engrossed in its domestic affairs that it had no mind for the weightier matters of national righteousness and international peace" (*Times* report, May 12th) yet no real contribution was made to a solution of those matters. The Dean of Winchester asked, in reference to the bomb and its destructive power, did they regard death as the worst of all evils, and would they not prefer to live and die under freedom than live under slavery? His oratorical question followed the irrelevant pattern and cliché of western thought, ignoring the fact that the wars of the century have been the very cause of atheist communism on the one hand and the thermo-nuclear horror on the other. Is the cause of full disarmament and the historic opportunity now given for its achievement not the more relevant focus of religious influence?

The Archbishop of Canterbury was even more glancingly irrelevant to the nature of what is happening. It goes without saying, though he said it, that these present results are "the devastating results of human sin", and that it is a Christian duty to "pray for the peace of the world"; but there is

more in it than that. There is the opportunity, wide open, for a big step forward in world affairs: for nothing less momentous than disarmament. To that end the influential Christian leaders could help to mobilise the crusading zeal of the masses of people.

In the Convocation of York (May 12th) the Archbishop of York in his turn ignored the present opportunity for full historic disarmament and contented himself with the observation that "it is far more important that once again a serious and sustained attempt should be made to remove the causes of war and to reach agreement for an all-round reduction in armaments". Again that fatal word, "reduction". On that same day, in the continuing debate at Westminster the Dean of Chichester made the astonishing remark that "armaments could not be regarded as a cause of war" and characterised them as merely "an indication of a dangerous situation". If he found a child playing with matches, would he, or would he not, take the matches away? Or would he reduce the number of matches in the box, hand them back to the child and content himself with the philosophic reflection that the matches were merely an indication of a dangerous situation?

To argue that armaments are not in themselves a cause of war is to trifle with commonsense and experience alike. To talk about reducing armaments instead of abolishing them is to play with fire. The Hague conferences of 1897 and 1907, the 1919 Covenant of the League of Nations, the 1932 "Disarmament" Conference, the Atlantic Charter of 1941, the United Nations Charter of 1945, the post-1945 meetings of the so-called Disarmament Commission of the United Nations: all were bedevilled by the nonsensical talk about a reduction of armaments. On the severe ground of practicability it would be simpler and easier for an international commission to inspect and control a state of total disarmament in all the countries of the world than to supervise a limited output from factories actively manufacturing armaments.

This issue between disarmament and the limitation of armaments is the issue of the century. The religious leaders could and should give their help. Mr. Justice Lloyd-Jacob in so many words postulated "guidance from the Church on the Christian approach" to this great opportunity on that very morning when the Convocation of Canterbury met in Westminster. If ever in our history the sheep looked up and needed a shepherd, the present time is the supreme occasion of such a need. On May 13th last, speaking at the London session of the United Nations Disarmament sub-committee in London, Mr. Selwyn-Lloyd made this admirable statement: "We think we all share the belief that unless we can devise a system of mutually agreed, supervised, comprehensive disarmament, there is no hope for a lasting peace in the world". That statement should be printed large in every Chancery in the world. With it should go, as the indispensable means to the end, a statement made by President Truman in 1946 when 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".

GEORGE GLASGOW.

June 11th, 1953.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MR. MORRISON ON GOVERNMENT

The trouble with the academic commentator on political institutions is that, although he may know his Anson and Erskine May and "the books", the nuances of actual political conduct are unknown to him at first hand. Knowledge has to be acquired *passim* from the autobiographies or letters of statesmen, such as those of Peel or Harcourt. It was a happy thought that led Nuffield College to invite Mr. Herbert Morrison, one of the most accomplished parliamentary adepts of our time, to take spells of sabbatic rest from his political duties in order to give us the fruits of his wisdom. The resultant book, less full of political generalizations than the classic study by Walter Bagehot, is yet significantly more tolerant and less doctrinal, for example on the Lords, than the *Parliamentary Government in England* of the late Harold Laski. It will clearly become a "must" for students. Laski's own attempt to enunciate a new theory and practice of the relations of party and parliament, on the thesis that the chairman of the National Party Executive was authorized to act as the "vocal conscience" (like the Chancellor of old to the King) to the Leader of the Party, is dealt with succinctly. Especially valuable are the passages dealing with the parliamentary imponderables, the balance between what the ministers of the Crown constitutionally can do and what the parliamentary back-benchers in practice will tolerate, including such extra-formal subtleties as the relation of the 1922 Committee to a Conservative Government in power, and the secondary but essential activity of the Whips in telling Ministers what are those limits of the possible of which politics is the art. It is essential, Mr. Morrison insists, for a Minister "to stand well with the House of Commons". Superficially, in strong contrast to the United States system, the power of the Executive has increased, is increasing and perhaps should be diminished. In fact there is democratic control by means, *inter alia*, of threat of assassination by revolt. As Mr. Morrison adds, in a phrase not without its humours, "I should not like what may be called 150 per cent. discipline".

In 1921 this reviewer suggested the practicability of Lords in Parliament, including leading Trades Unionists. It is noteworthy that Mr. Morrison develops the theme of Peers for life or, rather, for so long as they attend to their parliamentary duties, these functionaries (who presumably would be, as was said of baronets, "neither noblemen nor gentlemen") being entitled, so he suggests, to a salary, "of course, materially less than that of a Member of the House of Commons". Of deeper and less local significance is Mr. Morrison's sympathetic discussion of the proposals of F. W. Jowett, Member for West Bradford, for a total reconstruction of Parliamentary procedure by an approximation to that adopted in local government. The procedure of the British Parliament, declared by Mr. Speaker for the Commons, is, as Mr. Morrison points out, peculiar in being constructed, like the *Edictum Perpetuale* of the earlier Roman praetors, upon the basis of decisions given by earlier Speakers. The issue, however, raised by Mr. Jowett, supported by the Independent Labour Party, was more radical and involved "academic" speculations such as are seldom welcome. No people likes "comparative government" or to have it suggested that their Constitution, which is "the best in the world" (especially if it has the final advantage of not existing), could be improved. Was it to be the case that administrative "control must rest with the Minister, because he is responsible to Parliament, and through Parliament to the Crown"? those who shared in the campaign of the Union of Democratic Control as touching foreign affairs will be aware that, under the British system, this "responsibility to the Crown", as distinct from the electorate, i.e. to a few senior Ministers, can be very real indeed.

It is supposed to be necessary, and the embarrassments of the American system underscore this. It led to the rejection of Arthur Henderson's proposed Peace Statute, and recently of Parliamentary control of the use of atomic weapons.

There is a radical alternative which stretches out beyond what Jowett envisages. "Pure democracy", practicable in a Swiss canton or in New England town meeting, was long felt to be impracticable in larger communities because, as Aristotle said, it would "require the voice of Stentor". At first this was held to be a final objection to all democracy in great states until, as the Mills pointed out, that almost divine gadget of "representative" democracy was discovered. But is this indeed democracy? We now have both that gadget which is "the voice of Stentor" and public opinion polls which produce a perpetual plebiscite of the nation. Why not adopt the Swiss system of government by experts in perpetual coalition controlled, as to general lines of month by month policy, by the electorate itself? Both the House of Commons and the Parties could be abolished. It may be that even to formulate such a question carries its refutation. As Gladstone said, we must have "trust in the people, qualified by prudence". The party system is the best, though the Communists would say that the "politically conscious vanguard" system is best. There are deep abysses here. British politicians have never liked the "public democracy" of the plebiscite, although they have to endure the harsh statistics of the poll. They did not like Jowett's project for government by expert committees. The House continues in the organic way of its own development, tolerating the Lords and discovering novel virtues in the Monarchy, now embodied in our present Gloriana. What happens when the Afrikaans people of South Africa "cheer the Queen" (and "free democracy"), and whether, as the monarch is in transit from one sovereign Dominion to another, the duty to counsel her may not rest with a new constitutional branch the Queen's Private Secretaries (as new as once were the Secretaries of State, emerging from the royal kitchen and supplanting the Lord High Chancellor)—these are speculations in which Mr. Morrison does not indulge. But it shows the elasticity and essential tolerance of the mind of a great House of Commons man that even on an abortive and forgotten scheme he comments that "Mr. Jowett is to be praised and certainly not blamed for bringing forward his interesting scheme for remodelling the Mother of Parliaments on the administrative pattern of local government". That promises well that a new age will not be met by closed minds.

GEORGE CATLIN.

Herbert Morrison: *Government and Parliament*. Oxford U.P. 21s.

A GALLERY OF PORTRAITS*

Mr. Wilson Harris has had a happy, interesting and useful life. Happy, because he has been able to follow his bent. Interesting because he has met innumerable celebrities and seen a good deal of history in the making. Useful because he has supplied his countrymen for nearly half a century with well informed, well expressed and well balanced comments on public affairs. Fettered by no party ties he may be described as Left Centre, combining, as every good citizen should combine, a sense of tradition with readiness for experiment. He possesses a warm heart and a cool head. There are fewer rebukes than eulogies in his pages. The book is as full of entertainment as of instruction, since the general reader always enjoys first hand accounts of people whose names are written into the pattern of history.

The opening chapters describe the Quaker home at Plymouth; the delicious years at Cambridge, where he combined a classical scholarship with the Presidency of the Union; a brief experience as a schoolmaster and worker at Toynbee Hall before he found his true vocation as a journalist on the *Daily News* in the

days preceding the First World War, when a Liberal Government with a huge majority was in power and hope was in the air. Two of his most gifted colleagues on the paper are neatly ticketed in a single pregnant sentence. "On Nevins anyone who was in any sense oppressed, on Brailsford anyone who was in any sense revolutionary, had an *a priori* claim". Of A. G. Gardiner, the editor, he speaks with the gratitude of a pupil for his master, but temperamentally he was closer to Alfred Spender, whose biography he was destined to write. He is incapable of such pathological resentments as that of the later Gardiner against the later Lloyd George.

The First World War brought the author to the centre of the world's stage, and the most historically valuable portion of his story opens with the chapter on Peace-Making at Paris, where he represented the *Daily News*. The author of books on the Conference and Woodrow Wilson speaks with authority, and he restores the crowded stage at Paris to life. While the politicians and the nationalities were quarrelling, Hoover and Nansen busied themselves with the pitiful victims of the war,—the former very reserved, the latter a knight of romance with a keen practical sense, "that great and simple man whom to have known is one of the abiding satisfactions of life". Among the younger members of the British Delegation were Philip Kerr, the Prime Minister's secretary, "whom to meet once was to want to know better", and Keynes, a friend from Cambridge days, whose slashing indictment, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace", opened the eyes of the world to the grim fact that the Treaty of Versailles was an edifice built on sand. Two years later the author visited the paralysed President Wilson at Washington, and found that "whatever had happened to his body there was little wrong with his mind, though he was an intelligibly embittered man". On leaving the author remarked, "At any rate the fire you kindled will go on burning". "If it does", was the swift rejoinder, "I hope some people will get scorched". He was probably thinking of Senator Lodge, who did more than any other man to prevent the United States joining the League of Nations.

The Peace Conference was followed by many other gatherings, and no British journalist made a closer study of what he calls the Conference Era. There are two snapshots of Mussolini in the same year, the first when he was merely one of a crowd of journalists at Cannes, the second when he had become the inflated Duce. "How did Italy's great man impress me? So far as I remember, not at all. There was no reason why he should. He had no magnetic personality, nothing of Hitler's unquestioned ability". A few months later at Lausanne "he came, he saw, he postured". Henceforth he was a mean little man playing a big part and playing it with the clumsy ineptitude of a buffoon. Of Curzon, on the other hand, the star performer at Lausanne, the author speaks with admiration for his abilities and gratitude for his kindness. His pomposity was much exaggerated, and his failings were all on the surface. Ramsay MacDonald receives much lower marks because he was touchy as well as vain. John Burns is treated with surprising gentleness.

The chapter entitled "The Geneva Scene" is perhaps the most interesting and valuable in the book, for Mr. Wilson Harris knows that historic city and the work of the League of Nations better than any living British journalist. He believed in the League and met the chief actors on that picturesque and crowded stage. His principal heroes are Lord Cecil, Gilbert Murray, and Nansen, but he finds generous words for Balfour and Briand, Austen Chamberlain, Lord Perth, Mr. Noel Baker, and other active champions of the first attempt to integrate the world. The French delegates, he assures us, were the most polished orators, and Briand is saluted as the greatest speaker he ever heard. Lord Cecil was a dominating figure at every Assembly he attended and the most unswerving champion of the League at home, with Gilbert Murray at his side, both of them

citizens of the world in the noblest sense of that familiar phrase. Like Lord Cecil, the author served the League, not only by describing its activities at Geneva, but by years of devoted service to the League of Nations Union at home as editor of *Headway*, speaker and author. Though the League was buried under the debris of the Second World War, none of its surviving champions need feel that their labours were in vain.

The closing chapters describe the author's twenty years with the *Spectator*, the circulation of which was doubled during his occupation of the editorial chair, and his five years as junior member for his beloved University. Both offices provided ample scope for his gifts of rapid assimilation, fluency of tongue and pen, and capacity to work with many types of men and schools of thought. University representation had to go, for the principle of "one man, one vote" is an axiom of democracy; but men of all parties and of none felt regret that the voices of independent members—independent in fact and not merely name—would no longer be heard in the Mother of Parliaments. The volume concludes with a brief statement of the author's ideology, embracing not only things seen but the things that are unseen.

G. P. GOOCH.

*H. Wilson Harris. *Life so far*. Jonathan Cape. 21s.

JOHN STUART MILL*

This is a beautiful book. It is, moreover, a book long overdue in English letters which a good many illustrious writers, John Morley among them, had planned but not executed. For this there may have been two reasons: First, the vastness of the subject, Mill's influence extending over the whole of English thought and politics. Secondly, the lack of all material about his private life and about his work as an administrator of India. About the latter the new *Life* gives little more than was known. But for the intimate knowledge of J. S. Mill and of his one great attachment there was F. A. Hayek's recent *John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor* to build on. All published accounts of contemporaries of Mill have been fully used in Mr. Packe's learned biography which took six years to compile. But while much unpublished material has also gone into it several additional sources seem not to have been used, i.e., the youthful letters and Place MSS, the Carlyle correspondence, Harriet Martineau's letters. Mill's life from 1806 to 1872 spanned most of the 19th century. Any student of the period will find this major book about one of its most outstanding figures indispensable. Mr. Packe excels at giving clearly Mill's diverse ideas, their origin, development, contemporary significance and later impact. All asides are penetrating and competent: Bentham, Comte, Molesworth, Grote and others come to life. Yet I cannot avoid differing profoundly from the author in the interpretation of Mill's personality. Probably provoked by the prevalent conception of Mill as a dry, under-sexed, prosaic rationalist (largely created by Carlyle), Mr. Packe has chosen as his key to Mill's character that "he went after emotions like an addict after drugs". I believe this to be a wrong key. In keeping with it Mill is depicted as an ardent and urgent lover. Yet from Professor Hayek's exemplary documentary story it is clear that during its twenty-eight years duration the pace and tone of the relationship was set by the imperious Mrs. Taylor, dragging along Mill who adored her but was ever sadly conscious of his own lack of feeling. Mr. Packe gives many instances of her complete ascendancy over his mind, he "finding flawless chains of reasoning" for her axioms. Thus she dictated the socialism contained in the later editions of the *Political Economy*; her astounding influence thereby over our own times is curiously lightly dealt with in but two sentences. Altogether, the picture given of Harriet vacillates: Mr. and Mrs. Packe seem to have tried their best

to like the heroine of their book, but the unamiable facts about her kept getting the better of them. A modern reader expects to learn more about the sexual side of a character than is here given.

The line between *Dichtung und Wahrheit* in the *Life* is not always easily distinguishable, as when it is stated that Mill "blamed" his father for his lack of religion. There is a tendency to overcharge with significance small incidents accidentally preserved, as that of a watch lost in childhood which is supposed to have induced the man always to wear plain silver watches. The liveliness of the style is at times laboured. But, all carping done, I gladly repeat that this is an interesting, lively, even exciting biography in which the vast subject of J. S. Mill, his time, and his influence is at last adequately mastered. John Morley said that the trial of Mill before history would also be the trial of two generations of thinking Englishmen. Mr. Packe, stressing the liberal rather than the socialist influence of Mill and Mrs. Taylor, comes to a positive verdict. Mill's "synthesis of truth" and his "tolerance as a creative force" hold good for today.

RUTH BORCHARD.

**The Life of John Stuart Mill*. By Michael St. John Packe. Secker and Warburg. 42s.

TROTSKY: PROPHET, TRAITOR OR TYRANT?

Deutscher, already well known as the biographer of Stalin, has now published a first instalment of a study of Trotsky under the title *The Prophet Armed*. It takes the life of the Bolshevik leader to 1921 and is to be followed by a second volume, *The Prophet Unarmed*, showing Trotsky's defeat at Stalin's hands and his being hounded to death. Deutscher has with the volume under review contributed a book which should be read by every student of the history of our age, both because of its great merits, as well as of its defects. The merits of the book are considerable. Deutscher has produced a book which grips the reader. It has a style of its own which imprints the personality of the author on the attention of the reader. Deutscher is never afraid of length and detail—rightly, because a description of the theoretical positions taken up at various times by the main figures provides the background for their understanding. Some of the controversies which occupied Lenin and Trotsky at various times, such as those relating to the democratic nature of Marxism, may now appear academic. But at the time, particularly before the assumption of power in the October Revolution of 1917, they played an important part. For before 1917, as Deutscher shows, the development of Marxist theory took up the main attention of Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. It was mastery over the problems of political theory which then mainly determined who rose to prominence in the party.

Trotsky first achieved prominence as revolutionary by articles and by participation in debate showing a complete grasp of the problems of Marxism. The son of a Jewish farmer, he had a good education and read avidly from an early age. He did not take easily to Marxism. At a gathering in 1896, he said turning to Alexandra Sokolovskaya, who was to become his first wife: "A curse upon all Marxists, and upon those who want to bring dryness and hardness into all relations of life". Also, he by no means sided immediately with the Bolsheviks, and found himself drawn for some time more to the Mensheviks. For many years he, who was to become one of Lenin's collaborators, was a bitter opponent of the Bolshevik leader. Deutscher takes us through all the dramatic episodes of Trotsky's life. He is a sympathetic biographer and his hero gradually reveals himself in his full stature. We see the man of great personal courage, who defies the public prosecutor, who protects an unpopular man whom the crowd are about to lynch, who tours the most dangerous sectors of the battlefield as War Commissar during the struggle against the "Whites". We see the great—if incredibly ruthless—organiser who creates an army in the civil war. And yet, in all the ups

and downs of Fortune, we constantly catch glimpses of his interest in the problems of Marxist theory, for instance the rushed visit in uniform to a party congress and the speech on the most intricate problems of Marxism between visits to the battlefield, and during an early period the articles written in Tsarist prisons. On this last point it is interesting to note how a biographer who can hardly be called pro-Tsarist shows how mild the brutality of the old regime was compared with that of the new. Twice Trotsky escaped from Siberian banishment. How many prominent opponents of the Bolshevik regime have escaped from Siberia?

In view of the Stalinist omission of Trotsky's contribution to the rise of the Bolsheviks, the present rulers of the Kremlin are not likely to look kindly on Deutscher's vindication of Trotsky's place in history. On the other hand, the book will not satisfy the anti-Communist either as a definitive evaluation of a vital figure in world history. The difficulty with a subject like Trotsky is that it lies on the very line of division between history and politics. Trotsky cannot yet be fully considered a figure of the past, which can be viewed with detachment. Though he ceased to play an important part in Soviet Russia after the first few years of the new regime, his ideas were largely taken over by Stalin. It is highly dubious whether Trotskyism would have been less brutal and less dangerous for the world than Stalinism. It was Trotsky, for instance, who first proclaimed the necessity of the use of forced labour. Deutscher, who is certainly not a Stalinist, nowhere expresses his distaste for the principles of the Soviet regime. He wears Leninist blinkers which exclude from his view everything except for that which lay on the Bolshevik road to power. A true understanding of a vital period of world history must include a more comprehensive picture of the opponents of the victorious.

FRANK EYCK.

I. Deutscher. *The Prophet Armed*. Trotsky: 1879-1921. Oxford University Press. 30s.

WORDSWORTH'S IMAGINATIVE PHASES

This sympathetic and penetrating study of Wordsworth's mind and work traces the gradual development of his imagination in three continuous phases, defined as "Solitude and Relationship", "The Poetry of Indecision" and "The Baptised Imagination"—this last the poet's own expression. Mr. Jones maintains that this latest poetry, with its definitely Christian tone and imagery, has been under-estimated, and unfairly considered as the result of his desire to be thought orthodox, whereas it should be ascribed to various causes, his brother's death especially. He has to admit, however, that it shows a falling-off from the earlier poems, those of the "Great Decade" (1797-1807). His re-valuation is perhaps the most original feature of this book. The title is taken from Keats, who, writing of Wordsworth, resents "poetry that has a palpable design on us", and enforces a philosophy by bullying. His verdict on an obvious defect, self-engrossment, in Wordsworth is confirmed by Coleridge's description of him as a detached contemplative, *Spectator ab extra*. Mr. Jones considers that any philosophy which Wordsworth sets forth was probably derived from Coleridge's talk rather than from his own reading.

The mind of the great, austere poet-solitary is revealed, though often inarticulately, in such characters as the Leech-gatherer, the Discharged Soldier, or the Pedlar; his "massive landscape" has for its main features water, wind and mountains. This landscape is literal and real, not allegorical, its "accurate detail" is subordinated to "the spirit of the whole". Wordsworth claims "a partnership between the mind and the external world", with the senses mediating between man and Nature. His constant dwelling on childhood is largely due to his perception that the two worlds are fused in a child, who is at once "inmate",

"creator and receiver". The poet for a time loses the child's vision, but later recovers it through insight, "the eye made quiet". All this is, of course, pre-eminently expressed in the *Immortality Ode*, *Tintern*, and the famous autobiographical passage in *The Prelude* (Bk. V).

The indecision period of his middle age is marked by a withdrawal from the ideal of solitude—"farewell the heart that lives alone"—by a sense of disillusion or bewilderment, an increased tendency to moralise. There are the pious digressions introduced into *The Prelude*, a gradual move towards the supernatural, as in the *White Doe*, a new concern with pageantry, pagan and Christian. Finally, Nature is conventionalised, flowers and creatures becoming as it were works of art, though brilliantly portrayed. Wordsworth's earlier repudiation of the use of a specific diction for poetry is well-known, also the fact that his theories sometimes gave way under him. Mr. Jones writes of his love for great abstractions, words like exultations, simplicity, visitations, and of his skill in blending long words with short and simple ones,—"incommunicable sleep", "unintelligible world". Our author gives an admirable choice of quotations to illustrate his criticisms and suggestions: the type and format of the book leave nothing to be desired.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

The Egotistical Sublime. By John Jones. Chatto & Windus. 1954. 16s.

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Greece: a Political and Economic survey, 1939—1953 (Royal Institute of International Affairs, 18s.), by Bickham Sweet-Escott, maintains the high standard of Chatham House publications and offers safe guidance through the confusion of the war and post-war years. The first half describes impartially and clearly the terrible experiences of the invasion period and the even more poignant sufferings of the Communist rebellion which followed the defeat of Germany and Italy. The second part traces the slow process of economic recovery with generous British and American help. It is a sad story, lit up by the toughness and heroism of the Greek people, and the belated emergence of a working majority in Parliament under the leadership of General Papagos sends the reader away in a somewhat more hopeful mood. An appendix on Cyprus describes the movement for union with Greece and our steady refusal for strategic reasons to concede the demand.

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The new edition of *Middlesex*, by Sir Clifford Radcliffe, (Evans Bros., 10s. 6d.) first published in 1939, has been revised, brought up to date, and enriched by nearly 200 new illustrations. No wonder it has been and will surely remain a best seller, not merely for use by classes in civics, but also among Londoners who love the city of their birth, Englishmen who care about their history, and overseas visitors who flock to the Heart of the Empire. So much information—historical, artistic, administrative—is packed into this delightful book that it cannot be fully assimilated at the first reading but should be available for ready reference. To the present reviewer the most attractive chapters are those which summarise the colourful history of Middlesex from Roman times, including some famous residents such as Pope and Horace Walpole, and stately homes such as Hampton Court, Syon House and Osterley Park. The second half of the volume is devoted to the multifarious services of the Middlesex County Council, a fairy godmother pledged to the creation of the Welfare State.

M. MENDÈS-FRANCE'S EXPERIMENT

IN making his way to the Premiership, and not less by the manner of his achievement, M. Mendès-France gave a new look to French politics. In a certain measure his enterprise was a personal adventure. A Radical-Socialist, he was not put forward as the chosen representative of his group. Within that group he has often been a detached figure. The nearest parallel to his position is that of the non-party statesman who flourished under the Third Republic. He belonged for the moment to the class of political brokers, of whom Briand and even Poincaré may be regarded as examples. His success was assured by two skillful twenty-minute speeches, in one of which he repudiated with remarkable irony the support which the Communists thrust upon him.

M. Mendès-France's Ministerial declaration briefly described his purposes and the highly original method by which he proposed to accomplish them. His offer of a four-weeks' contract with the Assembly, at the end of which he would resign if he had not by that time negotiated a "cease-fire" in Indo-China, took his hearers aback. The mode of action was startlingly unusual, and in normal circumstances might even lend itself to ridicule. But circumstances were not normal. M. Mendès-France meant to break sharply with the past, with the past of successive Governments, all of the same model and all prisoners of roughly the same uneasy majority. Events at Geneva and in Indo-China had made a breach in the old system and M. Mendès-France delivered a shock attack. Attention inside and outside Parliament was fixed on Indo-China. Peace, in itself a great prize, would liberate Government and Parliament for action in every other line of policy. M. Mendès-France, especially, regarded it as an indispensable preliminary to the restoration of the French economy, which is his main concern.

It was on the four weeks' contract to permit negotiation for a "cease-fire" that the Assembly voted the investiture. In the existing disarray of Parliament M. Mendès-France did not appeal specifically to party formations, but he had obviously made a shrewd estimate of the tendencies of the groups and sub-divisions. The result was a loose majority, not strictly a coalition, to which every group in the Assembly contributed either much or little. There were two solid party supports, the Radical-Socialists and the Socialists, and M. Mendès-France found house-room for 59 of the homeless main remnant of the ex-Gaullists. Around these clustered an archipelago of snips and shreds of the groups of the Centre and the Right. The M.R.P. as a body was hostile, but 10 of its 88 members broke away to vote the investiture. It was not a majority promising cohesion for an extended programme or an indefinite time, but, with a strong current of public opinion in its favour, it seemed to offer security for the Government during the period of negotiation.

In view of the capital importance of the negotiations on Indo-China

M. Mendès-France himself took the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But the four weeks were not the only time limit he imposed on the action of his Government. At the end of the four weeks at latest (that is to say, by July 20th) he was to lay before the Assembly his proposals for economic reform. For dealing with the E.D.C. he had another time limit. A compromise was to be sought between supporters and opponents of the treaty. The compromise, or, failing a compromise, the Government's own proposals would be submitted to the Assembly before the Parliamentary recess. This time-table M. Mendès-France defended with remarkable firmness when it was challenged, as in effect it was, by reminders that what various interested parties desired was that France should ratify the E.D.C. treaty and not that she should set about modifying it. He refused an invitation to attend, almost immediately after taking office, a meeting of the signatories of the treaty. He gave M. Spaak, who came to see him on behalf of Benelux, the assurance that when the French proposals were ready they would be communicated to a meeting of the six Powers before being submitted to the French Parliament. But he did not alter his time-table. M. Mendès-France's plan of seeking a compromise obviously met the requirements of the French internal situation. Ratification of the treaty by a small majority would mean the long-lasting discontent of a large minority. In the sphere of international affairs the delay of Parliament in the ratification of a treaty signed by a French Government is fortunately rare. But M. Mendès-France could argue that his plan, so far from being dilatory, promised to close the long French debate and put an end to uncertainty within a few weeks.

M. Mendès-France's first conspicuous move in the negotiations on Indo-China was his long conversation with M. Chou En Lai at Berne towards the end of June. From the Prime Minister's own account it was clear that the conditions of an armistice were discussed in some detail, the military terms in view of an early "cease-fire", the political terms for later discussion. On his way back to Peking M. Chou En Lai stopped to confer with Ho Chi Minh, and no doubt the Vietminh leader had this encounter in mind when he issued his statement welcoming the French Premier's Ministerial declaration. Meanwhile, in Indo-China, the evacuation of a large portion of the Delta, which from military necessity had been going on secretly, caused some shock to French opinion when its completion was announced. It had the object of ensuring the protection of the French expeditionary force and of establishing a solid base for military operations in the future if they should continue to be necessary. In a statement to the Assembly on July 7th the Prime Minister emphasized once more his double purpose of negotiating an armistice and of preparing military measures to be adopted in the event of failure. If the negotiations broke down it would be necessary to reinforce the expeditionary army by sending out conscript troops from France. This unpopular measure would require the approval of the National Assembly. If negotiation failed the Prime Minister would have to offer his promised resignation, but he now undertook that before leaving office he would himself introduce the unpopular legislation and relieve his successors of responsibility in the matter.

On Tunisia and Morocco, where violent disorders have occurred, M. Mendès-France reaffirmed his well-known position. Order must be kept,

but so must the promise to put these countries in a position to manage their own affairs. He made it clear that he would try to make use of the sane nationalism which, while putting forward its claims for reform, recognizes the necessity of solidarity with the French population and with France, within the French Union.

Behind all these complexities of international and Empire affairs lies the principal preoccupation of the restoration of the French economy. This would be the fundamental task of any Government, but it was more especially so for M. Mendès-France, to whom it presents itself as the only sure way of reasserting the country's position in the world. His scheme has many aspects. It may be said to rest on two practical bases—full employment to be assured largely by housing and reconstruction and the stimulation of exports, particularly agricultural exports. But he would touch economy at all points, eliminating unproductive for the benefit of productive expenditure, preferring more useful activities to less useful. In economic organization the eighteen months plan set up by M. Edgar Faure—still in office at the same post—was to be enlarged and given greater resources to ensure rapid success. M. Mendès-France made no secret of the Government's intention to seek special powers from the Assembly to carry out the scheme, and this demand would, of course, provide the capital test of the Government's chance of survival.

There was a good deal of latent hostility to the new Government on its formation. To the Radicals it seemed unorthodox, too independent of party formations, and M. Mendès-France was regarded as having given less importance than was due to his own group. The M.R.P. was discontented because so many of its leaders, for so long particularly concerned in the direction of foreign affairs and of the policy pursued in Indo-China, had been dispossessed of their offices. M. Mendès-France had, however, a considerable source of strength in the support of a large body of public opinion, with which he kept in touch by admirable short broadcast speeches. He also gained by the spreading impression that there was a Government in office acting with decision without waiting on the moods and whims of the Assembly.

Whatever may be the success of the Mendès-France experiment there is no doubt that it has given a fresh impulse to the regrouping of political forces in France. Through all the Parliamentary disorder of post-war France this regrouping has been going on. Indeed, it is one of the main causes of the disorder. By many foreign observers Ministerial instability and the failure of Parliament to produce coherent majority have been regarded as the culmination of chronic instability reaching far back into the Third Republic. In face of the behaviour of Parliament and the apparent inability of Governments to represent France adequately at international conferences some have drawn the conclusion that something is rotten in the state of France, in the nation. The French themselves do not draw this conclusion. They admit the malady of Parliament, but do not believe that it is a malady of the nation. The Parliamentary machine is clogged because the National Assembly is badly composed. There is too large a proportion of temporary and provisional groups. This is a direct result of the war. The war was not an interval of political truce. On the contrary it was a time of intense activity in the formation of opinion.

Impulsive movements sprang into being, some of which combined to form the most militant element of Resistance. These impulses projected themselves into post-war politics. Besides its day-to-day business the French democracy is engaged in the task of slowly eliminating irregular but momentarily strong forces and getting back to settled formations. It is living down Resistance and Vichy.

Immediately after the war Resistance ruled and continued to rule until the spring of 1947. Up to that point the three big Resistance parties—Communists, Socialists and M.R.P.—all joined in the Government. Two of these were abnormal. True, the Communists were a regular party, but they were exorbitantly expanded by the discontents and the spirit of revolt following a war. The M.R.P. was still more abnormal. A small party of Catholic social reformers, it was chosen as the French version of the Christian Democrat movements which the Catholic hierarchy was encouraging Catholics of all shades to join in various countries. Resistance as an instrument of government was shattered for ever in the spring of 1947. In April General de Gaulle (not a Deputy) founded the R.P.F. In May the Communists were expelled from the Government. The true Parliamentary parties, badly named the Third Force, continued to govern, but between two oppositions—Communists on one side, Gaullists on the other. In the country de Gaulle progressed like a whirlwind. For some months opinion was really fluid. Some thought that the destiny of France would be fought out between Communists and Gaullists. In the present National Assembly, elected in 1951, the Resistance complex has disappeared. This is an important step towards normal Parliamentaryism. The M.R.P. is severely pruned. It can never be more than a minority among Catholics, who are mainly Conservative. This also is a move towards the normal. The Communists still poll strongly, but were reduced at the election by combinations of the other parties. With these improvements, however, coincided another outburst of abnormality. The R.P.F. came into the Assembly with 120 members. There is no injustice in describing the R.P.F. as ephemeral. The sources of its attraction, at one time very great, were the prestige of the Liberator, the prevailing discontents and the wave of excited anti-Communism provoked by the serious strikes of 1947. Only a small body of opinion followed General de Gaulle in his advocacy of a Presidential Constitution. The R.P.F. has split in Parliament. A large part of its main remnant (now bearing the Leftward-sounding name of *Républicains Sociaux*) has thrown in its lot, for the present at any rate, with M. Mendès-France. If, as seems possible, the R.P.F. should disperse or associate itself with one of the regular formations of politics, or simply dwindle into a small group, the progress towards normal Parliamentaryism would be decisive.

There will be in French politics of the future a still unknown quantity, the attitude of the adult post-war generation. There is, however, no sign so far that this new section of the body politics will be revolutionary. M. Mendès-France has paid some attention to this aspect of the political situation; most of his Ministers are men in the forties. But the present Assembly does not reflect this youthful element in any great measure and M. Mendès-France has to work with the Parliament as it exists.

Mr. Dulles's visit to Paris on July 13th and the resulting decision of the

American Government to be represented at the concluding stages of the Geneva Conference by a chief delegate of Ministerial rank removed a source of apprehension on the French side. The length of the conversations showed that the discussions between Mr. Dulles, Mr. Mendès-France and Mr. Anthony Eden were through, and it was understood that M. Mendès-France reviewed the possible points of compromise which the French, the direct and responsible negotiators, were contemplating as a condition of the proposed armistice. The communique issued afterwards said that a clear comprehension had been reached of the positions of the respective Governments on Indo-China. The decision gave satisfaction to the desire of M. Mendès-France that America should be closely associated with the Geneva discussions on Indo-China.

Vernon, Eure.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

THE OUTLOOK IN THE FAR EAST

AN appraisal of the outlook in the Far East written shortly after the completion of the French evacuation of the southern part of the Red River Delta could not but begin with the possibility that, very shortly, military events might dominate all other relevant factors. By July 4th the new defensive position, resting on Phu Ly to the south, Sontay in the west, Luc Nam in the north and Haiphong on the coast of Tongking, had been weakened by the loss of the first of these places, which is only 30 miles south of Hanoi. Moreover, a report from Singapore had stated that whole Viet-Nameese units were "disappearing overnight from the French Lines and going over to the Communists". This report, if correct, increased the likelihood of an earlier report being true also, namely that there had been considerable infiltration at various points into French-held territory in Tongking. Both reports underlined the danger of accelerating falls in Viet-Nameese morale. This dark prospect can only be rendered more depressing by admitting the possibility of the loss of Hanoi to the Viet-Minh in the near future. But the admission must be made.

Up to July 4th it had looked, on balance, as though military counsels would be controlled by political considerations. The Geneva conference, which had begun on April 26th, though unproductive of very hopeful results, was still regarded by Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden when they went to Washington for talks with President Eisenhower as being a "better bet" than courses favoured in the United States. At the time of writing it is difficult to appraise the conference as a factor in the immediate outlook, which, on July 20th, still depended upon the conclusion of an armistice at Geneva. That dependence, however, was linked with a number of ideas, all of which claim attention as factors both of immediate and continuing importance in the outlook not only of Indo-China but of the Far East as a whole.

One of them combines the right of the so-called Colombo Powers, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia, to be given a say in measures

affecting an area geographically, and in several other respects, much more theirs than ours, with the wisdom of acquiring their goodwill. At the conclusion of a conference of these Powers in Ceylon in the spring a *communiqué* recorded their opinion, in regard to Indo-China, that solution depended upon direct negotiations between France, the three Associated States (Viet-Nam, Laos and Cambodia) with the Viet-Minh and "other parties invited by agreement", and upon France declaring that she was irrevocably committed to the complete independence of Indo-China.

A criticism of this *communiqué* implied that the five Prime Ministers who issued it had been insufficiently concrete, and less helpful than they might have been, in their advice. In the House of Commons, however, on June 23rd, Mr. Eden took a more penetrating view. He said that "there would never be any real security in south-east Asia without the goodwill of the free Asian countries . . . if we succeeded in negotiating some form of permanent south-east Asia Defence organization it would not be fully effective without the understanding and support of the Colombo Powers"; whereas the criticism just alluded to said: "perhaps the best thing that can be said for the Colombo conference is that it did at least bring five men with very differing standpoints into close personal contact which may in future ease relations between their countries". To the extent that Mr. Eden's idea has already acquired both currency and reality it is undoubtedly a factor in the Far Eastern outlook.

A second idea of continuing importance, notwithstanding American mistrust of it, is that China, which constitutes the largest Asiatic unit in the Far East north of Singapore, should be admitted to discussions between Western Powers with non-Chinese peoples living on her borders on an equal footing with Russia, who is rendered agreeable to the principle of equality partly by community of political ideas, partly by reactions felt in common with China to Western policies regarding Japan and Korea. This idea, implied though not expressed in the Colombo Powers' *communiqué*, has been part of the working basis of the Geneva conference.

A third idea, also contained in the Colombo Powers' *communiqué*, though not expressed in so many words, is that all colonialism in south-east Asia should be brought to an end.

A fourth idea, cited from the preamble to the recent Sino-Indian treaty on Tibet by Mr. Chou En-Lai—whose adoption of it has occasioned surprisingly little comment, considering that the idea has constantly figured in statements of the Western case against Russia—is that states should not interfere with one another's internal affairs.

Ideas five and six have figured prominently in discussions at the Geneva conference about the future of Korea, and were coupled by Mr. Eden in the House of Commons on June 23rd when in reference to the Korean question he said that maintenance of the authority of the United Nations and the holding of free elections are "the two principles on which our delegation must insist".

There is nothing new in these ideas as such, nor would many people dissent from their description as truisms. Criticism is more likely to result from giving truisms the status of factors in the Far Eastern outlook second in importance only to the major and over-riding factors of the cold

war and Anglo-American co-operation. Yet the reader has only to take a second glance at the six ideas just enumerated, recalling as he does so, in the most general way, what has been said about them by one or other of the participants in the cold war since 1945, to agree that they are closely related to, indeed, almost satellites of, the inner group of ideas comprised by that term. Even more quickly will he appreciate their relationship to Anglo-American unity when he is reminded that, in respect of some of them, Great Britain and the United States have not of late—in regard to a principle associated with one of them for a long time—seen eye to eye.

Prior to the visit of the Prime Minister and Mr. Eden to Washington, *The Times* correspondent there said one morning—May 17th, to be precise—"stories reaching this country from Geneva tell of growing differences between British and American policy. The chief difference seems to some", he added amusingly, "to be that the British have no policy and are keeping quiet about it, while the United States have no policy and is discussing it at the top of its voice"—which reminded one of the Kipling poem beginning:

"The Celt in all his variants from
Builth to Ballyhoo"

and ending:

"and while the Celt is talking
From Valencia to Kirkwall
The English, ah! the English
Don't say anything at all."

The negative aspect of British policy was exemplified by the Prime Minister when he said in the House that until the outcome of the Geneva conference was known final decisions regarding the establishment of a collective defence in south-east Asia and the Western Pacific could not be taken: meanwhile H.M.G. had not embarked on any negotiations involving commitments. Mr. Eden's remarks on June 23rd, in respect of the same period and circumstances, outlined the Anglo-American position startlingly. He said that the Government had been reproached "in some influential quarters" for their failure to support armed intervention to try to save Dien Bien Phu. It was true that at no time were they willing to support such action for three reasons, the third being that "it might well have led to a general war."

In these circumstances, and those of the European situation, the Washington visit was a dramatically urgent necessity. The joint statements issued by President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill after their talks will have been reread and reassessed, long before this is published, in the light of the Prime Minister's speech in Parliament on July 12th. The Washington statements, however, remain, and Anglo-American policy must perforce develop either in conformity with, or divergence from, them, adjusted to the differences of interpretation and emphasis of which their texts admit. The six ideas listed above will also remain. The "Potomac Charter", one of the statements issued in Washington, is related to the first idea by clause five, which says in part:

"We urge the establishment and maintenance of such associations"—i.e. as have been established in the spirit of the United Nations

Charter for common protection and security—"of appropriate nations as will best, in their respective regions, preserve the peace and independence of the peoples living there. When desired by the peoples of the affected countries, we are ready to render appropriate and feasible assistance to such associations"

Bilateral talks in Washington began forthwith, paralleled by A.N.Z.U.S. talks.

As regards the termination of colonialism in south-east Asia (which is more convenient to deal with before, than after, the question of policy toward China), the "Potomac Charter" said:

"We uphold the principle of self-government and will earnestly strive by every peaceful means to secure the independence of all countries whose people desire and are capable of sustaining an independent existence. We welcome the processes of development, where still needed, that lead towards that goal."

This formula provides, very cosily, for our position, policy and interests in Malaya. But it prompts the question, what degree of independence does it visualize for the peoples of Indo-China, and by whose, and what, standard is their independence, and ability to sustain it, to be judged? Is it to be judged by France's, that of the Colombo Powers, or that of Ho Chi-minh? The Geneva conference may, by the time this is published, have provided a partial, even a complete, answer. The loss of Hanoi to the Viet-Minh would simplify the answer.

Mr. Chou En-Lai's adoption and proclamation of the principle of non-interference by one state in the domestic affairs of another, which is the next of our six ideas, and goes to one of the roots of the cold war, may prove to have been propaganda. If China puts his declaration into practice, and Russia also does so, the policy connected by the term "co-existence" will be greatly facilitated. For that to happen, however, abnegation of what may be termed the policy of springboards, in Formosa for example, is also necessary.

The fifth and sixth ideas in our list, the maintenance of the authority of the United Nations, and the unification of Korea on a basis of free elections, coupled, as we have seen, by Mr. Eden in the House of Commons, are related to the "Potomac Charter" by clause 3, which says:

"In the case of nations now divided against their will we shall continue to seek to achieve unity through free elections supervised by the United Nations to ensure that they are conducted fairly."

At the Geneva conference, up to the time of writing, these two ideas have been met by the north Korean delegates only with rejection. The south Korean representatives have accepted them. Mr. Syngman Rhee's constancy to the idea of unification, however, exceeds his patience in realizing it through negotiation. Some time ago he placed a time limit upon both. Appraisal of his intentions would involve guessing. Suggestion does not, and it may, perhaps, be thought that some scheme for a coalition government, elected on a Communist basis in the north, and a Western basis in the south, might solve the problems involved. It would not be a tidy solution, and would involve descent from what may be described, with due respect, as the pontifical levels of negotiation.

In regard to the idea of admitting China to Western discussions of

Far Eastern affairs—the second of the six ideas under review and the most important from the standpoint of avoiding a third world-war—President Eisenhower's and Mr. Dulles' declarations on July 7th and 8th, supported as they have been in the House of Representatives and the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, have shattered the possibility of applying the precedent supplied by the Geneva conference, shattered it before the conference had reached results good or bad. There is now no chance whatever of China being admitted to the United Nations except in circumstances which would place an intolerable strain upon that organization. Nor is there any chance of a reconciliation of British and American policy in respect of the recognition of the present Chinese Government, except in circumstances which would destroy Great Britain's political independence and moral influence in the world. Washington and London must, in respect of recognition, approach and deal with Far Eastern questions from wholly different standpoints, London believing that it is wise to accept the existence of the present Peking regime as a political fact irrespective of political creeds; Washington believing that China's millions are best represented by the defunct Nationalist Government in Formosa, between which and the U.S.S.R. there is no identity of political ideas. True, the President emphasized other reasons as well for excluding China from the United Nations, namely, that she has been pronounced an aggressor and is at war with the United Nations. Neither fact—if the second, at the present moment, can be regarded as one—affects the question on which British recognition of China's government is based. Neither fact will be rendered any easier to deal with by her exclusion from the United Nations. That course, in so far as it is based upon moral values, is comparable with an ecclesiastic tradition of excommunication which has neither roots nor moral influence in China. If the aim is to apply moral values to the Far Eastern situation, it might have been thought preferable to select for application to the maintenance, and if possible improvement, of the existing *modus vivendi* with China in the contested ground of Korea the values which are common to the whole Western world; which find a place among the Colombo Powers and, notwithstanding the abandonment of Confucianism as a semi-religious semi-political system of thought, have not as yet been proved to have no validity in China.

Neither French nor American domestic politics have been brought into this survey, nor has anything been said about Russia's policy in regard to German issues. Their inclusion would make the survey unmanageably long. Yet they have been affecting the Far Eastern outlook at almost every point. That being so, the conclusions of this survey are necessarily conditional. They are: that if the Geneva Conference fails, the Far Eastern outlook as a whole will darken quickly; that the conference is more likely to end in territorial readjustments considered preferable to continued fighting; that if this is not followed by a political settlement capable of prolonged equipoise, and if a similar equipoise is not established in Korea without a renewal of fighting, a third world war will almost certainly ensue.

E. M. GULL.

A VISIT TO INDIA AND PAKISTAN

IN the white marble palace of the Mogul Emperors in Delhi's Red Fort I had some difficulty in determining the exact site of the famous Peacock Throne. This was not altogether surprising, for it had been carried away in 1739 by the Persians and melted down in Teheran to replenish the coffers of Nadir Shah. In the hall of Special Audience where once it stood no trace of it remains. But it must have been of surpassing splendour. Two peacocks in solid gold so inlaid with precious stones of varied colours as to resemble living birds gave the throne its name. The seat and the canopy were of gold ornamented with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. So at least my guide book told me. But it was not the account of this fantastic oriental splendour nor its exact site that interested me so much as the tacit acceptance by the writer of the act of Persian spoliation. The melting down of the Peacock Throne seemed to him a matter for regret but not for indignation. That was reserved for an Englishman, a Captain Johan, afterwards Sir Johan—the improbable name and the impossible title seem only to make the deed the more deplorable—who after the Mutiny removed inlaid panels of exquisite design from the Durbar Hall to serve as marble table tops in some English suburban home. The writer of the guide-book may not be too certain on points of detail but I respected his judgment. To melt down the spoils of conquest was the traditional perquisite of Asiatic conquerors, but to make imperial mural decorations serve as table tops savoured intolerably of alien bourgeois philistinism. Who but a Victorian Englishman could think of anything so sensible—and so outrageous? The story had, however, a tolerable ending. Lord Curzon was outraged and brought about the appropriate act of restoration. Of that I am glad. Great crimes are so often but tastelessness so rarely forgiven. Indeed I have often looked back in gratitude to the minor achievements of Lord Curzon. His is not a name to conjure with in present-day India. The figure of the most imperial of pro-consuls conceals that of the restorer and protector of historic monuments. Yet in that role his name lives on. I remember commenting to a venerable custodian on the beautifully kept lawns surrounding some imperial tomb. "Ah", he said in trembling piety, "that was the work of the great Lord Curzon." Was Curzon not really more characteristically English in his sense of the past than Captain Johan, and was he not most English in the care he lavished on lawns and gardens?

How many times on returning from India have I not been greeted with the half-anxious enquiry "Well, how are things now?" It is distressingly difficult to give a satisfying answer; especially when, as is so often the case, my questioner has spent more years in the old pre-1947 India than I have months in the new. Politics, corruption, the working of the parliamentary system, communism, Pandit Nehru, the bearing of the armed forces—all these are possible topics. But each requires more than a few impressionistic phrases and none is all-sufficing. So usually I talk about gardens, or to be more exact, about the state of gardens. I believe that that is what most Englishmen who knew India at least want to hear about. If they lived within the charmed, if not always charming, official circle at New Delhi it is of the upkeep of the Mughal Gardens at what was once the Viceroy's

Palace, and is now the President's official residence, that they will first wish to learn; if their memories are of the market place then an account of the contemporary and once more orderly appearance of the flower beds in Connaught Circus will ensure attention. By one's report on the public gardens in the great cities most Englishmen in their hearts will judge the state of India.

I know nothing of the history of gardening in India; it was always, I suspect, the luxury of a leisured few. But it was perhaps some small consolation to a subjugated people that their conquerors were lovers of gardens. This was as true, perhaps more true, of the Moslems than of the British. The naming of the garden at the Viceroy's House, the Mughal garden, was an implied tribute to precursors in gardening as in conquest. I often think that the affinity between Englishmen and Moslems is symbolized by their common love of gardens. And of the two the Mogul rulers had perhaps the better sense of landscape. English gardens in India sometimes look a little self-consciously English with the colour effects violently accentuated. Or so it seemed to me this spring, a newcomer from England, my eyes till then familiar with shy flowers along the Cambridge Backs, the snowdrops, the crocuses

"pale purple as if they had their birth

In sunless Hades fields. . ."

Of course there was colour too in the Mogul gardens—one need go no further than the flower beds in the "Life Bestowing Gardens" at Delhi's Red Fort to realize that. But it was the lawns with trees that gave shade as welcome as that of a great rock in a desert land, the marble channels with flowing water that intersected them, and the cool splashing fountains that made, and still make, the Mogul gardens such delightful havens. None that survive is more enchanting than the Shalimar Gardens outside the city walls of Lahore. There a month or so ago I attended a garden party in honour of the young King Feisal of Iraq, and as the wail of Panjabi pipes mingled with the sound of gently falling water from some three hundred fountains the guests (if they were not too hot) could think back nostalgically to the golden days of the Emperor Shah Jehan when the gardens were laid out. It is a tempting thing to do, especially in Lahore, a frontier city now a little too conscious perhaps of a greater past and of the lost opportunity of the present. Tradition and its cultural heritage marked out Lahore as the capital of Pakistan; it was geography and strategic considerations that gave the honour to the dusty, parvenu airport city of Karachi.

Englishmen are peculiarly prone to romanticise about empires dead and gone, whether another's or their own. We are, indeed, I suspect, embarking upon a period of romantic reappraisal of British rule in India. No topic lends itself more happily to such treatment. The wonder that for so long a small European island people should have controlled the destiny of the great subcontinent of South Asia is something that will and should never die. As Macaulay sensed in its early phase it is one of the great dramatic episodes of history. But it is over, and it is right that we should be very conscious, despite a proper pride in the record, that it has ended. In India and Pakistan to-day British people are popular. They are popular because British rule has ended and still more because of the

manner of its ending. Who in the thirties and particularly in the summer of 1942, the summer of the quit India resolution, would have dared to prophesy that the British would leave India not in some violent cataclysm but amid the plaudits of a people whose high hope was that the last Viceroy might be persuaded to remain as the first Governor-General of a new dominion? Despite the disaster and tragedy that accompanied partition that was one of the political miracles of our time. Lord Mountbatten had much to do with it—a conqueror greater than Clive because he won the hearts of the people, an Indian friend remarked—Mr. Attlee's sense of timing perhaps even more and Mahatma Gandhi most of all. There could, a Congress Minister suggested to me, have been another ending, an ending in which Pandit Nehru was forced into the role of Ho Chi Minh in Indo-China and Britain became involved in a long, thankless war in which she would have lost the goodwill of all Asia. Or, as I was tempted to reply, was British faith in the principle of self-government so deep-rooted that so disastrous a climax would in the end always have been averted?

In the gallery of the House of the People one finds some reason for such a reassuring answer in the sense of continuity. Until April this year I had not attended a parliamentary debate in Delhi since 1947 when I had happened to be present at the last session of the Legislative Assembly under British rule. There were changes. The official members were gone; the European representatives were gone and the Moslem League had gone though individual Moslems remained. But there seemed little change in procedure. The Indian Republic was the heir to British parliamentary institutions in India—an heir long anxious to enter into his heritage and on the whole satisfied with his experience of it. To the older Congress leaders no other form of government now seems conceivable while among the younger, even among the communists, one hears of no openly suggested alternative. Experience of one General and many State and local elections is regarded as reassuring. Younger men may criticize, not without apparent justice, the arrogance of some Ministers, and the indifferent use made of certain parliamentary procedures notably of the parliamentary, question, but, no doubt about it at all, there is an undeniable impressiveness in the free debates in the House of the People. There are gathered together representatives of the most populous democracy on earth to discuss, as in my hearing, pressing domestic problems of food production and irrigation or to listen with unanimous approval to Prime Minister Nehru dismissing in those quiet persuasive tones the notion, fantastic and intolerable, that small enclaves of foreign dominated territory should survive on Indian soil.

Parliamentary self-government in India and in Pakistan is, of course, an experiment. An observer, however encouraging he may think the start, is well advised to be cautious in his prognostications of the future. We do not know enough. "You can as little judge of the feelings and inspiration of the people of India", said Mr. G. N. Curzon in the House of Commons sixty-two years ago with his Viceroyalty still before him, "from the plans and proposals of the Congress party as you can of the physical configuration of a country which is wrapped in the mists of early morning, but a few of whose topmost peaks have been touched by the rising sun." That is still largely true. "Long years ago we made our tryst with destiny", said Pandit

Nehru as the clock moved towards the midnight hour in the Constituent Assembly on August 14th, 1947, when the pledge was to be redeemed. But with its redemption the Congress party had fulfilled its manifest destiny. Till then the champion of a people's freedom it remains a political party without a party's programme. Across the border it has seen in recent months the election landslide of East Bengal when the Muslim League, the party which had brought Pakistan to birth, was swept aside by a combination of dissatisfied elderly politicians and impatient, impetuous young men. Is that for the Congress, too, the writing on the wall? Or will their deeper roots and more established leadership save them from so ignominious an overthrow? Such questions are easily asked, not easily answered. What one can say is that despite corruption and scandals there is still in India a spirit of hope and aspiration. It may be that it is only the topmost peaks one sees, but their configuration suggests that what lies still shrouded in mist is a land rich at least in human experience and in intimate knowledge of the life of man.

It is a land rich perhaps in little else. Sometimes I could wish that Western people who prescribe what India ought to do could spend a few hours, not in a new community centre where visitors are now customarily taken, but in an ordinary Indian village to see how life is lived. No sensitive person will lightly banish from his mind the sight of such wretched poverty borne sometimes with humour, more often seemingly with fatalistic dignity. Nor will he fail henceforward to understand what Gandhi meant when he said it was equivalent to robbery to eat delicacies in India when the millions did not get a full meal. It may be that you or I might reach the same conclusion about the course of action India should take in world affairs, but at least we should have reached it the hard way. Such sights, too, are a useful reminder for those who are disposed to take a romantic view of British rule. Unity, honest admiration, impartial justice, the seeds of representative government—these were the blessings it brought and of these the first, unity, proved transient. They were great and important things. But for good or ill the planned raising of the standard of living was not the first concern of the British rulers of India. Perhaps it was something no alien government could do; perhaps more simply it was that the age of the welfare state was not yet. But as a matter of history the British rulers of India were driven if you will, into the closest association with the princes, the great landowners, the rising business class. These were their natural allies. The poor had justice—no mean thing—but they remained destitute. I remember one morning in April standing in the white marble pavilion that projects out over the eastern wall of the Red Fort at Delhi where in Moghul times the Emperor came daily at dawn to salute the rising sun and to receive the salutations of his subjects. It was a ceremony revived by King George V after the Coronation Durbar of 1911. Below the pavilion is the jungle that comes right up to the red walls of the fort where the jackals call at night, beyond is the river and a tarmac road where slow, white oxen drag their heavy loads. Except for the motor transport the scene is as it was when Mogul Emperors and an English King looked out on now far distant dawns. Below me under the shade of a thorn tree I saw an outcast lying on the sand, clothed in some rough sacking, a woman beside him with a heavy veil of sacking over her sleeping face.

They and their like had been lying there in the days of British and of Mohammedan rulers. The Empires have gone; they remain to confront the Hindus, now lords again in Hindustan, with their most testing challenge.

NICHOLAS MANSENGH.

PRESIDENT HEUSS RE-ELECTED

WHEN Theodor Heuss was elected President of the German Federal Republic on September 29th, 1949, the Socialdemocrats and the Zentrum put forward a candidate of their own. In 1954 all parties agreed to give their votes to the 70-year-old Professor from Württemberg. His high position did not change him in the least and he kept his fascinating modesty. Letters, which he addresses to his friends, have only his name printed at the top without further adornment. Neither his titles nor his various academic degrees appear on the notepaper: simplicity and dislike of formality are typical of him. In fact, he is one of the few statesmen who have refused to become the slaves of etiquette. As I know from my own experience, if old friends wish to see him he and not his secretary fixes the time for the meeting.

The Heuss family originates from Hammersheim, a small town situated between Heidelberg and Heilbronn, where for generations they worked as boatmen on the Neckar. Theodor was born at Brackenheim (Württemberg) and soon developed into a student, though by no means a recluse. He has always been fond of drawing and made numerous sketches of the Vosges mountains and the Black Forest. Some of them were published as illustrations of his late wife's book *Views from the Münster Tower*. At present he no longer finds time for this hobby except during his rare holidays. His first article, an essay on Wilhelm Busch, was published in *Die Hilfe*, a journal, which was to play an important part in his later life, edited by Friedrich Naumann. To this day he regards this great political sociologist and democrat as his guide and teacher. He became Naumann's biographer. In 1902 and 1903 he divided his time between Naumann and the university of Munich, where he studied economics and art history. He joined the Union of Social Science students but remained aloof from all militant student's organisations, whose present re-emergence the president regards with scepticism. His actions were always dominated by humanitarian ideals. When recently he was obliged to participate in a State hunting party, his driver, whose words have become proverbial in Bonn, remarked "He won't harm a single animal today." In fact, Heuss would have found this difficult since he did not take a rifle with him. In 1905 he founded the literary part of *Die Hilfe* and from 1907-1911 he took over also its political side. He found his personal happiness in the Naumann circle. He met Elly Knapp, daughter of the famous economist, Professor Georg Friedrich Knapp, and herself an active contributor to his journal. They were married in 1908 and began their close collaboration which extended also to literary activities. Heuss was well known for his tolerance. Representatives of all non-totalitarian parties were among his personal friends. Perhaps it is no coincidence that the aged socialdemocrat

and former President of the Reichstag, Paul Löbe, was the first to suggest him for the post of Federal President.

Before the end of World War One Heuss was summoned to Berlin, where he lived during the next two and a half decades, though he never lost his Swabian dialect. He became a conscious Berliner and he will certainly be happy about his re-election in the old capital, which was finally decided upon against Adenauer's wish, as even many of his own followers realised the great symbolical value of this step. Under his direction the journal *German Politics* gained in support and reputation. He also took over the management of the *Deutscher Werkbunde* an organisation of artists and industrialists founded by Naumann. Journeys to Scandinavia, England, France and the Balkan countries broadened his horizon, and the journalists in all these countries cordially welcomed him. From 1924 to 1928, and again between 1930 and 1933, he sat in the Reichstag as a democratic member for Württemberg. At the same time he was a Professor as well as Rector of the German Academy of Politics. His liberalism is progressive and seeks, like its Scandinavian counterpart, a synthesis between free enterprise and social security.

Our personal contact began in 1930, as I was then one of the leaders of the Democratic Youth and editor of its news bulletins. I also founded the "Diskussionsgemeinschaft politisch Andersdenkender", which arranged discussions between politicians of all ideologies. Up to the dissolution of his party by the Nazi regime, Heuss stood courageously at the disposal of this association against even the most radical right-wing speakers. The year 1933 initiated a time of suffering for him. Geobbel's hatred was directed more against Heuss the writer than Heuss the politician. Two of his works were burned in the fire of barbarism—*Guide out of Germany's Agony*, and his warning against Hitler, published in 1932. The German Academy of Politics was forced to dismiss him immediately.

He was permitted to take over the *Hilfe* and continue as its editor—a laborious and unprofitable task. Apart from this, however, he was on the black list, and no paper was allowed to accept his articles. An industrialist friend offered him a small job. At this point, his wife showed her strength of character. Just one week after their silver wedding, she announced: "I am going to earn the money." She took up a novel occupation—acoustic advertising—and invented hitherto unknown methods. Later she produced film advertisements which received international attention. Only her imaginative energy enabled Heuss to write some of his most important books, above all the biography of Friedrich Naumann which he dedicated to her. In the third year of the German millennium Himmler took *Die Hilfe* away from him: it must have been the last German paper that showed courage. As a foreign subscriber I was surprised to find in its columns the paraphrase of a word by Fontane about Britain "Sie sagen Rasse und meinen Kasse". (They say race and mean cash.) In 1941 a first-class contributor named Brackenheim made his appearance in the columns of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It was not revealed until after the war that this was a pen-name of Theodor Heuss, whose birthplace was Brackenheim.

It was only natural that there should have been close links between Heuss and the men of July 20th, 1944. He met Goerdeler in Stuttgart as

late as December, 1943. Only his timely departure from Berlin and the fact that he took refuge in the house of his sister-in-law saved him from the fate of his friend Leber, while his only son Ludwig was constantly braving death as an active resistance fighter. Ludwig Heuss is married to the daughter of Fritz Elsass, a former Mayor of Berlin, who, although Jewish, was long protected by marriage to a gentile wife. When Goerdeler was found hidden in his house he was executed and his daughter sent to a concentration camp. Whenever possible the President spends his holidays with his children and his only grandchild. Since the death in 1952 of his life-long companion one of his sisters-in-law keeps house for him. In 1945 he resumed his political activities while to some extent continuing to write. He was one of the founders of the Liberal Democratic Party, now called the Free Democratic Party, which he united on a tri-zonal basis, and he was elected as its first Chairman. We met for the first time after the war in 1947 during the Oxford session of the newly founded Liberal International in which he was greatly interested. He and his wife became deputies in the Württemberg Diet. At the same time, he occupied a position as lecturer on modern history and political science at the Technical College of Stuttgart. He gave up this Chair when he was called to Bonn to assist in the preparation of the "Basic Law". It was at this time that he acquired the name "Father of the Constitution"—a constitution which so curtailed the powers and prerogatives of the President as compared with the Weimar Republic that his position was purely representative.

On September 12th, 1949, the Federal Assembly elected Heuss as first Federal President of Germany. The Villa Hammerschmidt at Bonn is now inhabited by one who desires genuine reconciliation, who accepts true national feelings while rejecting every form of chauvinism, and who regards the righting of any wrongs committed as a moral necessity, as he clearly showed by his positive attitude in the question of reparations for Israel. Although there were some differences with the Opposition about constitutional questions, even Ollenhauer and his party friends maintain very intimate relations with the President who was now also their candidate. He is most popular with the diplomatic corps, who appreciate his warmth, so greatly in contrast to the coolness of the Federal Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. Before his 70th birthday on January 31st, 1954, Heuss wrote to me: "... I expect there will be quite a show, but even this will pass." The same applies to the day of his re-election and of his inauguration. He will still reside in Bonn, but, I am sure, with the sincere hope that he may return one day for good to the old capital of Berlin. A. J. FISCHER.

DEMOCRACY IN TURKEY

FOR the second time in its history Turkey has had a free election and for the second time this has been overwhelmingly won by the Democratic Party. The party's victory on May 14th, 1950, was understandable for the simple reason that people were longing for a change. Such change was predicted in these columns in 1949* by the present

*See "Turkey Turns Towards Democracy", *Contemporary Review*, October, 1949.

writer who had just returned from Turkey and, having met the leaders of both the Republican and Democratic Parties, had become convinced that the world would witness a unique constitutional experiment, a peaceful switch-over from one-party authoritarianism to the system of parliamentary democracy. The prediction, not difficult for a friendly observer aware that such a switch-over was firmly desired both by Ismet İnönü, then President of the Republic and leader of the Republican People's Party (*Cumhuriyet Halk Partisi*), and Celâl Bayar, president of the Democratic Party (*Demokrat Partisi*), was received somewhat sceptically and in some quarters treated as mere pro-Turkish propaganda.

If the Democratic victory of 1950 was easily explained by a desire to put an end to a quarter of a century of one-party rule, the reasons for the second Democratic victory, on May 2nd, 1954, must of necessity be different. But, before analysing these reasons, let us compare the results of the two elections in the following table:

Party	1950			1954		
	Votes	%	Seats	Votes	%	Seats
Democratic	4,391,694	55.2	408	5,313,659	58.4	503
Republican	3,148,626	39.6	69	3,193,471	35.1	31
National	368,537	4.6	1	480,249	5.3	5
Other	—	—	—	51,845	0.6	—
Independents	44,537	0.6	9	56,393	0.6	2
TOTALS	7,953,394		487	9,095,617		541

While, in 1950, out of 8,905,743 men and women above the age of 21 entitled to the franchise 89.3 per cent. recorded their votes, in 1954 there were 10,262,063 electors out of whom 88.6 per cent. went to the polls.

As can be seen from the table, in both elections there was a great discrepancy between the percentages of votes obtained by the two main political parties and the number of seats attributed to them. The working of the electoral law is the obvious explanation. This law, originally adopted on 16th February, 1950, by the Grand National Assembly controlled by the Republican Party, provided that every province (*vilayet*) was to be an electoral constituency. As there was to be one member for every 40,000 of the population, the great majority of the constituencies were multi-member ones, the largest being that of Istanbul with 29 members and the smallest that of Hakiari, electing one deputy. The whole provincial representation was attributed to the party list obtaining an absolute majority of votes.

The Democratic victory of 1954 is far more eloquent politically than the earlier one. In 1950 the people merely opened a moral credit for the newcomers; now they have expressed satisfaction in the Democrats' achievements and extended their confidence in them, asking them to follow the same road. As there is no basic difference of opinion between the main Turkish parties in the field of foreign policy, the plebiscite of May 2nd was limited to home affairs. The electors, four-fifths of whom are peasants, approved the social and economic policy of the Democratic administration which in four years, by a variety of means, has succeeded in considerably increasing agricultural production. Between 1950 and 1953 the arable area used for cereals rose from 8,244,000 ha. to 10,832,000 ha. and the total crop almost doubled from 7.7 million metric tons to 14.3

million tons. From a wheat-importing country Turkey became fourth among the world's wheat exporters: while before the second world war the average yearly wheat harvest amounted to 3.6 million tons, in 1953 Turkey produced 8.1 million tons and was able to export its whole surplus. Cotton production was 118,000 tons in 1950 and 140,000 in 1953, as compared with a prewar average of 52,000 tons. The tobacco crop rose between 1950 and 1953 from 93,000 tons to 122,000 tons. Cereals, cotton and tobacco head the list of exports and represent two-thirds of the total. Land distribution to peasants, guaranteed stable prices, liberal extension of credits, improved irrigation, better roads, the use of good seeds and spread of modern agricultural techniques, the import of chemical fertilizers, agricultural machines and tractors (in 1953 about 42,000 tractors were working, as against 6,500 in 1949)—all these factors played their part in creating something of a boom in the Turkish countryside. There is still a long way to go to achieve real modernization of the country's agriculture and a satisfactory training of its farmers. But the results obtained in four years are remarkable and they alone explain why the Democrats are popular with the peasants. Industrial production also has notably increased in the last four years. Coal extraction rose from 4.4 million tons to 5.7 million tons and that of lignite from 1.2 million tons to 1.3 million tons; steel production increased from 90,786 tons to 162,641 tons; generation of electricity, which in 1950 was 790 million kwh., rose to 1,290 million kwh. in 1953 and that amount is to be doubled when the new barrages and power stations under construction come into service. Cement production was 396,000 tons in 1950 and 517,200 tons in 1953—a quarter of the country's consumption; but new cement factories are in construction and will ensure an annual production of three million tons. Substantial progress was recorded in the improvement and construction of roads, harbours and airfields.

This great effort of national equipment and development seriously and inevitably affects Turkey's foreign trade balance. In 1950 the trade deficit amounted to TL.62 million; in 1951 it increased to TL.246 million and in 1952 to TL.541 million; but in 1953, by reducing imports to TL.1,491 million and increasing exports to TL.1,109 million, the trade deficit was brought down to TL.382 million. It is, however, worth mentioning that the country's foreign trade has doubled in value both ways since 1949. The rapidity of Turkey's development could not be maintained, nor the trade deficits afforded without the generous U.S. aid; By the end of 1953 it was estimated that Turkey had received \$284 million* in economic aid and about three times as much in military aid, in addition, loans from the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development amounted to over \$60 million. This well-deserved aid will be continued and in June it was announced that Adnan Menderes, the able Turkish Premier, during his visit to Washington had secured military assistance to the tune of \$200 million during the fiscal year 1954-55. The U.S. aid solves the problem of Turkey's balance of payments and the country's public finance is sound. The 1954-55 budget, balanced at TL.2,288.5 million, for the first time in two decades has no apparent deficit. The national income rose between 1950 and 1953 from TL.8,771

*U.S. \$1.00 = TL. 2.82½.

million to TL.12,000 million, which is equivalent to a per capita increase of one-fifth measured in constant prices. The Democrats have achieved all this by revising one of the six fundamental principles which the Republicans included in the Turkish constitution in 1937, namely, the principle of statism or *étatisme*—a sort of state socialism or state supervision of the principal industries, public utility services, means of communication and banking. The Turkish brand of nationalization never excluded private enterprise, but the latter was really encouraged only after the Democratic electoral victory of 1950. Their victory of 1954 means that the great majority of the people does not view statism as being sacrosanct.

What of the other five principles, namely, republicanism, secularism, nationalism, populism and evolutionism? The Democrats are, of course, for the republican form of government and they consider, too, that the separation of state and religion—the historic reform effected by Kemal Atatürk in 1924—must at all costs be maintained. They believe, however, that the other descriptions of the Turkish régime, being self-evident, are not necessary. To guarantee the secular character of the Turkish Republic is probably the main basis of agreement between the Democrats and the Republicans in home affairs. This agreement is indispensable because in the opinion of many *ulemas* and *imams* it was not only an error but also a sin to separate religion from the state. In 1948 a right-wing National Party (*Millet Partisi*) was formed to thrive on this condition of mind. Its leaders, Hikmet Bayur, a prominent historian, and Marshal Fevzi Çakmak (who died in 1950) launched a two-front offensive against the Republican and the Democratic Parties. Necip Fazıl Kısakurek, a well-known poet and playwright, started publishing *Büyük Doğu* (Great East), an anti-Jewish, anti-British, pro-Islam and pro-Arab periodical. On 22nd November, 1952, at Malatya, a student, obviously influenced by this propaganda, attempted to assassinate Ahmet Emin Yalman, editor of the newspaper *Vatan*, who is opposing all attempts to revise the Kemalist reforms. In 1953 Hikmet Bayur resigned from the National Party and retired from active politics and in September the party was legally dissolved. Soon, however, a Republican National Party (*Cumhuriyetçi Millet Partisi*) was formed, with a similar programme and under the direction of Ahmet Tahtakılıç. This party gives the lead to a reactionary movement against the "atheist" republican régime and for the restoration of the Islamic spirit to public life.

There are also a few more or less secret sects, as, for instance, the bearded *Ticanis*, who demand the return of the Arabic script and of the fez, and who with axes and hammers damage and otherwise deface the monuments of Atatürk to be found in every city of Turkey, both because they regard it as sinful to represent the human body in sculpture or painting, and because they consider Atatürk the arch-heretic. The presence of the Nationalist lists at the last election was useful because it demonstrated that for the time being the reactionaries can muster little more than 5 per cent. of the total vote. Even this should not be considered negligible, for in Turkey there is no persecution of religion as such. There is a firm resolve that the *sheria*, or sacred law of Islam, which had shown itself particularly unfit for modern interpretations and which was mainly

responsible for the backwardness of the Ottoman civilisation, shall not be instrumental in some anti-Kemalist revolution which would halt the westernising trends and almost certainly restore to Turkey the unenviable characteristics of that *homme malade* who was so miraculously restored to health by Atatürk. No doubt the men in the Kremlin are following with interest this reactionary ferment in Turkey, and the Turkish authorities are convinced that their interest is not motivated by altruism. They have proofs to the contrary. The Communist Party is illegal in Turkey, and any idea of paralysing the country by a purely Communist "underground" would be doomed to failure.

The 10th Grand National Assembly met on May 14th to elect its Speaker and the new President of the Republic who appoints the new Premier. No changes were expected or necessary: Refik Koraltan continues to preside over the Parliament, Celâl Bayar was re-elected President of the Republic by 486 votes with 27 abstentions, and Adnan Menderes was entrusted with the formation of the new government; four ministers were dispensed with and six new were appointed, increasing the total to 18; Professor Fuad Köprülü remained minister of foreign affairs and Hasan Polatkan minister of finance.

Before 1950 the leader of the Democratic Party did not commit himself to any precise constitutional reform, but maintained that the President of the Republic should be an arbiter placed above the parties. In fact, with the 1924 constitution in force, he cannot be other than the leader of the party which wins the general election. During the last electoral campaign İsmet İnönü, the leader of the opposition, demanded a revision of the constitution, which would curb the omnipotence of the Grand National Assembly, by setting up a second chamber and creating a Supreme Court which would have the right to declare whether laws passed by the Parliament were constitutional. But the Democratic Party, comfortably installed in power, does not now seem interested in any constitutional reforms.

In foreign policy Turkey continues to play the part of a first-class power. Although the United States started helping its rearmament in 1947, Turkey was not invited to be an original member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization founded on April 4th, 1949; it joined NATO in February 1952 and the Democratic Party rightly considers this as its own achievement. On February 28th, 1953, a treaty of friendship and co-operation was signed in Ankara between Turkey, Greece and Yugoslavia, and at the time of writing diplomats and general staff officers of the three countries are preparing the text of a tripartite defensive military alliance. Turkey's strategic importance in the Balkans is obvious. The Turkish Army numbers some 400,000 men organised into 16 infantry divisions, 3 cavalry divisions and 6 armoured brigades. But this army, which has lost none of its ancient virtues in the field, as has been amply proved by the Turkish brigade in Korea*, has to look in two directions, towards the Balkans and towards the Caucasus. In October 1951 Turkey, together with Great Britain, the United States and France, proposed to the Arab

*Turkish casualties in Korea were 717 killed, 2,156 wounded and 236 missing. In the general table of casualties Turkey has the fourth place after the Republic of Korea, the United States and the United Kingdom.

countries the formation of a Middle East Defence Organization, but the proposal was rejected by Egypt and all other Arab states, Iraq being the only country where there was some support for the plan. A new approach to the MEDO idea is the Turco-Pakistani friendship agreement signed in Karachi on April 2nd, 1954. It is, of course, premature to say that this treaty will also be transformed into a military alliance. To be effective such an alliance should include Persia and perhaps Iraq. Turkey seems determined to achieve such a plan with or without the Arab states. No Soviet manoeuvring will transform Turkish realism into inept neutralism. No Russian "renunciation" of parts of Turkish territory will allay Turkish vigilance.

K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI.

THE REGENCY ERA IN FRANCE—II

THE Regent Orleans meant well, but he was unfitted by training or temperament for his task. He experimented with a system which evoked high hopes but soon came to nought. It was the dream of Saint-Simon, as it had been of the Duc de Bourgogne, to diminish the authority of the King and still more of his Ministers by restoring the influence of the *Noblesse*. The departments of state, he argued, should be placed under the control of Councils manned mainly by peers like himself, whom he regarded as the most precious element in the life of the country and the pillars of the throne. Seven Councils were created and their Presidents attended the meetings of the Council of Regency. The result was disappointing. The Councils were abolished in 1718, and power was once more concentrated in the Ministers who devoted their whole time to their work.

Constitutional issues were dwarfed by the financial chaos. In addition to the enormous funded debt bequeathed by the wars of Louis XIV, the colossal floating debt was a nightmare. The Government could only raise loans at ever mounting interest, the *billets d'état* were only worth a quarter of their face value, and part of the prospective yield of taxation was pledged for two years ahead. Much of the revenue flowed into the pockets of the tax farmers who had bought the right to collect taxes and proceeded to feather their nests. The yield was declining, while industry and commerce languished for lack of capital. The Duc de Noailles, President of the Council of Finance, lacked not only the drive but the vision to cope with an emergency which threatened the existence of France as a Great Power. Though Saint-Simon's audacious plan for a declaration of national bankruptcy on the ground that it would aid the many at the expense of the few was rejected, it was generally agreed that drastic remedies were required.

At this moment John Law, the gifted son of an Edinburgh goldsmith, offered his services to the Regent whose confidence he had won on a visit to Paris during a continental tour. Since France, he argued, possessed a rich soil, a favourable climate, and an industrious population, her plight must be due to mismanagement. Industry and commerce needed more capital for development than the private banks could supply, and the state

must employ its credit. The first principle of his system was the issue of paper money by a State Bank which would eliminate the usurers. Since the Regent's confidence was not generally shared, Law was merely permitted to establish a bank at his own risk with a limited power to issue notes. The bank made a good start; two years later it was transformed into a Royal Bank and its notes became legal tender.

The provision of money in ample quantities oiled the wheels of industry for a time, but Law's fertile mind ranged far beyond the home market. The second pillar of his system was the development of France's colonial empire, and in 1717 he created a company working in harmony with the State bank for the exploitation of Louisiana, in which French citizens were invited to invest their savings. It was a statesmanlike long-range conception, and the Mississippi Company took over various minor enterprises in Africa and the New World; but the Company of the Indies, as it was now styled, required almost unlimited capital. Since Law's prestige was at its height the public joyfully responded and the shares soared like a rocket. He was made financial dictator of France, and the Bank and the Company were united. But the orgy of speculation got beyond control, too much paper money had been issued, shares toppled down, the bubble burst, and the wizard fled to Italy. Only the Company of the Indies survived the wreck with its wings clipped. A few speculators had scored, and many credulous moths had been scorched in the flame. It was characteristic of the Regent, a loyal friend, that he never lost faith in the man who had striven—not wisely but with good intent—to raise France from the mire.

"In all I undertake for the good of the people," the Regent had proclaimed, "I shall be aided by your counsel and wise remonstrances." His relations with the Parlement had been friendly enough at the outset, but the honeymoon had ended when the magistrates claimed the right to veto legislation. Declining to weaken the prerogative of the crown during the minority of Louis XV, he dismissed Noailles and the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, who were regarded as too favourable to the Parlement, and appointed d'Argenson, the vigorous Minister of Police, as Chancellor and President of the Council of Finance, and Dubois as Foreign Minister. For the second time the easygoing Regent asserted himself. When the Parlement opposed Law's schemes and vetoed the issue of a new coinage, a *lit de justice* was held and it was deprived of the right of remonstrance and relapsed into the subordinate position it had held under Louis XIV. It was forbidden to interfere in questions of administration and finance, and the members were exiled to Pontoise. A torrent of "Philippics" was launched against the Regent. It was a fight with the gloves off, and the cry was raised *Tuez le tyran!* Such scenes had been unknown since the dark days of the Fronde. A further blow for autocracy was struck by suppressing the quasi-autonomy of the Breton Estates.

That the liberalism of the opening phase of the Regency was merely skin deep was further illustrated when the Government sought closer relations with the Vatican as a means to secure the coveted Cardinal's hat for the all-powerful Dubois. On the death of Louis XIV the imprisoned Jansenists had been released and the Jesuit confessor Le Tellier dismissed; there was talk of suppressing the Jesuits, and lenient treatment was ordered

for the Huguenots. The wind veered in 1717 when the Regent announced the opening of negotiations with Rome and forbade further controversy and publications on the Bull *Unigenitus*. When in 1718 the Pope ordered entire obedience to the Bull under threat of excommunication, all the Parlements protested against the revival of a claim to authority, but their protest was in vain. When the Regent ordered the registration of the hated Bull, the Parlement yielded and was allowed to return to Paris. His injunction to stop discussing the Jansenist tenets was ignored, for the Jansenists were prepared for any sacrifice and the flood of pamphlets continued for another twenty years. The transformation of the sceptical Regent from a friend of the Gallicans, the lawyers, the Jansenists and the Protestants into a patron of the Jesuits destroyed what was left of his popularity, and his rule ended in an atmosphere of bitter discontent. "Mon fils est aimé," reported Madame in the first year of the Regency. Neither his mother nor Saint-Simon, his two stoutest champions, could have written such words during the closing phase.

The year 1723 witnessed a series of events which registered the end of an era. In February Louis XV, who had recently moved to Versailles, came of age on his thirteenth birthday, and the Regency came juridically to an end. In August Dubois passed away, and the Duke of Orleans succeeded him as First Minister. On December 2 the ex-Regent collapsed at the feet of his mistress Duchesse de Safari and died of apoplexy without a word, worn out by his debaucheries at the age of 51. After the bursting of the Mississippi bubble and the death of his daughter he had lost his *joie de vivre*. Other men, among them the Duc de Richelieu, champion Don Juan of eighteenth century France, were worse than he, but no one did so much to debase the moral currency. While Louis XIV had striven in his later years to make amends for his sins, his incorrigible nephew sinned to the end. Paris had welcomed him as a relief from the stuffy Court of the old King, but in a few hectic years he squandered the heritage of goodwill and the country was glad to see him go. The only gleam in a dark sky shone from the pretty face of the boy King.

During the closing phase of the Regency a sombre picture of politics and society was painted by Montesquieu in his *Lettres Persanes*, the French equivalent of *Gulliver's Travels* and one of the classics of political literature. Since French travellers had recently described the ways of Persia, it occurred to the young lawyer to bring two Persian Moslems to Europe—Rica, a light-hearted mocker, and Uzbek, a more serious observer. Taken together they are the voice of the author, a complex personality in whom the *frondeur* and the *esprit fort* jostled the earnest reformer and the future author of the *Esprit des Lois*. Having no desire to explore the interior of the Bastille, he published his first book in Cologne and without a name. While the majestic *Esprit des Lois* is rarely studied except by students, the *Lettres Persanes*, with their sparkling satire, remain as popular as *Candide*.

In his first letter written from Paris a month after the arrival of the travellers and dated 1712, Rica notes the rapid tempo of life and proceeds to explain the institutions of the country. "The King of France is the most powerful prince in Europe. He has no gold mines, like his neighbour the King of Spain, but he is richer since he exploits the vanity of his

subjects which is more inexhaustible. He has financed great wars by the sale of titles. He is also a great magician, ruling over the minds of his people and making them think as he wishes. If he has only a million crowns in his treasury and needs two, he has only to say that one crown equals two and they believe him. If there is no cash to sustain a difficult war he merely proclaims that a piece of paper is money and they are promptly convinced. He can even make them believe that illness is cured by the royal touch."

After a year in Paris Uzbek paints an elaborate and darkly shadowed portrait of Louis XIV. "The King of France is old: we have no example in our history of so long a reign. He is said to possess a rare talent for making himself obeyed, and he governs with the same virtuosity his family, his Court and his state. He has often said that of all the governments in the world he prefers those of Turkey and our own country. I have studied his character and have discovered contradictions which it is impossible to resolve. For instance he has a minister of eighteen and a mistress of eighty; he loves his religion but cannot abide those who say it must be vigorously practised. Though he avoids the tumult of cities and is only accessible to a few, he spends the whole day in making people talk about him; he loves trophies and victories, but fears to see a good General at the head of his troops as much as he would fear to see him at the head of a foreign army. Never, I think, has there been a prince rich beyond the dreams of avarice and yet crushed by poverty which a private citizen could not tolerate. He likes to gratify those who serve him, but he rewards the assiduity or rather idleness of his courtiers as generously as the arduous campaigns of his captains. Sometimes he prefers a man who undresses him or hands him a serviette at table to one who captures towns or wins his battles. He does not believe that his sovereign grandeur should be fettered in the disposal of his favours and, without inquiring whether he whom he loads with favours is a man of merit, he believes that his choice renders the recipient worthy. He is magnificent above all in his buildings, and there are more statues in the gardens of his palaces than citizens in a large town." Not all the peoples of Europe, the Persian visitors had learned, were equally submissive to their princes. "For instance, submission and obedience were virtues to which the English pay scant respect. If a prince, far from making his subjects happy, wishes to destroy them, the foundations of obedience fall away, and they resume their natural liberty. No uncontrolled power, they believe, can be legitimate." Here is the germ of the thesis of limited monarchy proclaimed many years later in *L'Esprit des Lois*.

The *Lettres Persanes* denounce the church with no less vigour than the monarchy of which it was the main bulwark. "I find here," reports Uzbek, "people who talk without ceasing about religion, but they also attack those who practice it. They are not only not better Christians but not even better citizens, though observance of the laws, love of one's fellows and reverence for one's parents are the primary duties of every faith. Is it not the first duty of a religious man to please the divinity who established his religion? The surest method is to observe the rules of society and the duties of humanity. Whatever one's faith may be one must believe that God loves men since He established a religion to make

them happy. If He loves them, surely we please Him if we too love them, that is to say by fulfilling towards them all the duties of charity and humanity and observing the laws of the country. In that way we can be more certain of pleasing Him than in performing this or that ceremony, for ceremonies are only good on the assumption that God has ordained them. Here, however, there is much controversy, and we can easily go astray, for we have to choose between two thousand competing forms. Someone used to offer this daily prayer: Lord, I understand nothing of these unending disputes. I desire to serve Thee according to Thy will, but everyone whom I consult wishes me to adopt his own method. When I want to pray I know not what language I am to choose. Nor do I know in what posture I am to place myself: one says standing up, another sitting, another on my knees. All these things are an unspeakable worry. I cannot turn my head without fearing to offend Thee. But I am anxious to please Thee. I may be mistaken, but I believe that the best way is to live as a good citizen in the society of which I am a member and a good father of the family Thou hast given me. There is another magician, even more powerful than the prince, who is called the Pope, who makes people believe that three are only one, that the bread one eats is not bread or that the wine one drinks is not wine, and a thousand other things of the same sort. The chief of the Christians is an old idol to whom incense is offered. In past times he was a danger to princes, whom he deposed as easily as our Sultans depose a Georgian king. Today he is no longer feared. He claims to be the successor of one of the first Christians called St. Peter, and a rich heritage it is, for he possesses immense treasures and rules over a large territory." Throughout the book Montesquieu seizes every opportunity of attacking the intolerance and the worldly practices of the Catholic Church.

The *Lettres Persanes* were not merely a satire but a confession of faith. Why should suicide be condemned? "When I am crushed by grief, suffering and contempt, why should anyone prevent me from putting an end to my troubles? Since society is founded on mutual advantage, why should I not renounce it when it becomes a burden? Does the prince wish me to remain his subject when I derive no advantage from my subjection? People argue that I am challenging the order of Providence. God, they say, has united your soul to your body and you separate them. But when that occurs will there be less order in the universe? Will the world have lost anything? Do you think my body, transformed into a blade of grass, a worm, a piece of turf, is less worthy of nature, and that my soul, detached from everything terrestrial, becomes less sublime?" Morality was independent of theology. "Even if God did not exist we must all love justice, striving to resemble the Being of whom we have so lofty a conception and who, if He exists, must be just." Compared with this attack on the Monarchy, the Noblesse and the Robe, *Télémaque* and *Le Dime Royal* are a mere tinkle of discontent. The first well aimed missile in the long campaign for reform of the government which culminated in 1789 had been launched.

Less scintillating but no less incisive a critic was the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, almoner of Madame, friend of the Regent, diplomat and publicist, ingenious author of more plans for the welfare of humanity than any writer

of eighteenth century France. His experiences as a member of the French delegation during the interminable discussions leading to the Treaty of Utrecht bore fruit in the earliest, most celebrated and most elaborate of his writings, *Projet de Paix Perpetuelle*. Following the model of *le Grand Dessein* attributed by Sully to Henri IV, he worked out a plan for the organisation of a peaceful Europe, renouncing war as an instrument of policy, recognising existing frontiers and providing mediation in the events of disputes. If every state were to furnish a contingent of troops for the defence of peace, the burden of armaments could be reduced. Not till the Covenant of the League of Nations was drawn up in 1919 was so much constructive thought devoted to the organisation of mankind.

When the third volume of the *Projet de Paix Perpetuelle* was launched in 1715 the Abbé turned his thoughts to the reform of the French government, and embodied his proposals in his *Traité de la Polysynodie*, published in 1718. Anticipating Bentham's maxim that institutions must be judged by their utility, not their origin or duration, he was less interested in the form than in the working of political systems. Though less radical than Montesquieu he shared his conviction that kings had too much power, and there is no trace of the adulation almost universal during the previous reign. The *mystique* of royalty has evaporated, and his analysis is carried out with the calm detachment of the scientist. His first conclusion is that autocracy is too heavy a burden for a single individual, even for a superman. "If princes regard the functions of government as inescapable obligations, even the ablest would find himself overtaxed, and he would be as eager to limit his dominions as he now is to extend them. Yet, far from reflecting on the penalties of power, they visualise only the pleasures of command. Since the people in their eyes are only the instrument of their whims, the more whims they desire to humour the more power they possess. The more limited their understanding, the stronger is the urge to be great and powerful."

Happily for their subjects there is a limit to human capacity. "The sovereign of a great empire is at bottom only the minister of his ministers or the representative of his agents. They are obeyed in his name, and when he thinks he is exercising his will it is he who, without knowing it, is doing theirs. That is unavoidable, since he can only see with their eyes and must therefore act with their hands. Compelled to transfer to others what is called detail—what I should call the essence of government—he reserves for himself the big things, the verbiage of ambassadors, the intrigues of his favourites, at most the choice of his masters, for masters he must have with so many slaves. What does a good or bad administration matter to him? How can his happiness be disturbed by the misery of the people he does not see, by the complaints he does not hear, the public disorders of which he knows nothing? If by a miracle some great spirit is equal to the grievous burden of royalty, the principle of heredity and the faulty education of the heir will always produce a hundred *imbeciles* for one real King. Minorities and illnesses, periods of delirium and passion, often reduce the head of the state to a mere shadow. Thus, since public business has to be carried on, a system is needed which can dispense with the King." Far better than the rule of a Vizier—or of two Viziers as in the time of Louvois and Colbert—was government by Councils as applied

by the Regent in 1715, one for each of the leading departments of state. No other system was so likely to bring the best men into the public service and to ensure justice and consistency in the national policy. The councillors should sit successively on each Committee in order to obtain a comprehensive grasp of the needs and resources of the state.

Saint-Pierre proceeded from a criticism of the system of government to a frontal attack on the late ruler. "He might well be called Louis the Powerful or Louis the Formidable, for none of his predecessors was so powerful and so much feared; but we should never allot him the title of Louis le Grand nor mistake great power for true greatness. Unless it is employed to benefit mankind in general and his subjects and neighbours in particular it will never deserve high esteem. In a word, great power alone will never make a great man." This audacious passage from the *Traité de la Polysynodie* was brought to the notice of the *Académie Française* in 1718 by Cardinal de Polignac, who demanded the expulsion of the blasphemer. Ignoring appeals from his fellow-members to withdraw his words, the author was expelled after a ballot in which Fontenelle alone opposed the decision. Though the Regent was believed to share the Abbé's estimate of the late King, he declined to annul the decree. The offender filled the two remaining decades of his long life elaborating further projects for the welfare of mankind, among them the marriage of the clergy. Though old enough to be Montesquieu's father, he was no less a child of the critical eighteenth century.

The Regency era has found few champions in the last two centuries, but the most eloquent of French historians saluted it with a cheer. A brief but creative intermezzo, exclaims Michelet, a social revolution, the breaking of fetters which paralysed the energies of France, the end of autocracy, hypocrisy and bigotry, in a word, the dawn of the Age of Reason. The power of the Church was challenged and the domination of the Jesuits ceased. Birth counted for less, ability and money for more. The Regent and his associates, despite their vices and mistakes, were forward-looking men, the heirs of Montaigne, Molière and Vauban, forerunners of the *Philosophes*, spokesmen of reformist and humanitarian France. However much water we may have to pour into Michelet's foaming wine, it is true enough that the Regent was mildly liberal, a modern man, for whom the problem of government was a matter to be approached, not by searching the Scriptures or following precedents, but by the familiar process of trial and error. France was growing tired of autocrats.

G. P. GOOCH.

NEW TRENDS IN IRISH POLITICS

IRISHMEN, often thought to be volatile, have been remarkably prosaic in their domestic politics since 1921. Indeed, the Anglo-Irish Treaty of that year now seems to have been the last occasion when Irishmen were really seriously agitated about a political issue—and then the majority did not find it easy to explain just why the fighters and politicians of the anti-Union movement should have turned on one another with a more

virulent antipathy than they had ever shown against the British. Collins and Griffith and Cosgrave were content with the Dominion status granted by the Treaty; Mr. de Valera wanted something else that was not quite full independence and in his Document No. 2 stated the novel theory of External Association which Mr. Nehru adopted in 1948. Mr. de Valera lost the argument and took to the hills. The most revealing event of those frustrating post-Treaty years was the execution of Erskine Childers by the new Free State Government. His crime was being in possession of a revolver. Mr. Cosgrave's government struggled to build the state. Their lives were in danger for much of the time. Collins was assassinated in 1922; so was Kevin O'Higgins, years later. Then Mr. de Valera entered the Dail, having decided that the unacceptable Oath of Allegiance was really an empty formula, and he formed his first administration in 1932. This lasted until 1948, when it was ousted by a coalition led by Mr. John Costello, who was the only prominent member of the Cosgrave party (now called Fine Gael) who was *persona grata* to the other coalition groups: he had never shot anyone, English or Irish. In 1951 his government was brought down by a tussle with the Roman Catholic Bishops over a Health Bill, a contributory cause being the "Battle of Baltinglas", in which democracy—in the person of a wrongly dismissed Sub-Postmistress—successfully challenged the unsavoury jobbery often incidental to the functioning of the party system in the Republic. Mr. de Valera precariously resumed, and despite a tiny majority, managed to remain in office for three years. Feeling in the country began to harden against his government when prices rose, and in Dublin there were clashes between the police and the growing number of unemployed. The Taoiseach (chieftain or premier), though very much a politician, had for years been in some way above the arena—an elder statesman, last survivor of the 1916 leadership, Ireland's Syngman Rhee, man of destiny (his party's name, Fianna Fail, is Gaelic for "Soldiers of Destiny"). Now, the pedestal was profaned, and the Taoiseach brought more into the pother of day-to-day politics and personalities. However, Eamon de Valera continues to be rather a special institution in the Republic, and it is reasonably certain that while he remains a realistic redefinition of political loyalties in party terms will not occur.

It is necessary to remember this background to understand the arrested development of Irish politics and to appreciate fully the change now taking place, as shown by the results of the General Election in May. The Labour Party made a considerable advance and is now well able to fill the role of determinant third force in the Dail. With its triumph (though it is yet quite a distance from unshared power) the artificial two-party division founded on obsolete Civil War recriminations is clearly seen to have run its course. The election campaign was made to turn on economic issues, and hardly at all on the matters of history which are the *raison d'être* of the two big parties. Mr. Costello and Mr. de Valera, though both decidedly to the right, put forward different budgetary and financial policies. There was no abundance of detail, but it was clear enough that Mr. de Valera conservatively favoured the settled practice and was, as an economist, of a staid and sombre hue; while Mr. Costello argued for courage and imagination in the state's regulation of investment and credit. On one point, both

leaders were agreed. Mr. de Valera said repeatedly that the Republic's agricultural productivity could be very greatly increased by using ground limestone on the soil. He spoke of the millions of tons necessary, but he did not undertake to make more easy credit available to the farmers. On the other hand, Mr. Costello has all but promised this. It is almost platitudinous to say that the Republic's agriculture is very much less efficient than that of its Danish and other competitors in the British market. There is no doubt also that credit is tightly controlled in the Republic; again and again, Mr. de Valera has denied the charge that he recently directed the banks to restrict credit, which at the best of times was not easy to obtain. But the fact that the charge was made is significant. Fine Gael has gained seats at Fianna Fail's expense, and one likely explanation is that a good number of one time de Valera supporters among the farmers have been convinced that the Republic's agriculture will stagnate unless more radical measures are forthcoming than almost casual subsidies and *ad hoc* doles.

Fine Gael promises more industrial activity. Mr. Dillon, a party colleague of Mr. Costello's and a former Minister, described Mr. de Valera's industrialisation as a badly-run relief scheme. It will be interesting to see how Mr. Costello will fare in this direction, because he is also committed to preserving the tariff wall now sheltering a number of sickly enterprises, though there are also some (like cut-glass) which are in splendid health. The electorate was impressed by the thesis that Ireland can be made to prosper by cutting away from conventional financial policies. This partly accounts for Fine Gael's striking recovery. Yet it was not solely the Fine Gael economists who brought about this awareness of economic matters. Mr. Sean MacBride, Minister for External Affairs in the first Costello Coalition and a son of one of the executed 1916 leaders, has his own party in the Dail, and though it numbers only three Deputies, his personal influence is considerable. His Clann na Poblachta (Republican) Party was shattered by the Health Bill controversy in 1951, but is making something of a recovery. His nice blend of nationalism and economics was very evident during the election campaign, but he has argued the same case ever since he formed his party eight years ago. In a radio talk he said: "Britain's economic policy is to channel Irish capital into British investments. When this part of Ireland obtained control of its own affairs thirty years ago, it concentrated on the outer symbols of independence. We got a flag of our own and we painted our letter-boxes green. But we retained the economic and financial structure which was handed to us by Britain. After thirty years, the aim of Irish economy still is the accumulation and maintenance of vast foreign investments to the extent of about £500,000,000. This small country has more money invested outside its own shores than any other nation in the world. The country's money is used to promote industrial development for the British people." The solution, according to Mr. MacBride, is to be found in the repatriation of the sterling assets under the control of the state, and the expansion of credit to meet the needs of agricultural and industrial production and full employment.

This relatively well-defined outline has almost certainly coloured the attitude of Fine Gael, and though Mr. Costello has been cautious, people in the Republic have been encouraged to expect more than hum-drum

changes. Talk about reducing governmental spending and so on is no longer taken very seriously. Naturally, Fianna Fail made much of dangerous results that might follow radical changes in fiscal policy; but Mr. Costello says that his party guarantees the integrity of the currency, and he condemned his opponents for spreading false fears about currency manoeuvres. Mr. McGilligan, a Fine Gael Deputy and Finance Minister in the previous Coalition, said: "Fine Gael does not want to rob the savings of the people. However, I believe that the banking systems should now accommodate itself to the wishes of the people, so that money being invested elsewhere can be put back into this country to develop industry and agriculture. Mr. de Valera knows nothing about the use of money, except to lend it to Britain."

Obviously then, the Republic is becoming more mature. "I cannot", said Mr. Costello, "accept the Taoiseach's constantly re-iterated invitation to go back to the past, whose relevance is remote to the present problems and difficulties of the people." At last, Irishmen have been jolted out of their pre-occupation with pure politics and heady history. In Dublin, a man said to me: "The old cods had us talking about republics and symbols of association while crowds of poor devils were nearly starving." For the Labour Party the outlook is good. In the Coalition just formed, Labour has four of the thirteen Cabinet seats including the Ministry of Industry and Commerce and the Ministry for Social Welfare. But its leadership has not been so vocal about financial policies as Fine Gael, and at present the Party is more closely attuned to meliorism than to radicalism. One event worthy of notice is the emergence of Mr. Costello, leader virtually by chance, as a politician equal in calibre and stature with Mr. de Valera, at least in the context of the Republic's present problems.

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV

BERDYAEV'S *Dream and Reality* has won general recognition as one of the outstanding autobiographies of our time. Not only does it enable us to follow the spiritual pilgrimage of a tireless seeker after truth, it puts into our hands the missing key to his thought. For we now know that the book to which we tended to attach so much importance, *The New Middle Ages*, was taken much less seriously by its author, while the one he regards as of decisive significance for any attempt to understand him, *The Meaning of the Creative Act*, remained unknown to us because not translated into English. We are able to see now that we were mistaken when we associated him in our minds with Barth and Brunner as a conservative force. His place, as he himself tells us, was rather with the liberals than with the neo-orthodox. He would have us think of him both as less orthodox and less Orthodox than we had supposed; he wishes to be received as an independent thinker and in no sense as the spokesman of any Church. It may well be, of course, that on this point he is not our best

guide. The gulf between East and West is much greater than that between his thought and the Eastern tradition.

Now that he has been taken from us, we can reflect on his work as a whole and see that he has something to offer the West would do well to receive, though at some points we shall find him puzzling, even unintelligible. Whereas in the case of others we can take over this idea and that and incorporate it in our own thinking, with Berdyaev we face the challenge of a tradition quite different from our own. His presuppositions and his standards of judgment are often disturbingly other than ours, yet we cannot always claim that he is wrong and we right. Sometimes we feel that we are being exposed to an influence to which we cannot submit yet which it would be unwise to resist; if we are to do him justice, we shall need to learn how to look at life through new eyes, and that may be a salutary experience, albeit a painful one. He has his allies in the West too, especially in the mystics, and he seems to represent in the twentieth century a Christian Gnosticism resurrected from the second and third.

How Russian Berdyaev can be is shown by the strong strain of anarchism in his thinking. He was from the outset a philosopher of freedom, and one whose advocacy was with passion but without restraint. The life of the spirit is for him in freedom, and a freedom that frets against the restraints of law, rule, and institution. The spirit seems to be under some fatal necessity to fall captive to organisation, the subject becomes entangled and enslaved in the realm of objectivity. In all this he reminds us of the Gnostic myth, for which the creation of the world was the fall of the spirit, though he would not accept it in that form. In his own case, freedom seems to have militated against ordinary social intercourse, so that he remained to the end an individualist and a lonely soul. How far he was prepared to carry his anarchism is shown by his opposition to marriage. "Love is by its very nature lawless and defies the law: lawful or legal love is love that has died. . . . The so-called institution of marriage is, in fact, a piece of shamelessness, exposing as it does to society that which should remain hidden and scrupulously guarded against the eyes of strangers."

One does not need to be a slave of convention to question so hasty an identification of a social institution with tyranny and freedom with lawlessness. The Western tradition sees no reason why freedom and law should thus be sharply opposed. Have we not been accustomed to regard law as the safeguard of liberty, and institutions such as those of Parliamentary democracy as the means by which it functions? In the case of marriage, the intimate personal relation between one man and one woman is not violated by the public ceremony, it is rather recognised and guaranteed. By this act society undertakes to respect the relation as sacred and to preserve for it all due privacy henceforth. When the Church of Scotland is recognised as at once established and free, this is not a mere compromise; it is an expression of the genius of a people for whom law and freedom are correlates and not—as for Berdyaev—antagonists. One sees in him something of what at once fascinated and alarmed us in Tolstoi, the repudiation of the whole ordered framework of society in the name of the impulse of love.

There are two consequences of this anarchism, however, that constitute

a challenge that must not be evaded. They are two aspects of Berdyaev's criticism of what he calls "sociomorphism" in religion, thinking of God in terms derived from social forms that are by now outgrown. The Western emphasis on the sovereignty of God excites only his indignant rejection. He would class subjection to God among the forms of slavery to which humanity has been reduced in the course of history. All language that would suggest that God is an almighty despot over against whom men have no rights and to whose authority they must humbly submit, is repugnant to him. For him God is freedom and His one aim is the promotion of freedom in His creatures. Here, of course, Berdyaev reacts against the Byzantinism that has left its mark on Orthodoxy. But he has in mind also its Western equivalents, the Catholic dogma of Papal infallibility, Luther's *servum arbitrium*, and Calvin's eternal decrees. Is not Berdyaev right in urging that this conception of God as absolute power be expunged from devotion and theology alike?

The second point of attack for this criticism of sociomorphism is the dominance of Roman law in Western Christianity. Like other Russian Christians, Berdyaev sees in the Western Church, whether Catholic or Protestant, a surrender of the gospel to legalism. There are many to-day who would sympathise with this criticism. Western Christianity has been unduly influenced by its Roman heritage, and men trained in law, Tertullian and Calvin, have given her theology too precise and rationalist a form. The Orthodox Church has preserved the sense of the mystery, the inexpressible majesty, of God, so that dogmas like transubstantiation are wholly unacceptable to it. God is to be worshipped, not to be analysed and explained. Especially has the West gone astray in its theories of the Atonement, with their efforts to reconcile mercy with punitive justice and their travesty of both when forgiveness is only rendered possible by the transfer to the innocent of the punishment due to the guilty. Justification by faith has often been misrepresented as though it were a legal fiction, a verdict of "innocent" pronounced by the judge in flat defiance of the evidence that the prisoner at the bar is guilty.

What is distinctive in a religious philosophy may usually be traced back to its conception of the relation between God and man. Here, as elsewhere, Berdyaev gives original expression to the Orthodox tradition, for which man is more than an object on which God operates, he is a partner in His enterprise of creation and redemption. Orthodoxy teaches that there is a spiritual and divine centre in man, not injured by the Fall: his personality, as a modern exponent of this expresses it, preserves a native kinship with God and is impervious to sin. Berdyaev draws also on the Gnostic myth of the Heavenly Man who was God's partner in creation and on the Church's dogma of the God-Man, which he interprets symbolically. It means for him much less a statement about Christ than one about God; it is the affirmation of "the humanity of God". Man's freedom and creativity are God's best evidences, for in them He is Himself present and active. Man stands with God over against the world as creative as well as with the world over against God as His creation.

We have here a view of man that is as optimistic as any humanism, yet at the same time is rooted and grounded in God. Berdyaev is in conscious opposition to the denigration of man in so much current theology. "The

practical conclusion derived from this faith turns into an accusation of the age in which I live and a command to be human in this most inhuman of ages, to guard the image of man, for it is the image of God. The low opinion of man which is the pre-eminent characteristic of our age cannot shake my faith in him, in the divine image and the divine idea of man." And this robust faith in man is affirmed by one who has lived through war and famine, revolution and despotism, and who knows that he must end his life in a foreign land. Yet there is one defect in this faith. It does not seem to do justice to human responsibility and guilt. Its tendency is to assimilate the evil in the world to a cosmic misfortune, to relieve man of guilt by stressing the tragedy of his lot. In the last resort, Berdyaev seems to lack faith in the power of the spirit to maintain itself against the forces that would drag it down into the world of objects, and therefore not to be optimistic enough. Only if man's ruin is by his own fault can we say that it need not have been.

This emphasis on freedom and creativity, on man as God's partner, comes out in even more striking fashion in the new turn Berdyaev gives to eschatology. Whereas in the West the last things are resurrection and judgment, heaven and hell, in the East they are the transfiguration of the whole cosmos, nature and man, indeed, their incorporation into the divine life, with resurrection as one aspect of this. Hence the Empty Tomb is the symbol of Orthodoxy as the Cross is that of Catholicism and Protestantism alike. In the consummation that Orthodoxy envisages, man has his part to play. While Western theology has come increasingly to react from the liberal call to "build the kingdom of God" and to insist that—as Otto puts it—"the kingdom is God's seed, not man's deed", Berdyaev offers an "active eschatology", in which God's victory can only come about as it enlists the free co-operation of man. For the last things do not lie in the future; the coming kingdom of God is at the same time the higher, eternal world of Plato's vision, and man's task is to bring that higher world to realisation in this as the present passes over into the future.

Perhaps, however, what is of most value in Berdyaev is not any particular item in his thinking but the total pattern of it, the impulse by which it is governed. He is philosopher rather than theologian, and he continues the Christian philosophy that was one of the distinctive Russian achievements of the nineteenth century. Characteristically, this was the work of lay thinkers, and herein lies its chief merit. Whatever the value of theology as a discipline practised by official representatives of some church, it cannot have the authority to-day that it once had. The massive volumes of Barth's *Kirchliche Dogmatik* are forbidding to any but the specialist and do nothing to remove the suspicion that the theologian finds his conclusions before he begins to write. If the Christian faith is to be commended to our time, it must be presented by men who are as unquestionably free to follow the argument whithersoever it leads as they are openly committed to that faith. Berdyaev is an example of how the Christian tradition may be revitalised when it is detached from the exegesis of biblical texts and offered as a man's personal conviction, expressed in fresh, daring and authentic forms.

E. L. ALLEN.

LIFE AND LABOUR IN POST-WAR JAPAN

WITH the reduction of its territory to only half of its pre-war size, Japan's population density has increased by 150 per cent. during the post-war period. Even in the pre-war period, Japan had nearly the highest population density in the world, so it is easy to imagine the difficulties this nation has been confronted with under the adverse conditions of occupation policies and the almost complete loss of foreign markets. In addition, since the new Japanese constitution clarified the democratic rights of the people, and in particular the rights to work and to free association, which the Japanese had hoped for in vain during the eighty years since the Meiji Restoration, it was natural for the people to expect the immediate implementation of these basic human rights. Nevertheless, in spite of the undeveloped economy of Japan, the people's struggles to safeguard their rights have proceeded far beyond Japan's economic circumstances. Accordingly, they have developed special "Japanese" characteristics, so to speak, both in their national life and in the post-war labour movement. As the result of the Trade Union Act and Labour Standards Act, organised workers, especially those in the largest industries, have experienced a remarkable advance in their economic status. However, the improvement of labour conditions applies only to the large-scale industries. In the case of many small businesses, particularly the small workshops and sub-contractors, only low wages and a complete disregard of the provisions of the Labour Standards Act barely permit them to withstand the competitive pressures of big business and large contracting enterprises. It goes without saying that wages of workers in these small businesses are exceedingly low, and merely provide a bare subsistence. Furthermore, Japanese labour unions have no positive and direct interest in the workers in small businesses. Their status is economically low, highly unstable, and helplessly isolated.

The majority of workers in Japan are employed in large enterprises—the monopolies of the old "Zaibatsu" or state-owned concerns—and all of them are organised into unions. Though almost non-existent during the war, Japanese trades unions have developed rapidly since the end of the war, and, quantitatively at least, have reached a level comparable to other highly industrial nations. The reason for such a rapid advance lies in the abolition of police control, which compressed all freedom of thought and collective action. While the usual case has been that the voice of the working class inevitably becomes louder in a capitalistic society after a long war, it should not be overlooked in the case of Japan that the distress and poverty, together with the Occupation's policy of encouraging trades unionism, in addition to the feeling of emancipation arising out of Japan's defeat, had produced a particularly favourable atmosphere for the growth of unions. With no original experience and training in the spirit of individualism or liberalism, the tendency of Japanese people has been to become easily captured by "toadyism," that is, to submit readily to the powers in control. Formerly the Zaibatsu, the military cliques and the bureaucracy exercised unlimited authority over the people. After the war, the occupation came to hold a similar position, consequently occupation orders and recommendations were welcomed unconditionally, and trade

unionism was regarded, in effect, as being authorised by GHQ.

Because labour unions were free from the surveillance of both thought and military police, most people rushed to become union members, and those who did not join were considered to be somewhat heretical. To become a union member insured a degree of job security, and to become a union official meant stability of employment and in many cases led to promotion. Under the early policy of the Occupation, trades unionism was a "tidal wave" which, however, began to diminish for the first time in the spring of 1949 when inflation was halted in effect and GHQ labour policy began to shift. The atmosphere surrounding trades unionism began to change as a result of the rapid re-emergence of employers' associations. From June, 1948, to June, 1949, the number of unions and union membership remained about the same, and it appears that union activities suddenly declined after that period. Although existing as labour unions, many organisations were not active. For example, according to a government survey made in 1950, the number of labour unions holding labour agreements with specific effective periods was less than 30 per cent. of the total. If achieving a labour agreement may be regarded as one of the most important functions of labour unions, then the above-mentioned circumstances mean either that labour unions have turned into mutual benefit societies or that unions could not readily reach favourable agreement under the pressure of employers and so become inactive. At any rate, the decline of trade unionism could no longer be concealed. As the "red purge" revealed, the policy pursued by the Occupation and the Japanese Government, together with close team work on the part of employers' associations, contributed to the successful undermining of the actual gains achieved by labour unions during the inflation, and to breaking the backs of unions by purging them of recalcitrant members. Public opinion also suddenly became critical and indifferent towards unions.

A rapid rise and a rapid decline—this was the destiny of Japanese trade unions. They were forced to change their colouring and their methods as a result of the alteration in the political climate. Among the various factors contributing to this change, the following one must be mentioned: 90 per cent. of all labour unions in post-war Japan are "enterprise-wide" unions. The basic unit or standard labour organisation, in the case of craft or industrial unions, takes the form of a horizontal organisation irrespective of individual plant or enterprise, because workers have found no other organisational weapon in their struggle against management. Post-war Japanese labour unions, on the contrary, have been organised according to enterprise, or under certain circumstances according to plants or workshops as plant-wide or company-wide unions. This unfortunate form of union is due to the fact that both wage-earners and salaried employees were compelled to set up some kind of organisation rapidly. On the one hand, they were under the pressure of the confusion and difficulties immediately following the defeat. On the other, with the destruction of the all-productive apparatus, they were confronted with the task of combining the raising of their labour standards along with the reconstruction of their enterprises before they could improve labour conditions. In addition, because uniformity or classification of each particular job has not yet been

accomplished, the status of the same job differs considerably from enterprise to enterprise and as a result the basis for horizontal organisation was hopeless except in the case of the federation of unions. Of even greater importance is the fact that Japanese workers have the characteristic of being migratory wage-earners. This has been typical of female workers leaving their rural homes to work in the textile industry, and of second or third sons from the over-populated rural communities who go away to seek employment in heavy or basic industries. In addition, since the Manchurian Incident of 1931, workers living in the rural communities near giant munition factories became part-farmers and part-industrial wage-earners. In Japanese industrial areas there is no "working population" of the type usually found in western countries, namely workers who have permanently settled down in these areas.

Since it is impossible for open, free and wide labour markets to develop without a basic stable labour population, horizontal labour organisation cannot secure an adequate foothold for its growth. Both male and female workers have always been recruited from rural areas, and after a short period again quickly return there. Many workers are able to eke out a bare livelihood by constantly sending their daughters and second or third sons to industrial areas as migrants. Since the supply of wage-earners has always come, not from open labour markets, but directly from among the distressed farmers, Japanese labour markets have thus been controlled entirely by recruiting through friends and relatives or private agents. From this, enterprise-wide unions arise. In reality, Japanese labour unions are suffering from the problem of how to escape from the restrictions imposed by enterprise-wide unionism. Alongside these special characteristics of these restricted union organisations is the fact that all workers qualified to become union members under the Trade Union Act joined unions, including even employees concerned solely with management. Furthermore, full-time union officials were paid by the managements concerned and unions were provided with offices by companies. Moreover, 60 per cent. of the basic union units are organised as so-called "mixed unions," composed of both manual labourers and salaried employees' unions in the fields of general public service, teaching, banking and finance and so on. Unions composed solely of wage-earners are still extremely few (3.9 per cent. of all labour unions, June, 1948). In view of all these abnormal circumstances, it can be seen why, as soon as the political climate becomes unfavourable, as experienced since the spring of 1949, the unions retreat and degenerate into something resembling mutual benefit societies or company-dominated unions or "company unions," because of their inability to pursue adequately even the unions' basic economic struggles. What is the future of Japan's labour unions? It appears to the writer that the depression which has followed the end of the Korean war has revealed more and more the unions' weaknesses. Yet the large-scale dismissal of workers lies ahead and, in addition, the possibility of raising wages is almost non-existent, in view of the financial conditions of government and private enterprise.

Tokyo.

KAZUO OKOCHI.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN AMERICA

ALTHOUGH it is probably true that economic motives rather than religious principles played the greater part in the colonisation of North America, it is also true that religion played a not unimportant rôle both then and in the subsequent history of the United States. The purpose of this article is not so much to evaluate the part played by religion both at the founding of the country and in the significant events in America's history, although these will be touched upon. Rather is it to give one person's impressions of contemporary religious life in that country and to trace historically the reasons for certain typically American attitudes and conditions. The American Institute of Life Insurance recently sponsored several full-page advertisements in American newspapers on the subject of religion. The accompanying photograph showed a family praying in church, and the advertisements were headed: Americans are in the midst of a great renewal of religious interest. Since 1940, it was stated, membership in religious congregations has increased by 27 million—over twice the rate of population growth. During this period, thousands of places of worship have been built, and there has been an increase of 40,000 in the numbers of active clergymen. More bibles were published between 1940 and 1950 than in the previous 40 years, and there are vast audiences of religious radio and television programmes.

Judging purely from statistics of attendance and church membership and finances there is doubtless great interest in church life and activities. But the figures contain a paradox, for probably nowhere else is there less sign of spirituality and Christian morals in everyday life. Indeed, there is more than a suspicion that the very factors leading to a decline in public morals and political decency are the factors tending also to increase church membership and activities. There are two inter-acting factors. The first is the evaluation of persons on a material basis. The second is the fact that in America the church does not act as a unifying national force. Rather is it true that membership of a church is regarded more or less as is the membership of a social club or society. And just as membership of such societies grows in prosperous economic times, so also does church membership. The part in social and political life played by the church in America is significantly more important than the corresponding rôles in Britain. This has always been so. Right from the very beginning, social life in America tended to congregate around the church and the town meeting, and to this day two aspects of American religious life seem particularly important to many British visitors. The first is the vast variety of social activities carried on by the churches, and the important part they play in community life, especially in the smaller towns and villages. The second is the preaching of political sermons, even in the leading churches in town and city, and the holding of strongly expressed political views by church leaders and preachers. It is quite common to hear political comment in the middle of the usual religious sermon. There is indeed some reason to believe that the churches provided a unifying force, and a leading force, at the time of the Revolutionary War and the events leading up to it. The fact that the New England colonies were Protestant and French-Canada was Roman Catholic has also been put forward as one of

the reasons for Canada's independence. It is true that at the time of the Civil War and in the question of slavery the churches played a rôle which in retrospect seems rather less courageous and more unhappy than could have been expected. But the churches, then as now, can only exist by conforming to the majority rule of their parishioners, and in the Deep South where slavery flourished the churches as usual found many biblical references to support the prevailing views. It was cited, for example, that slaves should obey their masters, and that salvation in the next world was more important than happiness in this world. The Northern churches, too, with a few important exceptions, were unexpectedly illiberal and reactionary, even though they did support the Federal Government when civil war broke out.

There is, of course, no Established Church in America. The effect of this can be overstated, but it leads to a lack of national feeling in church membership. Parishioners do not feel that they form part of a national movement. Rather do they feel that each church is separate and distinct. On the other hand, it would, as stated previously, be a mistake to suppose that the separation of church and state in a narrow sense of legality has broadened out to include a separation in a fuller and real sense of the word. It was significant that shortly after the Inauguration of President Eisenhower he re-affirmed his Church membership and his belief in the principles and aims of Christianity. It may have been an astute political move also, but it stemmed without doubt from a deep feeling that the Chief Executive of America would not be taking a full part in the life of the nation were he not an active church member.

The vast variety of religious sects is also a major feature of American religious life. The original churches in America were founded more or less as a backwash of the religious readjustments taking place in England and Continental Europe during the seventeenth century. Religious persecution no doubt played a part in the growth of American churches, but probably the greater part both in the initial founding of the churches and subsequent breakaways was played by the aggressive individualism that is such a characteristic part of American life as a whole. By the middle of the nineteenth century there were over one hundred different religious sects in America. Now, there are three times as many. A visitor to America may catch a glimpse of such diversity of religious beliefs by reading the religious advertisements in the pages of Saturday newspapers. There is indeed an astounding collection of faiths, and one may be forgiven for believing that a new church has been established every time a parishioner became dissatisfied with his parson. The denominations range from Adventist Bodies and African Orthodox Church to Vedanta Society and Volunteers of America. The vast majority of these religious bodies have but a few hundred or a few thousand members. But their existence testifies to the religious freedom in America, and to the dominant belief that people must worship as they choose. The major religions in America are those best known in Britain. There are now about 100 million church members in America of which sixty per cent. are Protestant, thirty-three per cent. Roman Catholic, six per cent. Jewish, and the odd one per cent. Eastern Orthodox Church and others. The most important single sect is, of course, because of its unity, the Roman Catholic Church.

Of the Protestants, one-third are Baptist, nearly one-quarter Methodist, about one-eighth Lutheran, one-sixteenth Presbyterian, and one-twentieth Protestant Episcopal. About twenty-eight minor bodies comprise the remaining fifth or so. Perhaps the two best known new religions of America are Christian Science, born in the East and now centred in Boston with international connections and its own fine daily newspaper and other publications, and Mormonism, born in Western New York State, and after many wanderings and tribulations coming to rest in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, now the State of Utah. Religion may not have played a major part in the westward expansion of America, but it did play a part, even if only a minor part, in that great and wonderful migration that peopled the whole of the mighty American continent.

In the field of learning religion in America has always played a significant rôle. At one time learning, in America as in Britain, was synonymous with religion. Many of the first schools and institutions of higher learning had a religious background. With the great spread of interest in education and educational facilities religion has in one sense tended to take a back place. But in another sense it has become more important. With the separation of church and state, there came into being a demand that religious teachings be disallowed in the publicly supported schools. The effect of this has been to increase the attention paid to education by the churches, and many churches now provide educational facilities both for children and older church members. This trend too has helped to increase the social significance of the churches at the same time as creating the impression of growing secularity and diminishing religiosity. There is quite a definite tendency for churches to be selected now not for their particular religious views but for the extra-curricular activities carried on. These, as mentioned before, are quite extensive, and include apart from education such things as employment advice and a wide range of dinners and club activities for the young people, women, and men of the congregation. In quite a real sense American churches have lost their spiritual significance in the growth of their social activities. There is also a noticeable tendency for churches to relate their activities to the more conspicuous American traits. One sermon preached in New York City, for example, was on the subject of how Christ could help one become a financial success, and the porch bookstall contained a book on that same subject. Other churches, including two of the best known in New York City, have veered towards mental healing, and the help that Christianity can give in emotional disorders. One church, indeed, has opened a clinic for mental sufferers, and there is this noticeable trait in American church life of choosing to be of immediate practical help rather than of spiritual guidance. In the field of literature, it is significant how many best sellers have a religious basis both in the case of novels and in the case of non-fiction of the "help yourself to live happily" type. The bible is, of course, one of the permanent best sellers.

The Church in America has not been free from the racial and religious hatreds that form part and parcel of everyday life in that country. At the time of the Constitution the churches were more or less in unity against slavery, but by the time of the Civil War the Church in the South supported the rebel states. After the war there was a rapid increase in the

rise of Negro churches, and to this day they form a separate part of American religious life. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, much intolerance and many restrictions marred the freedom of Jews and Roman Catholics, and one of the most distressing aspects of life in America today is the racial and religious hatreds that quite often come to the surface and result in violent behaviour. Violence and unhealthy exuberance have been features of American religious history. There has been a tendency in some cases for revivalism to go beyond the bounds of religious decency, and to result in nauseating social and sensual excesses. This was especially so among the ignorant farmers and hill-folk in the so-called Bible Belts, where Fundamentalism still reigns supreme. However, the importance of these fringe developments has declined considerably, and in most settled American communities are now non-existent.

Apart from the better attendance, probably several times higher than in Britain, and the financial success and popularity of the better known preachers, religion in America does not offer the great rewards common in other branches of human activity. The tendency is, therefore, to recruit only those who desire whole-heartedly to serve God. The result has been a general freedom from bribery, graft and corruption among American churches, and today, in a country which strikes many visitors as unhealthy in its attitude to life and work, religious life appears as something clean and fresh. Only very rarely are church scandals in the news. In fact, they are conspicuous by their absence. This would be remarkable in any country. It is more so in America, a country which has become notorious for political indecencies, for bribery and corruption at most levels of politics and many levels of business and police activity. The low tone which pervades life in America is a direct contrast to the high level of personal sacrifice and behaviour in American church life. There is a paradox here, but it may be evidence that fewer social activities and greater attention to political morals would provide a better outlet for church activities.

Among the superficial aspects of church life in America are the popularity of morning services, and the closing down of the odd church here and there during the hot summer months. The Presbyterian Church in particular, with its historical Scottish contacts, often arranges exchanges with ministers resident abroad. The growing wealth of America has encouraged the building of many fine churches, and the better external fabric of the churches has tended to develop robes for the choir, gowns in the pulpit, more dignified church music, and the greater use of the processional and recessional. Church architecture in America is of a better mould than the usual monotonous utilitarian character of American buildings generally. In many ways therefore, religious life in America comprises much that is of the finest in the American tradition. There is no doubt that given leadership this could be channelled into the more mundane aspects of life, and thus achieve, in far greater measure than at present, Christ's Kingdom on Earth.

New York.

JOHN BROWN.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

IT is one hundred and forty years ago since Sir Walter Scott wrote *Waverley*, his first historical novel, thereby not only releasing the past for fiction, but also immeasurably expanding the bounds of the novel itself. For *Waverley* not only introduced history into the novel, but introduced for the first time a regional background, local character and dialect, and blended realism and romance in a way they had never been blended before and have seldom been since. At the lowest estimate *Waverley* is a tremendous landmark in the onward march of the English novel. Since then the historical novel has continued to flourish, and has proved itself to be one of the most popular forms of reading with the great fiction-reading public today. So that perhaps the time has arrived when some attempt should be made to assess its value as literature. Can even the best historical novels be regarded as serious literature? Can we rank them with contemporary realistic masterpieces such as *Tom Jones*, *Middlemarch*, *The Forsyte Saga*, etc? Is not there something excessively romantic and unreal about the average historical novel which makes us regard it, even if unconsciously, as little better than escapist fare? Does not the very name imply a contradiction at the heart, since if a book is a work of fiction how can it be history, and if history how can it be a work of fiction?

The last conundrum does in fact indicate the rock on which most writers of historical novels founder: the difficulty of combining the truth of human nature, which is the imaginative part of the work, with the truth of history. Either the author paints in a credible historic background, and fills it with puppets in armour or other disguise who utter all the correct jargon of the times but in reality are mere lifeless dummies. This is what Scott does in *Ivanhoe*, whose Norman knights are little more than hollow-sounding skeletons in armour. Or he transplants to a past age live, credible human beings borrowed from his own who, in reality, are not products of that age at all, but Victorian or Edwardian characters dressed out in the ruffs and frills of history. This is what Thackeray does in *Henry Esmond*, and George Eliot still more blatantly in *Romola*. In that book, in spite of all the painstaking disguise, the characters, as Lord David Cecil has pointed out, are not Florentines living in the Renaissance period of history at all, but serious sober-minded young people born somewhere near Warwick about 1840. Her book would have been better if she had not attempted to disguise it in the fancy dress of history. And here I must digress for a moment to mention that there is another kind of book which might be mistaken for a historical novel, but which is really nothing of the sort, since a historical novel must attempt faithfully to recreate a past age. I refer to such famous romances as *Lorna Doone*, *The Three Musketeers*, *The Master of Ballantrae*. These books give an astonishing impression of life; but they are pure romances, fantasies or adventure stories if you like, not serious reconstructions of an age at all. They have been set in the past because their authors have felt that a modern setting would have been incongruous with the spirit of the story.

Is it impossible then to write a successful historical novel—one that would satisfy the critical mind of the serious reader, both from the viewpoint of history and literature? The answer is both "yes" and "no". It is

impossible for any author to write realistically about worlds he has never seen, and bring characters to life which he has only read about in history books and old manuscripts. At the best he is an outsider, looking across an immense gap, at people and events distorted by time and distance; he cannot see them as they appeared to themselves. And if he cannot see them as they appeared to themselves, how can he write of them as they really were? If a contemporary of Louis XI or Elizabeth I were to revisit this planet, is it seriously believed that he would recognize his own age in the pages of *Quentin Durward* or *Westward Ho*? Such books, however carefully documented, cannot hope to give a picture of an age as true as that supplied by contemporary writers who paint the social scene. Thus books like *The Canterbury Tales* or *Pepys' Diary* have long since come to have an historic significance alone far greater than any historical novel that could conceivably be written subsequently about the ages of Edward III or Charles II. And the same thing will, in course of time, no doubt become true of such novels as *Pride and Prejudice*, *Middlemarch*, *Clayhanger* and *The Forsyte Saga*: writers of history will consult them for the picture they give of contemporary life and manners.

There is another type of historical novel, a study of which shows us where success can be looked for in this type of literature. It has been pointed out that it is one of the weaknesses of the contemporary novel that it is apt to make too much use of purely ephemeral matter, which starts off by lending it interest but ends up by cumbering it with rubbish. This is the case with the majority of novels being published today: they merely relate to matters which are in the news and fashionable at the moment, but which will be very soon outmoded, leaving the books quite lifeless and devoid of interest as soon as that has happened. It is therefore an advantage for an author to be able to stand back from his scene, say a distance of fifty or a hundred years, so that he can see events in their true perspective. By then the important ones will have assumed their just proportions and the insignificant ones will have receded into the background. He thus avoids the faults to which the contemporary writer is prone, at the same time he is not so far away from his subject that he cannot write about it in a realistic vein. It is within this limit of time that nearly all the most successful historical novels have been written; and they include such masterpieces as *War and Peace*, *Vanity Fair*, and about half a dozen of the *Waverley* novels.

If further proof of this were needed we have only to turn to Hardy's Introduction to *The Trumpet Major*, not one of the greatest of the Wessex novels, but a successful historical novel since it works within the time limits we have indicated. "The present tale," he writes, "is founded more largely on testimony, oral and written, than any other in the series. The external incidents which direct its course are mostly an unexaggerated reproduction of the recollection of old persons well known to the author in childhood, but now long dead, who were eye-witnesses of those scenes". It might almost be the voice of Scott giving us a glimpse into the secret of his method from the introduction to one of the *Waverleys*. Indeed, *Waverley* itself was constructed in exactly the same manner, from the recollection of people who had been out in 1745, one or two of whom were known to Scott as a boy. Thus it combines the realism of a personal

testimony with the romance of the stirring events of the Jacobite rebellion which was fresh in the national memory during the author's childhood. And in other books such as *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, *Redgauntlet*, we see the same thing happening. Because Scott was writing about people and events that were within the recollection of those whom he might have known as a boy, he blends romance and realism in a way that raises them to the level of great literature. Jeanie Deans is as homely and realistic as a female character in Jane Austen, and yet by her every act, every word she utters, we feel she is a true child of the Scottish Covenant, moulded by her country's history, and not just a puppet dressed up in disguise and borrowed from another age. The same is true of Baillie Nicol Jarvie who, when his honest knees are knocking on the shores of the wild highland loch in the presence of Rob's terrible wife, remains the recognizable Glasgow burgher, true to his history and his age even in the midst of that wildly romantic setting in which he cuts such an incongruous and ludicrous figure.

The more we study Scott the more we find almost classical examples of both the failure and success of this type of novel; and possibly it is the failure to discriminate which has led some present day critics to underestimate his greatness. Although he wrote such books as *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, *Kenilworth*, which belong to the category of the failures, he was much too clear-sighted to have any illusions on the subject, unlike so many of his successors who have only succeeded in copying his failures. Speaking of his imitators, who were already popularizing the historical novel in his day, he says in his Journal; "One advantage, I think, I still have over all of them. They may do their fooling with a better grace, but I, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, do it more natural." And in *Ivanhoe* he did not hesitate to bring Athelstane back to life, a trick he would hardly have dared to play in one of his more realistic Scots novels such as *Waverley* or *Old Mortality*. "But what matter," to quote his own words, "if I buried myself in libraries to extract from the nonsense of ancient days new nonsense of my own;" or if he produced, in some of his novels, "figments enough to confuse the march of a whole history—anachronisms enough to overset all chronology?" He never seriously believed that one could produce serious literature in this type of book at all. But the result was very different when he was basing his novels on events nearer at hand, and drawing Scots peasant characters from his own observation who could, without any breach of probability, be placed back in time as participants in historic events. Then he produced serious literature blending realism and romance, remaining true to history and true to human nature at the same time. And in this he remains almost unique among novelists.

The contemporary historical novel has developed two main approaches unknown to Scott and his immediate successors, which may be described as the psychological and the biographical. Of the latter we will only say it is the most popular, and seems to make its chief appeal to that class of reader who needs to have everything dressed up as fiction. With regard to the psychological approach, the difficulty seems to be that to interpret characters who lived in the past in the terms of a modern pseudo-science is to rob them of their historic perspective and objectivity. The Wife of Bath and even Chaucer himself, if looked at in this way, lose the very

stamp and identity which made them interesting as products of a given historic period. In examining the process of their minds, and tabulating their complexes, we are in the position of a small boy who takes his watch to pieces and soon finds that he ceases to have anything in his hand that resembles a watch at all. In the same way Tolstoy falsifies his picture of Napoleon in *War and Peace* by a wrong historical approach towards that volcanic character, whom he regarded as a puppet, with the result that he never comes alive in the book. If this method of the psychological approach is damaging to some extent in contemporary fiction, it is still more damaging to historical fiction, since it looks at the characters in a way they could never have regarded themselves, with the result that in the process they become historically unrecognizable to the reader. At the same time psychology can help us to understand some of the great characters of the past in a new way. How to use this knowledge in the historical novel, without damaging the appearance of historic reality, is one of the problems our young writers must strive to solve in this age, just as Sir Walter solved his particular problems in his own.

J. A. BRAMLEY.

THE POOR BEETLE

FROM time to time neighbours bring me all sorts of insects for identification, but comparatively few beetles are among them. As there are more than three thousand sorts in these islands, there must be some special reason why they do not attract popular notice. It is because of their peculiar way of life. They are past masters of underground activity and their structure can be regarded as the original of the protective shield used by engineers in tunnelling. Not only in the earth, but in trunks of trees, stems of plants, the interior of fruits and seeds, the excreta of animals and their dead bodies, beetles are everywhere active, boring their secret ways to get a living for themselves and their offspring. For this way of life two other things help to make them inconspicuous. Most of them are extremely small—no more than an eighth of an inch long—and with a few striking exceptions, all are of dull drab colours. Compared with those who study butterflies, beetle fanciers—we call them coleopterists—are few in number, but very enthusiastic. The device which fits beetles for boring operations is the domed wingcover or elytron. It varies in shape and relative size, but is always in two halves, meeting in the middle of the back and more or less convex. It ranges in toughness from the soft flexible one of the glow worm to some weevils which defy the point of a needle. Underneath this protective dome the real wings are packed away. Some kinds have lost their wings from generations of disuse, but far more beetles have strong flying wings than is generally supposed. They are neatly folded, just like a tablecloth, and anyone who watches a ladybird as it alights or takes wing can see the operation easily. The ladybird is probably the best known of all beetles, being one of the comparatively small number which live entirely in the open. The one to which country children address the rhyme

“Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home”

is bright red with five black spots, but there are more than twenty kinds, with a varying number of spots. Some are yellow with black spots, others have a checker pattern of red and black or black and yellow. From the human point of view, the ladybird is a very useful insect, for its diet consists solely of the destructive aphids or green fly.

Much publicity has been given to the Colorado beetle, because of the damage it does to potatoes. It is a native of America, but migrated to Europe and in some seasons and places has ruined the potato crop; but although specimens do, from time to time, land on our shores, it has not done serious harm here. It was first reported in 1877 and severe measures were taken to prevent it from spreading. I believe it is the only creature which it is a legal offence to keep alive. Another troublesome beetle is the Cockchafer, a solidly built insect more than an inch long and almost as wide and thick. It is wholly destructive, living on trees as an adult and working underground on the roots in the larval stage, when it is a fat, dirty white creature, often dug up in gardens. Here also we may come across some tough guys which do an immense amount of damage to crops. They are dull yellow in colour and in shape and texture aptly described by their name of wireworm. They live several years in this larval stage and then become beetles. They are long and narrow, black, brown or grey. If they happen to fall on their backs they have a neat trick of springing into the air to right themselves and the noise they make in doing so has given them the name “click beetle”; in some places they are called skipjacks. The largest British beetle is the formidable looking, but actually harmless stag beetle, which is sometimes more than two inches long. It gets its name from the enormous jaws, which stick out in front and have pines or points just like those of a deer. This great beetle is a deep mahogany colour and lives on trees, sucking the sweet juice which often exudes from cracks in the bark. In the larval stage it lies buried in a decaying tree trunk, feeding on the soft wood. It is consequently a woodland insect and is fairly common in the New and Epping Forests.

A beetle which often attracts attention by running boldly along an exposed path, is the Devil's Coach horse, a long dead-black insect notable for having a very short elytron, which only covers half its body. This beetle is remarkable for its utter fearlessness. If anything threatens it, it does not run away but faces the enemy, turns up its tail defiantly and resists to the death. I have often presented the point of a pencil to one and have never known it fail to accept the challenge. Often in summer evenings, one may encounter a Dor beetle, its blundering flight landing it in one's face. This is a large beetle, an inch or more long, nearly as wide, very convex and metallic blue in colour. It is a typical scavenger beetle, member of a tribe which exemplifies the adage that one man's meat is another's poison, for they all live on the excreta of other animals, dealing with it in different ways. The Dor has a fancy for cowdung and having found a cake of it, she digs a deep hole in the ground below, carries down a measured quantity of dung in which she deposits an egg, repeating the process till the burrow is full. Interred like this, the food remains fresh till the grubs are fully grown. Equally industrious are the burying beetles, of which there are seven British species, some rather richly coloured in orange, red or yellow. They are of fair size, powerful on the wing and

carry out their gruesome task with despatch and efficiency. Having found the dead body of some small animal, they tunnel beneath it, removing the earth and putting it on top, so that the carcass sinks and is ultimately buried, together with the beetle's eggs. So now you know one good reason why you so seldom find a dead animal about the countryside.

Large numbers of beetles live among flowers. One genus of them, *Meligethes*, contains 32 British species. They are all very small, but there is scarcely any kind of flower which does not yield one or more if closely inspected. Many of them are destructive, but they also play a part in fertilisation of some flowers which do not attract bees or flies. At the other extreme are the carnivorous *Carabus* beetles, which pursue their victims under or over the ground with speed enhanced by their long strong legs. Two very common kinds are respectively tinged with rich metallic violet and coppery purple. Metallic and prismatic colouring is a feature of many tropical beetles, some of which are so smooth, round and highly polished that they look exactly like sparkling dewdrops on the leaves they frequent. There are a few British beetles with this metallic colouring, the largest and brightest being the green rose chafer. I could go on indefinitely describing beetles and the varied parts they play. The glow-worm shining its lamp in the darkness; the bombardier beetle shooting off its Bombs of pungent tear gas, or the wasp beetle which wears its model's livery and sits about on old posts, just as the wasp does when collecting nest material. There is the astonishingly bright red Cardinal beetle sitting exposed on nettle leaves; the oil beetles, whose offspring go through the most astounding series of changes in form, and the musk beetle with its unmistakable odour. There is also the bloody nose beetle, which ejects a red fluid from its snout if picked up, causing its captor to drop it hastily and the savage tiger beetle, sailing about in search of prey as readily as any blue bottle. Nor do beetles confine themselves to dry land. Many live on or in the water; the whirligig spins round and round on the pond interminably, and the dytiscus which flies and swims equally well often drops bang on a cucumber frame, which in twilight it has mistaken for a pool. Woe betide the other denizens of the pond it drops into. There are, of course, other large brightly coloured beetles, but the majority are small and dull of hue. Yet they are of greater interest to the scientist because so many of them live on our foodstuffs, animal or vegetable, alive or dead. They infest our furniture and the timbers of our buildings. To make good the damage they do costs a lot of time and money.

HERBERT MACE.

The title is from *Measure for Measure*:

And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

JAMAICA

WHEN asked by his Queen for an account of Jamaica, Columbus crumpled a sheet of paper and throwing it to the ground said it was a description of the contour of the island. Hills stretch down the middle, rising to a height of 7,388 feet at Blue Mountain Peak, and valleys and plains lie to either side. A coral island rising out of the Caribbean

where today an amalgum of races, with the negro predominating, have made a civilization, not yet four centuries old but strong in commerce and national consciousness, with an influence extending far beyond its own shores. The foundation of the nation is in slaves turned loose on to the land without preparation or provision in search of social and economic independence, of which emancipation was only one important expression, and continuing the search for independence through its political and religious implications. Modern Jamaica is only to be understood against its background in which Arawak, Spanish, African, and British influences have each played their part, all seeking to impose their will on the environment in which they sought a way of life. It is still the subjection of the environment that modern Jamaicans seek through labour movements and self-government. Ever since Columbus crumpled the sheet of paper it has a figurative description, not only of physical contours, but of moral and spiritual and economic features of a people attempting to smooth out the paper.

Jamaicans are a people on the move, still listening to Paul Bogle's call sounded in 1865 when, in evil days, the patience of the negro was exhausted. The rebellion then was put down and has been a source of controversy ever since. Through more peaceful means the inspiration of independence has been active, and could be considered as culminating in the spontaneous and loyal welcome of a free people to the Queen on her recent visit. A distinctive social life has evolved in Jamaica which, while now taken as a normal expression, has an involved and interesting background. This social life is centred in Kingston, with Montego Bay a close second, and in lesser degrees throughout the island where social attractions are provided through clubs and cinemas and in any pretence good enough as an excuse for a social gathering. Jamaica's social life originated in the ball-rooms and diningrooms of great estate houses and in later days has moved to night-clubs and cinemas, at both of which evening dress is the standard of importance. Kingston, Island capital since earthquake and fire ruined the capital city of Spanish Town in 1692, is the acknowledged leader of fashion. One end of the social ladder, however, reaches to the submerged poor, still suffering the lack of charity of slavery days when the struggle for independence and preservation of human dignity activated negro ambitions. The African, despite his unpromising start, has dominated the Jamaican scene ever since his arrival in a land of bondage.

Modern Jamaica has found a compromise, probably a solution, to the vexed problem of race relationships that afflicts a large part of the world. In black Jamaica the small white minority for the moment retains a place of privilege and luxury, but its power and influence lessens with island negro expansion. Jamaican negroes, with no knowledge of British slums and the humble, yet satisfying, life of British workmen, think all white people fare as sumptuously as the white minority of Jamaica and, becoming dissatisfied with their own depressed lot, desire the prize in view. Jamaica has not a colour problem so much as a class problem arising from this social status, but a class distinction can easily become a colour problem when the two ends of the ladder are in camps of different coloured people, with past relationships in an unfortunate background. The existence of a coloured population, belonging to neither group and holding a position half-way on the ladder, because of its intelligent outlook on life may be a

safety measure against an actual race hostility. Both negro and coloured seek further education to fit them for the opportunities of the future and for which the present is a day of preparation. Self-government needs a literate people, an informed people with worthy ambitions, but some estimates put illiteracy in Jamaica as high as 60 per cent. The move forward is indicated by the institution of a West Indian university college in Jamaica. The problem is easy of solution when the only language spoken in the country is English, though sometimes in dialect form.

Jamaica, the meeting-place and melting pot of race, gives an example to the world,—a small island having secured a place in the community of nations, a remarkable achievement considering the proximity to America. Its culture is inherited from many nations there being no ancient Jamaican culture. A result of the work of British Free Church Missionaries without a reference to whom no history or review of Jamaica can be written. Neglect of religion means the rise of such strange and destructive cults as pocomania and other freak religions, a dis-service to the work of the past. The foundation of modern Jamaica was laid when in slavery days Free Church missionaries, illegally, gave religious instruction to slaves when the official Anglican view was to deny negroes had souls or any consideration to human welfare. A work done at tremendous personal cost, including imprisonment and death, but religious freedom was secured, and with it individual freedom, now to strengthen the nation. That freedom can be imperilled by religious activities from the underworld whether of Protestant or Catholic or pagan origin. The cause of freedom, sponsored at the first introduction of slaves (between 1700-1786 some 610,000 negroes were imported into Jamaica) and under modern agitations the splendid work then done can be undone. It was not an easy task in those days, for contrary to common belief, slaves could hardly have been the docile creatures they are represented, but strong, virile personalities to the subjection of whom whips, torture, imprisonment, humiliations and other cruelties were used. For a time the only result was that bodies were held in bondage while the spirit remained free. In 150 years there were no less than 29 slave rebellions, those around the Christmas of 1832 resulting in heavy loss of property and of life among black and white. The urge to freedom and progress was never subdued: it is still active, but now finding balance after the injustice of releasing slaves on to the land without compensation or provision. Money given to slave holders as compensation for the loss of property would have been better used in making provision for the rehabilitation of negroes under new conditions. There is no gain trying to seek protection against another section of the population, as did the slave owners when they built strong stone houses, not only to ape the customs of England's gentry, but to seek protection against the dissatisfied and more numerous slave population. Perhaps the only remnant of that protection remaining is the eleven o'clock breakfast and early morning tea.

The modern amalgum of races can only be interpreted against the background of the dual relationship of master and slave represented by black and white. The negro has prospered. Other races being brought into contact with the white races have perished in other parts of the world, but in Jamaica, as elsewhere, the negro appears to have thrived and come into prominence by contact with white civilization. Left wing labour

movements of today emerge from this past: the negro appears on the modern stage as a socialist or nationalist because of his background. Labour movements find momentum in unemployment, low wages, lack of opportunity, seasonal work, and the too great gap between wealth and poverty. The worst of nationalism has been averted by the wisdom of British Government and negro good sense rather than by the restraint of negro leaders. Labour strikes have been prevalent because of restlessness while through welfare measures, wider education, and provision of work, efforts have been made to secure happier relationships between all classes. The Jamaican negro has entered a wider world than that confined in his own small yard and town, for contacts with other nations, as a result of war conditions, American bases in the West Indies, and the facilities for cheap travel, have encouraged dissatisfaction with a struggling and limited existence. Seasonal labour, the lot of many, is no way to success: the cane harvest provides illustration where work is offered to labourers for four months during the harvest months of January to June and the worker must live on casual labour during the rest of the year. There is an abundant potential wealth in fruit, spice, coffee, sugar, and vegetables, and in such woods as mahogany, ebony, mohoe, ironwood, silk-cotton, cedar, and a host of other valuable woods, but latent wealth does not pay the way of the poor, and poverty is Jamaica's acute problem.

The negro in Jamaica, as elsewhere, desires independence, not only in action but in thought, politically as well as economically: the use of only one language, and that English, ought to facilitate maturity. Experiments with the New 1943 Constitution are in progress; universal suffrage was granted to all at twenty-one; and Government Works through an elected House of Representatives with an Executive Council of which the Governor is chairman over five of his own appointed members with five elected members. In the framework of the New Constitution independence was given impetus. In the first election in 1944 only one white candidate was successful and Bustamente's Labour Party won 22 out of 32 seats and Manley's leftish People's National Party won 5. Here is a nation in transition and for the first time feeling power coming into its hands, suggesting an independence which does credit to British administration, a transition with historical, economic, political, social, and spiritual considerations in the ferment of modern life. The tribute is mainly due to the cheerful hard-working negro. Brian Edwards said slaves were from the Dahomey Coast, from among the Fuli of Wydah, the Iboes of Benin, with Mandingoes and Koramantes, and preserving the folklore of Anancy the Spider who gave inspiration and solidarity to his people in a new land. Those negroes adapted themselves to an environment which they also adopted and turned the ideals of British traditions and justice to their own account. The social history and political refinements of Britain surely contributed to stirring the ferment in which the desire for independence came to the top.

Throughout the years Jamaica has been seeking to straighten the crumpled paper, and tourists who journey to the island to worship the sun, have found a people not too preoccupied with their own concerns to afford a welcome free from the threat of revolution or national disturbance. There have occasionally been eruptions, as every active volcano must at times give evidence of its life, but no serious outbreaks of lawlessness to

engender fear. A small island has desired to move peacefully to progress, and in these days there are those who think the best service to the people is in the independence of Federation with other West Indian islands. Federation would institute an independent state of some three million people (not a great number for an intended Dominion) living in widely scattered tiny islands having in common their discovery by Columbus, around about 1492, and their present inclusion in the British Commonwealth, probably not great common assets; but there is greater promise of Federation now than in any past period, though Jamaica has been federated with other West Indian Territories in the past, especially with British Honduras. Strong arguments are used in favour of Federation—the strategic advantage as a military base guarding the approach to Panama and thus to large areas of the British Commonwealth; the strength of an economic unity; the facilities for cheaper and easier travel; the value of trade and commercial agreements as well as many strange arguments to bolster the suggestion. There are just as powerful arguments used against the idea: that the distance between the islands, some of which are separated by thousands of sea miles, would make Federation inoperative; the different island tariffs and passport regulations could not find easy solution; widely separated constitutional practices would not yield to a common form of government, while internal domestic problems are so different in all the islands as to offer no hope of being understood by others. There are advocates of retaining the status quo rather than entering on the enterprise of Federation, yet in all islands the urge forward is active and independence claims the allegiance of the people.

Whatever the future holds for Jamaica, unemployment problems will be more acute in an increasing population accentuating difficulties now arising, but Jamaica gives a lead in one great achievement which offers hope to a troubled world. A multiracial people, with origins going back two centuries, and comprising European and negro, with other nationals such as Chinese and East Indians, imported first as indentured labour, have given evidence that there is a peaceful and purposeful solution to race relationships wherein race prejudice has no place. Lord Olivier said of this accomplishment: "I think that all Jamaicans should feel the ambition, as I myself feel it and feel it confidently for Jamaica, that she should furnish the leading case and the most illuminating and convincing example of how the problems of mixed racial communities can be most happily solved, of what sort of fellow-citizens and partners with Europeans in the future of a nation and of the world the African peoples breed". In independence and progress Jamaica gives a much needed example to the world of a multiracial people consolidating its influence and finding contented peace within its own borders.

FREDERICK PILKINGTON.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS

COLOUR-BLINDNESS—that is a pretty drastic description of a not uncommon affliction of otherwise normal-sighted people. Very few human beings are quite oblivious to all colours, seeing only a world of black-and-white, like a movie or a newspaper photograph, but

the abnormality is well enough known among all kinds of persons, and often lies undetected and unsuspected. Medical examinations, such as those for the Forces or certain occupations, frequently discover colour-blindness among men and women who never realised their limitations in this direction. Many more folk must also be colour-blind to some degree and never know it. Why is this so? Such a striking and ever-present thing as colour in the world seems to most of us to be something we should miss at once if we were ever deprived of it; yet since colour-blindness is nearly always only partial and is congenital and quite incurable, those so affected may easily live in ignorance of it. For after all, colour is really an arbitrary thing, intangible and quite beyond all normal means of description. If you doubt this, just try explaining the difference between yellow and blue to a blind man, *without* the use of comparison. Colours can, of course, never be properly described. Most of us know what they look like, yet we are incapable of telling others about them. So the people who are partially colour-blind have never known the reds or the greens or the purples they cannot see, and so usually remain blissfully unaware of the fact until some concrete test discloses the colour-blindness.

Before discussing the extent and peculiarities of colour-blindness, it is necessary to know something about colour. No object actually contains the colour by which we know it. Light is made up of a combination of colours, and when it falls on to any object, most colours of the spectrum are dependent on the wave-lengths of light and thus are absorbed by the surface of the object. Only one colour, or one combination of colours, is reflected, and this is the colour we see. Thus a blue flower absorbs all the light wave-lengths in white except blue, which it reflects back to our eyes, and so appears blue; white things reflect all the light and dead black things absorb all of it. It is therefore scientifically correct to say that colour, like alleged beauty, exists only in the eye and mind of the beholder. Most human beings can tell apart about 160 colour shades in ordinary daylight, all of which are made up of varying combinations of the three important primary colours, red, green and violet. A normal human eye has three lots of sensitive cells which recognise these three colours, and, of course, all their combinations. Colour-blind people have either only two of the three lots of cells, which usually means they cannot see reds or greens, or else a marked weakness in one or other of these groups of cells. Since defective colour vision has such a cause, there is nothing that can be done about it. Colour-blind people cannot become painters or textile designers or interior decorators, nor can they take up certain other jobs, but otherwise they suffer only a limited disadvantage. How many a woman whose husband can never seem to match a piece of material, or confuses the colours of clothes or wallpaper, has unwittingly discovered a degree of colour-blindness in the unsuspecting male?

For men are much more often colour-blind than women. The figures are roughly 4 per cent. of men and only 0.4 per cent of women. Yet since the affliction is born in people, it is also hereditary, and although a woman may have normal colour vision, her children may be partly colour-blind if her husband is. If, as occasionally happens, it is the woman who is affected, then her children will almost certainly also fail to recognise some colours. But few colour-blind folk need despair. Colour is such a strange

thing that apart from the loss of much beauty of a visual kind in the world—blue skies, or red sunsets, or green trees—colour-blindness, provided it does not affect one's means of livelihood, is not such a terrible calamity, for it is usually only partial. Colours are themselves capable of having differing interpretations put upon them: what to me is green to you is blue, or rather what we regard as green or blue, and furthermore, there are even fashions in colour interpretation. Impossible, you say? But throughout their literature the Ancient Greeks referred to the normal human face as green; and there is no reason to suppose that human complexions have altered as radically as all that. And Homer called the sea wine-red. It just shows how intangible and changeable colour ideas may be. Colour vision is developing and changing all the time over the ages.

Most colour-blindness is in the red-green range. Quite simple tests with coloured lights and cards reveal two variants of this: the matching of a bluish-red with a dark green and, more frequently, the matching of pink with pale green. Reds and greens appear muddy browns with only slight differences of shade. Very often partially colour-blind people will match all colours they are shown with other colours made up of only two of the three primary colours, which shows that they cannot recognise one of the primaries, usually red or green. People who cannot see blue are rarer, but this form of colour-blindness is much harder to detect, and may often pass unnoticed. The most ingenious way of testing for colour-blindness is for the person to be shown white cards on which numerals are picked out in red dots on a green background—or vice-versa—so that to normal eyes the figure is easily spotted, but to the colour-blind it is not noticed, or else seen only in part, like a 3 which is really an 8, the missing part being made up of dots of a colour not detectable by the faulty eyes.

Many clever people are colour-blind, but rarely do they appear in professions or spheres where a perception of colour is essential. Bernard Shaw was partially colour-blind, and knew it. The first person to draw attention to the disadvantages of colour-blindness in a scientific manner was John Dalton, the great eighteenth-century Quaker chemist, although the condition had been known for centuries before his time. He said that to him blood was bottle-green, and a laurel leaf was the same colour as sealing-wax. Quakers in his day objected to flamboyant colours, yet when he received the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws at Oxford, he wore the bright scarlet gown in the streets for several days, unaware of its conspicuous colour and the stir it produced among his fellow-Quakers. Indeed, the term Daltonism is now used to denote red-green blindness.

Whilst complete colour vision is to be desired, it is worth remembering that human beings score over many other inhabitants of the earth in this respect. Testing the colour perception of animals, birds, fish and insects is at best a tricky task, but we do know quite a bit about the subject now, thanks to the tireless efforts of many investigators in several countries, notably Britain, Germany and U.S.A. The most striking conclusion that emerges is that, with the exceptions of the monkeys and apes, no mammals see clear colours at all. Dogs, cats, horses, lions, elephants—none of them can register colours, only different shades of black, white and grey. Ever the proverbial bull who gets mad at red clothes or fluttering red rags see

none of the red in them. I hate to think how many million nervous people wearing red have studiously avoided interviews with bulls, all for nothing. If he feels like it, a bull will charge no matter what colours are dangled before him. Nor, too, do dogs tell things by their colours, not even their mistress's coat or gloves, or a favourite ball. Yet to us the drab world of greys and blacks cannot be too bad, since it is no worse than that we see in most films and press illustrations. The higher animals, the apes and monkeys, can tell most colours apart quite well. A rough-and-ready guide to colour vision in nature is whether the creatures themselves are brightly-coloured. Few mammals have really bright colours, for if they did they would not be seen by their own kind; the most gaudy mammals are the mandrills with their pink and blue skin patches, which have a sexual significance. But with birds, most of which are brightly-coloured, colour perception is particularly vivid. The appreciation of the bright colours of the cock bird plays a big part in avian courtship. Only blues and violets are less vividly seen by birds, and it is a striking fact that very few birds are wholly blue or violet in plumage colour, and then most brightly. Lizards and snakes see most colours, and fish have good, if limited, appreciation of yellows, reds and blues, while bees and other honey-seeking insects know blues and purples best. Flies know blue, too, and usually avoid it. Mosquitoes know yellows, blues and black, yet somehow seem to detest yellow, and also white, which are therefore the best colours for clothes in hot lands. Only frogs and one or two similar lower creatures appear to be completely colour-blind, but as they hunt solely by keenness of ordinary eyesight, as most mammals hunt by scent, they are not affected by their limitation. Only in the civilised human world, where signalling by red and green is now almost universal, do the colour-blind really meet with trouble, and possibly act as a source of real danger. No one who drives a car or a train, or pilots an aircraft or ship, can be relied upon if he or she is colour-blind in the red-green group.

DAVID GUNSTON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

MR. SELWYN LLOYD'S SIGNAL

LET it be remembered as a tribute to the services rendered by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State in the British Government, to his generation that on May 13th last, speaking in London before the sub-committee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission, he both sounded a warning and epitomised the essence of this all-important matter when he said: "We all share the belief that unless we can devise a scheme of mutually agreed, supervised, comprehensive disarmament, there is no hope for a lasting peace in the world". He thereby cut through all the craven-hearted muddle-headed nonsense that has been talked without a break on this matter for a whole generation. Indeed the subject of disarmament, truly and literally so-called, has not in our time been talked of at all in the diplomatic arena. The talk has been of what was postulated as the *reduction* and control of armaments. Mr. Selwyn-Lloyd was perhaps a

little ahead of his time when he assumed that his dogma was universally accepted. For nearly forty years indeed it has been almost universally rejected, alike by the political and the religious leaders. The latest evidence in the religious field was summarised in this section of the *Contemporary Review* last month.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's title to our gratitude may well prove to be that he has made many influential people begin to think a little more clearly. 'The explanation of the muddle in many people's minds—people who are sincere enough in their desire to contribute to a solution of the problem—is that fear, the old enemy to clear thinking, still bedevils them. On this matter of disarmament only a bold burning of the boats will serve. Unless it be agreed that there shall be no reservations, no back doors kept open for retreat, we shall get nowhere. The keynote is disarmament. Disarmament means the total scrapping of armaments of all kinds by all nations. The shocking thing is that since the first world war of the century, although every sane man and woman in the world has cried out against a repetition of the horror, not a single political or religious leader has dared to promulgate what Mr. Selwyn Lloyd postulated as "a system of mutually agreed, supervised, comprehensive disarmament". The talk, the speculation, the negotiation has unvaryingly been of the reduction and limitation of armaments.

It almost goes without saying that the talk has been equally invariably proved to be unprofitable and unproductive. The latest session in London of the sub-committee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission conformed to the chronic pattern of total failure. It was so proved because in its essence it was unsound. To "limit" armaments is to beat the thin air with a shuttlecock. Reason has given the true answer. Experience has given its judgment. Yet throughout the period that followed the 1914-1918 war the nations—all the nations without exception—have obstinately refused to accept it. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has at last had the courage to talk sense in this matter. He propounded the principle and postulated a system. He did not go on, as well he might, to translate the principle into practice and to elaborate the system. Maybe, if the principle be accepted, he knew that there would be no difficulty about the system; but in international affairs it is necessary for even the most devastating promptings of common sense to be promulgated, illustrated and argued in correspondingly elementary, even crude, detail. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd therefore might have made an actual detailed proposal.

The proposal almost formulates itself. Nothing could be simpler in the conception. The disarmed nations of the world—nations, that is, possessing neither armies nor navies nor airforces nor bombs nor armaments of any kind—should all be subject to a supervising controlling commission constituted by themselves; the commission's representatives should be permanently stationed in every capital; their only duty would be to guarantee and to certify that no armaments whatsoever were being manufactured. What could be simpler?

The cobalt bomb by itself, by its overpowering hypothesis of the alternative, almost imposes so simple a solution. The dream of a disarmed world at last merges into a potentially accomplished reality. Such a reality would not of course be synonymous with peace. It would have a merely

negative implication. It would mean only that war of the old crude type was ended, as the old crude type of slavery is ended. And would that not be enough as a step forward in our civilisation and in our generation? Conflict would not thereby be ended, any more than conflict between individuals is ended by an established national law which rules out mortal combat between those individuals. They quarrel, they pursue their quarrels by legal and other means; but they do not engage in the physical mass-slaughter of each other. In the world as it is, and as one must assume that God intended it to be, there is no such thing as peace except in the mystical individual sense of the peace of God—the peace that passes human understanding. Chaos and conflict, the human equivalent to thunder and lightning in the natural order: these things are the established condition of our life on earth, ordained by God and therefore good in their ultimate function. International war, by contrast, is the clear product of unnecessary human error, and is therefore a proper objective of human corrective. The moral law, which sustains man in his frailty, is of so wonderful a contrivance that it brings even man's frailty to man's rescue when his folly gets out of hand. War has got out of hand when the cobalt bomb intervenes; and the bomb has the overwhelming effect of saving man from his folly, though it be itself a product of his folly.

AN OBSTACLE

All very well, it may be thought; but what about Russia? This apparent snag is not so formidable as at first sight it might appear. It is true that the modern communist way of life is exclusively materialist and opportunist, owing no allegiance to any bond of truth, morality or conscience. How then is it to be bound to any system or undertaking? For more than a generation we have experienced the difficulty of making any progress at all in the field of high diplomacy because the Kremlin was not concerned with the possibility of agreement with the nations of the Christian west, nor left any doubt in western minds that if by any chance a formal agreement were to be entered into, it would represent in the Russian mind a mere stratagem for gaining time or screening the real Russian objective. When Mr. Molotov agreed with Mr. Hitler in the summer of 1939 about the division of the Polish spoils, Mr. Hitler knew that he could not thereby rely on Russia as an ally in the campaign for winning those spoils. When in the due course Hitler invaded Russia and Russia thereby became a co-belligerent with Britain against Germany, no sane person in Britain—true though it be that in war time sanity becomes almost non-existent—regarded Russia as an ally in any substantial or essential sense. Russia indeed was fighting two wars at the same time, one hot against Germany, one cold against Britain and the other western Powers. When that hot war ended no sane person was surprised that Russia continued the cold war against her so-called allies.

Since 1945 no agreement has been reached with Russia about anything. During those nine years we have not only witnessed the quite logical spectacle of Russia being a member of the United Nations and taking the opportunity given her by the terms of the Charter itself to defeat the purposes of the United Nations, and incidentally, with the same continuing logic, of fighting against the forces of the United Nations in Korea while still remaining a member of the United Nations: not only has that panto-

mimic spectacle been presented to us in the general field of international relations, but we have been able to observe its effects in the particular field of high diplomacy which has been concerned ostensibly with what was called disarmament.

In that matter, consistently with her general motive in affairs, Russia has adopted a policy aimed at abolishing atomic weapons on the one hand and retaining conventional weapons on the other, the intention on her part being obvious. Then why suggest that an international agreement, be sought which by its very nature must be universal to be effective, about this same matter of disarmament? The clarion-call quoted above from Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was made by him precisely at a meeting of the United Nations sub-committee held in London, at which a Russian delegation was present, and heard it. What sense then (it may be asked) is there in repeating the old substance before a Russian authority competent and determined to wreck it? The answer is simple. When disarmament as distinct from the limitation of armaments, is the subject of discussion, it becomes at once evident that the old Russian chicanery is robbed of its power; that Russia, so to speak, is morally disarmed in advance. Let a little easy exercise of the imagination be trained upon the hypothesis.

Out of the hypothesis a complete scheme of disarmament is promulgated by the western members of the United Nations, all of whom express their readiness without qualification to undertake the obligation: the obligation namely to disarm totally, immediately, permanently, no distinction being made between atomic and conventional weapons, no quibbling admitted, no navies, no armies, no airforces, no bombs, no armament factories being retained or allowed, a full international commission of inspection and control being envisaged to guarantee the full state of disarmament.

But Russia refuses? Alone of the states concerned, she refuses. Without Russian co-operation, the scheme falls through. What then? It may even be recalled that a precedent is available for our guidance. In our time a sort of proposal has once before been made about real disarmament. It was made with persistence from no other quarter than the Kremlin itself. Maxim Litvinov said in 1927, and repeated it in 1928, 1929 and 1932, that if the world wanted disarmament, all it had to do was to disarm, immediately, totally, permanently; abolishing all armies, navies and air forces, demolishing all factories manufacturing, or capable of manufacturing, armaments, sinking all existing warships, scrapping all existing munitions and materials of war, paying off all the general staffs. It sounded excellent, but was less excellent than it sounded. When he was asked why Russia went on piling up her own armaments, he did not give what would have been a reasonable answer, namely that Russia could not disarm unless and until a general agreement had been reached to disarm; no, what he said took away the breath of all who heard him, namely that even in an otherwise disarmed world it would still be necessary for Russia to be armed, because she was surrounded by enemies! The apparent flippancy of that answer merely confirmed the opinion then held, and still held, that Russia is a thorn in the flesh of all decent people. Whether Maxim Litvinov was playing a deliberate practical joke or was so bemused in his own mind with Kremlin insincerities and devilries, no one can tell.

But suppose a present initiative towards true full disarmament were

in its turn baulked by a flat or quibbling Russian refusal to conform, what then? The obvious answer is that if—the “if” is essential to the argument—the rest of the world were sincere about disarmament, it would be impossible for Russia to hold out against it.

There is no analogy with the Litvinov tomfoolery. The present hypothesis is that the initiative comes from the West. Russia's communist empires rest largely upon a foundation of dupes. There are millions of people throughout the world (a vast number of them are to be found in our own country) who play Russia's game because they imagine, having uncritically swallowed the Russian propaganda to that effect, that communism has something to offer in political philosophy, that in particular it serves the welfare of the depressed and exploited under-dog. Odd as it may be, there are those who do not, until it is too late, see through this gigantic fraud of Russia's claim. If a proposal for real disarmament were launched and advertised beyond the peradventure of misunderstanding on the part of the said depressed peoples, and if it were with equal clearness established that Russia was the self-confessed and self-condemned obstacle to the total abolition of war from the international practice—the masses of people throughout the world knowing in their hearts that war is a curse that blights their lives—then the disillusion about the tyrants of Moscow would sweep those tyrants into the abyss of obloquy from which there is no return. Russia could not stand out against a genuine worldwide demand for disarmament.

And if therefore she were constrained herself to disarm, there would be an immediate end of her whole empire. That empire depends upon armed force. The deliverance would be automatic and instantaneous. In other words it is palpably the case that the mere proposal, convincingly made with general support, for what Mr. Selwyn Lloyd on May 13th last called “a system of mutually agreed, supervised, comprehensive disarmament” would bring down the tyrants from their thrones and make every major problem of high diplomacy at this time amenable to reason as the means of settlement.

GIBRALTAR AS A TYPICAL EXAMPLE

As an instance of the sort of function that a system of disarmament could and undoubtedly would fulfil in the world, the present case of Gibraltar needs only a moment's inspection. The whole difficulty that ruffles Anglo-Spanish relations depends upon the fact of armed sovereignty. Without the existence of armaments there would be no problem at all. The existing state of tension between the two countries derives entirely from the habit of war between nations and the possession by them of armed forces.

How acute that tension has become can be readily gauged from an article written by General Franco himself after the recent visit paid by Queen Elizabeth to the Rock. The article was written under a pen-name in the newspaper *Arriba* of May 16th last. What General Franco wrote is perhaps worth quoting because it illustrates the sort of disturbance and bad blood, recrimination and vendetta engendered by the mere fact of armaments, without which there would be nothing to confound the relationship between the two countries, because the Rock would be valueless to Britain. He wrote that the Queen's visit to Gibraltar had still

further estranged the two countries and had "united Spaniards in the sad decision that Gibraltar shall not go on living at the expense of Spain, that the smuggling and speculation which are centred there shall cease once and for all, and the Spanish area surrounding Gibraltar shall no longer be the scene of the licentious recreation of the British soldiery". Of the Queen's visit he made this observation: "The Queen on her arrival at Gibraltar was surrounded by the bayonets of her soldiers and by the reinforcements of policemen sent out from Britain. No doubt the difference between the orderly life of Gibraltar and the comforts of its homes and the disorder of the sprawling town of La Linea, which can almost be touched with the hand from Gibraltar, was made clear to her. But no one will have volunteered to point out to Her Majesty that La Linea is the slum, and that Gibraltar is the equivalent of 'the city'; that Gibraltar throws its garbage into La Linea; that during two centuries Britain has exploited the misery of La Linea by giving lower pay to the workers from that town, and what is worse, has taken advantage of the necessity engendered by poverty to satisfy the animal desires of the soldiers and sailors of Her Majesty. If until now the slum lacked schools and churches, it did not lack dozens of disorderly houses or masonic lodges. Twenty years ago there were eighteen lodges which undermined the patriotism of the local people and aimed at making British influence eternal".

From such personal and individual sordities he went on to describe the economic implications: "And neither will anyone have explained to the distinguished lady that the prosperity of the Rock, from the thousands of pounds which the worthy Governor draws as pay down to the smallest municipal expenditure, comes from the official exploitation of the smuggling of goods into Spain. No one will have explained to the Queen that Gibraltar is the centre of all the smuggling on the south coast of Spain, and from it the British tax-collectors in Gibraltar are getting such a satisfactory income that it covers almost all the local expenses".

He then switched to the diplomatic aspect: "Spain continues to remember," he wrote, "that, at a time when Britain's position was grave, Mr. Churchill promised the Spanish Ambassador the return of the fortress of Gibraltar if Spain remained neutral".

Little is gained by counter-recrimination, counter-argument or dispute about the facts involved, whether historical, social, economic or diplomatic. On May 20th last Sir Winston Churchill, answering the inevitable question put to him in the House of Commons, flatly denied the truth of what General Franco had written. "No promises" said Sir Winston, "to cede Gibraltar to Spain were made during the late war". In these matters however facts have less weight than prejudice or sentiment. The treaties of Utrecht, Seville, Versailles (1713, 1729, 1783) have a merely irritant effect upon the growing Spanish nationalist feelings which demand Gibraltar for Spain. The only important fact is the vendetta.

There could be no vendetta if the world were disarmed. There would be no fortress at Gibraltar, no need for a fortress, no garrison, British or other. In that sense Gibraltar merely typifies every other strategic point in the world. There would be no strategic points if there were no armaments.

Almost the only problem on the material practical plain offered by the

prevailing world tension, confusion, chaos and mortal danger is that of ridding the world of the armaments held at the disposal of sovereign States. Without such armaments there would be no need for Foreign Offices or Foreign Ministers, but only for Consular Offices and Consular Ministers. And the money saved, now wasted, on the whole wicked business of the armed services, would handsomely wipe out the whole burden of distress among the "backward" peoples throughout the world.

July 11th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HITLER AND RIBBENTROP

No German book on National Socialist Germany has as yet been published which could be called really objective. Certain points mentioned by Dr. Hesse are arguable and will be argued for a long time to come; but his book is a serious effort to tell the whole story, and it contains much valuable information for which we must be grateful. He speaks of Hitler's ideological mistake with regard to Great Britain which, being a "Nordic" race, must be or become the natural friend of Germany, the other Nordic nation. The answer is given by Sir Samuel Hoare whom Dr. Hesse quotes as having said to Ribbentrop in 1935: "There can never be an understanding between a democracy and a totalitarian dictatorship. . . . The monstrous persecution of religion, the Jews, the German opposition, the violent acts of the S.A., and the ghastly regime of the S.S. are proof enough that Hitler was no other than Beelzebub." Dr. Hesse, who was a member of the German Embassy in London during those critical years, was of the opinion that "Great Britain would never approve of Germany conquering Eastern Europe and that such a policy must inevitably lead to war." He quotes what Lord Vansittart said to him in 1935: "You will not be able to prevent a war between Germany and Great Britain. Herr Hitler intends to make Germany the first power in Europe, and it is this that we cannot permit him to do. We shall try to dissuade him from his policy, but I fear we shall not succeed." Sir Horace Wilson said the same to him after Hitler's march into Poland, adding that Great Britain which had fought Napoleon for 22 years would fight Hitler a hundred years, if necessary. "Hitler has asked for this war, he shall have it." Hitler, we hear, was sure that Great Britain would not go to war. Had he not, he boasted, seen those "pitiable milksops" at Munich? "That man Chamberlain was shaking with fear when I uttered the word war. Can he be dangerous?" Himself, however, he called "the greatest man the German race has ever produced."

Dr. Hesse furnishes us with some important details about Ribbentrop which Hitler's Foreign Secretary fails to mention in his memoirs which he wrote in Nuremberg prison. It had come to Dr. Hesse's knowledge that the *London Illustrated News* had, in April, 1945, published some gruesome pictures of what the conquering Allied armies had found in Nazi concentration camps. It was very difficult for him, he tells us, to get hold of a copy, and when he had at last got one via Argentina he showed it to Ribbentrop and urged him to show it to Hitler. So he did, as Dr. Hesse afterwards learned from an eye-witness. Hitler was only "furious about that negligent and cowardly rabble of the S.D. (Security Service) who had not destroyed all traces of the concentration camps so that they could now be used as documentary proof by the enemy." Ribbentrop, however, was infuriated with Dr. Hesse in the presence of some minor officials: How could

he insult the Fuehrer with these "lies." Hitler had given his "word of honour" that this was the most impudent swindle ever heard of and that no word about these pictures was true."

When Hitler marched into Russia Dr. Hesse heard him say that "Germany would get her big colonial empire in the Ukraine which would be colonised and germanised in the next thousand years." And Ribbentrop, that innocent lamb according to his own memoirs, said to Dr. Hesse at the Eastern front: "Don't you know what orders the Fuehrer has issued for Eastern Europe? Here we shall not succeed with humanitarian nonsense, but only if we act brutally." Dr. Hesse alludes to "the unbelievable crimes committed by the Germans against the Russian civilian population. Hitler ordered his soldiers to treat the Russians as subhuman beings." On a later page he speaks of the "crimes perpetrated by the Russians in Germany." Does he not see that the latter were a retribution for the former? The godless Nazis perpetrated unspeakable crimes, and the godless Russians revenged themselves in the most ghastly manner. Dr. Hesse tells us of Ribbentrop's machinations during the last weeks of the Third Reich which Ribbentrop has suppressed in his memoirs. Hitler's Foreign Secretary looked for a possibility to divide the then Allied Powers. So he first tried the old Nazi trick again by letting the Western Powers know that Germany was a bulwark against Russia, and when this did not work with the West he reshaped his "plan" and prepared to tell the Russians (through an emissary) that the West would become too powerful, that Russia needed Germany to secure the peace, that "the National Socialist and the communist systems were akin." Ribbentrop, we read, became very enthusiastic about his new plan and told Dr. Hesse "how magnificently Stalin had received him, what fine fellows the Russians were, how straightforward and honest without a trace of hypocrisy and mendacity, as were the British."

J. LESSER.

Das Spiel um Deutschland. By Fritz Hesse. Paul List Verlag, Muenchen, 1953.

THE BRONTË LETTERS

Of Charlotte Brontë's first meeting with Mrs. Gaskell Muriel Spark tells us in her Introduction that "the latter came away with a fairly heart-rending account of Charlotte's history, not a little incommensurable with the facts. 'Tragic indeed as her life had been, Charlotte could not forbear to embellish the melancholy side of her existence; nor did she hesitate to distort the bleak actuality of the Brontë household, knowing that her tale intrigued to the full the popular novelist in Mrs. Gaskell'. Fuller knowledge of the family at Haworth never quite eradicated the impression which Mrs. Gaskell then received, so that her panegyric biography rather insists upon the 'sob-story', to the detriment of calm analysis. Another disadvantage is that it presents us to the Brontë family substantially through Charlotte's eyes, who 'edited' her information to a sly and partly egotistic end. Those who have felt these incidental drawbacks to that public door-way to the Brontës will welcome Mrs. Spark's one-volume selection of the Brontës correspondence. Here, without interference, two generations of the Brontës are left to record their essential tale. Here we read of Charlotte's mother writing to her husband-to-be, "I have been subject to no control whatever. . . . It is pleasant to be subject to those we love"—a pattern to which her daughter conformed, as Mrs. Spark points out, when she describes her independent heroines finding love in their submission to even stronger personalities. Here, too, in the letters of the Brontë parents, we note a fascinated observation of the elements in a state of storm; an interest which Charlotte and Emily elaborated in their novels. "Time and again", writes Mrs. Spark, "the sisters described some cataclysmic event of nature as a sympathetic manifestation of some inner personal tempest."

Amongst the children's letters we chiefly remark what Mrs. Spark aptly terms the "polygonal shape of Charlotte's personality", altering its style and content according to the recipient. "To Ellen [Nussey] she gave few confidences and much gossip; to her father, she was respectful, conventional, and patient; to Emily, gay and confiding; and to Branwell, she appears frank, sisterly, sometimes slangy. In her letters to eminent writers and literary friends, Charlotte made an effort to give the best of her intelligence while preserving a subtle appearance of modesty." Emily, in her infrequent showings (two 'birthday papers' and one short letter) is surprisingly downright and matter-of-fact, reserving her gift of self-expression for her novel and her poems. Anne, amidst the trials and exhaustion of the consumptive disease which killed her, retains her tempered eighteenth-century calm, a tender and poised civility which has not yet received its due. Lastly, Branwell—the ne'er-do-well son—is seen as ineffectual from first to last, whether in penning eloquent appeals to coldly indifferent editors, or in scrawling a sad besotted request for "Five pence worth of Gin in a proper measure". Mrs. Spark, a known Brontë scholar and critic, who has published two works on Emily, provides a model Introduction. Her writing is graceful, her judgments pithy, and her summary of the Brontë drama full of vivid and original lights.

DEREK STANFORD.

The Brontë Letters. Edited by Muriel Spark. Peter Nevill, 13s. 6d.

THE EPIC

The epic ceased to be a living form in the nineteenth century, and is not likely to revive in the predictable future. Dr. Tillyard recognizes the neglect into which it has fallen when he says that "it may seem an act of folly to write today on the epic at all. . . . The long poem itself is out of favour; and the suggestive item, not the large contour, is the typical vehicle of modern poetic emotion." But in its day the epic was considered the noblest achievement of the human mind, and the *Aeneid* in particular was so highly esteemed that to emulate it in the vernacular tongue was the greatest glory that could be desired, both for himself and for his country, by an Italian, Spanish, French or English poet of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Camoens, and Milton are the peaks of this Himalaya of letters, and the challenge it offers to explorers has been bravely met by Sir Maurice Bowra and Dr. Tillyard, two of our most eminent scholars. Dr. Tillyard's book, the result of nearly twenty years' work, has the amplitude of the epic itself. It is primarily concerned with the English epic, but as Dr. Tillyard studies the subject in relation to its European background, his book really becomes a history of the European epic of which the English epic is a chapter. Beginning with Homer and the Greek historians it passes on to Virgil and the Latin historians, then through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance until it concludes with the neo-classic writers of the eighteenth century—Milton alone of the English writers is prominent against the European background. Dr. Tillyard surveys the English field with expert knowledge, noticing all relevant works and giving special attention to those seven which he considers the best English epics: Langland's *Piers Plowman*, Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, Bunyan's *The Holy War*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Pope's *Iliad*, and Gibbon's *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He introduces an element of novelty into his treatment by differentiating heroic literature from epic, and he defines the essential epic requirements as high seriousness, amplitude, controlled organisation, and choric or representative spirit. Homer and Virgil are thus found to be both heroic and epic, Dante and Milton epic but not heroic. There will be general agreement on this, but not on Dr. Tillyard's inclusion of the *Faerie Queene*, *Arcadia* and *Holy War* in his list of the best English epics. His comments on these works, made with much skill

and learning; enhance their general literary worth, but do not raise them to the epic status. It would indeed be surprising in so wide-ranging a book if some of the conclusions were not controversial, and it only remains to add that here is an outstanding work of scholarship which will demand consideration for a long time to come.

J. C. GHOSH.

E. M. W. Tillyard. *The English Epic and its Background*. Chatto and Windus, 25s.

SHAKESPERIAN EMENDATIONS*

Mr. Howard Parsons, who has devoted many years of study to the problems of Shakespearian texts, with a thorough knowledge of the various critical editions, and of emendations from the time of Dr. Johnson onward, here publishes some of his conclusions in book form. Some part of it had already appeared in literary Reviews, while an earlier brochure had dealt with three of the Plays. Seven others are examined here, among them *As You Like It* in some detail. Mr. Parsons may fairly claim to have achieved his aims as set forth in his Preface, of elucidating obscure passages and emending printers' errors; he holds his readers' interest in his methods throughout. It is unfortunately impossible in a brief review to set out the reasoning that leads him to substitute one word for another, to alter punctuation, or re-arrange lines, and a mere list of such substitutions would be meaningless. Many of his suggested emendations are highly ingenious and, we feel, convincing, though the tone of his pronouncements tends perhaps to be slightly pontifical at times. In some instances the argument is based on Shakespeare's use of the given word in other passages. An important chapter deals with the history of the First Folio (1623), notorious for its mass of errors and corrupt readings: these Mr. Parsons shows to be the fault of the printers, Blount & Jaggard, not of the publishers, Shakespeare's friends Condell and Heminge, who protested bitterly about them, but unavailingly, as they could not afford the expense of a wholesale correction. Our author identifies the "I.M." who contributes one of the introductory poems with a certain James Mervyn, who alludes to them in a Prologue to a play of Shirley's (1638). An attractive non-Shakespearian essay shows how the imagery of *Kubla Khan* is largely inspired by *Paradise Lost*, especially Book IV; Milton, and Coleridge after him, had studied Purchas' *Pilgrimes*.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

**Shakespearian Emendations and Discoveries*. By Howard Parsons. Ettrick Press, 10s. 6d.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY POETRY

English poetry of the seventeenth century has been so thoroughly explored already that a new book about it cannot normally be expected to shed much new light on its major aspects. The most rewarding parts of Mr. Cruttwell's book are indeed those which deal with some minor poet, such as Lord Herbert of Cherbury, or with some minor aspect of a major poet. His abounding enthusiasm and his wide knowledge serve him best when he is elucidating matters of detail, making his points with quotations as remarkable for their variety as for their aptness. Readers will enjoy accompanying him into the fields of contemporary politics and theology, although these excursions make the book somewhat formless and repetitive. Mr. Cruttwell is interested in content rather than in form, in the background of the poetry rather than in the poetry itself, and in those works of a poet which suit his theory rather than in the whole works. He indicates the limitations of his book by saying that it makes no pretence of being a history of seventeenth century poetry, and that the most it might claim is that it suggests a theory of its course. The theory briefly is that, corresponding to the two great types of mind between which the age was divided, there were two main

types of poetry, the Shakespearian and the Augustan. The former found its supreme expression in Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest* and in Donne's *Anniversaries*; and the years 1609-12 when these were written are the "Shakespearian moment". This type is described as metaphysical and dramatic, sceptical and tragic, aristocratic and Anglo-Catholic, and a descendant of mediaeval native traditions. Milton and Dryden are taken as representatives of the Augustan type which came to the fore after 1660, and is described as Puritanic and democratic, introspective and hostile to the drama, and dominated by the rational, scientific and neo-classic spirit of the Renaissance. A theory of so complicated a subject is bound to be incomplete, but Mr. Cruttwell's is over-simplified and loaded with exceptions, and at best suggestive rather than persuasive. Scepticism is taken as a distinguishing characteristic of the Shakespearian type, although it strongly influenced Dryden, an Augustan. Dryden is denied his rightful place in the colloquial tradition of the poetry; and Milton's language after 1660 is found to be expository and argumentative, although it is the medium of *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, three of the world's greatest imaginative works. The reason why Anglo-Catholicism should have fostered poetic tragedy is not made clear, or why the Puritan doctrine of predestination should have destroyed it; there is nothing specifically Anglo-Catholic or even Christian, in Shakespeare; and *Samson Agonistes*, one of the world's greatest poetic tragedies, was written by a Puritan. All this is the more regrettable in a book which offers ample evidence of a lively and sensitive response to poetry.

J. C. GHOSH.

Patrick Cruttwell. *The Shakespearian Moment*. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

OFFICIAL RECORDS OF FLYING SAUCERS

Flying Saucers from Outer Space, by Donald Keyhoe, is a serious book despite its sensational dust-cover, and the English publishers have done it a disservice in thus disguising it as science-fiction. It describes the official records of sightings of Unidentified Flying Objects by Air Force pilots in the U.S. and the author, who flew on active service with the U.S. Marine Corps., has had 29 years experience in observing aeronautical developments. Indeed the American edition reproduced in facsimile on its wrapper an important letter authorising Major Keyhoe to make use of official reports, referring to him as a "responsible accurate reporter" who had long co-operated with the Air Force. Considering the wayward policy of the U.S. Air Force in alternately courting and avoiding publicity on this mysterious subject, they might have added that he had the patience of Patient Griselda. It was Keyhoe who produced the first documented account of the so-called "Flying Saucers" in the U.S. magazine *True* which received world-wide publicity. I read an account of this article in a Belgian paper in 1950 and from that day on have kept an eye open for news of the elusive discs. Since then I have collected accounts of sightings in France, Germany, Brazil and other countries including some very interesting ones from Australia (June, 1954) as well as England. All these accounts describe the same strange things so that this is clearly a world-wide phenomenon and not primarily an American one, though the U.S. Air Force has made a closer study of it than anyone else. I have watched with interest the contortions through which the Department of Defence in Washington have gone in their efforts to dissuade the public from asking awkward questions.

What are these Flying Saucers? We do not know, but it is clear that they exist, are unexplained, and that while the Americans speak of 2,000 sightings, the figure for the whole world is in all probability more like 5,000. Briefly, Keyhoe has believed from the start that these "visitors" in our skies could not be

accounted for by ordinary terrestrial means—that they originated from elsewhere. Everything in his new book confirms this startling hypothesis. Written in an air-force-jargon-pedestrian style, it is not easy reading, but the matter contained in it is extraordinary. What, he asks, are the silvery discs if not controlled space-ships, emanating from a mother-ship (this is the cigar-shape sometimes seen) sending out remote-controlled reporters or television eyes (expendable discs sometimes only a few inches across) and propelled by unknown, silent power? For they are able to fly faster (some say up to 40,000 miles an hour) and more slowly (hovering, on occasion) than we can and to do dazzling acceleration, “tight turns” and quick exits which leave the radarscope a blank.

Some of the most dramatic pages describe a Press Conference at Washington, with the Information Officers putting off the journalists with soft words, while the air above the city was simply filled with these things, appearing and disappearing on the radar screens. Then, as the jets arrived, they disappeared, and as the jets departed, they reappeared. (From where? Perhaps from higher up.) On another page we have a description of Air Force pilots *above* the saucers, computing their speed and size in relation to the country below. (Eight machines about 100 ft. in diameter, travelling at 12,000 miles an hour, in echelon, at 2,000 ft.) Major Keyhoe is to be congratulated on getting the U.S. authorities to disgorge some of their treasure trove. What we should now like to see is the strip of film of the saucers in formation executing their astonishing manoeuvres. For now that we know they are plotted on the radar screen and simultaneously seen by men in the air, it is hard to escape the conclusion that the Flying Saucers are real. And when they are plotted travelling at 12,000 miles an hour and more, it seems difficult to believe they do not come from outer space.

JANET LEEPER.

Flying Saucers from Outer Space. By Major Donald Keyhoe. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

* * *

Wellington and his Army, by Godfrey Davies (Blackwell, 18s.), is a tribute of admiration to the great Duke as a human being, not a study of his campaigns, though his military genius is illustrated in the chapter entitled *Wellington the Soldier*. The book owes its origin to the author's conviction that Sir Charles Oman's monumental work on the Peninsular War did a good deal less than justice to his character. The result of his prolonged studies has been to discover that, while outwardly cool and reserved, he possessed a warm heart and, though not easy to know, inspired devotion among those who knew him well, and was a favourite with children. “He was a sensitive man with strong feelings which he schooled himself to keep under control”. Of course he had his failings and a temper which sometimes made him rude and unjust, and, like other commanders, he had his favourites. The army was full of black sheep as well as heroes, and the heroes were sometimes black sheep themselves. Living sometimes for years in a foreign country with few comforts and diversions, many, if not most, found their only solace in drink. A few lucky ones, chosen by lot, were allowed to have their families, and women of various types were seen in the officers' quarters. That the Duke's marriage was a failure was known to everybody, and there were stories about his relations with women, most—perhaps all—of which were without foundation. The impression left by this book is that of a fine nature, dedicated to his duty and with an unfailing sense of honour. Though not a military biography, the most arresting pages are devoted to Waterloo where his genius, aided by the lucky accident that he was not a casualty, saved us from what might have been a crushing defeat. The veterans under his command, whether or not they liked him, believed that he was invincible and that when “Nosey” was there all would be well. We can never hear too much about him.

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INDO-CHINA, EGYPT AND PERSIA

THREE important events in recent weeks have taken place in world affairs. The first is the settlement in S.E. Asia and the end of the war in Indo-China; the second is the signing of the heads of agreement between Great Britain and Egypt on the Suez Canal; the third is the signing of the Anglo-Iranian Oil agreement. On the face of it all three seem to indicate that the world is passing into a more tranquil phase. No doubt some satisfaction along these lines can with justification be claimed. On the agreements with Egypt and Persia this is certainly the case, but over the Indo-Chinese war settlement one's feelings are more mixed. For here we come up against the full force of the Communist world pressing against the soft under-belly of the Western world. Agreement has been reached, but we may be pardoned if the thought comes to us that the Western world may be like the “Lady of Riga” and perhaps she may be taking a ride this time on a Chinese Dragon.

On the face of it the settlement seems reasonable with even a show of generosity on the part of Viet-minh. But one soon remembers that generosity is not shown in international affairs without the expectation of a *quid pro quo*, and this is more particularly true in dealings with Communist states. For the plain fact has to be faced that France was beaten by Viet-minh with Chinese military and Russian diplomatic aid. Sooner or later Viet-minh could have conquered the whole of Indo-China, but it decided to be content with half. We must consider therefore carefully the reasons for this apparent moderation.

It was clearly becoming impossible for French and Viet-nam forces to have held ground against a population increasingly hostile to them. Bien Dien Phus were springing up all over the place and garrisons were being isolated even in the South. French colonial tradition has always considered the colonies either as part of metropolitan France or qualifying to become part, and France has never understood the British idea of Dominion status. The French system does not seem to work and it certainly did not in Indo-China. Political deterioration had set in for some time, and even moderate Nationalists had gone over to Communism. Viet-minh wanted to record the military situation by the unification of Indo-China under the Communist banner. But China—and even more Russia—has been playing a much more subtle game and has pressed Viet-minh to moderate her demands at Geneva. First of all they are probably calculating that Southern Viet-nam will fall to Viet-minh anyway in the general election in two years time. Much depends of course on whether Viet-nam with French backing proves capable of a progressive policy which will raise the people's material standards. If they can, they may retain South Indo-China. Moreover the Communists in North Indo-China will have to go warily and eschew collectivisation of agriculture and terror purges if they are to avoid a reaction against them.

when the election comes. They will probably try and postpone these measures till after the two years, but their hands may be forced by events.

I said in my last article in June that Communist China would have to weigh the advantages of obtaining recognition of her international status with the policy of the expansion of Communism in S.E. Asia, but since then it is clear that she is still thwarted of her first objective. The Republican majority in Congress has forced the hand of the President, and the Administration and China is barred entry into UNO still. But Chou Enlai's successful visit to India, Europe and Russia has enhanced China's prestige throughout the world, and no doubt Peking is prepared to wait. As for Russia the pattern of the Kremlin policy is now more clearly emerging. Molotov is aiming to break up the Western front and isolate America. If the first days of Viet-minh intransigence at Geneva had continued, even Nehru might have been persuaded to join the Western Powers in resistance to Communism. But intransigence gave way under Russian pressure to a whispering campaign that if only the Americans were left to themselves to sulk, the rest of the West would find Moscow and Peking quite reasonable. So the neutral world in Southern and South East Asia is impressed by the more reasonable attitude of Russia which shows a marked improvement on the brutality and crudeness of the Stalin era. This moreover is not going to make it easy to organise a defence system against Communism in S.E. Asia. Under the armistice terms anyway both parts of Indo-China are prohibited from joining it: Siam would no doubt come in, but Burma would be doubtful and India certainly hostile to anything that would put her into a situation where she would be committed to one side and would not be able to act as a mediator. So S.E. Asia defence is likely to be confined to the Western Powers, Australia, New Zealand, Siam and the Philippines, and it is difficult to see what sort of military plans could be prepared for a set-up of this kind. It would seem that forward air bases, naval stations and garrisons would be confined to Malaya and possibly Siam.

This sort of situation is favourable to a policy, which the Kremlin seems to be reviving now, of building up all along the frontiers of the Communist world a chain of neutral, buffer states. Such buffers would be South Indo-China, Burma and India in S.E. Asia, Persia in the Moslem world of the Middle East and in Europe Germany. Here we see the master hand of the Kremlin. Like Tsarist Russia of old this great Eur-Asian power looks at its frontiers over many thousand miles and decides to have a common policy along the whole length of it. For the moment it seems that the direct advance of Communist frontiers is not sought. Rather let the creation of these neutral states increase dissension in the Western world. It will foster illusions about the "reasonableness of Russia". It will play on the nostalgic yearning of ordinary people in India, France, Britain and indeed the world over for a quiet life, peace and security and an end to talk about the hydrogen bomb. In Britain of course the Labour Party is good game for this policy. It has its pacifist and lunatic fringe and plenty of muddled thinking in the constituency parties and in some of the smaller unions. Anti-Americanism in this quarter is growing since the Republicans came to power because it is felt that they are compromising peace. As for Russia there is always the tendency to make allowances for

her which are not made for America. The Communists who opposed Tsarism cannot be so bad after all. There is plenty of wishful thinking in the Labour Party and a refusal to realise that the great Slav Power in Eastern Europe and Northern Asia never changes fundamentally, and, whether it is inspired by Slavophil or Communist ideas, presses outward from its continental centre to the seaboard of the South, East and West, ready to absorb any weak parts of the free world of the West or of the naive new Nationalisms of the East.

But France of course is even better game for the Kremlin. Here is not just one party or a section of a party that is gullible as in Great Britain but a large part of a whole nation, a section of the middle class as well as of the working class. There are members of the Government who are ready to listen too, and the Kremlin is definitely hoping to detach France from the NATO powers and bring her and West Germany into a state of neutrality in the cold war. The lever used by Russia to attain this end is the age-long French fear of Germany. At all costs France must be prevented from ratifying E.D.C. Then a reaction in Germany may bring about the fall of Dr. Adenauer, a Government of the Right, and a readiness to treat with the East. That would be the end of West Germany's close association with the Western Powers. Then it would be proposed that Germany should be united, all foreign armies should be withdrawn from Germany, the Russians behind the Oder, the Americans across the Atlantic, leaving Russia still within striking distance of the Channel ports. Then Germany would be reunited and a vacuum, a buffer state, as Indo-China is, and as it is hoped, that Burma, India and Persia will become in Asia. Under this set-up of course Russia would become the real master of Europe. And furthermore the buffer could also become the spring-board according to circumstances. But the difficulty of this policy for Russia is going to be to decide if the buffers are going to be really independent or whether they should be brought in ultimately as satellites after all. It is the old dilemma that always faces Russia. Is she out for the defence only of her Eur-Asian Slav world by the creation of a neutral zone, where no hostile bases that could strike at the heart of Russia can be created, or is she going to fulfill her mission, as is laid down in the Holy scripts of Marxism, and spread the Gospel of Communism throughout the world, wherever the ground is favourable?

The keeping of West Germany in association with the West is thus a matter of life and death for the free world, and with this of course E.D.C. is closely connected. The prospects of its ratification by France are as uncertain as ever. The Labour Party is split from top to bottom on this issue. Moreover the opponents of E.D.C. are by no means only the Bevanite Left but have recruits from all shades of opinion in the party. It is an emotional phenomenon which must be seriously reckoned with because, however wrong-headed it may be, it is deeply sincere. But, as there are no men like Ernest Bevin among the Labour leaders now, this sort of situation is more serious. One can only hope that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison will stick to their guns and resign their leadership, if the Party Conference in October orders them to scrap E.D.C. or do what in their heart of hearts they know is wrong. This might face the whole movement with a crisis in which the common sense of the trade unions

and of many of the older and more experienced local Labour Parties would come to the fore again. One thing however is plain. It is impossible to prevent a country like West Germany from attaining its sovereignty. It has a strong Government backed by a public opinion represented in a freely elected parliament. It has reconstituted its economy and its goods are sold again throughout the world. One cannot refuse such a state the right to have armed forces, especially if they are to be under international control. The task is to ensure that West Germany remains linked to the West. Germany cannot be a vacuum and cannot be neutralised. If she becomes Russia's buffer, she will ultimately become Russia's satellite.

Meanwhile one can get genuine satisfaction about the provisional agreement with Egypt. For years this quarrel has poisoned relations between the two countries and prevented whole-hearted co-operation between the West and the Arab countries. It has played Russia's game in making the Arab world a neutral zone in the cold war. It has given Egypt the moral leadership of the Arab League which has not been to the liking of Iraq or Jordan. One hopes the agreement will strengthen the Nguib-Nasser regime in Egypt against the sinister influences that have dominated the country for so long. For this soldier regime in Cairo is the only one that has any chance of leading Egypt out of its social and economic difficulties. Egypt needs foreign capital and other assistance, and that is not likely to come till the Canal Zone quarrel is settled. Moreover the agreement envisages a new outlook on defence. In this atomic age to keep vast quantities of stores and equipment in one vulnerable spot is asking for trouble. Defence against an enemy in the North is better organised from several bases scattered about in friendly countries like Turkey and Iraq with air fields and naval bases arranged on a broader front than at present. The Canal Zone will no doubt still have its uses. But the key to the defence of the East Mediterranean is Turkey with her strong military tradition and her stable political system.

Another cause for satisfaction is the signing of the oil agreement with Persia. This brings to an end the unhappy story of the last three years. Fortunately now an international consortium representing the oil interests of the world are taking over the exploitation of Persia oil, and this will create the impression in Persia that the whole world and not just one powerful company is interested in Persian oil. A complicated formula preserves the oil as a Persian national asset and leaves the installations and the refinery in Persian hands, but their working will be through companies registered abroad with some Persians on the boards. This is the only way that Persian oil can easily get on the world markets again. Compensation is paid to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. but the method is rather obscure. The Persian Government has its own public opinion to satisfy and yet it seems unlikely that any neighbouring Arab state will see in the agreement a reason why it should want to imitate what Persia has done over the last three years. For the Persian treasury is bankrupt, and only now will it be possible to restart the plans prepared in 1950 for economic development and social improvement in the country.

It is satisfactory to note that in these two Middle East settlements close co-operation has been the order of the day between Great Britain and the United States. That cannot unfortunately be said about Anglo-American

relations in the Far East. But even here the differences should not be exaggerated. They come not from any fundamental disagreement on the need to resist Communist advance in Europe and Asia but rather because the situations that arise between the Communist and the Western worlds are judged from different angles. The Americans tend to look on all international questions as questions of morality. Hence they cannot with ease even negotiate with Communists, because they think them outside the pale of civilisation. The Puritan and somewhat intolerant spirit of the early New England settlers is still alive and has been accentuated by long periods of isolation from the world which ran from the foundation of the Republic to the entry of the United States into the two World Wars. When participation in world affairs was forced on the United States, she had had little experience of handling intricate international problems. Great Britain on the other hand has had great experience and tends rather too much in the other direction, to seek negotiations as an aim in itself, to compromise and to lose sight of the fundamental moral issues. It is vital that these two points of view should be expressed at international gatherings and that Great Britain and the United States should continue to make their contributions to the ideas which form the policy of the Western Powers. For years to come we must continue this co-operation. For the Communist world is going to be with us for a generation or more, though possibly later in a modified form. A struggle of ideas, fought in the language of diplomacy, must have behind it armed force and a will to use it. Only then will it be possible to stop the Communist Powers from imposing their will on the weaker nations of the world. A war of ideas backed by material force, held in readiness, is going to be our lot for a long time ahead. So far it has not landed us in a new World War and there is no reason why it should.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

FRENCH POLICY IN TUNISIA

LESS than a fortnight after the signature of the armistice agreements which put an end to the war in Indo-China, M. Mendès-France made his dramatic journey to Tunis to announce home rule (*autonomie interne*) for Tunisia.

This further example of M. Mendès-France's liking for quick and decisive action was at the same time evidence of the general character of the mission of his Government. His purpose was to clear away the mass of difficulties which had accumulated by the neglect or mishandling of problems and the repeated postponement of solutions. Indo-China, North Africa, the E.D.C. all figured in his declaration of policy. At the same time he put forward a comprehensive scheme of reform of the French economy, a fundamental task for which the settlement of these outstanding difficulties was meant to open the road. The spectacular aspect of his procedure may have occasioned some misunderstanding of his aim. Perhaps the most revealing thing in his report of the Geneva Conference was his explanation of the four weeks "bet". This was

anything but a mere sporting gamble. The military situation in Indo-China had deteriorated so rapidly that if war had continued beyond the four weeks it would have been necessary to reinforce the army by sending out conscript troops from France, a measure which would have been ominous and unpopular. The Prime Minister's visit to Tunis was intended to give an unmistakable solemnity to the message from the Government which he handed to the Bey. Further to mark the sense of his gesture M. Mendès-France was accompanied by Marshal Juin, whose prestige in Tunisia is very great, largely in consequence of his command of North African troops in the Italian campaign in the later stages of the war. It was intended to differentiate this proclamation of internal autonomy "without *arrière-pensée*" from the long series of Government declarations of liberal principles which had been followed by a reluctance to apply them without reserve. No doubt, also, the presence of Marshal Juin was designed to give the Government moral support against the critics in various sections of the French political world who had shown uneasiness about what was known of M. Mendès-France's proposals.

Not that the proclaimed home rule was instituted there and then. On the eve of the Tunis visit the Prime Minister's office had been at pains to calm apprehensions by announcing that at that moment it was simply a question of opening negotiations. The purpose at this stage, in fact, was to facilitate the formation of a representative Tunisian Government with which it would be possible to negotiate. This preparatory work was done largely by M. Christian Fouchet, the Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs. Obviously with French approval the man chosen to form the new Tunisian Government was M. Tahar Ben Ammar. Tunisian nationalist, Franco-phile, M. Ben Ammar has hitherto kept out of active politics, though interested in public affairs. Aged sixty-nine, a large agriculturist, president of the Tunisian Chamber of Agriculture, he is widely respected as a man of public spirit and a moderating influence. In his Cabinet of ten he chose four members of the Neo-destour party. One of these, M. Mongi Slim, seems to have acted as intermediary between the Cabinet and the Tunisian nationalists at present in exile, including M. Habib Bourguiba, whom M. Mendès-France has described as "without doubt the moving spirit of the Neo-destourian party." Meeting at Geneva the political bureau of the party declared in favour of participation, and M. Bourguiba himself facilitated the formation of the Ministry. In general the Ministers are new men who have not participated in the more violent activities of recent years. The Cabinet is representative, moderate elements predominating. The Minister of Labour is a Socialist. The Government will include, during the negotiations for a permanent arrangement, four French directors, dealing with finance, public works, education and the post office.

In the message which he handed to the Bey on July 31, M. Mendès-France made it clear that France will continue to assure the security of the country and its international relations in accordance with the Bardo treaty of 1881. Speaking before the National Assembly on August 10 he summarised the three aspects of the future Tunisian arrangements: internal autonomy, diplomatic and military union, the guarantee of the rights of the French population in Tunisia. M. Fouchet has explained

that these arrangements are to take the form of seven conventions now to be negotiated with the Ben Ammar Government. They will cover cultural, military, diplomatic and judiciary questions, co-operation in the plan of modernisation, administrative and technical co-operation in the public services and the customs union. The point to which criticisms or doubts have been mainly directed is that of the security and the future position of the French population (which M. Fouchet estimated at about 200,000 in a total population of something over 2,000,000). As for their immediate security the new Resident-General, General Boyer de la Tour, an experienced administrator, will exercise both civil and military authority with undiminished powers during the period of negotiation. For the future, M. Fouchet has insisted that the conventions will give them protection on a juridical basis which has not previously existed.

Whatever may be the later consequences of these dramatic moves of policy the first reactions in Tunisia itself appeared to be favourable as a whole. Disorders seemed to be diminishing and among Tunisians comments showed a wide movement in favour of acceptance of the plan of internal autonomy. Opinion among the French population betrayed anxiety, which was expressed by spokesmen in Paris. In Parliament there was a considerable dislike of the scheme among those to whom any adaptation of the French position in Tunisia would be regarded as a policy of "abandonment". The whole policy of the Government in North Africa was set down for a thorough debate, but a preliminary discussion on August 10 was the occasion of a vote of the National Assembly in which the Government obtained a comfortable majority. It would be a mistake to suppose that the general purpose and effect of the policy is a resigned retreat from the world position of France. The aim is to adapt the out-of-date "colonial" policy frankly and unequivocally to the new distribution of forces in the world and to the conditions created by the evolution of the peoples of the French Protectorates. It is not defeatism but the search for a new equilibrium. A settlement of all these external affairs, if they resulted in a stable equilibrium, would enable France to put her own economy in order and recover financial independence, which is an essential purpose. In external policy the most difficult decision which the Mendès-France Government had to make was that concerning the E.D.C. This threatened all along to divide the Ministry, and when, finally, the Government's proposals concerning ratification were communicated to the other five Signatories of the treaty for discussion three ex-Gaullist Ministers resigned.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

THE NEW BALKAN PACT

THE signing of a twenty-year Balkan Pact (or, to give it its official name, the "treaty of alliance, political co-operation and mutual assistance") in Bled between Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia is an important event in the modern history of south-eastern Europe. The hitches and difficulties that occurred during the final stages of the

negotiations were due partly to old suspicions and animosities, but also partly to the fact that the three countries do not appear to have tackled from the beginning the problems which flow from Yugoslavia's non-participation in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. As a result the automatic military action clauses of the original draft of the pact had to be toned down and brought into line with Greek and Turkish obligations to the larger group. The crucial clauses of the treaty are Articles 2 and 6. In Article 2 the three countries have agreed that "any armed aggression against one, or several of them, at any part of their territories, shall be considered as an aggression against all the contracting parties, which, in consequence, exercising the right of the legitimate individual or collective defence . . . shall individually or collectively render assistance to the party or parties attacked, undertaking in common accord and immediately all measures, including the use of armed force, which they shall deem necessary for efficacious defence." Article 6 deals with developments elsewhere which might, directly or indirectly, menace the security of the Balkans, and with other mutual assistance obligations undertaken by Greece and Turkey; in both these contingencies there will be consultations between the three signatories. All these legal and theoretical refinements are likely to be engulfed by the tremendous chain of events which would bring into force either the NATO treaty or the Balkan Pact. A "local" war, in Europe at any rate, seems unthinkable.

In spite of all difficulties the new Balkan agreement has been brought about in very auspicious circumstances. A rapid glance at the rather sad and chequered history of south-east European alliances will show how true this is. The Entente concluded in 1934 between Turkey, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Greece was mainly directed against Bulgarian revisionist claims. The four signatories pledged themselves to guarantee each other's frontiers. Bulgaria was invited to join, but refused on the grounds that her participation would confirm frontiers which were unacceptable to her. No invitation was sent to Albania, presumably because the signatories considered her to be within the Italian sphere of influence. One fundamental weakness in the Entente appeared at the beginning when Greece appended to her instrument of ratification a statement that she was under no obligation to engage in hostilities against a non-Balkan power. There could have been no doubt that Italy was the power which Athens had in mind. The Greek attitude displeased Yugoslavia, whose main object in signing the pact was to prevent Italian influence from spreading in the Balkans. There was thus no true community of interests between some of the allies.

The meagre foundations of the Entente were gradually eroded by subsequent events in Europe, of which the more important were the emergence of Nazi Germany as an aggressive power, the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, and the premiership of Milan Stoyadinovich in that country. Hitler's policies in central Europe were disturbing not only because they constituted the greatest possible threat but because they tended to produce diverse reactions among the surrounding countries. Fascist Italy resented losing her grip on Austria and tried in various ways to counteract Nazi influence there. She attempted, among other things, to bring about a reconciliation with France which, however, proved

short-lived. Her diplomatic efforts in Yugoslavia, on the other hand, were more successful, mainly because she found there a sympathetic and willing partner in Milan Stoyadinovich, who was Prime Minister and Foreign Minister from June 1935 to February 1939. Two impulses seem to have moved him to seek closer diplomatic and political ties with Fascist Italy—his fear of German expansion and his keen sympathy for Mussolini's doctrines and methods. Ciano says in his diary that he considered him a true friend and fellow-fascist. But while Ciano was trying to get closer to Yugoslavia on the diplomatic and political plane, thereby disrupting her alliances with France and her Balkan neighbours, Germany was pursuing, quietly but very effectively, her policy of economic penetration in the Balkan peninsula. Furthermore, at the beginning of 1937 Yugoslavia signed a treaty of friendship with Bulgaria, and by that time Belgrade stood nearer to Sofia than to Athens, Bucharest or Ankara, her partners in the Entente.

Nazi policy was even more harmful to the Little Entente, the alliance concluded after the first world war between Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia as a barrier to Austro-Hungarian revisionism. The new threat meant different things to the three signatories. Whereas to Czechoslovakia the danger was both near and immediate, Rumania was more concerned with the proximity of Soviet Russia and the policies of Hungary, and Yugoslavia oscillated between fearing Italian influence and German penetration. The Entente's solidarity was further weakened by the pact signed in May 1935 between Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, with whom one of the three allies, namely Yugoslavia, had no diplomatic relations. The two alliances lacked another important prerequisite for success besides a true community of prime interests; they lacked the steady support of a friendly great power. France attempted to provide this for the Little Entente, but she was not very successful, particularly after the Nazis had risen to power. The Balkan Entente, on the other hand, lacked from its inception the support of a friendly great power, and consequently soon found itself torn asunder by the intrigues of the two aggressive powers of Europe. Perhaps even without such direct support these alliances would have fared better than they did, and would have gone some way towards upsetting German and Italian plans, had they flourished in a vigorous European atmosphere of resistance against expansionist tendencies. And no one can really say that the British and French governments of the time did engender such an atmosphere. Their record from the invasion of Abyssinia in 1935 to the second partition of Czechoslovakia and the occupation of Albania in 1939 was a compound of weakness and vacillation. The policy of tremulous appeasement bred confusion and fear in central and eastern Europe, and these, in turn, helped to breed the local exponents of appeasement and surrender. Indeed, after the loss of Czechoslovakia and Albania there was no real justification for hoping, short of believing in miracles, that Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Turkey would help one another in case of attack.

Whatever else one may say of Soviet policy since 1945 one could not charge it with ambiguity. Its aims have become increasingly clear, and it is this clarity which has given rise to the movement of unity between

the free countries of the Balkans. The subjugation of their immediate neighbours—Rumania, Bulgaria and Albania—has also acted as an ever-present warning to them. Another important factor has been the determination of the western nations to resist any new Soviet encroachments in Europe, as exemplified by NATO and the United States' programme of economic and military assistance. One can only hope that the sense of unity born under these circumstances will not be dissipated should Soviet pressure, for some reason, be relaxed or modified. To avoid this danger a great deal of work would have to be done to break down the barriers which have kept apart for so long the peoples of these countries. The proposal to set up an inter-parliamentary consultative assembly is an imaginative step in the right direction and may lead to bigger things in the future. Perhaps what is needed more than anything else are not merely contacts between politicians but friendly relations between influential leaders of public opinion—journalists, teachers, writers and professional people of all kinds. There have been no real contacts between them since the late twenties and the early thirties, when an unofficial Balkan movement organised a series of desultory visits. In addition, the door should be kept open for the countries which are at present under Soviet domination; this, in turn, will involve a constant effort on the part of Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia to distinguish the majority of the people from the Communist regimes. If this hard core of mutual security interests could eventually become the nucleus of some kind of regional organization in the Balkans, the free world would have scored an important ideological success on the south-western frontier of the Communist empire, in a parched area which has for long been thirsting for a new principle of political unity. It is difficult to conceive of a more favourable set of conditions than those obtaining at present for launching an enterprise of this kind.

ANTON LOGORECI.

POLAND TODAY

TEN years ago the heroic agony of the battle fought for Warsaw by General Bor-Komorowski's Polish Home Army was in its final stages. The duplicity and callous indifference of the Soviet High Command, which allowed its troops to look on and even denied landing facilities to Allied planes dropping supplies while the defenders of Warsaw were being wiped out, have become part of the history of Soviet power politics which went on behind the façade of the Grand Alliance during the last war. The present Polish regime, however, preferred to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the Soviet-sponsored Lublin Committee on July 22nd. This rival to the then Polish Government in Exile in London was the direct predecessor of the present Communist regime, and some of its leading spirits are still among the most powerful men in Poland today. The anniversary celebrations gave official spokesmen the opportunity to review developments since "liberation." Speaking in Warsaw on 21st July, Boleslaw Bierut, the

First Secretary of the Central Committee of the United Workers' Party, welcomed the social and economic transformation of the country, and described the existing People's Democratic Order as "a specific form of the dictatorship of the proletariat," which had changed the country's economic structure by expropriating the large landowners and capitalists. Industry, trade and transport were practically entirely in the hands of the state, and the only property-owning class of any importance was to be found in agriculture where individual peasants still held about four-fifths of the land. He went on to say that the expansion of Polish industry had resulted in the construction of new factories and power stations and in the manufacture of industrial products, such as cars, ships, tractors, heavy machine tools, bearings and optical instruments, which had to be imported before the war. Nine times as many machines as before the war were being produced today. Bierut stated that 25 per cent. of the national income, which, as he claimed, was double that of pre-war years, was being annually invested in the country's economy. It had previously been announced that investments would be kept at this level for the next two years, but investments in heavy industries would be reduced by 6.3 per cent. to make increased investments in agriculture and light industry possible.

The so-called new economic course adopted throughout the Soviet bloc during the last twelve months has come to Poland, too. It has been admitted by several official spokesmen and in the press that the expansion of the country's heavy industries had been carried out partially at the expense of consumer goods production. Steps such as the change in investments policy mentioned above are designed to restore the proportionate development of the national economy as a whole. At the United Workers' Party Congress last March Bierut announced that last year's industrial output was 3.6 times bigger than in 1938, but at the same time he criticised the quality of industrial products and complained that planned production costs had been frequently exceeded. In the same speech he described the quantity of consumer goods available as inadequate and promised that in future more attention would be paid to the needs of the consumer. The lot of the consumer has been made somewhat easier by two fairly general price reductions decreed last November and April. In his budget speech in the Sejm last April Finance Minister Dietrich spoke of plans to devote more investment outlay to cover the expansion of the textile, footwear and food processing industries. On the other hand he made it clear that the Government would not abandon the heavy industries, and it has since been announced that the huge metallurgical combine being built with the aid of Soviet experts at Nowa Huta would produce its first pig iron this year. When completed this combine will produce more pig iron, steel and sheet metal than the entire pre-war Polish iron and steel industry. The last UN Economic Survey of Europe gives Polish steel output in 1937 as 1.47 million tons and in 1953 as 3.60 million tons.

The disparity between the development of industry and agriculture has been described as serious on many occasions, and at the last Party Congress Bierut spoke of a break-down in the much needed expansion of agricultural production. In recent years Poland has been forced to

import large quantities of grain, particularly from the USSR; and the relative efficiency of the mining industry (coal output increased from 59.1 million tons in 1947 to 88.6 million tons in 1953) which enables her to export hard coal to many European countries is outweighed in the foreign trade balance by the failure of agriculture to provide for the needs of her population. Whereas in 1950-53 industrial production increased by 118 per cent., agricultural production rose only by 10 per cent. The Party Congress last March accordingly called for the cultivation of 400,000 hectares of fallow land and for the improving of the drainage and irrigation of 380,000 hectares of meadows and pastures. (1 hectare—2½ acres). This year's budget expenditure on agriculture shows an increase of 38 per cent. over last year.

Unlike the other satellite regimes, the Poles cannot blame their economic difficulties on the precipitate collectivisation of agriculture. Whereas at the beginning of this year in Hungary and Czechoslovakia collective and state farms tilled approximately 38 and 50 per cent. of all agricultural land, the socialised sector in Polish agriculture accounted only for 18 per cent. (6½ per cent. collective farms and 11 per cent. state farms). At the same time it must be remembered that most of the collective farms have been formed in the re-settled Western territories gained from Germany after the last war and that little progress has been made in Central and Eastern Poland. There was, therefore, less scope for a relaxation of the policy of collectivisation than elsewhere. Similarly, since Poland is less developed industrially than, for instance, Eastern Germany or Czechoslovakia, less could be done to hold back the industrialisation drive. Thus the economic changes effected in Poland since Stalin's death appear less drastic than those in Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Eastern Germany. There appears to be no intention of abandoning the policy of land collectivisation. At the Party Congress last March Bierut announced that the number of collective farms had increased by 3,000 last year to about 9,000, and that this rate of collectivisation would be maintained for the next two years. In order to get the farmers to produce more, some concessions to the agricultural community as a whole have had to be made. These include more favourable delivery quotas and bulk buying prices and much improved credit facilities, both for collective farms and individual farmers. The agricultural débâcle of the Communists may be partly due to the United Workers' Party's failure to enlist the active support of the rural population. Of the 1,297,000 Party members only 13.2 per cent. are peasants.

The Polish Communists, who adopted the label of United Workers' Party after their absorption of the Social Democrats, have had less than their share of ideological troubles in comparison with their comrades elsewhere in Eastern Europe. The only major Communist heresy in Poland after the war was the "rightist deviation" of Gomulka, who was accused of trying to develop a particularly Polish brand of national communism and of ignoring the exigencies of the class war in his attempts to secure a satisfactory standard of agricultural production. However, unlike Slánský in Czechoslovakia or Rajk in Hungary, he has been spared the humiliation of a show trial and a public confession. Yet at the last Party Congress Bierut still detected traces of "Gomulkism", which he

described as "a right-wing nationalist deviation opposed to the directing role of the Party." In the same speech he criticised the work of the Trade Union movement, which had allowed 1 million workers and employees to remain outside the trade unions. All the means of education, enlightenment and propaganda are, of course, at the regime's disposal. Although there have been signs of a less rigid attitude towards literature and the arts recently, "socialist realism" remains as the officially sanctioned cultural ideology. The Communist daily *Trybuna Ludu* discussed the struggle for socialist realism in its leading article on 19th June 1954. It warned critics against "rebuffing authors of the older generation, who are carrying on a hard internal struggle." On the other hand socialist realism was the ultimate goal, and writers would have to rid themselves of "formalism and naturalism, the ballast of conceptions foreign to us."

The major ideological clash in Poland is that between the State and the Roman Catholic Church, which culminated in the arrest of the Primate, Cardinal Wyszyński, last September. For many years the State has tried to break down the opposition of the Church by attempting to discredit the hierarchy and by using pro-Communist clerics, known as "patriotic priests," to infiltrate the Church itself. Early last year a Government decree was passed requiring the bishops to take an oath of loyalty to the regime. The bishops did not do so until the end of the year after their resistance had been broken by Cardinal Wyszyński's arrest and the public trial for espionage of Bishop Kaczmarek. This victory seems to have satisfied the Communists for the time being, although at the Party Congress Bierut warned "those elements who intend to use their ecclesiastical positions as a screen for a policy decidedly hostile to our State" that all such "abuses would be suppressed with the utmost determination." He went on to say that "at the same time we shall take care that the freedom of conscience guaranteed in our Constitution will be strictly observed and that the clergy will be able to enjoy conditions suitable for the satisfaction of the religious needs of believers."

The Polish economy has been aligned with the Soviet bloc as a whole, and the following table published in the Moscow *Pravda* on 12th July 1954 gives some indication of Poland's economic dependence on the USSR: *Polish-Soviet Foreign Trade Index* (1947 equals 100) 1949—158, 1951—229, 1953—353, 1954 (planned)—416. On the other hand the USSR does not appear to regard Poland primarily as a supplier of heavy industrial products, but rather as a strong ally and a possible source of military manpower. The Polish Army is the only satellite army of any importance, and its Commander-in-Chief Rokossowski is a former Marshal of the USSR. No serious estimate of the reliability of the Polish armed forces can be made, but the Soviet leaders seem to be putting their faith in the Polish people's real fear of German rearmament and its united desire to hold on to the present Oder-Neisse frontier. Apart from the fight with the Roman Catholic Church, the Polish Communists seem to have followed a more middle-of-the-road policy than their fellow satellites, particularly as regards agricultural collectivisation, where they have tried to avoid the mistakes committed in the other East European countries where mechanisation has failed to keep pace with the rate of collectivisation and with the drawing off of rural labour to work the new industries. Although

industrialisation has been the crying need of the Polish economy for many years, it has been carried out less precipitately than, for instance, in Hungary or Czechoslovakia. As a result, the introduction of the new course in Poland represented a less violent change in the Party line, and the morale of the regime and its bureaucracy seems to have suffered less than elsewhere in the Soviet bloc. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the Communist regime in Poland is more popular on this account. Many Poles at home and abroad must be remembering the trials of ten years ago and the sorry part played then by Poland's present rulers.

JOHN APPLEBY.

REVOLUTION IN GUATEMALA

LATIN AMERICAN politics have been governed largely by what might, for want of a better expression, be termed the swing of the pendulum, although this has never swung with anything approaching the regularity of a timepiece. The various Republics have had their constitutions since the early days of independence, but it has never seemed easy for Latin peoples to realize that constitutions, far from being imbued with magic power by virtue of their mere proclamation, require a high degree of civic sense and patience to make them work. A constitution, beautifully drafted with all the high-sounding traditional trappings, is suddenly foisted upon a backward nation composed of downtrodden illiterates governed by a handful of ambitious "politicos". What happens? After a year or two, but more likely a few months, there is everywhere hopeless disorder and corruption and the cry goes up for a strong man to establish order. A strong man, usually a much-beribboned general whose only experience of fighting is fisticuffs in a back cellar, seizes power by a shrewdly timed stroke, with the minimum of trouble and casualties. He suspends the guarantees of *habeas corpus* embodied in the constitution and governs autocratically, without benefit of legal advice, for perhaps a few years. Often he governs efficiently, and trade begins to flourish under the orderly conditions which prevail. But there is no "liberty". The jails are full of his opponents, and exiles continuously hatch plots, often with the connivance of the governments of the countries where they are temporarily resident. Soon the strong man becomes too tyrannical or loses his grip; a few influential people tire of him; and he is overthrown by a "popular" revolution led by dissident army officers and intellectuals. The constitution is restored, often in an amended version, and a new President is "elected". Meanwhile ninety-five per cent. of the population, barefoot and illiterate, continue their struggle to keep body and soul together in their pitiful shacks and have little more idea of what has been going on in the Government Palace than their goats and chickens.

President Ubico of Guatemala was an exceptionally efficient strong man and he reigned for an unusual length of time, from 1930 to 1944. Roads were built, business prospered exceedingly, there was no nonsense about labour, and the treasury was full. Ubico was scrupulously honest and insisted that his collaborators and subordinates should be so too, down

to the last village postmaster. Like so many other Latin American rulers of the time, he knew on which side his bread was buttered, so he managed to play along with the United States while secretly admiring Mussolini and Hitler. But left-wing ideas, (which were, of course, the only fashionable ones during the Russian-American "honeymoon" period) inspired a group of ambitious army officers in Guatemala to overthrow the Ubico regime in 1944 and to elect to power as constitutional President in 1945, for a six year term, an ex-school teacher named Juan Jose Arevalo.

The new President, who chose to call himself a "spiritual socialist", at first basked in the sunshine of the Russian-American honeymoon, during which, as already stated, to have Marxist sympathies was merely to be liberal and progressive. A revised constitution was promulgated, and a veritable spate of new social legislation (which, though hitherto unheard of in Guatemala, seemed normal by most other standards) was hastily enacted. Labour Unions were created and the Judges in the new Labour Courts were partial to the workers as against the employers. Above all, this "spiritual socialism" was wedded to a nationalistic desire to throttle the United Fruit Company, which was itself considered to be throttling the legitimate aspirations of the Guatemalan people to freedom from foreign economic bondage. The United Fruit Company, by virtue of a contract signed with a complaisant Guatemalan Government in the early years of the century, owned the installations of Guatemala's leading port (Puerto Barrios) and, through its subsidiary, the International Railways of Central America, controlled the only means of transporting freight from the port to the capital. Its extensive banana plantations supplied about 20 per cent. of Guatemala's exports, which were carried entirely by the Company's own merchant vessels. The company was the largest employer of labour in the country. It paid well, and gave excellent facilities to its workers in the shape of housing, hospitals and education. The parallel with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company is obvious.

Despite several attempts to overthrow him (instigated, he said, by the United Fruit Company) Arevalo somehow survived his six-year term and handed over to his chosen successor Colonel Jacobo Arbenz, in March, 1951. Arbenz had easily triumphed over the Conservative opposition candidate in a general election held a few months previously. The election was free enough in the towns, but in the country districts the illiterate Indians were press-ganged to the polls by the Arbenz electioneering machine. Arevalo had surrounded himself with extreme left-wing refugees from countries like Spain, Venezuela, the Dominican Republic and Peru, where right-wing dictatorial Governments were in power, and he had allowed local communists to spring up and gain control of the trade unions. Meanwhile the tension between the United States and Russia, and the increasingly violent antagonism of the United States to anything resembling Marxism, had turned communist sympathizers and fellow travellers all over the world, who in the later years of the war and in the very early post-war period had collaborated closely with Western policies, into suspects of the deepest dye. It was therefore expected that President Arbenz would call a halt to the defiant and enthusiastic activities of the communists, which his predecessor had condoned, but it soon became clear that he was doing the opposite.

In order to understand the revolution which took place at the end of June of this year it is desirable to indulge in a little "dialectic", setting the *thesis* of the Guatemalan Government against the *antithesis* of its opponents with a view to arriving at a *synthesis*. The Government claimed that it was pursuing a liberal policy calculated to raise the standard of living of the people and defend legitimate national interests, and that the accusation of "communism" was an excuse for the interference of the United Fruit Company, backed and overshadowed by a hostile and no longer Rooseveltian U.S. Government, in the internal affairs of a small, independent country. The rebels insisted that the President had fallen under the control of trained communist agents who were inspiring him to wreck the economic life of the country by stirring up constant labour trouble, oppress the Church, use the land reform law to organize armed bands of revolutionaries, embarrass the Western Powers by open hostility to their international policy, and finance communist propaganda through Guatemalan legations in other countries. Which of these two claims is based on fact?

President Arbenz, perhaps under the influence of his attractive and intellectual Salvadorean wife, was a keen student of Marxist theory, but he intended to go slow. In his inaugural speech as President, following immediately upon his predecessor's long tirade against banana magnates, Nazis and "Modern Carthaginians", he rather dryly insisted that all classes should work together to build prosperity in Guatemala through capitalism. This, however, is orthodox Marxist doctrine, which teaches that capitalism is the stage following upon feudalism and preceding socialism. Guatemala was feudal; it was therefore necessary to build industry through capitalistic enterprise. The difficulties of his office, however, together with the increasing hostility of the Americans and the fact that the capitalists seemed to be opposing him while the communist-led trade unions were his most loyal supporters, led Arbenz to lean more and more upon advisers like the Secretary General of the Communist Party, Manuel Fortuny, and the Secretary General of the Confederation of Labour, Victor Manuel Gutierrez, not to mention the swarm of fellow-travelling toadies and parasites from other countries, for whom his predecessor had provided lucrative sinecures at the public expense. It is at least arguable that if the business community had rallied to his support, flattered him and made it unnecessary for him to worry about financial backing, he might have managed to hold a better balance between the conflicting interests at stake. As it was, he forfeited the support of the Americans and of the local business community, both of whom were quite prepared to back him at the beginning, and was finally abandoned even by his own armed forces and took refuge, with some of his left-wing collaborators, in the Mexican Embassy. One would like to feel able to extol him as at least a worthy leader who stuck to his principles with courage and idealism, but close acquaintance with his character and habits renders this view difficult to hold. His stubborn inefficiency, his brutal police methods and his reckless squandering of public funds compel but scant sympathy for the inglorious end of his regime.

There remains the vexed question of the Guatemalan appeal to the United Nations Security Council against aggression, and here we are on

dangerous ground. There can be no doubt that, technically, aggression was committed. The rebel forces were allowed to organise in and operate from Honduran territory and the Honduran Government was in close touch with the United States Government throughout. The United States had probably determined that the time had come when the continued existence of the Arbenz Government, with its openly communistic sympathies, must be regarded as a menace to peace and security in Central America. It would be unwise, however, to regard the rebels as mere mercenaries of the United States. It is essential to recognise that great discontent existed in Guatemala, not only among the business interests but even among the poor peasants. These might have been expected to support enthusiastically a regime which provided them with land, but they remained generally faithful to their Church. The irreligion of the Guatemalan leaders, and their refusal to co-operate with the Church in any way, was deeply resented. I was myself present when the action of the Minister of Health, in dismissing the popular and efficient director of an orphanage largely staffed by nuns and replacing him by a notorious atheistic communist whose avowed intention was to eradicate religious influence from the hospital, gave rise to a march of Indian market women on the Government Palace. These women knew and loved the nuns and were inflamed by anti-communist zeal. The authorities fired on the demonstration, which had grown to considerable proportions by the influx of supporters from other spheres of life, and accused, as usual, the United Fruit Company; but such an attitude seemed cowardly and far-fetched. The new Junta, presided over by Colonel Castillo Armas, the successful leader of the revolt, is not likely to survive for long in its present form, as the rivalries within it are too intense. Whoever gains control is likely to govern as military dictator for a time and then to stage elections in which he is duly returned as Constitutional President. This is exactly what has happened in Peru and in Venezuela in recent years.

PETER SEDGWICK.

THE YOUTH OF LOUIS XV—I

THE Duke of Orleans had lost his popularity and France was ready for a change, but his death brought no relief. Louis XV was in his fourteenth year and no experienced helmsman was in sight. Fleury, his former tutor, might have grasped the prize had not his placid nature shrunk from strife, and he had little doubt that his hour would strike when his young master grew up. To whom then could the country look for leadership? The King was the sole legitimate representative of the direct line except Philip V of Spain, whose accession to the French throne was barred not only by his formal renunciation but by the Treaty of Utrecht. The Orleans family, which stood closest to the throne, could supply no suitable candidate, for the new Duke was only twenty and preferred the study of theology to the distractions of politics. Thus the road was open

for the third branch of the Royal Family, the Bourbon-Condés, descended from the uncle of Henri IV, and at the age of thirty-one the great-grandson of the Grand Condé claimed the post of First Minister as his right. There was no opposition. Fleury approved, keeping ecclesiastical patronage in his own hands, and the sovereign, too young to care, indicated assent by a silent nod.

It was the misfortune of France that no worthier figure could be found among the princes of the blood, and the unhappy experiment only lasted three years. The Duc de Bourbon, invariably known as M. le Duc, could boast of no qualifications except birth and wealth, for he possessed neither public nor private virtues. Arrogant and dissolute, extravagant and unintelligent, he cared for little but sport and was dominated by Mme. de Prie, wife of a ruined Marquis, who dreamed of becoming the virtual ruler of France. "The Duke's mistress," reported Bolingbroke, then living as an exile in France, "is attached to him by no inclination and is the most corrupt and ambitious jade alive." "She possessed something more than beauty," testifies Duclos; "her whole person breathed seduction. With as many graces of mind as of body, she concealed the most dangerous stratagems behind a veil of naiveté. Virtue seemed to her a word without meaning. Headstrong beneath an air of gentleness and libertine by temperament, she deceived her lover with impunity, for he believed what she told him even when contradicted by the evidence of his senses. He was very limited, obstinate, harsh, even ferocious, and, though a prince, boastful as an upstart. His brains only sufficed to make him exploit his rank, and he was nothing but the tool of his mistress." Rarely has France been governed by such a contemptible mediocrity, whom Saint-Simon describes as stupid, obstinate, greedy and generally hated. He was worse than Dubois, not as a man but as a ruler, for the Cardinal, despite his private vices, had the makings of a statesman. Most of the administrative routine devolved on his secretary, Pâris-Duverney, the son of a rich army contractor, who strove to clear up the confusion bequeathed by the fiasco of John Law's schemes. Everyone regarded M. le Duc as a stop-gap, to be succeeded in due course by the King's old preceptor, who declined the glittering offer of the Archbishopric of Rheims in order to retain his strategic position at Court. Money made little appeal to a man of simple tastes, but behind the façade of his modest bearing he had his full share of political ambition. In the pungent phrase of Duclos his modesty was an instrument of his ambition. He could count on the King's dislike of new faces, and on his steady affection for himself and his former Gouvernante, Mme. de Ventadour, the two persons whom he had known longest and liked best.

At the wish of Louis XIV his successor was transferred from Versailles, which was to stand empty for seven years, to Vincennes, while the Tuileries was prepared for residence. Early in 1716 the King migrated to Paris, where he lived for six years, and at the opening of 1722 he returned to Versailles. The delicate child of twelve had grown into a sturdy lad who looked older than his years, delighted in physical exercise, and found his greatest happiness in shooting in the Bois de Boulogne and the wooded environs of Versailles. On his visit to Paris Peter the Great had been impressed with the beauty of the child of seven, and he was often described

as the handsomest young man in France. Madame Palatine described to her German relatives his long curling eyelashes and pretty complexion, his charming little mouth and ruddy cheeks: there was something of the delicacy of a girl about him. But looks were not everything, and a little later her verdict was less favourable. "He has a nice face and plenty of sense but a bad heart. He loves no one but his old governess, dislikes people without reason, and enjoys making biting remarks". At the age of twelve he could be sharp and satirical. When he exclaimed that a certain courtier was very ugly, the Bishop of Metz remarked: "What a badly trained child"! The de Goncourt brothers, those indefatigable explorers of the byways of eighteenth century France, stumbled on the fragmentary journal of an equerry, the Marquis de Callière, covering the first half of 1722, which shewed the author playing games with the lad who manifested no signs of intellectual interest. Monarchical sentiment, however, which had begun to wane during the last phase of Louis XIV, revived when the boy King appeared on ceremonial occasions and played his part with dignity and poise. The contrast between the saturnalia of the Palais Royal and the handsome youth who could be seen playing on the terrace of the Tuileries turned the thoughts of France to the time when a King would once more rule as well as reign. His grave illness in 1721 created a fever of anxiety, and Barbier's Journal, which records the doings and gossip of Paris, describes the festivities on his recovery. Even louder were the rejoicings during the coronation ceremonies at Rheims in the following year and the official coming of age in 1723.

Louis XIV had made precise arrangements for the care and education of his heir. The most important was that of the Gouvernante, Mme. de Ventadour, Lady-in-Waiting to Madame Palatine, a kindly woman who mothered the orphan child, won his abiding affection, and was addressed by him as Maman to the end of her days. She had to hand him over at the age of seven amid his sobs to a team of men with the Regent at their head. While the Duc du Maine had been chosen by Louis XIV to take general charge of his education, he played less part in the boy's life than his Governor, the septuagenarian Marshal Villeroy, who talked without ceasing of the Grand Siècle and the Roi Soleil, coached him in Court etiquette, and impressed on him with ill-advised emphasis that he was in the fullest sense the master of everybody and everything in France. Of far greater significance was the choice of Fleury, the son of a bourgeois official who entered the Church and became Almoner successively of Queen Marie Thérèse and Louis XIV. Though appointed to the remote southern diocese of Fréjus, which he grudgingly accepted, he was not forgotten, and he was recalled to become Preceptor to the boy King, the same post which Fénelon had occupied during the early years of his father. When the almost senile Villeroy was dismissed from his post in 1722, Fleury's position was unchallengeable. At first behind the curtain and soon in the glare of the footlights he continued to pull the strings till his death twenty years later.

The Preceptor appointed teachers for history, geography, mathematics, Latin and science, and lessons on government were provided by officials of the Foreign Office, War Office and Finance under the direction of Dubois, while the Regent himself occasionally took a hand. Some of the

memoranda drafted for his instruction and volumes of his exercises and translations corrected by Fleury are preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. From the age of ten, in accordance with the instructions of Louis XIV, he was allowed to attend the Conseil d'État. He was an average boy, neither unusually idle nor particularly studious. He displayed much intelligence and vivacity, records Marshal Villars when his young master was eleven, but he had a temper. With all his good qualities he could not bring himself to speak a single word to any except his intimates. He made no replies to Ambassadors or even deputations from the provinces except those dictated by Marshal Villeroy, and Villars tactfully encouraged him to overcome his shyness and speak in public as part of the duty of a king. Since the return of the Court to Versailles had been a blow to officials who had taken houses in the capital, and to the Parisians who profited by the presence of the Court, Villars also urged him to spend the winter there, enjoying the opera and theatres, and warned him against listening to flatterers. The boy listened quietly, but the advice fell on deaf ears. His pleasures were hunting, cards and food. So far there was little or no gallantry. Though shy with women, he was physically precocious and ripe for family life in his fifteenth year. Occasional bouts of fever, attributed to over-eating, aroused anxiety. Everything pointed to early matrimony. "God has given us a King so strong that for the last year we might hope for a Dauphin," commented Villars. "So, for the tranquillity of his people and himself, he should be married today rather than tomorrow".

Louis XIII and Louis XIV had married their Spanish cousins, and it was decided that Louis XV should follow their example. He was accordingly betrothed to his first cousin, though the marriage was to be postponed for ten years. The seven year old princess arrived in Paris on the lap of Mme. de Ventadour with a doll in her hand and was lodged in the Louvre. Since, however, the succession hung by a thread and the boy King was as eager for a wife as his subjects, she was returned to Madrid with the explanation that France could not wait so long for an heir. The Courts of Europe were now combed for a bride of suitable age and vigorous health. Among the dozens of suggestions the most eligible in rank were a daughter of the Prince of Wales and Elizabeth, afterwards Empress, daughter of Peter the Great, but the difference of religion was an insurmountable obstacle. A sister of the Duc de Bourbon was also considered. The final choice amazed the world, for who could have guessed that the proudest monarch in Europe would share his throne with the penniless daughter of a Polish nobleman who had once sat for a brief space on the shaky Polish throne? The chief contriver of the most astonishing marriage in the dynastic history of France was neither Fleury nor the Duc de Bourbon but the latter's scheming mistress Mme. de Prie, who desired the selection of a woman with such meagre qualifications that she would smart under her own unworthiness and leave the authority of her patron intact.

In 1725 Stanislas Leczinski was living forgotten in the Rhineland as a pensioner of France. Elected to the Polish throne in 1704 at the age of twenty-seven through the influence of Charles XII of Sweden after the deposition of Augustus, Elector of Saxony, he lost the glittering prize five

years later when the triumph of Peter the Great at Pultowa restored the former King. The only consolation Charles could arrange was to appoint his protégé to the little principality of Zweibrücken in the Rhineland which had been in the possession of Sweden for half a century. Here again his tenure was brief, for on the death of the Swedish King in 1710 the previous ruler of Zweibrücken returned and the pension from Stockholm ceased. His property in Poland had been confiscated and his wife's jewels pawned. Compelled to borrow from Frankfurt bankers, and with his life in danger from agents of the King of Poland, Stanislas sought despairingly for a roof over his head. His appeal to the Regent Orleans resulted in the promise of an allowance of 20,000 crowns and a house in Wissembourg in Alsace where he maintained a skeleton court. A man of average abilities and cheerful temperament, better suited to be a country squire than a king, he bore his misfortunes bravely. The worst of his worries was the irregular payment of the allowance from France, and the resultant inability to pay the salaries of the old retainers who had refused to desert the sinking ship. It was a dull ménage, for the Alsace nobility ignored them and they were too poor to entertain. The ex-Queen, unlike her husband, was soured by misfortune, and an elder daughter had recently died. When all hope of a restoration to the Polish throne was abandoned, the parents focussed their ambition on a marriage for their surviving child, hoping that her virtues might outweigh the lack of princely birth and wealth. She resembled her father in her serenity, her artistic interests, and her kindness of heart. Though making no claim to beauty, she was pleasant-looking, unselfish, and generous to neighbours even poorer than herself. That she would make a good wife no one who saw her in her modest home could doubt.

The fallen monarch, who continued to sign himself Stanislas Roi, had no intention of letting his beloved daughter go at less than the fair market price. Shortly before the death of the Regent her hand was sought by a marquis, a grandson of Louvois, but her father dreamed of a duke at least and was hurt at the refusal of his request for a Baden prince. At this moment Mme. de Prie was looking round for a wife for her lover, the Duc de Bourbon, a childless widower. According to her calculations the best choice would be a bride neither too attractive nor of too high rank to challenge the privileged position which she was determined to retain. Through the Chevalier de Vauchoux, who had served under Stanislas in Poland and now resided in Paris as his agent, she learned that the daughter of the ex-King would fulfil her conditions. M. de Duc found his second wife elsewhere at a later date, but it dawned on him and Mme. de Prie that the Polish girl might be a possible consort for the King. In the annotated list of candidates the comment attached to the name of Maria Leczinski was in the minor key. "The parents are not rich and would doubtless want to settle in France, which would be inconvenient. Nothing is known to the disadvantage of the family". The young King expressed no decided preference, and when he was shown a portrait of the candidate which Mme. de Prie had commissioned he agreed to the match. A report by an envoy of the Duc de Bourbon filled in the outlines. She was described as lively, natural and cultivated, sweet-natured, charitable, adored by her domestics, entirely devoid of pride, and pious without bigotry.

Her reading included works of devotion, history and geography. She danced, played the piano and sang. In addition to her Polish mother tongue, she spoke German and French without accent. She was abstemious and mixed water with her wine. Her health was good. Though not a beauty she was attractive in her gentleness, intelligence and tact.

The decision of the French government electrified the little household in Alsace. The beaming Stanislas burst into the salon where his wife and daughter sat at their needlework. "Down on our knees in thanks to God!" "Are you restored to the Polish throne?" "Heaven is still more gracious: you are Queen of France." In a moment the clouds which had hung over the exiled family melted away. As father-in-law of the proudest sovereign in Europe Stanislas would recover his prestige and have no more financial anxieties. That the modest girl was as enraptured as her father is improbable, for the prospect of a change from the shadows of Wissembourg to the glitter of Versailles was enough to alarm any woman not of princely birth. She was seven years older than the King.

The announcement which brought joy to the shabby little Court aroused astonishment throughout Europe and consternation in France. Everyone spoke of a *mésalliance*, the responsibility for which was correctly assigned to the Duc de Bourbon and Mme. de Prie. The Court, records Marais, was as sad as if the King had had a stroke. "Monstrous", exclaimed Maurepas, the youngest of the Ministers. For the first time there was to be a Queen without royal blood in her veins. France, it was generally agreed, had been let down, but the mood of depression was in no way shared by the young King, who at fifteen was so anxious for a wife that he cared little who she might be. There was nothing to wait for, and the Queen's Household was promptly announced. The highest post, Surintendante de la Maison, was assigned to Mlle. de Clermont, sister of the Duc de Bourbon, the second, that of Dame d'honneur, to the Maréchale de Boufflers. Mme. de Mailly, the mother of five daughters of whom we shall hear more, became Dame d'atours. Among the twelve Dames du Palais was Mme. de Prie herself. Pâris-Duverney, the trusted associate of the Duc de Bourbon, was nominated as Secrétaire des Commandements, Fleury, the real power behind the throne, as Grand Almoner, and a Polish Confessor was allowed. Mme. de Prie was despatched to instruct the future Queen in the ways of the Court, and was quickly followed by Mlle. de Clermont, with a bevy of courtiers to fetch the bride. A preliminary marriage ceremony was performed at Strasbourg by Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, in which the young Duke of Orleans deputised for the bridegroom. A second ceremony took place when the bride reached Fontainebleau. Though she had no pretensions to beauty and little natural charm, she earned a popular welcome by her friendly and unassuming ways. Her happy father was installed in the magnificent Château de Chambord with a smaller residence at Meudon within easy reach of Versailles. The tide of fortune had turned at last.

The Queen wrote happily to her parents, and on their first visit they were treated as sovereigns. They were lodged in the apartments at the Trianon allotted to the Queen, and at Versailles her father was allowed the use of the apartment of the Comte de Clermont, younger brother of M. le Duc. The visits of the gay and affectionate Stanislas, with his hearty

laugh and unfailing *joie de vivre*, acted like a tonic. He hunted with the King, and, having a mistress of his own, never broke his heart over the flaunting infidelities of his son-in-law. "God be praised", he reported, "the King's friendship for the Queen increases greatly and she has gained his confidence. Everyone is pleased with her conduct." Nothing, he added, was lacking except a Dauphin. He drew up written instructions warning her against the wiles of men and the temptation to meddle in politics. "Your whole confidence must be reserved for the King alone. He must be the only confidant of your feelings, desires, projects, thoughts. Never try to pierce the veils which hide the secrets of state. Authority desires no partner. Respond to his hopes by every possible attention. You must no longer think except after him and like him; only his joys and worries must be yours. Know no ambition but to please him, no other pleasure but to obey him, no other interest but to merit his affection. In a word, you must no longer have fancies or preferences; your whole soul should be merged in his."

Her father's counsels echoed the thoughts and promptings of her heart. It was easier for her than for many other brides to surrender her individuality, for there was not very much to suppress. No element of romance lodged in her wholesome and uncomplicated nature, and she quitted her home without illusions. She knew that she was drafted to provide an heir and for that alone. No eighteenth century princess dreamed of a love match and no such happy consummation ever occurred. The factor of unequal birth condemned the Polish Cinderella to a life-long inferiority complex. There was little affection on either side, and she never overcame her feeling of awe. Neither felt quite at ease with the other, though she respected his rank and he recognised her virtues. It was her misfortune that she lacked the qualities required to capture and to hold the roving fancy of a man who demanded above all the capacity to enliven his all too many empty hours. She did her duty to the best of her limited ability, but she could never be the understanding friend and stimulating companion for whom he craved. In one sphere, the most important of all, she fulfilled his expectations, presenting him with ten children in as many years. For a time they lived as happily as most royal couples, and in a Court with such licentious traditions it aroused surprise that he resisted temptation for about seven years. When the charms of some beauty were praised the King gallantly remarked "La reine est encore plus belle." Her life was rendered bearable by the joys of motherhood, by the loyal friendship of members of her household, above all by the annual visits and the flow of correspondence with her adored and adoring father who lived to a hearty old age.

G. P. GOOCH.

To be continued.

THE SITUATION IN SIAM

I VISITED Siam a few years ago and had a good opportunity for meeting many of the leading people at Bangkok, the Capital. I was struck with their patriotic loyalty and devotion to their country. At sunset, when "Retreat" sounds from the Palace Guard, all traffic stops,

cyclists dismount and flags are lowered. Foreigners are not required to stop but I found that I became popular when I conformed with the national custom.

The staple food of the people is rice and immense quantities are grown and the surplus exported. Siam also exports tin, timber, rubber, teak, hides and silk, but the export trade is meeting with serious difficulties owing to strong competition in the world markets and falling prices. The China trade, in former days the principal export trade of Siam, has suffered a serious blow through the closing down of many of the Chinese concerns. Although Siam was outside the theatre of war, she was seriously affected in her trade and economic situation. The Japanese occupied the country at one time and owing to their slaughter of thousands of buffaloes used for rice cultivation, rice production fell considerably. In addition to this, the high wages paid by the Japanese to factory workers induced many farmers to abandon their farms and to migrate to the towns for work in industrial concerns. Thus irrigation dykes and machinery were neglected and fell into disrepair. With the object of assisting rice exports in post-war years, the British Government signed several agreements with the Siamese Government guaranteeing the purchase of immense quantities of rice at agreed prices. Deliveries were at first disappointing and in 1947 total deliveries amounted to but half a million tons, about one third of pre-war exports. In 1946 the Siamese Government had carried out several important measures for encouraging the growth of rice by the issue of prizes and fertilizers while the British Government assisted by facilitating the import of "incentives" and the means of repairing communications in order to speed up transport. Black market activities however together with slow recovery militated against any important increase in production, low prices, less than £10 per ton offered by the Government had a bad effect. Rice at that time was sold for about 60 per ton in Malaya.

At first the British Government were not inclined to regard Siam with any undue leniency owing to her appropriation of Malayan Districts.

The recent advance of the Viet Minh forces in Indo-China to the eastern borders of Siam has caused no little apprehension to the Siamese Government who regard it as a direct threat against their own country. In Paris the opinion has been openly expressed that this movement by the Viet Minh presages an attack on Siam. Active steps have already been taken by the Government to protect their eastern frontier, strong reinforcements have been drafted to threatened areas, and a state of emergency has been declared in at least twelve provinces. Siam itself is riddled with Communism: it is well known that there are several Communist communities grouped on the eastern frontier who for some time past have given material aid to the Viet Minh in Indo-China with money and medical supplies. They are under the orders of ex-Premier Pridi who was forced to fly on being implicated in the murder of the King in 1947 when I was in Bangkok. In the event of an invasion by the Viet Minh would establish his headquarters at Luang Prabang, the Royal Capital of Laos where he would prepare the way for the invasion of his own country.

There are numerous Siamese communities in Yunnan as well as in

Tongking which of late have been subjected to heavy Communist pressure to act in conformity with Communist doctrines in connection with the subversive elements among the Chinese population in Siam itself. Finally, there are at least three million Chinese inhabitants of Siam whose loyalty is ever towards their own country. They regard the advent to power of Mao tse Tung with feelings of sympathy and would, in time of emergency, form the nucleus of a formidable fifth column movement aimed at the overthrow of the existing régime and would give valuable assistance to the establishment of a Communist State under the aegis of China. The Siamese Government are fully aware of these dangers which threaten the State and have outlawed Communism a few years ago. In order however to overcome Russian opposition to admittance to the N.A.T.O., this ban was lifted but the Communist movement is closely scrutinised by the Siamese Police. Chinese schools where the doctrines of Marx and Stalin were taught have been closed and Chinese immigration into Siam has been severely curtailed.

The Soviet maintains a large Legation at Bangkok to which all requests for funds for carrying on propaganda in the Pacific by Communist agents are addressed. Here they are scrutinised before being submitted to Peking for final approval. This Legation puts out a stream of Communist propaganda which finds a ready welcome among the people especially the Chinese whose press is almost entirely Communistic. The Siamese people, generally speaking, are averse to Communism. They are devout Buddhists and have no use for Communist doctrines, but it is unlikely that they would offer any effective resistance to an attack on their country.

Numerous Communist plots against the Government have been unearthed by the secret Police from time to time. One of the most serious of these plots was only recently discovered in which, under the protection of the Soviet Legation, Communist agents were to infiltrate into key positions in the State, the army, police and navy. Communist risings have occurred from time to time aimed at the overthrow of the Government through the so-called "Liberation Movement" which concentrated on the armed forces, the Military Academy, the Ministry of Defence, the Navy and the C.I.D. The "Peace Council of Siam", is a wholly subversive organization, and also the Communist Central Labour Union, which indoctrinated sabotage in works of national importance, disruption of docks, railways and strikes in industries. Many of the Chinese have been trained in fifth column work, sabotage, and other activities with the object of assisting in the "softening up" process of Siamese resistance and to prepare the way for a Communist coup.

When considering the situation of Siam one must perforce pay due regard to her neighbours on her eastern and western borders. Judging from the events of the past two years, it seems probable that the Chinese, in collaboration with the Viet Minh in Indo-China, contemplate a two-fold policy, viz:—(a) A "short term policy" of driving the French out of Viet Nam and thus preparing the way for (b) "Long-term policy" of an all out attack on Siam.

Several organizations have recently been set up by the Chinese which threaten directly Siam and the whole of the south-eastern bastion of Asia. These are: (a) The Free Siamese Government in Yunnan.

(b) The Free Cambodia Government. (c) The Free Laos Government.

A new Communist State has been established in the Burmese province of Kengtung. Another autonomous State has also been established in Yunnan close to the Burmese frontier. These new States control a well organised force of guerillas which would be of great service to the Communists in a combined attack on Burma. The Burmese army, without outside assistance could not hope to affect any important resistance to Communist troops should the invasion of Burma be realised. Siam would thus have a Communist State firmly established on her western borders.

The recent decision at Geneva to divide Indo-China into two portions affects Siam to a serious extent. The dividing line follows the 17th Parallel from Quangtri on the East coast to Savannakhet close to the Siamese frontier and follows the motor road connecting these two places. The northern area which falls to the Viet Minh, includes the frontier town of Thakhet whence a motor road runs westwards into Siam and joins the road and railway running south from Vien Tiane to Bangkok the Capital. The French are to evacuate the northern portion of Indo-China within 10 months. Luang Prabang, the Royal Capital of Laos also falls within the Viet Minh area and here it is that ex-Premier Pridi intends to establish his headquarters. Should Communist "long term policy" decide on the invasion of Siam, the way will now be open from east and north. Her plight will be hazardous indeed, threatened as she will be from both east and west by powerful Communist forces. Without assistance from outside sources Siam could not hope to stave off such invasion. Her army of some five thousand men, armed and trained by America, could at the most deal with subversive elements in Siam itself but could not offer any effective resistance to the overwhelming forces which the Viet Minh could bring to bear against them from Indo-China.

The occupation of Siam by the Communists would present the Western Powers with a situation of serious import. Such occupation would gravely threaten Malaya and would support an attack on Burma.

H. E. CROCKER.

SERGEI DIAGHILEV

THIS year the Edinburgh Festival Committee is arranging an exhibition in honour of Sergei Diaghilev, the man who introduced Russian Ballet to Western Europe; and it is, therefore, worthwhile attempting to assess the work of this remarkable man who died twenty-five years ago. The Russian Ballet has never lacked admirers, detractors or adulators but few of these have bent their massive intellects or applied their facile pens to a consideration of the history and importance of the Russian Ballet as an art form. Such criticism and history as had appeared had been contained largely in the memoirs of dancers, and, needless to say, it has been generally inaccurate. Sergei Diaghilev has been the subject of at least three books, none of which are completely reliable. There has been little impartial criticism of his work.

Diaghilev was born on March 19th, 1872, the son of an Army officer

of aristocratic family; his mother died shortly after he was born. Two years later his father married a charming woman of strong intellect and moral integrity who was fond of music and arranged frequent concerts in her home. Music was an early love of Diaghilev: and in the home of his grandparents he was surrounded by reproductions of great works of art as well as volumes on the collections of foreign museums and so early in life he was able also to develop a sound judgment in art. The better part of his childhood was spent in the country and there he learned to love the Russian landscape, its great rivers, steppes and mountains. At the Gymnasium at Perm where Diaghilev began his education he was not considered a brilliant academic pupil though he was admired and envied because of the distinction and wealth of his family, the air of culture which surrounded him, and his distinguished character and appearance. In 1890, Diaghilev matriculated at Perm and went to St. Petersburg to enter the University there. He spent six years there (instead of the normal four), travelling abroad whenever possible and studying as little as he could. By 1896 his formal education was over. At St. Petersburg, Diaghilev made the acquaintance of several young men of growing importance: Alexandre Benois, Leon Bakst, Walter Nouvel and Dima Filosofov. They formed a society of Pickwickians (for English novels and art were fashionable at the time) and discussed history, art and music. Diaghilev did not play a notable part in these discussions for, Alexandre Benois noted, "in the first years after his arrival from Perm, Diaghilev on the whole, rather ignored art. He was interested in the theatre, busy establishing social connections, occupied with his music, and—ininitely less!—with his university studies". Diaghilev was considered provincial and his friends were irritated by his "vainglorious snobbishness". During his tours abroad he visited Venice which he at once adored, and Vienna where he heard the music of Wagner played for the first time—"Lohengrin." Except towards the end of his life when he became interested in book-collecting Diaghilev never changed his tastes. On his death-bed he was heard singing lines from "Tristan and Isolde"; he returned to Venice whenever possible; and he bought works of art and encouraged artists to work for the ballet; and he maintained a constant attitude of snobbishness towards the public and society in general. And his love of the theatre never left him!

In September, 1899, Diaghilev was appointed special assistant to the director of the Imperial Theatres and was given the task of editing the Annual of the Imperial Theatres. The volume produced for the year 1899-1900 was magnificent though it failed to entirely please the theatre officials who were dismayed by the fact that it had cost twice as much as any previous annual. Soon after Diaghilev was asked to help with the production of the ballet "Sylvia" and, because of his unusual ideas, aroused the antagonism of the theatre bureaucracy and was forced to resign. During his tours abroad, Diaghilev's early interest in painting revived and in 1897 he arranged an exhibition of English and German watercolourists. The following year he arranged an exhibition of Finnish and Russian painters. In that year too he founded a review entitled "The World of Art", the first number of which appeared on November 10th, 1898. "The World of Art" was responsible for exhibitions at St. Petersburg from 1899 to 1903. Diaghilev published a monograph on the eighteenth

century Russian painter, D. G. Levitzky and this inspired him with the idea of a great exhibition to illustrate the history of Russian painting. This idea was given the patronage of the Emperor and Diaghilev set off to travel the length and breadth of Russia in search of masterpieces. The collection he made included some 3,000 portraits and was possibly the finest collection of Russian paintings ever seen; for many of the works were destroyed during the riots of 1905 and the revolution of 1917. This exhibition showed Russia the wealth of her own art and Diaghilev determined to demonstrate to Western Europe that Russia was not the barbaric country it was so widely held to be. His activities in Russia were at an end. In 1906 Diaghilev arranged an exhibition of Russian Art at the Salon d'Automne in Paris. It was so successful that it was shown afterwards in Berlin and Venice. Having shown Russian Art to Paris, Diaghilev decided to reveal the glories of Russian music. The concerts he arranged for Paris in 1908 included music by Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Glazunov, Borodin, Glinka, Rimsky-Korsakov and Mussorgsky. Celebrated conductors, performers and singers were engaged—Chaliapine sang in "Boris Godunov". So elated was Diaghilev by this further success that he decided to present another season in the following year. It seems typical that there should be some doubt as to whether it was Diaghilev who first decided to present ballet during the 1909 season when the West first saw Russian ballet. Madame Nijinsky tells us her husband gave Diaghilev the idea; Grigoriev, regisseur of the ballet, claims that Benois suggested the inclusion of ballets in the opera season; and Lifar states that Diaghilev turned naturally from opera to ballet—it was such a short step! At any rate, it was eventually agreed that ballets should be included, and Imperial patronage was sought and given. With the aid of Benois, Bakst, Tcherrepine the composer, Svetlov the celebrated ballet-critic, Prince Argutinsky-Dolgoruky a wealthy and influential diplomat, and General Berobrazov a well-known admirer of the ballet, Diaghilev worked out a programme of ballet and secured the collaboration of such brilliant dancers as Anna Pavlova, Tamara Karsavina, Bolm, Kchessinska and Vaslav Nijinsky. There was some trouble with the Court—said to be caused by the intrigues of Kchessinska—and Imperial patronage was withdrawn; but this did not ruin Diaghilev's plans for he secured financial aid in Paris. The ballets chosen were "Le Pavillon d'Armide", "Les Sylphides" and "Cleopatra", all with choreography by Fokine. The first performance in Paris took place on the 18th May, 1909, before an invited audience; it consisted of "Le Pavillon d'Armide", an act of "Prince Igor" which ended with the Polovtsian Dances, and a divertissement called "Le Festin". The first public performance on the following night was a great sensation, a revelation to the Western world of the quality of Russian art, music, singing and dancing. Very naturally, Diaghilev wished to repeat this success and the following year he returned to Paris with a repertoire which included "Carnaval", "Scheherazada", "Le Festin", "Giselle" and "L'Oiseau de Feu". This season again was a tremendous success and Diaghilev determined to form his own company to tour Europe. This he achieved and from 1911 to his death in 1929, Diaghilev toured Europe and, for a time during the 1914-18 war, North and South America.

The history of the Diaghilev ballet falls into five main periods, each

dominated by a different choreographer: Fokine, Nijinsky, Massine, Nijinska and Balanchine. The first period from 1909 to 1912 saw the creation of and presentation to Western audiences of "Les Sylphides", "Scheherazada", "Polovtsian Dances", "L'Oiseau de Feu", "Carnaval", "Petrushka", "Spectre de la Rose" and "Thamar". These ballets—classics of the ballet repertoire—inaugurated the success of the Russian Ballet. Fokine assimilated the styles of many historical periods and his ballets shocked and startled by their violent movement, their colour, the directness of their drama and their action. He established the short one-act ballet (in Imperial Russia ballets were usually in three or more acts) of atmosphere and action. Diaghilev had great ambitions for Nijinsky as a choreographer which to some extent were fulfilled. In a very short space of time Nijinsky created (in Europe) for Diaghilev three ballets: "L'Après-midi d'un Faune", "Le Sacre du Printemps", and "Jeux". In America he created "Tyl Eulenspiegel" to the music of Richard Strauss. "Le Sacre du Printemps" created a sensation because of the revolutionary nature of the music, "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" because of the action; "Jeux" passed without comment. In all these ballets Nijinsky attempted to create a new kind of dancing close to the rhythm of the music, stark and austere in appearance, and far removed from the posing, the tableaux, the limited movement and mime of classical ballet. The revolutionary nature of Nijinsky's choreography (not often recognised even now) made further reforms easy for Massine. None of Nijinsky's ballets have been revived with their original choreography and revivals of Massine's ballets (with the exception, perhaps, of "La Boutique Fantasque" and "Le Tricorne") have not been so successful. His work for Diaghilev was marked by characteristics which, looking back, seem particularly nineteen-twentyish. "Parade" of 1917 with a theme by Cocteau, settings by Picasso and music by Satie was witty and amusing, an attempt to represent a circus in terms of cubism; but the angularity and the pastiche elements in this ballet were to be seen in his later works as well. His style of choreography was essentially mannered and not essentially homogeneous; he was a master at absorbing national idioms and using them in his ballets—Spanish dancing in "Le Tricorne", Russian dancing in "Le Soleil de Minuit", and so on. His work for the Diaghilev ballet seems slight in comparison with that of Fokine, and unoriginal in comparison with that of Nijinsky.

In 1921 there came "The Sleeping Princess", a revival of the ballet by Petipa to the music of Tchaikovsky. This was a magnificent performance for which the finest dancers available, the greatest living theatrical artist—Bakst—and the most expert collaborators such as Stravinsky and La Nijinska were secured by Diaghilev. He astonished everyone by his ceaseless activity and interest in this revival. The first performance took place on the 2nd November, 1921, and after a hundred and five performances the last performance took place on the 4th February. Diaghilev was bitterly disappointed by the shortness of this run and was financially ruined by this ballet on which he had spent huge sums and to which he had given so much study. Yet a hundred and five performances is still a good run for a ballet when played every night; and although it was a glorious failure it showed Diaghilev the way ahead. He had resigned from his position in the Imperial Theatres over a revival of the classic "Sylvia"

and now he had vindicated his taste and judgment. He first loved the music of Tchaikovsky and now he had presented the finest of his ballet scores; he still loved the Russia he had known in childhood and youth and now he had displayed the greatest ballet of that period. His assistants and dancers reminded him of those early days: Stravinsky, Bakst, La Nijinska, Trefilova, Egorova, Spessiva, Vilzak, Vladimirov from the Marinsky, Sergeyev, former regisseur of the Marinsky, Cecchetti and even Carlotta Brianza who had danced Aurora in the first performance of 1890. Diaghilev told his regisseur Grigoriev, "You will never again see such a perfect ensemble, or such choreography, or such a décor. This is the last relic of the great days of St. Petersburg".

Diaghilev's admirers were surprised by this *volte-face*; they did not know their man. Fokine's ballets were not revolutionary but showed reforms and superlative taste such as had rarely been known at the Marinsky. Nijinsky's ballets were revolutionary but their primitiveness (like the music of Stravinsky) was essentially Russian. Cocteau perceived this when he wrote, "Nijinsky is a moujik, a Rasputine; he carries in him that fluid which stirs crowds, and he despises the public (whom, however, he does not refuse to gratify)". Massine's version of "Le Sacre du Printemps" failed to capture the moving, stirring primitiveness of Nijinsky's version. For Diaghilev, Nijinsky was Russia; and his ballets evoked (whatever their setting) the atmosphere of that land from which he was an exile. Massine was influenced by Diaghilev to carry on from Nijinsky and the result was not altogether successful. "Parade", complicated as its ingredients were, represented an attempt to return to the direct world of childhood impressions: the circus turns, "The Chinaman, the little American girl, and the acrobats, represent varieties of nostalgia hitherto unknown", said Cocteau. From the childhood world of "Parade" it was an easy step to "The Sleeping Princess" Diaghilev never abandoned the past. Nijinska had shown herself an able choreographer by her creations for "The Sleeping Princess" and Diaghilev determined to use her talents. In 1923 she created "Les Noces" to the music of Stravinsky, a Russian folk work as uncompromising in its starkness and direct attitude to the music as her brother's ballets. Her later works such as "Les Biches" and "Le Train Bleu" showed a kind of modified classicism. She was followed by Balanchine who showed an even more emphatic attitude towards a revival of classicism in dancing. There was a dichotomy between the actual dancing and the settings and themes of his ballets. The latter represented a kind of feverish clever-clever view of classicism seen through the eyes of fashionable painters and musicians whose view of life rarely extended beyond the Riviera beaches. Nevertheless, the titles of these Balanchine ballets are revealing: "La Pastorale", "La Chatte" (based on one of Aesop's Fables), "Apollon Musagète", "The Gods Go a-Begging" and "Le Fils Prodigue". From 1922 onwards the most popular ballet in the Diaghilev repertoire was "Aurora's Wedding", a divertissement drawn from "The Sleeping Princess"; and its success showed Diaghilev that his revival of the full-length classical ballet had not been mis-timed. He was bound to please the frivolous public of Paris by some novelty of music-design or theme and he wanted to please himself also by a return to classicism. This was near at the time of his death in 1929.

The end of the Diaghilev Ballet saw a complete reversal of Diaghilev's policy. The works with which he had secured his great and early successes in Paris were those like "Scheherazade" and the "Polovstian Dances" which were barbaric and colourful, and which scored an instantaneous success with the wealthy, international society of that period; such classical works as "Giselle" and "The Sleeping Princess" fell flat. At the end it was the classical "Aurora's Wedding" which was most popular. Significantly the last ballet created for his company was "Le Fils Prodigue"—the return of the Prodigal Son. During the frantic years of the nineteen twenties he made every effort to be contemporary, the themes, the music, the settings of his ballets seemed to signify a complete break with the past and yet despite all this assertion of modernity, Diaghilev remained essentially the same man, a lover of tradition, of classical dancing, devoted still to his childhood tastes and adorations.

In appearance Diaghilev was tall and rather heavily-built with a rather large head and distinguished looks. He had a small black moustache, thick black hair brushed back and on the right side of his head had a small white streak which earned him the nickname, The Beaver. His appearance was distinctive and his bearing and manners aristocratic. He ran his ballet company as if it were a private company which performed for his own pleasure. At the same time he was no amateur and attended to every detail of the performance even the lighting and make-up. He did not spare his comments on dancers and few mistakes ever passed his eagle eye. He spent a fortune on the ballet for he not only ploughed back such profits as it made but he also received generous gifts from wealthy admirers. When he died he left nothing of value, everything had gone for the sake of his company. He was generous and noble and he could be hard and mean; the success of his company meant everything to him.

The history of the Diaghilev Ballet remains to be accurately written; a true assessment of the personality of its founder seems almost impossible. Through ballet Diaghilev affected many fields of art including painting, stage-design, interior decoration, clothes, music and dancing. He encouraged and aided Stravinsky, he commissioned "Daphnis and Chloe" from Ravel, "Jeux" from Debussy, other ballets from Constant Lambert, Lord Berners, Sauguet, Auric, Satie, Rieti, Milhaud, Prokofiev and Strauss, and he used (discovered in some cases) music of Handel, Rimsky-Korsakov, Schumann, Rossini, Tchaikovsky, de Falla, Montéclair, Cimarosa, Scarlatti and Mussorgsky. He helped other musicians, sometimes commissioning works he was unable to use. He could claim to have introduced Russian music to the West and, by his patronage of Stravinsky, to have revolutionised Western music. In later years he did not patronise theatrical artists such as Benois and Bakst (though he aided them in the beginning) and he advertised the school of Paris by commissioning works from Picasso, Juan Gris, Marie Laurencin, Sert, Bracque, Pruna, Utrillo, Max Ernst, Joan Miro, Tcheliachev, Bauchant and Derain. In 1926 he commissioned Gabo and Pevsner to construct him architectural settings for "La Chatte", and in the same year in "Le Pas d'Acier" he used constructivist settings by Yakoulov. Sometimes these collaborators failed to work effectively, sometimes the resulting ballets were poor but whatever the case, Diaghilev was rarely mistaken in his choice and encouragement of

talent. His last discovery was Igor Markevitch (who married the only daughter of Nijinsky, one of Diaghilev's first favourites) who as a boy of seventeen played his Piano Concerto in F during a performance of the ballet in London and has now achieved international fame as a conductor. Diaghilev's influence on the art of Western Europe has yet to be realised. Yet this man, so intelligent, informed, and advanced in taste, had the superstitions of a Russian peasant. He was superstitious beyond all reason. Having been told he would die at sea he refused to make sea voyages. When he was obliged to travel to America he made his valet remain in his cabin praying for him the whole length of the voyage. He would make the sign of the cross when signing a contract paper, and ill and good omens were sought and found on every possible occasion. Yet he was a genius. He called himself a cocktail-mixer and the remark has been taken more seriously than it deserves, true though it is. He brought together and inspired talents of all kinds for the sake of his ballet company; nothing like it has been seen since in Western Europe. Essentially he never changed and his love of music, art and the dancing remained permanent and as strong as in his youthful days in Russia. On his death-bed he was heard singing the long melodies of Tchaikovsky and the lingering motives of "Tristan and Isolde". And, ironically, the prophecy that he would die at sea was fulfilled for he died in a hotel on the Lido at Venice, on an artificial island near the city he loved so well. His body rests in the Russian cemetery on San Michele and his tombstone bears the inscription: "Venise, l'Inspiratrice Éternelle de nos Appaisements. Serge de Diaghilev 1872-1929".

ALAN BIRD.

TRADE AND TARIFFS

DURING the years 1950-1952 the volume of international trade rose by 7 per cent. The volume of United Kingdom trade fell by 5 per cent. The tendency gathered momentum during the first half of 1953, when United States, German and Japanese trade rose still further by between 5 and 6 per cent. The volume of United Kingdom trade remained stationary, however, at the 1952 average. Moreover, when we examine manufactures from the ten principal trading countries, we find that the British proportion of manufactures declined from 26 per cent. in 1950 to 22 per cent. in 1952, with cars, machinery and rayon as the worst sufferers. Another basic fact is that, in Europe, where eighteen countries have pledged themselves to the 75 per cent. "trade liberalisation" target set by the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation, the volume of intra-European commerce has doubled since 1948. It is already 38 per cent. higher than in 1938, the last full year before World War II.

New trade patterns are emerging, and Britain and Europe alike need a salutary reminder of a pronouncement in his last American speech by the Marquis of Lothian, who was the most popular British Ambassador in Washington since Bryce: "The triumph of Hitler no doubt grew out of the despair which settled on Central Europe in the long years of the war,

defeat, inflation and revolutionary propaganda, and grew out of the unemployment and frustration which followed the absence of any real unity in Europe, the sudden restriction of immigration overseas and the attempt to combine the collection of reparations and war-debts by the Allies with the imposition of unjust tariffs after the war. That was what gave Hitler his chance." (December 11, 1940). That was a fair enough verdict. High Protectionism everywhere, coupled with trade discrimination, made its own specific contribution towards the temporary successes of the Third Reich. Lord Lothian himself would have doubtless subscribed to Lord Nathan's famous dictum that "the road to Addis Ababa began at Ottawa". For he had been among the Ministers who had, on September 28, 1932, resigned from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's National Government in protest against the Ottawa Agreements. This was his reply to the new preferentialist shackles on inter-Commonwealth and inter-imperial trade.

And now the reaction has begun to set in—against reaction. In England, there is much more interest in the historic fiscal controversy than at any time during the past 20 years. The Commonwealth Finance Ministers' Conference decided late in 1952 *not* to increase Empire Preferences. At Sydney, Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, found the Finance Ministers of Canada and Pakistan even more emphatic in their rejection of the old-time techniques of "Ottawa". In Federal Germany, the free economy programme of the Adenauer Coalition has proved markedly successful. Its Minister of Economics, Professor Ludwig Erhard, who has the fibre of a Merchant Adventurer, has proudly boasted that, throughout 1953, Western Germany improved its production by 8.5 per cent., built nearly half-a-million houses, and attained an export figure of 18,000 million marks—thus exceeding imports by 2,000 million marks. Enlightened world opinion seems to be turning yet again towards free or freer trade. There have been many portents of a revolution in economic thinking. We have had three forthright declarations from the Bank for International Settlements, Basle, in three successive Annual Reports, that currency convertibility is urgent and imperative. A chain of pronouncements by such diverse personalities as Mr. Eugene Black, President of the International Bank for Reconstruction, Mr. Henry Ford II, ex-Ambassador Lewis Douglas, and Mr. Clarence Randall has quickened and enlivened American controversy. The mounting trans-continental propaganda to repeal the "Buy American" Act, to reinforce Mr. Cordell Hull's structure of Reciprocal Trade Agreements, and to simplify customs procedures, demonstrates the rising crescendo of this forward movement.

Such, then, is the background to the international negotiations to renew G.A.T.T.—the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs, first enunciated in 1947. Protectionist producer-interests, oblivious of the sovereignty of the consumer, have, in more than one country, sought to maim G.A.T.T. It would be calamitous if any Government, here or elsewhere, were to place itself at the disposal of such elements. For what was the genesis of G.A.T.T.? It is the offspring of the International Trade Organisation, itself the child of the Washington Loan Agreement of December 6, 1945. Its purpose was, and is, to "promote national and international action for

the expansion of the production, exchange and consumption of goods, for the reduction of tariffs and other trade-barriers, and for the elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment in international commerce, thus contributing to an expanding world economy." G.A.T.T. is in direct line with Clause Four of the Atlantic Charter which pledged Britain and the U.S.A. to "endeavour, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further enjoyment of all States, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the trade, and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity." (August 12, 1941). And with the Mutual Aid Agreement, which committed its signatories to the "elimination of all forms of discriminatory treatment in international commerce, and to the reduction of tariffs and other trade barriers". (February 23, 1942).

The reply to the detractors of the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs is not that G.A.T.T. has done too much, but that too little has been done for—and with—it. At the Geneva Conference, in 1947, the United Kingdom cut its duties on 260 articles and restored free trade in gas mantle ash and silica refractory bricks. At the Torquay Conference, in 1951, United Kingdom specialities were tariff-cuts on such delectable items as hazel-nuts not in shell, dried figs, some fifteen dental instruments, hair-clippers, razor blades, white pastels, white chalks, white crayons, accordions and concertinas. In contrast, the proportion of import values taken in American customs duties has, since 1947, dropped from 25.5 per cent. to a little below 12 per cent.

Several major problems confront the G.A.T.T. signatories. There are, for example, the implications of Japan's application, sponsored by Washington, for provisional associate membership of G.A.T.T. This has provoked much emotion and has revived habits of mind formed 20 or 30 years ago. If the Japanese are pirating trade names and selling abroad at prices below home production costs (and this is, of course, the only acceptable, or agreed, definition of "dumping"), it will be far better for everybody with Japan fully inside—not outside—G.A.T.T. Moreover, as the negotiators of the recent Anglo-Japanese Payments Agreement evidently realised, Britain is not entitled to enjoy preferences in the textile trade of dependent colonies if her prices do not compare with Japanese prices. It was retrograde—and wrong—of Sir Hartley Shawcross, as President of the Board of Trade, to deny the Japanese the right to equal treatment in the Congo Basin under the General Act of Berlin of 1885 and thereby to deprive the poorer dependent native peoples of opportunities to buy cheap supplies.

Japan's answer to Lancashire's anxieties and agitation over "low-wage competition" is short. If not sweet, it is at least succinct. Reuter and British United Press reported from Tokyo on February 14, 1954: "The Japanese Cotton industry has replied to the complaint of Lancashire industrial leaders that low wages enabled Japan to compete unfairly in world markets. While admitting that wages were low—in some cases a cotton worker's weekly pay is about £1—the Japanese contend that there is a big waste of labour in Japan because of out-dated machinery which needs six men to do the work that one could do using modern equipment. The Ministry of Labour also contends that in cotton yarn production

the Japanese worker is only 60 per cent. as efficient as the British worker and 40 per cent. as efficient as the American. Secondly, there is the high cost of materials. For Japan the shortage of sterling, lack of capital and the availability of United States dollar credits divert a good deal of raw cotton buying to America. If the recent trade and payments agreement with Britain had not been signed Japan would have been forced to cut her sterling purchases severely. In the textile industry as a whole—covering men and women, young and old, beginners and the trained—the average pay is about £9 6s. a month, compared with the average for all major industries of about £15 10s."

Another problem is more far-reaching. We are informed—here and in Australia—that G.A.T.T. must go, because it denies the right to increase Empire preferences. But Imperial Preference has no future—only a dismal past. In 1932 the architects of the Ottawa régime ringed the Commonwealth and Empire with discriminatory preferential tariffs against the outside world. The Commonwealth has now very largely ceased to glorify Empire Preference and the Ottawa Agreements as the Ark of the Covenant. They are now lukewarm, or cold, or hostile. Some just "couldn't care less"—to invoke our present-day Laodicean idiom! Mr. Menzies might like to extend the 1932 preferences; Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Douglas Abbott would not. Canadians rightly argue that tariff-reductions, like those of the G.A.T.T. Conferences at Geneva, Annecy and Torquay, broaden world trade channels more effectively than old-time Ottawa devices could strengthen inter-imperial trade channels. Moreover, the Commonwealth nations mainly export, rather than import, the commodities in which they are interested. Small wonder that they are increasingly indifferent to "Ottawa". The perpetuation of the Preference system might well involve not merely small gains for them in United Kingdom markets, but larger losses in world markets. This applies particularly strongly to Canada, potentially the military leader of the Commonwealth, now a world trader, selling abroad one-quarter of the goods which she produces. Nor let it be forgotten that Australia usually accords the United Kingdom trader only nominal preferences. She first imposes duties high enough to protect her industries from British and all other competitors, then slightly increases them for foreign Governments. The Australian manufacturer, understandably enough, obtains the real preference. "Ottawa" has, in effect, encouraged Dominion Governments to drown the foreign trader in 30 feet of water and his British competitor in 25 feet. Small wonder, too, that wags advised the Mother Country to apply for Dominion status.

It is fitting to invoke a sentence by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, as part-author of an historic pamphlet, *Design for Freedom*, written in 1947. "Foreign trade", he declared, "so vital to this country, depends upon three factors: the efficiency of our production; our willingness to adapt ourselves to the ever-changing demands of foreign countries; and the free flow of goods between all nations. It is against this background that all domestic policy must be viewed". Be it said, in parenthesis, that such tests might well have been applied before protective tariffs were raised on eighteen classes of fresh and preserved fruit and vegetables last December, against the advice of three prominent

M.P.s—Mr. Percy Daines (Labour and Co-operative, East Ham North), Sir Waldron Smithers (Conservative, Orpington) and Mr. Donald Wade (Liberal, Huddersfield West). Here, nonetheless, in Mr. Thorneycroft's words, is a message for Ministers of Finance and of Commerce all the world over. If international statesmen take these inspiring words, as their text, in the coming conferences, and elsewhere, they will stand by G.A.T.T. If they stand by G.A.T.T., they will perform a service of world significance.

The problems of G.A.T.T. spotlight a new phase of the fiscal controversy raging yet again in Britain between the protagonists of Free Trade and Protection. Is Free Trade feasible for Great Britain? Can she afford to repeal the measures of 1915–1932 and revert to Free Trade? The short answer is epitomised in another short question: Can she afford not to afford it? There is an overwhelming case for the adoption of a Free Trade economy and a free market régime by the foremost creditor nation in the world. Britain set the example when she repealed the Corn Laws in 1846, abolished the out-moded Navigation Laws in 1849 and wiped out every vestige of Protection from her tariff-structure between 1841 and 1866. It is, of course, in America's power to do likewise today. But equally powerful is the case for a poorer debtor nation's pursuance of this very policy. In Britain, the Import Duties Act of February 1932 and the Ottawa Agreements Act of November 1932 jointly formed the statutory keystone of the Protectionist arch. To the extent that our admittedly poorer economy has lost its former resiliency and capacity for adaptation during these past twenty-two years since the transition to Protection, and has become inflexible, limp and riddled with the monopolies which thrive in the artificial life of the glasshouse—to that extent does it need more than ever the bracing tonic of free competition.

Rich or poor, we cannot afford to refuse cheap imports. Whether or not such imports come from countries with lower living-standards and inferior labour-conditions, it would be the crassest folly either to deny ourselves the advantages of cheapness or to deprive such peoples of the chance to better their conditions through the medium of international trade. As Adam Smith declared in the immortal *Wealth of Nations*, "the proposition [that is, to buy whatever we want of those who sell it cheapest] is so very manifest that it seems ridiculous to take any pains to prove it; nor could it ever have been called in question, had not the interested sophistry of merchants and manufacturers confounded the commonsense of mankind". To attempt to prove the proposition seems ludicrous when we recall that more than half of Britain's island population of 50 millions, packed more than seven hundred to the square mile, owe their being to the impact of internal trade and overseas commerce—to food and raw materials drawn from every continent and clime. Trade for freedom, and freedom for trade, are the life-blood of the Briton, who, in the better sense of a much-abused expression, has no alternative but to live, like the Belgian, by his wits. If we perpetuate the restrictive devices of the new mercantile system and reinforce the Protectionist laws of the inter-war years, the logical concomitant can only be to reduce a great trading community of 50 millions to a peasant state barely 20 millions strong. Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, as a junior Minister in Mr. Churchill's

wartime Coalition, stated no more than the unpalatable, but unvarnished, truth in 1941:

"Artificially high prices for this country mean that we have been fighting against for many a century: the prosperity of the few at the expense of the many, the gradual contraction of our export trade, a growing inability to buy, and, in the end, not only a permanent fall in the standard of life of the great bulk of our citizens, but a rapid decrease in our population and the end of our power".

Moreover, the main purport of a protective policy is to raise prices of foreign imports to the home consumer in order to weaken their competitive position in the domestic market and thus to strengthen the home producer. That is, indeed, the declared intent of its protagonists. But for how long can a nation which finds its living in world trade and services, visible and invisible, tolerate a system of artificially stimulated high prices? Such a nation depends more than any other upon the free working of the price mechanism. Again, the view is widely held that free imports would harm the national revenue. However, Exchequer losses consequent upon the abolition of Protection would be almost negligible. In 1952–3, the "middle" year since the last General Election, the Import Duties Act and the Ottawa Agreements Act, the two most important of our nine or ten Protectionist Acts of Parliament, raised only £65 millions and £4½ millions respectively. The entire range of protective tariffs brought in only £74 millions as contrasted with £950 millions from revenue tariffs in a total Budget of £4,439 millions. In 1946, to take just one more example, the sum total of the revenue from all our protective duties equalled 0.6 per cent.—well under one-hundredth part—of the total national revenue. It is as true as ever that to the extent that a duty protects—that is, prevents foreign produce from entering—it fails as a revenue-producing instrument, and that, conversely, to the extent that it produces revenue—that is, taxes incoming produce—it fails as a protective agency. The "revenue" argument in no way invalidates the Free Trade case. Impartial examination of the figures, including those most favourable to Protectionist advocacy, serves to fortify the Free Trader.

Is it not, then, politic, advantageous and in our own enlightened self-interest, for Britain's island people to contribute far more effectively—and far more extensively—towards the fulfilment of Clause 4 of the Atlantic Charter, Article 7 of the Mutual Aid Agreement, and the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs (G.A.T.T.), and, in so doing, to dismantle the rusty and outworn apparatus of Protection?

DERYCK ABEL.

THE PRIVATE GOVERNESS IN FICTION

TRACING the changes in social development during the last and the present centuries, none is more outstanding than the education of the young. Novelists have depicted the schools of the eighteenth and nineteenth century; Miss Pinkerton's Academy for Young Ladies;¹

¹ William Makepeace Thackeray. *Vanity Fair*.

that of Mrs. Goddard of so high repute that "it was no wonder that a train of twenty young people now walked after her to church";¹ or Lowood,² with its forbidding principal and discredited régime. Such establishments were maintained chiefly by the children of the middle and lower classes; in fact as in fiction those of upper class families were largely educated by the private governess, today superseded by a variety of schools in which class distinctions, if existing, are usually ignored. The governess in fiction must be considered against the background of a past era, in which her prototype functioned. Today, no profession is closed to young women of ability.

At the time of the writers from whom we quote, girls, however well-educated, were precluded from supporting themselves by other means than as companions or governesses. Also, the fact that a woman was obliged to earn her living, irrespective of her class, her employers would tend automatically to relegate her to a social inferior position. Hence it is somewhat surprising to find numerous instances in fiction in which they were sufficiently enlightened to recognise the individual rank of those usually regarded, in respect of their status, as their social inferiors, and to treat them accordingly. The educational accomplishments of a governess of the mid-nineteenth century are clearly enumerated by Jane Eyre in her advertisement for such a post and may be regarded as typical; "She is qualified to teach the usual branches of a good English education, together with French, Drawing, and Music."³ Her position in the average household is described with bitter irony by Jane Fairfax,⁴ apropos governesses, in reply to Mrs. Elton; "There are places in town offered for the sale, not quite of human flesh, but of human intellect;" and again, "it would be no object to me to be with the rich; my mortifications, I think, would only be the greater. . . . You may well class the delight, and the comfort of such a situation together." And, "I was not thinking of the slave-trade," replied Jane, in answer to the remonstrances of Mrs. Elton; "Governess-trade, I assure you, was all that I had in view, widely different, certainly, as to the guilt of those who carry it on; but as to the greater misery of the victims, I do not know where it lies!"⁵ The traditional treatment of governesses is confirmed by Blanche Ingram in a narration of her recollections of her own schoolroom days; "Miss Wilson was a poor sickly thing, lachrymose and low-spirited, not worth the trouble of vanquishing."⁶ We know that Jane Eyre was surprised at her reception at Thornfield by Mrs. Fairfax, whose true estimate of the social rank of the teacher is nevertheless expressed in her summing-up of the situation upon Jane's announcement of her engagement to Mr. Rochester:—"gentlemen in his station are not accustomed to marry their governesses."

What we have noted in fiction was undoubtedly substantiated by fact, and certainly represented the expectations and experiences of many a young woman, depicted by at least one author whose subject had put them to the test. It is strange, therefore, that in many instances in novels we find the governess receiving treatment very different from what the writer might have been tempted to describe. Let us consider some such examples.

¹ Jane Austen. *Emma*.

² Charlotte Brontë. *Jane Eyre*.

³ Charlotte Brontë. *Jane Eyre*.

⁴ Jane Austen. *Emma*.

⁵ Jane Austen. *Emma*.

⁶ Charlotte Brontë. *Jane Eyre*.

Miss Taylor in the family of Mr. Woodhouse, was "less a governess than a friend" to his daughter, the relations between herself and Emma "Was more like the intercourse of sisters."¹ Shirley Keelder,² the heiress, regards her one-time governess Mrs. Pryor as a social equal, companion, consultant and intimate associate. Miss Silver,³ in the family of John Halifax and his wife, is treated with marked kindness by her employers, and respect by her pupil, even though Mrs. Halifax never finds her congenial. Readers of *Villette*⁴ will recall the little drama of the dismissal of Mrs. Sweeny, and the angagement of Lucy Snowe as nursery-governess to the children of Madame Beck. "At first it appeared my place was to be a hybrid between governante and lady's maid. . . ." We see her enter the foreign school run with the minimum of effort and the maximum of efficiency, where, in spite of continual spying and never-flagging oversight, Lucy Snowe is treated with consideration and respect if not with kindness, being finally promoted from the nursery to the post of English teacher.

That the social status of a governess was usually regarded as below that of her employers is emphasized by Mrs. Elton's question to Emma Woodhouse, when speaking of Mrs. Weston. "She was your governess, I think?" followed by the qualifying remark; "Having understood as much, I was rather astounded to find her so very lady-like. But she is really quite the gentlewoman;" to which Emma replies:—"Mrs. Weston's manners were always particularly good, their propriety, simplicity and elegance would make them the safest model for any young woman."⁵ Miss Lee, governess in the family of Sir Thomas Bertram,⁶ is little more than a figure-head. Beyond that "she wondered at her (Fanny's) ignorance," taught her French and heard her read the daily portion of history, she is scarcely mentioned. Lady Bertram took little interest in the education of her daughters, but there is no suggestion that the governess was treated other than kindly, although probably regarded as no more than a dependent in the great house.

Ann Brontë portrays another and more reprehensible treatment of a governess.⁷ The eighteen year old daughter of a country parson leaves home to take a post in the household of a retired tradesman who has amassed a comfortable fortune; his wife, "whom my kind prim Aunt had known in her youth, (was) asserted to be a very nice woman." The employer could not be prevailed upon to offer a larger salary to his children's governess than twenty pounds per annum. (We may compare this sum with the thirty pounds paid by Mrs. Rochester to Jane Eyre.) Miss Bloomfield's chilly reception at the end of a chilly journey, and the unrestrained boisterousness of the children, do not coincide with the aunt's description, or the eulogies pronounced upon the boy and girl by their mother. "I think they are clever children," she said "and very apt to learn, especially the little boy . . . a generous, noble-spirited boy, one to be led and not driven," and his sister Mary Ann, specified as "a remarkably gentle child, but required encouragement." The quarrelsome, self-assertive behaviour of the boy, his cruel propensities, the total disregard by

¹ Charlotte Brontë. *Shirley*.

² Jane Austen. *Emma*.

³ Mrs. Craig. *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

⁴ Ann Brontë. *Agnes Gray*.

⁵ Charlotte Brontë. *Villette*.

⁶ Jane Austen. *Emma*.

⁷ Jane Austen. *Mansfield Park*.

both children of her behests, and the lack of support and co-operation of the parents, produce a sense of frustration in the young governess, and she is dismissed, bearing the blame for the lack of improvement in the manners and application of her charges. In her next post matters are hardly improved. Her pupils are the two daughters of a country squire, totally uncontrolled, except at times by the threats of their bucolic parent. The governess is treated by the girls as little more than a servant, having to address them as *Miss Mary* and *Miss Matilda*, being at their beck and call, even in her nominally free time, although by degrees they "became a little less insolent, and began to show some symptoms of esteem." The outstanding feature of the treatment of the governess is the want of respect shown to her, the complete disregard of her injunctions or wishes. In comparison with her expectations of the teaching profession, how great the contrast. "How delightful it would be to be a governess! To go out into the world, to enter upon a new life. . . . How charming to be entrusted with the care and education of children! I had but to turn from my little pupils to myself at their age, and I should know at once how to win their confidence and affection."

Dickens presents a somewhat similar aspect of the governess complex,¹ and sums up the fundamental disadvantages under which a Victorian girl laboured in the homes of the *nouveaux riches* of that day. Tom Pinch answers the employer of his sister, in reply to his indictment; "Your sister has not the slightest remote power of commanding respect. Miss Pinch has been perfectly unable to command my daughter's respect, or to win my daughter's confidence," with the words; "Sir . . . no man can expect his children to respect what he degrades. . . . When you place her at a disadvantage to every servant in your house, how can you suppose, if you have the gift of common sense, that she is not in a tenfold worse position in reference to your daughter." Thus Dickens, always ready to champion the weak, and expose the wrongs of the down-trodden, in a few trenchant phrases throws a lurid light on the dependent in the house of a rich and arrogant man. And although we are told that Ann Bronte was happy in the family of her employers, she may have wished to describe what her sisters and her friends told her of their own experiences.

In *Ruth*² Mrs. Gaskell tells the tale of a girl betrayed, befriended by a pastor and his sister, and finally offered a post as governess to a parishioner, ignorant of her background. Mr. Benson is ill-at-ease at the concealment of his protégée's past. His sister Agnes argues that . . . "If you had not known Ruth as long as you do—if during her stay with us you have marked anything amiss, or forward, or deceitful, or immodest, I should say at once, Don't allow Mr. Bradshaw to take her into his house; but still I would say, Don't tell of her sin and sorrow to such a man—so unpitiful a judge." For five years Ruth holds the post to the satisfaction of her employer, until he inadvertently learns the truth, and she is summarily dismissed. The story presents the attitude of the average Victorian to a woman fallen from moral rectitude.

Nearer to our own day is the governess in *The House on the Marsh*.³ It strikes a modern reader as strange that, at least in fiction, girls of the

¹ Charles Dickens. *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

² Mrs. Gaskell. *Ruth*.

³ Florence Warden. *The House on the Marsh*.

last century, when seeking posts in private families usually ignored the necessity of obtaining a reference as well as giving one, before entering a situation. The governess in Florence Warden's novel, arriving at the railway station on her way to her employer's house, is met by an acquaintance of the family, and mysteriously warned of the unsuitability of the post that she has accepted. Unheeding she goes on her way, later to discover that the wife of the household is being slowly starved to death by him in a damp cellar. A melodrama, it was one of the best sellers of its day, described by H. G. Wells as a perfect example of such a type of novel. I once asked a daughter of the author why Florence Warden so consistently depicts women as devoid of ordinary commonsense and foresight, and received the reply that her mother regarded all women as of that type. Jane Eyre, it will be remembered, accepted the post of governess at Thornfield in complete ignorance as to the respectability of the situation. We would like to know if this were a usual occurrence at that time.

Finally we turn to perhaps one of the most brilliant studies of a governess in modern fiction, that depicted by Henry James in *The Turn of the Screw*,¹ which for mystery, horror, subtlety and *nuance* has seldom been equalled. "She was young, cultured, nervous; it was a vision of serious duties. She will have little companionship, much responsibility in a country house"; the constant care of a girl, and of a boy in the holidays. Interviewed by her would-be employer she hesitated—took two days to consider; finally accepted, tempted by the high salary, and the apparent eligibility of the post. He told her of his difficulties . . . that for several applicants the difficulties had appeared prohibitive, they were somehow simply afraid. It sounded dull . . . it sounded strange . . . that the governess should never trouble her employer . . . never . . . never; neither appeal nor complain nor write about anything . . . take the whole thing over and leave him alone." There were plenty of people to help in the country house placed at her disposal . . . a domestic staff, a housekeeper, but the governess would be in supreme control. The story develops in an atmosphere tense with undefined apprehension:—her first night in the house; "the restlessness that, before morning, made me several times rise and wander about my room . . . and to listen . . . for the possible recurrence of a sound or two . . . that I fancied I heard . . . and there had been a moment when I fancied I recognised, faint and far, the cry of a child; there had been another when I found myself just consciously starting as at the passage, before my door, of a light footstep." Disarmed by the beauty of her pupils, she is nevertheless harassed by fears and suspicions, the covert hints of the housekeeper, the ghostly appearances, the vague surmises consequent on the expulsion of the boy from his school, the sense of mystery; the combination of evil influences opposing her efforts to shield the children; a diabolical agency to combat which her determination never wavers nor fails.

Let Lady Catharine de Bourgh² have the last word. In her drawing room at Rosings when entertaining Elizabeth Bennett to dinner in company with Mr. and Mrs. Collins, she does not fail to question her young guest as to the upbringing and education of herself and her sisters. Hearing that they had failed to have a governess, her ladyship replies. . . . "Had I

¹ Henry James. *The Turn of the Screw*.

² Jane Austen. *Pride and Prejudice*.

known your mother, I should have advised her most strenuously to engage one." And she continues; "I always say that nothing is to be done in education without study and regular instruction, and nobody but a governess can give it. It is wonderful how many families I have been the means of supplying in that way. I am always glad to get a young person well placed out. Four nieces of Mrs. Jenkinson are most delightfully suited through my means; and it was but the other day that I recommended another young person who was merely casually mentioned to me, and the family are quite delighted with her."

E. V. CLARK.

THE UNITED NATIONS' CHILDREN FUND

TRADITIONALLY mindful of the needs of little children, the average Briton is always ready to contribute towards the alleviation of the sufferings of hungry, sick and neglected young folk in the world's disadvantaged countries. For this reason alone, the United Nations Association of Great Britain can expect a ready response to its nation-wide appeal this autumn on behalf of the United Nations Children's Fund. This organisation, which has been happily described as an "international co-operative on behalf of children", has, however, developed a wider purpose than that of dispensing charity alone—namely, the eminently desirable aim of enabling under-developed countries to improve their child-care arrangements out of their own resources. Thus, so far from pouring resources down a metaphorical drain, the Fund undertakes something more in the nature of a pump-priming operation. But even if a country is asked to raise itself by its own bootstraps, the Fund will give the first, determined tug. Yet at its establishment in December 1946, the Fund was intended only as an emergency agency for bringing help to "... the children of those countries which were victims of aggression..." by mobilising the voluntary contributions of individuals, organisations and governments and converting them into food, clothing and medical supplies. As the first urgent needs of the child-victims of aggression were satisfied, the Fund directed its attentions increasingly towards meeting the long-range needs of the estimated 500,000,000 children in the under-developed sector of the world whose troubles are due to causes more deep-seated than those temporarily thrust up by war. This tendency, given its first impetus at the three-yearly examination of the Fund's progress in 1950 was further strengthened in 1953 when the Fund, until then a temporary agency only, was placed on a permanent basis. In evidence of this, the word "Emergency" was dropped from the original cumbersome title, together with "International", so reducing the agency's name to United Nations Children's Fund, while retaining the original symbol UNICEF. (Indeed, it was claimed that millions of children in under-developed countries would refuse anyway to acknowledge any other title!)

In control of the day-to-day affairs of the Fund is an Executive Board consisting of the 18 members of the Social Commission (a United Nations body with special responsibility for the social aspect of the work of the Economic and Social Council) and 8 others elected directly by the

Economic and Social Council. For 1954, these 8 members are Canada, Ecuador, Italy, Pakistan, Peru, Switzerland, Thailand and Yugoslavia. As evidence of the Fund's wide-based sympathies, it will be noted that two of these—Italy and Switzerland—are not members of the United Nations. The remaining 18 members comprise Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Byelorussia, China, Czechoslovakia, France, Greece, India, Iraq, Israel, Norway, Philippines, U.S.S.R., United Kingdom, United States and Uruguay.

When considering appeals for assistance, the Board acts upon the assumption that all aid shall be granted without discrimination on the grounds of race, creed, nationality or political belief. Projects selected must promise a lasting contribution to the welfare of large numbers of children through programmes which the assisted country can eventually carry on out of its own resources. Within these limits preference is given to projects capable of operation on a low *per capita* basis, and which are likely to act as pilot projects for similar activity elsewhere. Whenever possible, the assistance of the appropriate Specialised Agency is sought. Most UNICEF projects, indeed, involve a division of responsibility between UNICEF (which offers imported supplies and equipment) and either the World Health Organisation (WHO) or the Food and Agricultural Organisation (FAO) which supply any international technical personnel required.

Not the least of UNICEF's virtues is its insistence on the "matching" principle, under which the recipient country is required to contribute out of its own resources, thus engendering national self-respect. Frequently the "matching" contribution will exceed the UNICEF aid. In 1952, throughout the UNICEF-aided sector of the world, UNICEF contributions of over £5,000,000 were "matched" by local government expenditure of some £8,000,000. Taking the period from 1947 to December 1952 total UNICEF allocations of 173,000,000 dollars were "matched" by 267,000,000 dollars from assisted countries. This takes no account of the gifts, both in money and kind, made to the Fund by grateful recipient countries. All UNICEF projects start from the country to be assisted and not in the form of a *diktat* from outside. The local government outlines its scheme to a UNICEF field representative who seeks the approval of the appropriate Specialised Agency before submitting it to the Board. When the Board has approved the project and allocated funds, the plan is evolved in detail between the UNICEF field representative and the government concerned, which makes available the "matching" contribution and nominates its own personnel (or "counterparts") to work with the internationally-recruited experts.

Apart from the occasional emergencies, such as earthquakes, floods or other catastrophes for which UNICEF always makes allocations, the Fund's resources are today directed towards three main objectives, namely child health and welfare services, the control of communicable diseases and the improvement of child nutrition. Programmes of this nature are currently in operation in some 70 countries in Africa, Asia, the Eastern Mediterranean area, Europe and Latin America. The Fund's total resources in 1953 were allocated as to 45 per cent. to child welfare, 30 per cent. to communicable diseases and 7½ per cent. towards child feeding

programmes. The remaining 18 per cent. formed an emergency reserve. Most of the programmes designed to further child welfare are in rural areas in countries where there is little in the way of even elementary health care. Few mothers receive competent health in childbirth, and infant mortality rates are high (up to 500 per 1,000 live births in some cases). To meet this situation, UNICEF provides such specialised equipment as scales, thermometers, needles, syringes, drugs, sera, vaccines, soap, disinfectants as well as, where necessary, more expensive items such as X-ray equipment, incubators and orthopedic supplies. This equipment is in use at some 5,300 centres in over 40 countries where instruction of a simple, practical nature is given to local midwives and public health visitors by internationally-recruited World Health Organisation personnel.

Programmes designed to control the widely-spread diseases which particularly affect children are in operation in many countries. Anti-tuberculosis vaccination projects are in hand in some 30 countries, anti-malarial campaigns are in progress in some 30 countries while projects for the control of treponematoses, diphtheria and whooping cough are under way elsewhere. Several of these, of course, are in operation concurrently in the same territory. As an indication of the tremendous scope of these campaigns let it be noted that in 1953 no fewer than 20,000,000 children were tested for tuberculosis (and 7,000,000 treated with BCG vaccine), 12,000,000 were protected against malaria by DDT spraying and 8,000,000 tested (and where necessary treated) for the crippling tropical disease of yaws. Malnutrition is said to be the lot of two-thirds of the world's children, stunting their growth, rendering them an easier prey to other illness and often resulting in specific diseases such as beri-beri, pellagra and "kwashiorkor"—the protein-deficiency disease which afflicts many children in West Africa. In the field of child nutrition, UNICEF aims to stimulate interest in the problem rather than to alleviate hunger by continuous grants of food which would be beyond its powers and also beyond the capacity of the recipient country to continue. Nevertheless the ubiquitous UNICEF daily glass of milk (made on the spot from dried skim milk powder) has brought relief from near-starvation to millions and has persuaded at least one little girl in India that "UNICEF" is the English word for milk! More in line with UNICEF's long-term policy, perhaps, is the help it gives, in co-operation with the Food and Agricultural Organisation in the establishment of milk-processing and drying plants in under-developed countries, thus at one and the same time providing a source of safe milk supply and a stimulus to agriculture.

To pay for its share in all this activity UNICEF depends entirely on voluntary contributions from governments and private organisations. Its budget for 1953 amounted to £7,140,000 of which about 90 per cent. came from government sources. There are those who maintain that UNICEF should be allocated a definite share of the general United Nations budget, as is the case with the Specialised Agencies. Others, on the other hand—and this view seems likely to prevail—prefer that UNICEF should continue to shed the light of charity in a naughty world, believing that nations which will open their purses to a good cause might possibly close them in face of a cold-blooded demand note. For as things stand at the moment, UNICEF has a special place in the world

which entitles it to the support of all men and women of goodwill. This was no doubt in the mind of the President of the General Assembly, Madame V. J. Pandit, when she said: "The Children's Fund is one of the most vivid examples, within the framework of the United Nations, of international cooperation and peaceful purposes. Its value lies not only in the lives saved but in the entire communities which it strengthens and in the faith in the United Nations which it established and renews wherever it operates."

ERIC FORD.

THE VEDAS

THE "Vedas" are the very ancient, sacred books of the Hindus. How and when they came into being is shrouded in mystery by antiquity. No author is ascribed to them and no date can be given to them. No doubt they originated in the hoary Hindu civilisation which research is revealing existed long before the civilizations of China and Greece. Sir John Marshall writing about this civilisation states that it takes us back to an age that can only be dimly surmised. The "Vedas" were not written down for many centuries, but were memorized and passed by word of mouth amongst the Brahmin priests. I-tsing, the Chinese scholar who lived in India during the 7th Century, wrote:—"The four 'Vedas', containing about 100,000 verses, have been handed down from mouth to mouth, not transcribed on paper or leaves. In every generation there exist some intelligent Brahmins who can recite the 100,000 verses."

The four "Vedas", essentially a literature of chant and recitation, are systems of religion and philosophy. Translation of these works have inspired many of the great thinkers of the Western World. Emerson pays them the following tribute:—"It is sublime as heat and night and a breathless ocean. It contains every religious sentiment, all the grand ethics which visit in turn each noble poetic mind." The French historian, Victor Cousin said:—"When we read with attention the poetical and philosophical monuments of the Orient—above all those of India—we discover there many a truth so profound . . . that we are constrained to bend the knee before the philosophy of the East, and to see in this cradle of the human race the native land of the highest philosophy." Schlegel on reading the "Vedas" observed:—"Even the loftiest philosophy of the Europeans, the idealism of reasoning as set forth by the Greek philosophers, appears—in comparison with the abundant life and vigour of Oriental idealism—like a feeble Promethean spark against the full flood of sunlight. What distinguishes the "Vedas" from all other philosophies is that it is at once religion and philosophy. In India the two are inseparable."

The four volumes of the "Vedas" have attached to them the "Upanishads", or "Vedanta"—literally the end of the "Vedas"—which are essential summaries of certain parts of the "Vedas" and furnish the doctrinal basis of the Hindu religion. Of the "Upanishads" Schopenhauer says:—"How entirely does the 'Upanishads' breathe throughout the holy spirit of the 'Vedas'. How is everyone who has become familiar with that incomparable book stirred by its spirit to the very depths of his soul! From every sentence deep, original and sublime thoughts arise, and the whole is pervaded by a high and holy and earnest spirit. . . . The access

to the 'Vedas' by means of the 'Upanishads' is in my eyes the greatest privilege this century may claim before all previous centuries."

The "Sama-Veda" contains 1,810 verses or rhymed couplets. As already noted in the comments of various European philosophers on the "Vedas", religion and philosophy are inseparable in India. Thus the "Sama-Veda" is both a sacred book and a philosophical outlook on life. Its verses state that everything is an expression of the Deity. Human life is regarded as being divine and the whole creation, both living and non-living. This conception is far more reaching than appears at first glance, for it means that Man is a part of the gigantic Cosmic plan—a small wave lying on the breast of the ocean. Divine Power is limitless therefore Man, when he adopts the correct attitude, i.e. that divinity surrounds him and is part of him, God within and God without, can partake of the immeasurable and inexhaustive resources of the Cosmos. Thus the "Sama-Veda" contains prayers for power, wealth, wisdom and happiness as aids to the self-integration of the personality. The individual who studies and meditates on the verses of the "Sama-Veda" can proclaim, 'I am a child of God' simultaneously with, 'Thou and I art One'. It is interesting to note that Jesus, thousands of years later, cried, 'My Father and I are one'. Also modern philosophers and scientists have realised that the same type of plan spreads throughout the Cosmos with certain variations. The basic plan is the main point of the late General Smuts' philosophy of Holism and scientists, especially physicists like Einstein, have supported his theory with scientific data. Consider our planetary system. There is the central Sun and around it whirl the planets in their fixed orbs. Every material object is composed of atoms. In each atom there is a central nucleus around which electrons whirl in fixed paths. A plant is composed of a large number of cells which are formed from a substance known as protoplasm. This highly complex chemical is made up of atoms of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, etc. Each of these atoms is a miniature solar system. Also the plant's flower is made of a central style surrounded by rings of stamens, petals and sepals. The same thing applies to humans. Each human being is composed of trillions of cells, each cell of protoplasm and that substance of various atoms each exhibiting the same basic solar system-like plan of the Cosmos. The collection of hymns known as the "Sama-Veda" are verses of praise to the Divinity, the Divine Plan, that with innumerable, small variations prevails throughout the Cosmos and to the glory of the Deity, free in wide open spaces or encased in small creatures, but everywhere within objects and without in the ether.

The "Rig-Veda" commences with a monistic conception of the Deity. One is inclined to think that Christianity and Mohammedanism are the only monotheistic religions and to dismiss the ancient Hindu religion as the worship of idols. In India one encounters shrines to the goddess Kali, to the gods, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, but these are only aspects of one God, of the one all-powerful, omnipresent Deity. Kali represents God in the aspects of Creator, Preserver, Destroyer and is feminine as many Hindus speak of God as the Divine Mother, which is in no way different to the Christian referring to Him as Heavenly Father. Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva are separate aspects of the Creator-Preserver-Destroyer principle. Certain of the gods were mythical figures to represent the Deity

in different spheres, e.g. Agni, Soma and Brhaspati, on earth and Sunga, Santur and Mitra in the heavens. The devout Christian worships God as formless or as Christ, an incarnation of God, with form, the Virgin Mary and many saints, yet that does not make Christianity polytheistic. The same thing applies to Hinduism for many of the gods worshipped are incarnations of the Deity.

Hinduism and Buddhism are criticised by Western philosophers because of their negativeness, the repression of all the natural desires that ferment in the mind of Man and the mortification of the flesh. True it is that in modern Hinduism mortification and denial are regarded as of paramount importance. In Indian bazaars fakirs and sages walk around holding aloft grotesquely withered arms, their bodies reduced to a mere covering of skin on the skeletal foundation and their only strength is that necessary to hold their begging-bowl. This attitude of mortification is foreign to the early ideas of Hinduism. In all religions, throughout the ages, things are added foreign to the teachings of their founders. One has only to carefully scrutinize Christianity to witness how in the formation of various sects the doctrines of the founder, Jesus Christ, have been distorted and foreign ideas added. The "Rig-Veda" gives the original, positive idea of Hinduism—no mortification of the flesh, no denials that lead to a pessimistic and even destructive attitude to life—but a rejoicing in the glory of being. Certain verses of the "Rig-Veda" are anthems of praise to the painlessness, the abundance of the Infinite which are Man's for the asking and the recognition of the fact that the Infinitude surrounds and is within Man. Infinitude is all good, evil is but a creation of Man and if he would only link himself with the Infinitude all wealth, all health, all happiness would be his. From this statement comes the Hindu theory of karma and the origin of evil. Man was created perfect, a replica of the Infinitude, but was given a certain amount of free-will. This he used in the wrong direction, as also shown in the "Book of Genesis" when the free-will was used to rob the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and the result of his past actions through countless generations has accumulated bad karma which has led him further and further away from the Infinitude.

The later part of the "Rig-Veda" is a song of praise to Visvakarman, the Creator and Architect of the Universe. The impression of the Creation as given by Christianity is one of labour, a wearisome task at the end of which the Creator was exhausted. The "Rig-Veda" explains that the basic elements behind all creation are tremendous energy and supreme joy—'ananda', bliss. It is the latter which is the Cosmic Energy, the Life-force, the breath of God, that entered into the primordial protoplasm of the first organisms and gave them life. In recent years much has been written regarding time and philosophers now agree that time is a mere illusion for the past, present and future are one. In past ages, however, time was clearly classified into its three parts and the three kept separate. In the "Rig-Veda" the modern idea of time is expounded. Any philosophical thoughts on time are founded on the cyclic phenomena which exist in Nature. The sun rises and sets, the Earth turns upon its axis, the seasons come and go, the seed germinates, fruits, dies down and its body returns to the soil to provide nourishment for other plants. A portion of the "Rig-Veda" is devoted to the cyclic phenomena of Nature. The historian

sees marked rises and falls of civilisation and ages in the history of the World. The Stone Age yielded to the Bronze Age, the Dark Ages to the Revival of Learning, the Romantic Age to the Industrial and the latter to the Atomic. Great civilisations of Egypt, Greece and Rome rose and fell. Mention of the rise and fall of nations and the gradual evolution of the Earth from one age to another features in the "Rig-Veda" which maps out for the World a period, morning, where spiritual ideas were uppermost in the mind of Man, an evening where material things intruded and finally night when all spiritual things would depart leaving the World in the dark coils of materialism. Such an evolution, termed a day of Brahma is stated in the "Rig-Veda" to be of 4,320,000,000 years in duration.

Shankara, founder of the orders of monks in India, whose date is given by some writers as the 6th Century and by others as the 8th Century, expounded the doctrine of maya. This states that Man lives in a fleeting transitory World, a dream-world formed by his own thoughts and by the thoughts of others, because he dwells in ignorance of Truth. When this ignorance is removed and he links with the knowledge of the Infinitude he beholds things as they really are. He sees the World as a stage and all people as actors. He can divorce himself from the drama of Life and stand by and not become involved in the conflicting emotions of others. Shankara based this doctrine on various passages in the "Yajur-Veda" where there are certain prayers for deliverance from the unreal state of things, the removal of ignorance and the comprehension of the real and true. The "Yajur-Veda" states that God is everywhere, the stones vibrate with Him, He dwells in all objects, both animate and inanimate. Thus the "Yajur-Veda" preaches tolerance of all, for all are our kinsmen linked by the God that dwells in all. Man should look for the God in his fellow-men as one searches for a diamond and ignore the bad traits of personality which are comparable to layers of mud obscuring the diamond that lies beneath. "All beings may be regarded by me with the eye of a friend, and they in return regard me in the same way." "Atharva-Veda" is divided into three distinct sections, first charms for the curing of disease, poverty and other sufferings, the second section is prayers for the protection of the priests and the third cosmogonic and theosophic hymns. Of all the "Vedas" this is the least philosophical and the first part savours of the witchcraft practised in Europe in the Middle Ages. The "Upanishads", as previously mentioned, are summaries, especially of the "Sama-Veda" and the "Rig-Veda". Great stress is laid on the use of the word, Om, the sacred word of Hinduism, comparable to the Christian, Amen, on the control of breathing and various methods of meditation. To the yogi this volume is of major importance and the different systems of Yoga have been founded on the teachings found in the "Upanishads". MERVYN D. COLES.

HAWK MOTHS

WHEN twilight settles on the countryside and the birds have uttered their good-night songs, then the great hawk moths take to their arrowy wings and sweep over meadow and woodland, lane and garden. There are seventeen species of hawk moths found in our islands and they include the largest of the British moths. Not all of these

are true natives, for some of them are only casual visitors from the continent. The flight across the Channel presents no difficulties to these moths, with their stream-lined bodies and powerful wings. The largest of these moths is the Death's Head Hawk moth, a grand insect with a wing span of about five inches. It bears on its thorax a yellowish patch that resembles a skull and crossbones, a fact that accounts for this insect being held in superstitious dread. This horrific feature is also referred to in its scientific name, *Acherontia atropos*, for Acheron was the river over which the spirits of the dead were ferried, and Atropos was the member of the Fates who carried the shears that cut the thread of human existence.

This moth has the unusual power of being able to squeak and this added to the fear in which it was held. It is the only British moth with this power. So perhaps it is not surprising that this great moth with its skull and crossbones and its ominous squeak caused terror in the hearts of simple rustics. The Death's Head is, of course, quite harmless. Its appearance in this country is uncertain. It will reach us from the continent and lay its eggs on the leaves of potatoes. Sometimes its giant caterpillar is found by workers in the fields. It becomes a chrysalis in the soil and in this stage passes the winter. Normally, our English winters are too severe and the moths rarely emerge in the spring.

The migrant moths will penetrate far inland and on the eve of Coronation Day I was presented with a female that had been found on a lawn in a Birmingham suburb. It was near a beehive and this insect's fondness for honey is well known, and it is sometimes known as the Bee-robbler. This liking for honey sometimes leads it to enter beehives, particularly those of the straw skep type. It is doubtful if this large-bodied moth would be able to enter a modern hive. During 1953 it was recorded in Salisbury, Weston-super-Mare and West Suffolk. The Death's Head Hawk has been known for more than three centuries, being mentioned by Mouffett in 1634. At one time it was known as the "Bee Tyger Hawk Moth," but it has held its present name since the year 1778.

Another large and beautiful hawk moth that is an occasional migrant is the Oleander Hawk Moth. Its first record in this country was in 1833 when it was seen at Dover. Since then it has appeared in many parts of the country, usually singly, although in some years it has not been recorded at all. By a coincidence, it also appeared in Birmingham in 1953, when a solitary specimen was seen near a factory wall. It was also seen at Doncaster, Bridlington and Poole in Dorset.

The most common of the hawk moths is the Elephant Hawk, which has shown great increase during recent years. This is largely due to the spread of the rose-bay willow-herb, which is the food plant of its caterpillar. Fifty years ago this showy plant was quite rare and an old book on botany calls it "rare, appearing occasionally in the South of England." Today it is wide-spread and has become a pernicious weed in gardens. In Canada it is known as the fireweed, because it is the first plant to grow on prairies after a fire. In our own country it is found on every bomb site and every patch of waste ground. And where the rose-bay willow-herb has gone, the Elephant Hawk Moth has followed. Yet the lovely moth, rose-pink and olive-brown, is not often seen. It is the great caterpillar that is familiar. Nearly three inches long, it is snake-like in appearance and bears two

menacing eye-like spots. These caterpillars have prodigious appetites. Some years ago I reared about thirty of these caterpillars and it was necessary to bring the food plant in armsfull. Fortunately, there was no shortage of willow-herb. In September they enter the chrysalis stage in which they remain throughout the winter. The moths emerge towards the end of May.

Other common hawk moths are the Lime Hawk and the Poplar Hawk. A newly-emerged Lime Hawk is a beautiful insect, with its wings of delicate green and brown. The Poplar Hawk is a larger moth, drab brown in colour and not easily seen when among leaves. It is fairly common and is frequently found in gardens. A year or two ago our domestic cat came in from the garden with something fluttering in her mouth. At first glance we thought that she had captured an unfortunate sparrow, but on investigation we found that the victim was a Poplar Hawk moth.

One of the most interesting of our hawk moths is the Humming Bird Hawk, and, unlike those already mentioned, flies by day. This pretty moth, which has a wing span of about an inch and a half, delights in the bright sunshine and is often on the wing until late in the evening. It hovers in front of flowers, taking in nectar with its long "tongue", and its rapid hovering flight has sometimes misled people into believing that the humming bird of warmer countries has visited our shores. There can be no doubt of the migratory habits of this moth, for it has been captured many miles from land and they have been watched arriving at several points on the south coast. It is fairly certain that but for these annual migrations, this moth would no longer appear on our lists. The moth has been observed in every month of the year, even in December and January, and it has been seen flying in heavy rain.

We have two Bee Hawk Moths in this country. They have transparent wings with dark borders and at first glance might be mistaken for humble bees. The width of the dark border differs in the two species so that we have the Broad-bordered and the Narrow-bordered Bee Hawk moths. Both are moths of early summer being on the wing from about the middle of May to the middle of June. They are day flyers and their time of flight is in the morning, usually from ten o'clock until noon. Rhododendrons are frequently haunted by both species and they may be seen flying round these bushes on a sunny morning in early summer. Although so bee-like in appearance, their flight is much more rapid than that of the humble bees, so they are difficult to capture. Moses Harris, one of the pioneers of British entomology knew of the Broad-bordered Bee Hawk and as long ago as 1775 figured it under the name of "The Clear-winged Humming-bird Sphinx."

One of the rarer hawk moth visitors is the *Convolvulus Hawk* a splendid insect with a wing span that almost equals that of the Death's Head. It is spasmodic in its appearance, some years being entirely absent and in other years being seen in good numbers. It is most plentiful on the south coast, but it travels inland on occasion and has been reported several times from Scotland. This moth has a liking for plants having tubular flowers such as the scented tobacco plant and petunias. Like the Humming Bird Hawk, it hovers on the wing by the flowers, not settling and in this position it sips the nectar with its long "tongue."

The Spurge Hawk, the Bedstraw Hawk and the Striped Hawk are three

species of migrant hawk moths which visit our shores most years. The females of these moths cross the English Channel and fly inland. They lay eggs and the resultant caterpillars are found during the summer. The caterpillars are more frequently seen than the moths, but our winters are too severe for their survival out of doors. If they are brought indoors and given liberal supplies of food plant, they will complete their life cycle quickly and in warm conditions the moths will emerge the same year. Two other rarer hawk moths are the Pine Hawk and the Silver Striped Hawk.

In the southern part of the country the Privet Hawk Moth is seen fairly frequently. In the midlands and north it is more scarce. The caterpillar feeds on privet and in August may sometimes be observed on the upper sprays of the plant. When it is fully-grown it burrows underground, where it remains throughout the winter. The moth emerges in the following June. A hawk moth with a similar life history is the Eyed Hawk, easily distinguished from any other hawk moth by the blue eye-like spots on the hind wings. Although it sometimes feeds in the caterpillar stage on privet, it is more frequently found on willow, apple and sallow. Some gardening books refer to it as an orchard pest, but the caterpillars are not common enough for its attacks to be serious.

The hawk moths are sometimes referred to as the Sphinx moths, although there is nothing sphinx-like about them. The term really describes the caterpillars, which habitually rear their heads and front segments in a manner that is said to resemble the Sphinx of Egypt. Those great entomologists of a bygone day, Kirby and Spence, relate of a gardener who "was quite disconcerted by the self-satisfied air of these larvae, remarking that he had never seen any other caterpillars hold their heads so high." The caterpillars of the hawk moths are creatures of great beauty and large size, many of them having a curved horn at their rear ends. Some of them are easily seen, but others harmonise with their surroundings so closely that their discovery is difficult. In the chrysalis stage they burrow into the soil at the foot of the food plant, although the Elephant Hawk does not always burrow. Some of those that I reared were satisfied to be among the debris on top of the soil and there enter the next stage of their existence. Others did in fact burrow into the soil of the breeding cages.

The ability to cross seas and wide spaces of land calls for great powers of flight and endurance. These qualities the hawk moths possess, yet by way of contrast we find comparatively weak and feeble-flying butterflies also migrating over vast distances. The migratory Painted Lady butterfly almost certainly reaches this country from North Africa, yet its flight is slow compared with that of the larger hawk moths. The actual speed of insect flight is difficult to estimate and many speeds have undoubtedly been exaggerated. The German scientist Demoll states that the large hawk moths may reach a speed of thirty-three miles per hour. It is a thrilling sight to watch these moths on the wing. By standing quietly before a bed of petunias or valerian one may be fortunate. The flight in the gathering darkness is too rapid for the eye to follow. At one moment there is a flower bed—at the next one of these moths is hovering before the blooms. And a moment later it has vanished, flown away on its mysterious errand.

We have about two thousand British lepidoptera. The seventeen hawk

moths range in size from the great Death's Head Hawk to the Small Elephant Hawk. In colouring they are extremely beautiful, challenging comparison with most moths and many butterflies. Their life history is fascinating and easily observed. They are beautiful insects. They are surely at their most beautiful as twilight falls. The colours of the day go and the creatures of darkness begin their secret journeys. And under the trees and among the flowers come the great hawk moths, lovely children of the scented summer night.

CARTWRIGHT TIMMS.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"ABSOLUTELY OBSOLETE"

THE Anglo-Egyptian agreement, or "heads of agreement", initialled in Cairo on July 27th last and approved by a 257-26 vote in the House of Commons on July 29th, gave rise to some interesting reflections on essential changes now taking place in world affairs. Sir Winston Churchill has accumulated to his credit a record of wisdom and foresight in peace-time (but not in war-time) statesmanship that becomes more, not less, impressive as the years pass. Since the time when, at the end of the first world war, he urged upon the Cabinet—his voice being a voice crying in the wilderness—the urgent need of calling off the blockade of Germany, he has in peace-time almost consistently shown an understanding of the human and moral basis upon which international peace can most effectively be built. At the end of 1918 he was ignored, with tragic consequence; the blockade was prolonged for some six months, the children in Germany, stricken with rickets, offered a spectacle in unnecessary suffering from which, at least in part, derived the bitterness that contributed to the causes of a second world war.

It happens that another element in Sir Winston's character—which may perhaps not unfairly be described as his schoolboy type of heroics, patriotism and pride in the glorious annals of the British armed forces—tended in war-time to overshadow his native wisdom. In the autumn of 1943, for instance, in a pellucid interval in the said heroics, he characteristically warned his countrymen in a public speech of the danger confronting them, that the war might be carried on to so bitter an end that all would be lost, including the fruits of victory itself. And then, caught up again in the fever of action and glory, he went on to promulgate, or to agree to, that slogan of unconditional surrender on the part of Germany which produced the very results against which he had given warning nearly two years earlier.

It was something of a tragedy for Europe and the world that when the second war was ended in 1945 his voice was stilled in the counsels of the nations, for he would doubtless have given that powerful stimulus to wise foresight of which in peace-time he pre-eminently is capable.

It came to pass however, that the old Churchill was given another innings. He typically broke through the hubbub of jingo British pride on July 29th last when in the House of Commons he defended his Government's diplomatic record in Egypt. What he had to contend with was measured

by the fact that the opposition and criticism came, not exclusively from the official Opposition benches, but from the benches behind him. There happened to be a "Suez Group" of forty Conservative back benchers opposed uncompromisingly to any withdrawal of British forces from Egypt. The agreement initialled in Cairo two days earlier (July 27th) by Mr. Antony Head, Secretary for War (who had flown there for the purpose) and Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister, provided for the complete withdrawal of British forces from the Suez Canal zone within twenty months from the date of signature of the agreement. The agreement was made for a seven-year period from that date, it being stipulated that during the last twelve months of that period the two governments would consult together upon the necessary arrangements that would fall due when the period expired. The canal military zone is to be maintained, and provision is made for its immediate re-militarisation in the event of an attack by an outside Power upon any Arab League State or upon Turkey.

The die-hard re-action (so to speak) to those provisions was formulated in the House of Commons debate of July 29th. Captain Charles Waterhouse, for instance (a Conservative member) declared that in this piece of paper we had got all that was left of eighty years of British endeavour, thought and forethought. "I and my friends" he said "had feared that there would be a sell-out. This is not a sell-out. It is a give-away. Instead of having physical control of a great base, instead of having troops on the major waterway of the world, we have got this piece of paper in our hands". Such was the temper that assailed none other than Winston Churchill, a man who is characteristically associated in many minds the world over with what may be called the spirit of empire and the British imperial role in the world at large. What did he say? He has said many fine things in his time, few finer than what he said on July 29th last.

"I have not" he said "in the slightest degree concealed the fact, in public speech, how much I regretted the course of events in Egypt. I have not held my mind closed to the tremendous changes that have taken place in the whole strategic position in the world which make the thoughts which were well-founded and well-knit together a year ago obsolete—absolutely obsolete—and which have changed the opinions of every competent soldier that I have been able to meet. I am not going to attempt to lay these arguments before the House, but I should be quite prepared to do so, and to show how utterly out of all proportion the Suez Canal and the position which we hold in Egypt are to the appalling developments and the appalling spectacles which imagination raises before us. Merely to try to imagine in outline and to portray the first few weeks of a war as it would be now, under conditions which we did not know about when this session commenced and about which we had not been told—merely to portray that picture and submit it to the House would, I am sure, convince it of the obsolescence of the base and of the sense of proportion which is vitally needed at the present time, not only in military dispositions but in all our attempts to establish human relationships between the nations."

In short, Sir Winston has again pointed the noses of his less imaginative contemporaries to that immense prospect opened up in our time by the paradoxical effects of an earth-shaking advance in scientific knowledge.

These new bombs—atom, hydrogen, cobalt in dizzy succession—have altered the whole circumstance of international affairs. The habit of thought in those affairs dies hard. The Suez Canal at one end and Gibraltar at the other end, of a Mediterranean Sea which was once of decisive import in the strategy of armed sovereign States, have lost their strategic value. What sense is there in a row of guns at Gibraltar or at Suez when the very importance of the Mediterranean as a channel of communication between the British Isles and a now non-existent British India has been swamped—and would be swamped even if such a thing as a British India remained—by a bomb whose range of destruction can encircle the earth?

Miracle is a fascinating subject of study. Though we cannot understand its inner workings or the mysterious origin of its power, we can at any rate see its superhuman achievement. At the very moment when the world seems irretrievably doomed by the uncontrolled excesses of mixed science, materialism and belligerency, the very tools now available for the prosecution of the belligerent madness has intervened to save us (as we see ever more clearly) from ourselves. War is becoming obsolete, because it has got beyond itself and on the lowest plane of national aggrandisement no longer makes sense. You cannot annex the raw materials of other countries by military conquest when armies, navies and air forces are alike made impotent by an overriding nightmare of atomic explosiveness as impartially catastrophic to putative victor as to putative victim. Of course the Suez Canal is obsolete from the military point of view. The military point of view itself is nearly obsolete.

WAR AND THE METHOD

How congenial to the mind of Mr. Molotov was the result of the Geneva conference on Indo-China seemed to be measured by the alacrity with which he went on to propose a further immediate conference, this time on the problem of European security. All these problems derive from the major problem of aggression. What constitutes aggression is hard to contain within the bounds of a single simple definition. The post-1918 League of Nations constantly tried, and failed, to define it. The recent eight years of war in Indo-China constituted the military phase of a communist aggression. The fruits thereof were duly gathered at Geneva; the communist empire was duly expanded, and the losses were duly accepted in diplomatic form by the western political leaders. It may be that the Geneva terms, as the western leaders claimed, were the best that could be hoped for in view of the communist military victories in Indo-China; and it is certainly true that an agreed cease-fire, on almost any terms, is a blessing. Yet the fact remains that this was still another communist triumph, the accomplished fact of a further territory, a valuable rice-growing territory to boot, falling under the communist tyranny.

Let the main provisions be recalled of the agreement reached at Geneva on July 20th last to end a war in Indo-China which had lasted nearly eight years, and had cost France and her associates 92,000 dead or missing, 114,000 wounded and 28,000 prisoners. As a result of that agreement Viet Nam is divided into two parts, to be reunited after elections to be held two years hence. Laos and Cambodia become neutral territories, but the north-east part of Laos remains under the control of the Laotian

dissidents. There are to be no foreign bases in Laos or Cambodia, nor will those two countries be allowed to take part in any foreign military alliance. They will, however, be allowed a limited defence force. Such were the arrangements designed to interpose a neutralised buffer territory between China and Siam, and to be the basis on which an immediate cease-fire was to be proclaimed. The elections, which are to be held throughout Viet Nam, are to be held by July 20th 1956. It was further provided that India (chairman) Poland and Canada will constitute a trio of international armistice commissions, one for each of the three Associated States, their responsibility being, among other duties, to see that no military reinforcement goes to either side during the period of the armistice. There is no formal guarantee of the agreement, but the parties to the conference, with the exception of the United States, publicly announced their agreement, the United States dissociating herself from that declaration, but issuing a separate unilateral declaration to the effect that she accepted the agreement and intends not to disturb it.

M. Mendès-France, who had given himself as a time-limit for ending the war in Indo-China precisely the day on which the agreements were reached (July 21st) broadcast from Geneva on the evening of that day a message to his countrymen in which he submitted that the conditions obtained for the cease-fire "are the best that we could hope for in the present state of things". He admitted that there were "cruel clauses" among the conditions, but claimed that, as a result of the French military achievements in Indo-China, the conditions could be accepted without impairing the rôle played by France in Far Eastern affairs.

When the cease-fire was duly signed on July 21st, the Viet-Nameese delegate Mr. Do, repeated his protest against partition, Mr. Chou En-lai described the "success" of the conference as "tremendous", and Mr. Eden, who on all sides was proclaimed as the chief architect of the achievement, made a measured estimate of what had been achieved. His summary deserves to be remembered as putting the best possible complexion (always a useful thing to do) upon what had been done. "We have now" he said, "come to the end of our work. For a number of reasons it has been prolonged and intricate. The co-operation which all delegations have given to your two chairmen has enabled us to overcome many procedural difficulties. Without that co-operation we could not have succeeded in our tasks. The agreements concluded today could not in the nature of things give complete satisfaction to everyone. But they have made it possible to stop a war which has lasted for eight years and brought suffering and hardship to millions of people. They have also, we hope, reduced international tension at a point of instant danger to world peace. These results are surely worth our many weeks of toil. In order to bring about a cease-fire we have drawn up a series of agreements. They are the best that our hands could devise. All will now depend upon the spirit in which those agreements are observed and carried out. Before we leave this hospitable town of Geneva I am sure you would wish your chairman to give a message of gratitude to the United Nations and its able staff who have housed us in our work. And lastly, let me express our cordial thanks to the Swiss Government and to the people and authorities of Geneva who have done so much to make

our stay here pleasant as well as of service to the cause of peace".

The words fell gracefully, but had little of substance to offer. Mr. Bedell Smith on that occasion confined his remarks to an appreciation of the patience and good will shown by the two chairmen (Mr. Eden and Mr. Molotov); Mr. Molotov himself paid a warm tribute to Mr. Eden, thanked Mr. Bedell Smith for what he said, and went on to make four pregnant observations: (1) that the conference had achieved its aim and reduced international tension; (2) that it formed a basis of friendship between France and the three Associated States; (3) that it constituted "international recognition of the struggle for national liberation"; and (4) that it had also shown the "importance of China in international affairs and had proved that the obstacles to the full participation of China in international life were being swept away 'by life itself'." In other words the results of the conference were featured by Mr. Molotov within the framework of the prevailing communist propaganda, where indeed they properly belonged.

Let the moral importance of that fact be reserved for later assessment. Let the immediate concern be trained upon the question of this modern method in international affairs which is the peculiar technique of the Kremlin. In our time we have passed through three distinct changes in the function and purpose of what we used to call high diplomacy. It is of practical importance to recognise the nature of the mixed diplomatic and physical technique which Russia has contrived to impose upon the world since 1945, because the end is not yet, and it is certain that this method of conflict will be pursued with all the greater zest after the Geneva episode. Mr. Molotov's quick following-up of the Geneva success by his further proposal in the quasi-diplomatic field gave an illustration of what was in his mind. It is by now fully evident, having been proved and illustrated by a consistent experience since 1945, that as the result of the second world war we have come to the end of one era in international diplomatic practice, and are launched upon another, the transition having been dictated and enforced by Russia and accepted by the West.

The three modern eras may be called the Callières, the Lloyd George and the Stalin eras respectively. Up to the beginning of the first world war in 1914 high diplomacy had been conducted for two centuries under the principles classically laid down by François de Callières in his quaint and famous treatise of 1716, the burden of success depending in large measure upon the individual qualities of the diplomats concerned. Secrecy was an essential factor in it, as was the personality of the men engaged, who were "gentlemen" in the conventional sense, and diplomats *de carrière*. A negotiating diplomat could depend upon the discretion of his opposite numbers, and governments were kept in their place, a rigidly subordinate place. It was indeed an accepted convention between sovereign states that Prime Ministers or Foreign Ministers should not short circuit each other, but should use their accredited ambassadors as plenipotentiary intermediaries. The epithet "plenipotentiary" gave the keynote in affairs, although the instructions of governments were sometimes carried out. Not always. A well-known ambassador once remarked that he had never received from his government an instruction

worth reading. Even up to 1914 international understandings were reached of which neither parliament nor Cabinet in the countries concerned had any knowledge or suspicion.

After that first world war Lloyd George started a new era of diplomacy-by-conference, in which the transient politicians swept aside the professional diplomats and ambassadors, and took the initiative themselves. Lloyd George, the politician, committed his country to engagements that were sometimes impossible for his country to carry out, or for the other signatories to carry out. The Genoa Conference of 1922 was an example. At that time the U.S.S.R. had not yet been constituted; and Lloyd George was innocently unaware that Chicherin was not competent to give any undertaking for Russia as a whole, but only for the Moscow Soviet. The old-time diplomat was seldom guilty of the ignorance that has vitiated much of the political diplomacy enacted since 1918. The period between the two world wars was the period of "open" as distinct from "secret" diplomacy and of political as distinct from professional diplomatic competence. In that period no fewer than 4,568 "treaties and international engagements" were registered with the League of Nations, an average of five a week. They all went into the same waste paper basket, a big waste paper basket, in 1939. But inefficient, ignorant, feckless, unreliable as were many of the politicians who gate-crashed into the sacro-sanctity of the old diplomatic arena, there yet remained some pretence of negotiating international instruments which were intended to be honoured and kept; and the new methods were frankly recognised and even in some degree accepted by serious and responsible people (For a scholarly description of the 1918-1939 methods and practices see Walford Selby's "Diplomatic Twilight" and Harold Nicolson's "The Evolution of Diplomatic Method" lately published).

And then came the deluge. The second World War, which was perhaps the biggest muddle of all history, introduced something new in the technique and even in the purpose of what till then had been called high diplomacy. Russia, a state whose very ideology constituted a denial of morality, whose purpose was simply to destroy the Christian civilisation and heritage of the world, began a process of international dealing which was frankly confined to the negative purpose of destruction. Its only motive was the spreading of confusion and frustration among those Christian nations upon which the new atheist tyranny had its designs. Though conferences were held, ostensibly diplomatic, the very purpose of the Russian participants was, not to reach, but to prevent, agreement with the Christian West. The keynote on the Russian side was to be recognised in the famous veto provided in the Charter of the United Nations. Even in the recent Geneva Conference Mr. Molotov tried to inveigle the western leaders into accepting another sort of veto by proposing that any arrangement made about Indo-China should be conditioned by the consent of each of the nine parties concerned, one of whom was Russia herself. Harold Nicolson in the book above referred to confesses that in it he makes "but slight reference" to the Soviet Union. This omission he explains in this way. "I have not observed (he writes) that the Soviet diplomatists and commissions have evolved any system of negotiation that might be called a diplomatic system. Their activity

in foreign countries or at international conferences is formidable, disturbing, compulsive. I do not for one moment underestimate either its potency or its danger. But it is not diplomacy: it is something else".

It is in fact an attempt to destroy the Christian tradition. Whether by open minor war, as in Korea and Indo-China, or by terrorism, as in Kenya, or by diplomatic conference, as in the hectic series that began in Yalta a decade ago, a consistent diplomatic technique has been used by Russia, its exclusive object being the undermining of Western influence in the world as the necessary prelude to the imposing of a communist tyranny upon the ruins. There is no ambiguity or obscurity in the technique. The new system which Moscow attempts to fashion upon the world is wholly incompatible with the traditions of Christian practice upon which western civilisation is based, even though in our Western practice we have in some ways lost the old motive. Russia and the West cannot live amicably side by side unless Russia abandon her atheist materialism as her motive. How can it be argued, as some of the Western politicians try to argue, that a basically Christian civilisation can co-exist with an atheist materialist system which ideologically presupposes the extinction of that Christian civilisation?

There is such a thing as incompatibility of essence. Fire and water cannot mix. Atheism and Christianity cannot mix, or co-exist, in a world where prosperity depends upon mutual service and co-operation among the nations.

August 11th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

PALMERSTON*

There will always be two schools of thought (or rather feeling) about Pam, for there is no reconciling Cobden and Philip Guedalla. For the school of Cobden, little can be forgiven to the challenging, dominating figure who was a perpetual menace to peace. To Guedalla (a less persuasive rhetorician than Cobden) Pam is for ever England, one without whom the very word "Englishman" would not have acquired its full relish. To the Guedallists Palmerston and liberty are eternally entwined with the Union Jack, and Cupid-Pam is the ageless eighteenth century sporting gentleman. Mr. Pemberton keeps an even keel, repudiating both the "last candle of the 18th century" and "Holland House", or doctrinaire, Pacifism. Since his attractive book on Lord North he has lost his Tory sympathies, and under Palmerston's influence become almost boisterous in his dismissals of all Absolutists and autocrats—except Palmerston! Also his syntax has become less lucid and his possessive pronouns more ambiguous; and at the risk of being old-fashioned we must protest against a reputable historian's using the word Platonic in the sense of epicene. The more minute implications of diplomatic history he very properly leaves to specialists, but the most scholarly readers can hardly complain that this estimate lacks comprehensiveness. One must grant Pam his premises. "Our task is to lead the way and direct the march of other nations." His whole-hearted belief in "Constitutions"—for foreigners—was balanced by a robust assurance of the natural integrity of Britain. Clever rather than intellec-

tual, adroit rather than tactful, he rarely lost, even in age, his instinct for anticipating the feelings of the average Englishman. His behaviour to the Queen, on the other hand, was often deplorable or constitutional even apart from personal grounds. But those who find the public man a pirate acknowledge a domestic cherub. Mr. Pemberton should have told the story of his offer of a Cabinet post to an affronted Cobden and the subsequent lionising of the great Radical at Em's reception. It was very rarely, as in his unforgiveable and unforgiven attack on the bleak John Bright, that Pam's debonair *bonhomie* failed him altogether.

His list of diplomatic triumphs was a long one, and even in old age, when Poland and Denmark had almost obscured his fame in a murky northern night, he emerged to carry the nation with him against the Little-Englanders and cheese-parers. Perhaps the greatest of all his achievements was the settlement of the Mehemet Ali problem; and any reader who wishes to gain some idea of the Palmerston method of conducting foreign affairs may be recommended to Mr. Pemberton's succinct account of this chapter in English history. Pam was strengthened by having a new-fledged democracy to lead, but weakened, in comparison with the greater Chatham or Churchill, by flourishing at the nadir of commercialism. To call him the Victorian Chatham evokes the perhaps unjust but crushing retort "a very Victorian Chatham". Whether or not it was an unwilling dross that checked his flight, it must be concluded that he was often a great Minister for his country but rarely a great Minister for humanity. As Russell (a more devious and dubious libertarian) said finally on his death, "his heart beat ever for England."

H. P. COLLINS.

*Lord Palmerston. By W. Baring Pemberton. Batchworth Press, 25s.

AMERICAN VERSE

It was rather the naissance than the renaissance of American poetry, suggests the compiler of this anthology, that commenced in 1912, when Harriet Monroe started the magazine *Poetry* in Chicago. This "extraordinary efflorescence" spread from the centre of America—more than from the Eastern States; and among Miss Monroe's young poets was one called T. S. Eliot, whose *The Love Song Of J. Alfred Prufrock* she published, a poem written whilst he was still at Harvard. Mr. Moore regrets the exclusion of poems by W. H. Auden, who has become American and who looks upon the United States as his home, and yet has included Eliot, now officially British. But we are reminded that the latter has his roots in America, and that Auden is still "unalterably British". Mr. Moore has given the last of T. S. Eliot's four Quartets, *The Dry Salvages*, which shows the visual qualities of his work and his indebtedness to Ezra Pound and his "fellow Imagists," as he points out. This is a good choice. Happily in this collection the compiler has included some of Emily Dickinson's best poems, because, he says, the history of modern American poetry is incomplete without her, although her life did not fall in the twentieth century. So we are given seven of her epigrammatic poems with their profundity, humour and irony:

Safe in their alabaster chambers
Untouched by morning and untouched by noon,
Sleep the meek members of the resurrection,
Rafter of satin, and roof of stone.

Mr. Moore classifies American poetry into the "non-Walt Whitman" style of writing, showing careful craftsmanship, and the opposite, the "Walt Whitman style" with its freedom and its power of declamation and plain speaking. In this collection the latter predominates. Is there a self-consciousness in many of the poems? Perhaps this is owing to the fact that students of poetry take

their course of poetry as they would any other subject, and retreat to institutes such as Yaddo, there to seek peace and woo their muse? Also a considerable number of modern American poets are College and University professors, such as Tate, Ransom, Shapiro, Wilbur and nearly a dozen more. This explains the Editor's remark that "intelligence rules where formerly there was enthusiasm". (Can the word enthusiasm be exchanged for inspiration?). Many of the poems are expressed in colloquial idioms, and show a stark realism. Mr. Moore is to be congratulated on presenting to English readers not only the work of well known poets like Frost, Eliot, Pound, Stevens, Sandburg and MacLeish, but many others whose poems should be read in order to judge the work of the youngest generation of American poets. THEODORA ROSCOE.

The Penguin Book of American Verse. Edited by Geoffrey Moore. 3s. 6d.

POLITICAL THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Mr. John Bowle, lecturer in history at Wadham College, has already produced, in his *Western Political Thought*, a noble work dedicated to recording the European Tradition as expressed through the writing of Europe's representative political philosophers. If it does not record equally the Atlantic Tradition of peculiar interest to the Anglo-Saxon world, the answer is that one cannot have everything. While Mr. Bowle shares with Mr. Lionel Curtis, to whom this present sequel is dedicated, the aspiration for a world commonwealth, as sole guarantee (he asserts) of world peace and even of human survival, he has yet made the promotion of the unity of Europe, with its spiritual heritage, his practical preoccupation, especially by teaching work at the College of Europe in Bruges, and his philosophic vocation.

Politics and Opinion in the Nineteenth Century, in a manner not unworthy of Leslie Stephen and Merz, fitly carries on the work already begun. Since the culture of Europe, this side of Russia, is predominantly Catholic in tradition and unintelligible apart from this or the reactions against this—and is here in strong contrast to the Anglo-Saxon Tradition which finds the heirs of Locke in Jefferson, Adams and the *Federalist* group—Mr. Bowle properly devotes a chapter of his book to Catholic attitudes, including the peripheral but important work of Acton. Without study of this the programmes of the Dominant political parties which today govern Europe remain as unintelligible as they usually are anyhow to the ordinary Englishman. *Quadragesimo Anno* perhaps deserves more attention and, oddly enough, despite a chapter on "New Humanism", Mr. Bowle omits reference to Jacques Maritain, whose *True Humanism* is perhaps one of the two most important works of one of the few living philosophers of first class significance. Mr. Bowle, very properly avoiding a mere catalogue of names, is strictly selective, and this probably explains the omission not only of Maritain but, in effect, of Laski and of Russell (whose views on Bergson's political philosophy are given). In this task of selection Mr. Bowle shows excellent judgment and refreshing novelty. The present reviewer was recently told by a Harvard sociologist that he had "made Durkheim respectable" in the English-speaking world. It was therefore singularly gratifying to find a chapter, "Modern Sociologists", given to discussion of the work of Durkheim and of that great pioneer, Graham Wallas, whose work as a pathfinder will probably outlast Laski's, immense although the influence has been of the latter, among his younger contemporaries, as a prince of political pamphleteers. Durkheim was, of course, not quite so "objective" as he pretended—not least when he re-explained the Almighty, in contemporary terms, as a skywards projection (useful for purposes of education) of the French Third Republic of M. Waldeck-Rousseau. Wallas directed our attention (as,

in *obeta dicta*, did Bryce), to the psychological bases of politics. In an age when we are too much bedevilled by partizan pamphleteering it is reassuring to discover an Oxford teacher, not lost in the scholasticism of logical positivism, also directing the attention of students to the observational and experimental study of politics, in the best Royal Society spirit, as a medical science of social anatomy and hygiene on approach so wisely commended, years ago by Dean Inge. One is hopeful about what we may expect from the pen of a scholar who so happily combines, as does Mr. Bowle, the building of a monument to the glory of European civilised values, as part of the Grand Tradition of humanism, with awareness of the possibilities and urgencies of political science strictly so called in the sense in which Sidgwick and Durkheim, Wallas and Lasswell have discussed it.

GEORGE CATLIN.

John Bowle. *Politics and Opinion in the Nineteenth Century.* Cape 25s.

THE HOLY GRAIL

When an allegorical legend is a thousand years old it would be strange to find that it had not gathered, in each succeeding age, a wealth of surrounding literature that itself becomes allegorical and serves to conceal rather than to reveal the original character and meaning of the core of myth. The legend of the Holy Grail is perhaps in the forefront of ancient story, mystical in origin, that has captured the imagination of the masses, the passion of the poets, and the analytical intellectuality of scholars. The Church has made use of it, but has never fully sanctioned it; Henry II's politicians probably solved the Welsh troubles of the period with it; in our own time folklorists have constructed out of it ingenious theories of nature-cult and initiation ceremonies. Each in his sphere has erected a well-planned, and convincing edifice of logic out of its foundation; none has succeeded in stripping from the story its spiritual significance, and it is this last aspect that a new conception, exhibited by Lady Flavia Anderson in her latest book,* most strongly supports.

After a critical examination of all that has gone before, Lady Flavia, herself in the spirit of a Grail Knight, leads the reader back into pre-Christian times, and sees, not primitive nature-cults, nor materialistic cup-and-spear stories, but a record of man's fundamental deviation from the freedom of his purely spiritual destiny, into an intellectual serfdom, by his discovery of how to create and to control fire. The cup of the legend, associated with the cauldron of the Celtic myth, is identified with the concave reflector which is evolved from the clear rock crystal, or the vessel of glass by aid of which the prophet of the Biblical period, and later, the Druids in their sacred groves, and in the cathedrals of their mystical stone-circles, brought fire—the refracted and condensed rays of the sun—down to earth for the service of man. The spear becomes the sun-beam, and the magic sword the brand. Lady Flavia is to be congratulated, not only in having courageously broken with the tradition of academic folklore, but in having propounded a new theory, a more acceptable one than any that have preceded her, and in having presented it with crystal clarity, forceful sincerity, and becoming humility. Here is no pride of achievement, no belligerent contestant—the strength of Lady Flavia's theory is in its simplicity, and in simplicity is acceptability. It demands no specialistic pre-knowledge of the subject to absorb its meaning, which will appeal as strongly to the general reader as it will to the unbiassed and intellectually honest scholar.

JULIAN FRANKLYN.

**The Ancient Secret.* By Flavia Anderson. Gollancz, 25s.

KEATS*

The year September 1818 to September 1819 may well be considered Keats' *annus mirabilis*, it saw the composition of nearly all his greatest poetry. Mr. Gittings concentrates his study on this year, disclaiming any attempt at a complete biography. He shows how Keats was throughout it "living on spiritual capital," turning every experience, emotion or subject of his "intensive reading" into poetry; he considers that he could not have continued at this pitch even had illness not supervened. Perhaps the most striking new material is that concerning a Mrs. Isabella Jones, with whom Keats had become intimate in 1817, before he ever met Fanny Brawne. His "Hush, hush!" lyric seems to describe an actual episode with her, and his description of her parlour, with its accompaniments of music and food, is transmuted into the banquets of *Lamia* and the *Eve of St. Agnes*; the latter poem was directly due to her inspiration. A first version of the *Bright Star* sonnet is now shown to date from October, 1818, the later, amended version from July, 1819.

Mr. Gittings' object is to identify the sources of the poems, to relate the allusions in them to Keats' reading at the time, with the daily impressions from outside which his sensitive mind received and reproduced. He quotes the poet's lawyer friend, Woodhouse, who wrote: "there must be many allusions to particular circumstances in his poems which would add to their beauty and interest if properly understood," and who began to collect such associations. Echoes in the poems of Keats' close study, whether, for instance, of *Lear*, or Cary's *Dante*, or Burton's *Anatomy*, as brought out by Mr. Gittings, as well as the more familiar reminiscences of Wordsworth, Milton, and other poets, are indeed worth consideration. But when it comes to material objects, such as Mrs. Jones' parlour, or a rather frightful East window in Stansted Chapel, here proved to be the origin of the glorious one in *St. Agnes*, do we really desire to know the actualities out of which Keats wove enchantment? Does the process not resemble that scientific analysis of the rainbow deplored by himself? Be this as it may, Mr. Gittings' book is most readable, combining scholarship with enthusiasm: it is well documented, with an admirable index and appendices. The frontispiece shows the Mill House at Bedhampton where most of *St. Agnes' Eve* was composed, and where Keats spent his last night in England.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

**John Keats: the Living Year*. Robert Gittings. (Heinemann 1945, 16s.)

Elena Gerhardt's *Recital* (Methuen, 18s.), is the story of a singularly happy career. Except for the loss of her husband, whom she married in middle life, it has been roses all the way. Bringing into the world a lovely voice, a pleasant face and a loving heart, she carried everything before her after the memorable day when she made her first public appearance at Leipzig at the age of twenty. Next to her own gifts she owed most to Nikisch, who discovered her, sang her praises in her early years, and remained a close friend till his death. Writing at the age of seventy in the country which she has chosen as her second home, she looks back on forty years of travel and triumph in the old and the new world. In such a narrative there is inevitably a good deal of repetition, for one enthusiastic audience is much like another; but her delight in her calling lifts the story above a mere chronicle of engagements. "Luckily I have the rare gift of leaving the outside world and my personal emotions behind me when I sing. The moment my accompanist strikes the first chord of a song I live in another world and am completely absorbed in the atmosphere and character of the song I want to interpret, almost as in a trance". She possesses another precious endowment—the gift of making and keeping firends. The affectionate letters of Dame Myra Hess and Gerald Moore, her inspired accompanist, illustrate the radiant

camaraderie among musicians who dedicate their lives to the most ethereal of the arts. Yehudi Menuhin, perhaps the greatest of living violinists, is described as "completely unspoilt, though everybody tries to spoil him". Readers of this pleasant record will feel that the author is also one of those who have not been and cannot be spoilt.

In a stimulating monograph, *The Right to Marry**, Sir Alan Herbert presses on with his campaign to enable persons to marry in an Anglican church after divorce. Before 1938 a Church of England Clergyman was obliged by statute to marry the innocent, but not the guilty party. Sir Alan's Matrimonial Causes Act, 1937, which greatly extended the grounds for dissolution, also enlarged the clergyman's discretion. Today "no clergyman . . . shall be compelled" to marry any person, innocent or guilty, whose marriage has been dissolved, whatever the ground. In practice the discretion to marry is rarely exercised, whatever the personal view of the clergyman concerned. Convocation has voted against any subsequent marriage being celebrated in church, and the Bishops are enforcing this view. In the result, it needs a bold and usually financially secure incumbent to exercise his statutory right to marry a divorced person. Sir Alan vigorously attacks the Church's official attitude as interfering with the intention of Parliament. Moreover, "it is, in my view, an un-Anglican, un-Christian decree, seemingly blind to compassion, and devoid of any real authority, in reason, humanity or doctrine." Sir Alan makes bold to attack the doctrinal arguments of the "rigorists"; he has little difficulty in demonstrating the divergent views upon subsequent marriages of Anglican prelates and theologians before, during and after the Parliamentary debates of 1937. It is a rousing and provocative book, but is likely to have little effect upon the practice of the Church of England except to bring it nearer to disestablishment.

*Methuen & Co. Ltd. 5s. net.

Remaking Men, (Blandford Press 5s.), is a timely book by Paul Campbell, M.D., formerly on the Staff of the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit, and Peter Howard, journalist. It should find a welcome from statesmen, church leaders, doctors, magistrates, and all men and women concerned with human relationships. Conferences and Commissions come and go; vetoes "produce deadlock and bitterness, but no change in viewpoint or character." The secret of how to change human nature eludes people. That secret is presented here, trenchantly and with humour. The book deals with the global work of Moral Re-Armament in changing and uniting men. The process is described in five natural steps: Demonstration, Diagnosis, Deliverance, Decision, Destiny. The chapter on Diagnosis gives a fascinating study of the human personality, and analyses the basic motives in conduct—jealousy, fear, selfishness—which lead to division and breakdown in national and international affairs. Some of the symptoms of the sex-driven, security-driven and success-driven are described. The book then goes on to show how the will can be redirected to reconstruct the character of men and nations. This is more than a theoretical study. The authors write authoritatively of a practical philosophy which has proved its power to bring out the best in human nature and create the new type of man for a new world. The last chapter tells the story of a re-made personality, and gives point to the rest of the book. It is factual and deeply-moving, and provides evidence that an idea which satisfies the deepest needs of the human spirit will always ultimately find its response. But "in this day of atomic power an ideology really to satisfy must be revolutionary enough to unite the world."

LORNA HORSTMANN.

Escape from Paradise (by Seven who escaped and one who did not, edited by Dr. C. A. Smith, Hollis & Carter, 16s.), is a nightmare story of atrocities behind the Iron Curtain. Had we not been familiarised by the Nazis with the depths of human depravity we should scarcely credit the narratives in this symposium. The marvel is how any of the authors survived the tortures, semi-starvation, cold, vermin and overwork. If anyone still believes that paradise is to be found in Eastern Europe he should read this testimony. Only two of the eight narratives are confined to the war years. No wonder the victims—belonging to different races and creeds—risked their lives in a determination to escape. In a spirited Epilogue, the Editor lets himself go. "Containment is to be rejected not solely on moral grounds. Its folly equals its wickedness. It deprives the temporarily conquered peoples of hope, pays the basest Danegeld without achieving security, weakens and divides the forces of freedom in attempts as fruitless as they are despicable to appease the unappeasable and to placate the implacable. The duty of the free peoples is to preserve freedom where it exists and restore it where it has been destroyed." But how? That vital question is left unanswered, and indeed no one can answer it. The Communists will not release their victims without a struggle, and a third world war might extend and not diminish the area of communist domination.

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Salvador de Madariga's *Essays with a Purpose* (Hollis & Carter, 18s.), are described in the Preface as *essais de circonstance* prompted by some event or commission. It is the slightest of his many books, though his wide knowledge of life and literature enables him to discuss familiar themes with freshness and charm. The longest and most substantial of the fifteen items, "Spain and the Jews", is full of little known information. It is surprising to learn how many Jews have played a leading part in the country of the author's birth, not merely before their expulsion but when they began to drift back in modern times. He is convinced that Columbus was a Jew, and Toiguemada, the first Inquisitor General, had Jewish blood in his veins. After reading this learned essay we feel less surprised at the author's rather startling pronouncement that Spain is one of the most Jewish countries in the world.

* * *

No praise can be too high for the little book *Iran*, by Richard N. Frye (Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d.), which contains exactly what the general reader desires to know about Persia, past and present, and provides a useful bibliography. Writing with the authority of one who has spent many years in the Middle East, he devotes the first chapter to a description of the land and people, stressing its need of water, the almost starvation level of the peasantry, the ravages of disease, and passing on to government and religion, literature and the arts. The second chapter sketches the eventful history of Persia from the invasions of Alexander the Great, through the Arab conquests, the Turkish domination and the brief horror of the Mongols, to the nineteenth century, when the European Powers began to take interest in the country. The third and final chapter carries us through the era of Anglo-Russian rivalry, the two world wars, and the lengthy disputes about oil, the life-blood of Persian economy. The closing pages on future prospects discuss the intrusion of the United States, the danger of a Communist coup, the discontent of reformers at the slow pace of progress, the fall of Moussadek, and the precarious position of General Zahedi. It is not a cheerful picture, but the Persians are a tough people and have survived many crises.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1954

EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA

THERE never was a time in the history of mankind when there was greater need for constructive thought. What is more, the thinking has got to be done today not merely by the few highly-placed individuals who guide the policies of nations but by all the ordinary men and women who make up the hundreds of millions of human inhabitants of the planet. The stark realities of the world situation are writ large for the common man to read. There are no essential facts that he does not know. On his judgment in the last resort depend not merely the prosperity but the survival of himself and his family and those of his fellows throughout the entire world.

Man is an aggressive animal and not content with bending the world of matter and of the lower creatures to his own use and pleasure he must needs be in perpetual conflict with his own kind whose actions and minds he seeks to dominate. With this in view he turns every fresh scientific discovery to military use; and now in nuclear energy he has within his grasp the power and the means to destroy the whole human race. What is more, this knowledge is possessed by quite a number of people belonging to all the principal nations of the earth. Against such an attack there is no ultimate means of protection and no defence except the threat of retaliation. Moreover we have recently been warned that if there are more than a limited number of nuclear explosions the whole earth's atmosphere will be so contaminated with radio-active material as to jeopardise all life on the planet.

The conclusion seems inescapable that if man is to survive he and his fellows must sit down and reason together and try to find a method of peaceful co-existence—in which even if they cannot be loving friends they can at least refrain from being homicidal enemies. But just as it takes two to make a quarrel so also it takes two to create a peace. What are nations to do if other nations are bent on aggression and domination? That is the starting point of the idea of "negotiation from strength" which is all right so long as it does not degenerate in its turn into dictation and domination.

The prerequisite of successful negotiation is understanding of the needs and fears of all the parties to it. For unless their principal needs can be met and their fears can be to some extent allayed even if not entirely dispelled, the negotiation will be abortive and the participants will separate more firmly determined in their quarrel than when it commenced. The first thing to do therefore is to study the facts as they present themselves to the different nations and to appreciate their mental reactions to them. Though there are quarrels going on over almost the whole world, the centres of major trouble today are Europe and South East Asia and to some extent it is possible to consider them separately.

In Europe the most recent fact is the refusal of the French Parliament to ratify the E.D.C. treaty which was designed originally with the express object of enrolling German soldiers in a European Defence force to resist further Russian aggression, and as such was devised and signed by a former French Minister. This refusal is a most serious matter for the Western nations for without German participation it is difficult to create an army comparable to that which Russia can put into the field. But it is no good getting angry with the French about this and heaping abuse upon them for it. Twice in the lifetime of everyone over 40 and three times in that of the oldest of us France has been overrun by a German army which has devastated her country, ruined her economy and killed millions of her men. Is it altogether surprising that to Frenchmen and Frenchwomen the menace of German rearmament seems a nearer and more real danger than a hypothetical Russian invasion? They may well take the view that, whatever the safeguards on paper, once a German army comes into being, involving some reinstatement of former Nazi officers, the door has been opened for anti-French action to begin all over again.

But the trouble is that even if the Western nations were prepared to accept the French decision as final and to abandon any attempt to include German troops in a defence army it is no longer possible to prevent the rearming of Germany. It is nearly ten years since the end of the last war, and during those years the German economy has been re-established. The Bonn Government is already demanding the restoration of full sovereignty and it is difficult to see how it can be indefinitely refused. The longer it is withheld the more likely it is that when it comes, as come it must some day, it will carry with it a hostility to France and the Western world. The French are logical people and some way or other agreement must be reached with them.

But that does not end the matter. What about the Germans? The best of them do not want to repeat the brutal history of their rulers in the past. But they do want a reunion of the two halves of their country now under Russian and Western control. This appears to most people inevitable and it has got to be put into the picture and taken account of in whatever settlement of relations in Europe between East and West takes place. But will the rehabilitation of Germany stop there? Already many Germans are indulging in pipe dreams of recovering the Eastern lands which were stripped from them at the end of the war. At present this is only a tiny cloud on the Eastern horizon but it is not too early for us to make our minds up about what we are going to do if and when this claim is made.

That brings us to Russia. He would be a very foolish man who would assume that because the present overlords of Russia have opened a few chinks in the iron curtain they have abandoned or modified the age-long policy of Russian rulers—Tsar and Commissar alike—of grabbing what territory they can when the going is good in one place and turning their attention elsewhere when difficulties arise. Russia has still an immense and no doubt a growing army, a navy steadily increasing in strength and a powerful air force. It remains true that if the West is to negotiate with Russia it must negotiate from strength. But that does not mean that we should close the door to such trade as is mutually advantageous to both sides so long as strategic materials are excluded. Nor does it mean that we

should shut our eyes to the fact that the wide belt of satellite and buffer states on her Western frontier are proving a source of embarrassment to her so long as they include a large number of disaffected people; and that for this reason if for no other she may not hanker to add to their number.

Let us now turn to the other world theatre—South East Asia. Because there are certain similarities it would be a grave mistake to assume that this was a close replica of Europe. It differs in many important respects. In the first place China is not Russia though both are Communist countries. (She is not at present even a member of U.N.O.) In the second place India occupies a dominant central position and is potentially a very powerful nation, but she has chosen so far not to take sides but to retain a neutral and balancing position. Thirdly while the war in Europe ended nearly ten years ago, the war in Korea ended only some fourteen months ago, the war in Indo-China only a few weeks ago, and a war between Chiang Kai-Shek and China is actually in progress at the time these lines are being written. Finally in contradistinction to the misfiring of E.D.C. a treaty of mutual assistance has only in the last few days been signed at Manila.

All these later events are much too recent to enable their results to be adequately foreseen. We have not yet had sufficient experience to be able to judge whether China will respect the spirit as well as the letter of her undertakings though there are some signs that she is failing to do so. We do not yet know how far Syngman Rhee's fulminations will materialise in actual military operations. We do not know how far Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia will react to the settlement reached in Geneva. Still less do we know what will be the outcome of the attack by Chiang Kai-Shek on the mainland of China and of the Chinese reprisals (or are we to regard it as the other way round?) on the territory which he claims in Islands adjacent to Formosa. But we do know enough to enable us to realise that all these things are full of danger.

To complete the picture it only remains to take account of the United States and its reactions to world events in both Europe and South East Asia. The Americans are a people of swift and vigorous action. They see problems in hard outlines, they make up their minds on which side they want to act, and they intervene promptly and often decisively. The British Commonwealth, Western Europe and the other free nations of the world have reason to be grateful to them for the generous help received from them in many different ways. When Britain was fighting alone with her back against the wall against Hitler, the President of the United States invented "Lend Lease" and solved our economic problem, when men and money were needed to win the war against Germany and Japan America flung them both lavishly into the scale. When after the war Europe needed resources to prime her pump "Marshal Aid" was forthcoming.

Now today Americans see in Communism the arch enemy of mankind. To them it is at once anti-Christ, anti-freedom and anti-the-American-way-of-life. Its pillars are the Soviet Union and the Chinese Republic. They have shown themselves to be the arch aggressors. Therefore everything else must be subordinated to getting them down. The past trespasses of Germany and Japan must not be allowed to stand in the way of their rearmament to defend civilisation. The record of Syngman Rhee must not prevent his recognition as a useful ally; Chiang Kai-Shek must be

armed to the teeth with the latest American weapons to enable him to make an onslaught on the Chinese Mainland which he surrendered to the Communists when in days gone by his armies melted away. The Chinese seat on the Security Council of U.N.O. must be reserved for the rulers of the Island of Formosa and not transferred to those in control of the whole of the Mainland. These policies are supported by the American Administration. Some Americans would go further; they would establish a complete trade boycott of Russia and China on the principle of the Outlawry of Aggressors. Some even, no doubt a diminishing minority, are in favour of a preventive war.

Most people in Britain agree that there is truth in some part of this American analysis but they regard much of it as a dangerous oversimplification of the intricate facts. With great reluctance they find themselves unable to go all the way with their great ally in some of her actions. It seems commonsense to most Britishers to give to the *de facto* rulers of China (now that we are no longer at war with them) a seat at the U.N. conference table. To attempt to outlaw the Communist countries seems to our people to be doubling the mischief created by the existing iron curtain. To arm Chiang-Kai-Shek and send him to China to fight seems like warming up the cold war into a tepid one.

It is quite useless to pretend that these differences do not exist, and the statement of them should not increase but relieve any tension or misunderstanding there may be between us and our great ally. It must be remembered that we speak not for ourselves alone but also for many of the nations of the Commonwealth and for not a few of the Western countries of Europe. All of us and the Americans have a common purpose—to preserve peace and freedom, to resist aggression, and to promote the happiness of the human race. It would be tragic if we were not free to discuss frankly with one another how best to put these great ideals into practical effort.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

THE GERMAN SITUATION

AUGUST this year was certainly a most unholiday-like month in Germany, not only as far as the weather was concerned. Three major "running" news stories vied for the headlines—the EDC crisis, the John and Schmidt-Wittmack cases, and the strikes. The present writer travelled widely in the Federal Republic during August and early September. He found that on the whole the strikes were over-shadowed by the other two crises.

Dr. Adenauer must sometimes feel bitter about the changing luck of the political game. The present writer saw him last September in the hour of his triumph, with a two-thirds majority in the Bundestag within his reach, confident that the European Defence Community would at last come into being. Within a year of the Bundestag election the dream was shattered. All the work which had gone into the ratification of the EDC treaty—the struggle with the Social Democrats in the Bundestag and in the Constitutional Court—had been in vain. It is thus not surprising that the Chan-

cellor allowed himself some reproaches against the French, though it would have been better if he had not made them.

In the long run, however, Dr. Adenauer's single-minded championship of European integration will still count. All over Western Europe, indeed all over the Western world, the Federal Chancellor has come to represent that new and better Germany on which the hopes of mankind rest. The credit balance in good will which has thus been built up in other friendly countries will undoubtedly prove a steadying force in the difficult times ahead. From the point of view of German opinion the French position seemed hard to understand. For the Germans remember how they were with difficulty persuaded after the anti-militarist Allied propaganda of the immediate post-war years to make a defence contribution. It looks to them as if the very people who requested their help refuse it when it is offered. The rejection of EDC by the French National Assembly must appear to the Germans as a consequence of the continuing French distrust of them. Ironically, the net effect of the rejection of EDC may be that German troops will be integrated to a smaller extent than was originally intended.

It will require all the flexible diplomacy of all the Western countries, including Germany and France, to find a way out of the impasse. For after the original shock was over it was clear to the Germans, too, that all that had happened was that a battle for European integration and Western defence had been lost. The struggle for both objectives had to go on. The failure of EDC was sincerely regretted in Germany, for the European idea has a wide appeal there. One tragic result of the present impasse may be that the European idea will lose momentum in Germany, that it will become discredited. This must not be allowed to happen. A new plan must be found, soon, which will—like EDC—fulfil at the same time the three aims of Western defence, European integration, and the restoration of Western Germany into the community of Europe.

If German public opinion is disappointed about the blow to the European idea, it is certainly by no means displeased about the delay in the rearming of the Federal Republic. Whatever the future may hold, at present the traditional German liking for soldiering is at a very low ebb. The generation which was old enough to be conscripted before 1945 has largely been wiped out or wounded. The following age groups, i.e. those born since about 1927, have had enough of war and destruction. The mental gulf about 1927, have had enough of war and destruction. The mental gulf between these young people and the elder generation is greater than ever before, for the young never knew as adults the old Germany of the dimensions of the Weimar Republic. Few of them have been to Berlin; to them Silesia and East Prussia are merely inaccessible places on a map, unless they happen to have been expelled from there. These young Germans are different in background and experience from the older generation; and the fatal continuity of the traditional ideas which caused so much trouble in the past may have been broken.

At present Federal Germany is the only country this side of the Iron Curtain which is being defended by the West without being asked to make a contribution in military manpower. The Federal Republic is, of course, sharing—indirectly—in the military expenditure. On the assumption that the delay in the settlement of the German contribution is not going to invite a Russian attack, the Germans benefit materially from a postpone-

ment of a defence settlement. This is another ironical consequence of the decision of the French National Assembly. While the young Briton, Frenchman and American has to do his period of conscription—perhaps in Germany—the young German can train for a job without interruption and can work all the harder to build up his country again. Demilitarisation has certainly proved a boomerang.

One problem which will have to be faced in any inter-European army will be that of security, as the John and Schmidt-Wittmack cases show. It is certainly very disturbing that the Chief of Federal German Security and a member of the Bundestag EDC committee should have been men of whose allegiance the Federal Republic could not be certain. However, the undermining of loyalties has pervaded countries and castes whose reliability could in earlier times be taken for granted without a shadow of doubt. It is not surprising that this game of agents and counter-agents has assumed particularly grave proportions in a country which is divided by the Iron Curtain. What general inferences can be drawn about trends of German opinion from the flight of these two men? Is there the chance of a deal between West Germany and Russia? Is there going to be another Rapallo? From what has come to light so far it would be wrong to infer too much from the action of these two men. What they have done can probably best be understood in personal terms. It would be wrong to conclude that opinion in Federal Germany is weakening in any way about Communism, which is generally abhorred. But the two cases remain disturbing enough, and they were not made any better by the lame explanations given by the Federal authorities. If John was "a psychopath" and if Schmidt-Wittmack was "insignificant", "a militarist" and "rather nationalistic", why did they remain in their respective positions? Of the two affairs, the defection of the security chief was certainly the more important, particularly as it had two unfortunate secondary repercussions.

It will be recalled that John fled from Germany after the failure of the 20th July plot in 1944, in which he was apparently himself involved; his brother, who also took part, was executed for his share. The 1944 revolt was, truly, one of the few items of credit which remained for the reputation of the German people, as against all the unthinkable terrible blemishes. In a remarkable speech in Berlin on the eve of the tenth anniversary of the plot, the Federal President, Prof. Heuss, did not shirk the difficulty, as Head of State, of discussing the right of rebellion. He recognised this right in the particular situation of 1944 and paid tribute to the service which the men who gave their lives rendered to the reputation of the German people. At the same time he made it clear that it was wrong as a result to condemn all those who continued fighting after the 20th of July. All this was a very difficult question of motives and situations about which one could not generalise. It seemed as if the controversy which had—naturally—gone on about the plot would at last come to rest with this dignified, humane formula. But then John disappeared from West Berlin during the commemoration ceremonies and the question was at once bound to be asked whether a man who betrayed his country once would not betray it again. Germany can ill afford to see one of its few assets from the recent past devalued.

The other consequence of the John defection was a most undignified

duel between certain sections of the German and British press. It appears that when the post of President of the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution was first filled, the Western High Commissioners vetoed all names on the list submitted by the Federal Government except for that of John. As John had come back to Germany from England, the British found themselves accused of being responsible for this chaotic choice. On the other hand, parts of the British press with which John was reported to have been on particularly close terms took John's accusations about a Neo-Nazi revival in Western Germany at their face value. This poisoning of the wells of Anglo-German relations was certainly most unfortunate.

Quite apart from John, what is the truth about stories of "the Nazis coming back"? The present writer took the opportunity while in Bonn of calling at the Ministry of Refugee Affairs, the one which is most under fire. He was able to interview the Minister, Prof. Oberlaender, now leader of the Refugee Party (BHE), who had just returned from Britain and was very concerned about the press attacks made on him, alleging that he had been a Nazi and that he had installed Nazis in his Ministry. Prof. Oberlaender said that he had been cleared by a denazification tribunal and that he had, in fact, been persecuted under the Nazi regime for advocating the humane treatment of occupied territories. With reference to the recruitment of staff, he said that he had found a number of vacancies on taking over the department and that he had only engaged men who had been cleared by denazification tribunals. In a frank discussion about the Nazi question he said that for him the formula of collective guilt did not go far enough and that he accepted an individual guilt for what had happened. But he felt it was wrong and dangerous to exclude for good a high proportion of the educated strata which, while it had once belonged to the Nazi Party, had been left by Allied denazification tribunals without any professional restrictions.

At present the situation is still basically healthy, with sound democrats and Europeans of long standing at the helm of government and state. The old trends of extreme nationalism and militarism, of disregard for the rights of others, do not show very much at present. Whether they have disappeared altogether, or have merely receded into the background, to reappear in due course in a different constellation, nobody can yet say. The sceptics and pessimists hold that history will repeat itself. History must not repeat itself, for if it did Europe with all its ancient civilisation would be lost. Never in the whole of its history since 1870 has there been a more democratic and pro-Western government in Germany, backed by the free expression of electoral opinion. If this opportunity is lost, a terrible responsibility will be borne in the West by all responsible statesmen and diplomats.

FRANK EYCK.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH FRANCE?

FRIENDS of France had hoped that after her liberation she would assume the leading role on the continent, lend a helping hand to Germany and form with the latter a bulwark against bolshevism. But the indecisiveness and vacillations of her policy, the vindictiveness with which supporters of the Vichy government were pursued and the deplorable economic tactics adopted, brought disillusion to her allies. It is perplexing

that a country endowed with so many physical advantages—according to Strabo the most flourishing place in the world—should not be able to make better use of them. Unfortunately her ailments are deep rooted and only a Napoleonic personality would be in a position to impose discipline and extricate her from the morass. Sociologists would point out that France is less a nation than a congeries of peoples each possessing distinctive customs, traditions and dialects. There are striking contrasts between Basques and Alsatians, Bretons and Auvergnats, Normans and Provençaux, Flamands and Savoyards, Gascons and Bourguignons. Professor McDougall in his book, *The Group Mind*, dwells at length on the importance of both mental and racial homogeneity of a population as a condition for a harmonious development of national character. As regards France, he adds: "France has three stocks* all largely represented, but they have remained in some degree geographically separated in three belts running east and west. Hence there are greater differences between Frenchmen than between Englishmen." To secure the coherence of these diverse ethnic elements an autocratic or a monarchic government is necessary. This is obvious from what happened after the French Revolution which coincides with the beginning of France's decline. As Albert Schweitzer declared: "The French Revolution is a fall of snow on blooming trees."

The chaotic conditions engendered by the Revolution were surmounted by the genius of Napoleon, but the restoration of the republican system tended to install in permanence a state of instability and disorder. Prominent French sociologists are unanimous in describing the existing form of government as utterly unsuitable to the French temperament. It was hoped for some time that the functions of a co-ordinating force would be exerted by General de Gaulle, but he has utterly disappointed his friends and his attitude contributed to increasing the latent animosities. The harsh treatment meted out to Pétain was in striking contrast with the amnesty granted to the deserter Thorez, whom he appointed as Vice-President of his government together with other communists as ministers of state. Though the Vichy government had been legally constituted, since the Presidents of the Chamber and the Senate had supported Pétain's installation in office, functionaries and sympathisers of that regime were subsequently persecuted with an implacable vindictiveness with the object of eliminating political and personal opponents. A Deputy affirmed in the Chamber, in April, 1952, that some 105,000 Frenchmen had been summarily executed after the liberation, while the socialist *Populaire* reckoned the victims at 135,000. Adrien Tixier, Minister of the Interior in de Gaulle's government, admitted the charge. All this occurred under General de Gaulle, who had obviously not heard of Burke's dictum that "magnanimity is not seldom the truest wisdom." An amnesty promulgated on August, 1947, legitimates these crimes, if committed in the cause of liberation prior to June, 1947; but in glaring contrast, youths who had joined the anti-bolshevik legion out of patriotism still languish in jail. No wonder that the victims of this proscription, as well as their friends, are imbued with a violent hatred for a regime which countenances such crying injustice. Another forward act was the confiscation of the newspapers appearing during the German occupation and their transfer to supporters

* (*homo Europaeus, Alpinus, Mediteraneus*).

of the government, which brought about an increase of communist dailies from 4 to 52 and of socialist organs from 4 to 34. As if internal discords were not enough, de Gaulle proceeded to sow further dissent by trying to impart another course to French foreign policy by signing a treaty with Russia, "our natural ally, dear and powerful Russia . . . we could not ensure by ourselves the security of Europe . . . it is with this object that we have concluded a fine and good alliance with powerful and brave Soviet Russia." Such was the elucidation de Gaulle gave of his behaviour. Despite the frustration of these hopes Gaullist deputies in the Chamber have voted on the same side as the communists and have proved to be a dissolvent force.

These pro-communist blandishments and the entrusting of three ministries to communists enabled the latter greatly to increase their influence. They replaced the dismissed functionaries by their partisans, and by extending lavishly privileges and perquisites attracted large numbers to their party. Several nationalised industries which passed under their control became veritable communist fiefs. Not only were they overstaffed with their partisans, but several of the latter were appointed for a short period and then pensioned off so as to secure a permanent income. During the general strike of August, 1953, the *Aurore* announced that the entire staff of the gas and electricity industries, numbering over 103,000, went on strike, but that 8,000 temporary workers sufficed to keep the works operating. Most of the nationalised industries owing to these tactics have an abnormal number of pensioners who constitute a dead weight since their pensions have to be paid out of the receipts. Thus the railways with a staff of 398,712 have 373,300 pensioners, while for gas and electricity the respective numbers are 111,703 and 49,279. Recently the technicians of these two last industries published a manifesto expressing their alarm at the persistent intervention of parliamentarians preventing thereby the smooth operation of the industries. *Paris-Soir* wrote that during the past five years the nationalised industries have had a deficit of over 100 milliards, part of which should be ascribed to the irresponsibility or megalomania of a dozen small potentates of whom none had been brought to justice. Senator Pellenc likewise decried these abuses, stating that the nationalised industries acted as if they were states within the state. The communist party had become a most powerful factor and still continues to exert an undue influence. After the liberation the government, in order to facilitate the transfer of its African subjects, had arranged with General Franco to repatriate them through Spain; in exchange a few hundred Spaniards, mainly Franquists, were to be transported by rail from Switzerland to the Spanish frontier. The train carrying them was attacked at Chambéry by a gang of communists and forced to turn back. Some 100 passengers had been seriously wounded and all their belongings and money stolen. No punishment was meted out to the assailants, but a few months ago the French government decided to pay an indemnity of 200,000,100 frs. claimed by General Franco. Duclos, the secretary of the party, while participating in an Anti-American manifestation was arrested and found carrying instructions to members of the party inciting them "to work everywhere for the defeat of the French army and the disintegration of the expeditionary corps." The military authorities sought to arraign him before a military court, but their demand remained unheeded. Numerous

acts of sabotage have also taken place, but those responsible were either acquitted or sentenced very lightly.

The judiciary occasionally seems amenable to political pressure. Dispensation of justice is slow. Cases brought before courts are judged after a delay of at least a year, and appeal cases even more leisurely. Solicitors enjoy more consideration than magistrates, who are recruited from among those of the former profession who have failed to secure distinction. The *Figaro* cited the case of a person who was injured and only indemnified after eight years of litigation. Mauriac wrote in scathing terms of the case of three policemen who were brought to justice at Bordeaux for having caused the death, five years before, of an apparently innocent person after submitting him to third degree methods. A few months ago the Press dwelt at length on the case of a woman who had been kept in jail for five years and who had to be released when brought to trial for lack of evidence. A slightly distorted but on the whole correct picture of the prevailing practices among the magistrature may be gained by a perusal of Marcel Aymé's entertaining play *La tête des autres* which was one of the successes of the last theatrical season.

Much has been said of the high prices of French manufactures and the blame was placed on antiquated machinery and methods; but there is another factor, namely that in France 245 days in the year are workable as against 312 in Holland and 296 in Germany, while the working week is of forty hours in France as against 44 or 48 in other countries. French workmen do not seem to be very assiduous at their work. The *Figaro* referred to the building of houses of similar type, the erection of which required 7,000 hours in Germany, 8,000 hours in Great Britain and 14,000 hours in France. It must not be thought that this laxity is due to workmen being underpaid. According to a report presented by Louvel, a former Minister of Industry, wages were 10 per cent. higher than in Germany, 27 per cent. than in Holland, 33 per cent. than in Italy and about 8 per cent. lower than in England. Unfortunately, the French spend as much as 60 per cent. of their salaries on food, while in England the amount is about half that figure. In a series of articles published in the *Aurore* last February Jules Romains alluded to the extravagance of the average Frenchman as regards his dietary. He pointed out that while prior to the war the daily consumption of bread per head was of about 900 gr., this had decreased to 250 gr., necessitating more expensive food. Their prodigality and loose habits, he affirmed, had become generalized from the time the "front populaire" was formed, and now even students claim a salary for the service they render to the community by consenting to be instructed. We all wish strength to the elbow of the Finance Minister who promises to infuse fresh vigour to the national economy. It is the slothfulness against which he is militating, rather than the fear of a re-emergence of German militarism, which opposed the European army scheme—a preliminary to the economic integration of the continent, the realisation of which will necessitate greater efforts if they are to hold their own in competition with their more laborious neighbours.

Unthriftness has become general; this may be due to the repeated devaluation of the currency. This year's budget has a deficit of over 800 milliards. The former Prime Minister, M. Pinay, mentioned a public

contract secured by some industrialists for 77 millions, when other contractors had submitted tenders of 6 to 10 millions for the same work, and appealed that such methods should be revised. His insistence on a change was the main cause of his exclusion from office. A newly formed political group published a manifesto asserting: "Le système ne peut et ne veut rien faire, car il en est complice, complicité matérielle fondée sur les crimes et les vols réalisés en commun." A former Minister of Aviation in de Gaulle's government had expended some 150 million francs and was responsible for the construction of 3,125 'planes which were thrown on the scrap-heap. A report was drawn up by an investigating committee and he was to be arraigned before a high Court, but the report was surreptitiously removed. Deputy Bardoux interpellated the government on its disappearance and demanded a new one. The affair was hushed up, though the Press had commented at length. The *Nouveaux Jours* last January affirmed: "There are at least twenty *affaires Stavisky* which have occurred since the liberation, but all have been hushed up."

France has been living beyond her means and she was encouraged in her spendthrift ways by the inordinate amount of American help granted to her—\$10,900 millions since April, 1948. The influx of unearned money always encourages profligacy, as happened in the case of Bulgaria after the granting of the League of Nations loans to her, as was related by the present writer in a book on that country. We may be confident that a policy of austerity and retrenchment would follow if only the waters of the American Pactolus were to be diverted to other fields. But squandermania is not a fatal disease, and there are evils by far more deadly. Some 25 years ago Paul Barea published an elaborate study of conditions prevailing in France under the title "Towards Moral Bankruptcy." "Three chief evils," he says, "have thriven on our soil and breed what may be called the great sickness of France: sexual license, alcoholic intemperance and the lack of power to establish a central authority at once representative and able to defend the collective interest of the country." As regards alcoholism, the evil has grown truly alarming, as was revealed during the anti-alcoholic congress held in Paris on September, 1952. The annual consumption of alcohol has risen to 27 litres per head as against 4½ in Great Britain. If women, children and elderly people, who drink moderately or abstain are deducted, it is reckoned that each adult male absorbs the stupendous quantity of 60 litres. Dr. Laforest declared that the population is in a state of alcoholic intoxication, mean, chronic or excessive. Farmers and peasants are permitted to possess stills and each to distil 10 litres of alcohol for private use. There were some 3½ million private distillers in 1952. There is one public bar to 68 inhabitants as against one for 430 in Great Britain. M. Pinay declared last year that this excessive indulgence in spirits costs annually 132 milliard francs to the budget and a further 325 milliards through a diminution in production. Despite these staggering facts nothing is done to check the evil. Under pressure of beet-growers and viticulturists the state continues to encourage the production of alcohol from beets and wine which it disposes of at a huge loss. Prospects for the future are not bright if no radical change occurs, and the collective acceptance of these abuses is a most ominous portent.

Malmaison.

G. C. LOGIO.

ISRAEL—A PEOPLE IN THE MAKING

ON 12th February, 1954, the Prime Minister of Israel Mr. Moshe Sharett summarized the main tasks confronting the nation as follows: political and military vigilance, the developing and balancing of the country's economy, the welding together of all the ingathered tribes of Israel into one nation, paving the way for increased immigration and the forming of stronger ties with World Jewry. Of these, the welding together of immigrants from 74 countries and all five continents is by no means the least important. For in the difficult problems which face the Israelis on all levels, political, economic and spiritual, it is the spirit of the nation that will count in the long run. Responsible leaders are fully aware of this. Only a few months ago, Mr. Ben Gurion, on the occasion of his first public appearance since his retirement, emphasized the fact that the morale of the nation is of paramount importance. The tenacious few who have an ideal to defend always have an advantage over the uncaring many. It was, therefore, essential that ethical standards should be kept high in every field. This included political action in the widest sense of the word: agricultural settlement in difficult areas, active participation in the government, the crushing of all vestiges of community segregation, the combating of "Jewish anti-semitism," for it was untrue to say that Jews had any intrinsic difference according to their country of origin.

The State of Israel which was so unexpectedly founded on 14th May, 1948, did not spring into being complete as Athene from the head of Zeus. It required 70 years of immediate and almost 2,000 years of distant preparation. Throughout the long period of the second exile the Jewish liturgy with its plaintive cry, "Next year in Jerusalem", had served to focus the attention of the people on the Holy Land. When Theodor Herzl conceived the idea of a Jewish State the ground was well prepared. From then onward the straggling immigration to Palestine, which throughout the centuries had been actuated by religious considerations, was replaced by a more forceful movement, the motive power of which was nationalistic rather than religious. In great waves, originating in different countries, the immigrants came to Palestine. The earliest settlers hailed from Russia. They founded the first communal settlement or *kibbutz*, Deganya in 1909, now famous as "the mother of the kibbutzin". They were followed by middle class elements from Poland, Roumania and the Baltic States. The National Socialist persecution in Germany gave rise to an immigration of hitherto unheard of dimensions. Immigrants from the Balkans succeeded the Germans, and when the infant State of Israel promulgated the famous "Law of Return," which allowed every Jew the right to settle in Israel, the population was doubled within 3½ years. To convey an idea of the rate of immigration, it has been reckoned that Jews came at the rate of 23 per hour, every hour of the day and night for 3½ years. To-day Israel has 1,670,000 inhabitants, 89 per cent., i.e. 1,480,000 of whom are Jews, and 11 per cent., i.e. 186,000 non-Jews. As slightly more than half of these immigrants came from Asia and Africa, from Iraq, Yemen, Algeria, Libya and other countries, their standard of civilisation is below that of the European Jews. In their country of origin they were mainly small-scale business men or masters of a special craft, e.g. the

Yemenites are famous for their exquisite embroidery, which is not only used for clothes but also for objects connected with the cult. The state is therefore faced with the gigantic task of educating the children of these immigrants—and indeed the parents—in modern standards of hygiene, work and general living. It is by no means easy to bridge a gap of 2,000 years of civilisation in a handful of years. This policy is speeded up quite consciously in the realisation that it is the general tendency in the Orient today to adopt Western standards. "Judging from experience obtained during the thirty years of Jewish immigration under the British Mandate, and especially during the years since the establishment of the State, the outlook seems hopeful. The metamorphosis which children of whatever country or origin undergo within a few months of their arrival is amazing. They are quick to assume a likeness to the Israel-born children, not only in speech but also in mannerisms, appearance, games, songs and even looks."*

The visitor to Israel today cannot but be aware of this mixture of peoples of one stock. If he is ignorant of Hebrew, he will be able to converse freely with the older generation if he commands either English, French, German or Russian. A fairly general knowledge of English dates from the mandatory period. French has often been learnt in mission schools. A large and in fact the most homogeneous section of the population, which has given the country three ministers, comes from Germany, and if everything else fails, the *Govoritje vy pa-russki?* will immediately evoke a response from Russians as well as Slavs from the Balkans.

The diversity in culture is reflected in the press. More than 300 periodicals are published in Israel today. About two-thirds of them are in Hebrew, while the remainder are published in fifteen languages. There are fifteen dailies six of which are printed in Hebrew, while the rest are in foreign languages: two each in German and Yiddish, and one each in English, Arabic, French, Polish and Hungarian. Some of these papers, like the *Jerusalem Post* and the German *Mitteilungsblatt*, reach a very high standard.

In this land of contrasts there are in the main four unifying forces: a common language, Hebrew, a common land, a unified school, and military service, 2½ years for young men, and 2 years for girls. The education of the rising generation has been one of the main concerns of the government since the foundation of the State. As early as September, 1949, a law was passed which established universal, free and compulsory primary education for all children from 5 to 14, without distinction of religion, race or sex. The implementation of this law has only been possible as there existed at least the basis of a modern system of education, which had been built up by the Jewish community during the previous thirty years. The various existing schools were divided into "trends". "There were four main trends or distinct classes of schools with political affiliation, each with its particular curriculum, each supervised by a different public or semi-public body, each drawing its pupils and support from different sections. 1,600 were of the labour trend (*Histadrut*); 600 belonged to the "general trend"; there were 560 in the Mizrahi orthodox trend; and 260 in the ultra-orthodox

* *A Survey of Education in Israel* by Noah Nardi, Ph.D. quoted in Jewish Agency News Digest, 14.5.52.

group run by Agudat Yisrael. There were also some 130 independent schools."*

In 1954 the trend system was officially abolished and schools put under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Ministry of Education which lays down the curricula and appoints and supervises the work of the teachers. The Act provides for a network of state religious schools to meet the needs of the orthodox part of the community. The Ministry of Education only lays down 75 per cent. of the curricula. The balance is drawn up by each school according to the wishes of the parents and allows emphasis on agriculture, social science, handicrafts and the like, as the case may be. Only recently, in July, 1954, did *Zmanim*, the organ of the Progressive Party, point out that the agricultural and fishing schools, whose graduate pupils have the right to be admitted to the Faculty of Agriculture at the Hebrew University, are on no lower level than the ordinary secondary schools. In the latter Arabic and English are taught in addition to Hebrew, and economics are included in the curriculum. The study of classics is reserved for the university where, for obvious reasons, oriental studies are preferred by the majority of students. There is an acute shortage of teachers, which is no matter for surprise, since from May, 1948, to May, 1954, school attendance has grown from 97,000 to over 365,000. There are frequent complaints that the children are unruly and difficult to manage, especially as a general standard of behaviour has not yet been evolved, and many of the immigrants have suffered from persecution. However, the young Israelis, whether *sabras*, i.e. Israeli born, or immigrants, are intensely nationalistic, and an appeal to their patriotism does not fail to have its effect.

If the young have no difficulty in learning Hebrew and making it often their sole means of expression, the older immigrants find it very difficult to master a language which is in most cases so basically dissimilar to their own. Before the establishment of the State it was quite possible to get along with a smattering of Hebrew or even none at all, though members of the Hebrew University were always required to deliver their lectures in Hebrew. But since 1948 the need to push Hebrew as the national language has become imperative. On the adult level a network of evening classes was devised, which covered the whole country, not only the larger towns like Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa, but every settlement and transition camp (*ma'abara*). For the benefit of professionals and skilled immigrants, such as doctors, technicians, lawyers, and engineers an ingenious system of intensive courses was evolved. These take place in special schools, where the students have board and lodging for four to five months with about eight hours of daily instruction and study for six days a week. These schools, called "Ulpanim" (houses of learning), have proved most successful, and recently more modern types combining work on the land and study have been developed. Thus the country is provided with skilled workers, who are essential for the future of the State. For Israel stands in full need of the intellectual capacity of its nationals. The State cannot afford to do without intelligent planning, for the soil is poor, and any grants or loans from abroad must be invested with the utmost degree of skilled knowledge.

* Quoted from *Israel*, 1954, published by the Press Division, Government Information Services.

In the Israel of today the worker on the land must be assisted by the intelligent planner. Up to the end of 1953 some 7,000 adults have attended Ulpanim, and beginners in Hebrew are helped by the publication of a simplified "vowelled" Hebrew newspaper. The seventh year of the state was proclaimed "Hebrew Language Year", the target being to teach every Israeli at least 1,000 words of Hebrew. One of the latest features of the popular Hebrew education will be "Family circle study groups" i.e. instruction in Hebrew given in the home itself, and volunteers from among teachers and other qualified persons are much in demand.

The land, the Holy Land, itself, has always had a special meaning for the Jew, and throughout the centuries of exile many of those who were not privileged to live there went there to die. Today this land has acquired a new significance, not only as the scene of sacred history but as the scene of recent achievement. The story of the reclaiming of the land, the War of Independence and the building of the State is as fascinating as any ancient epic, and may well fire the imagination of the young Israelis. It is no mere coincidence that the new educational syllabus lays great stress on the geography of Israel, which will serve as a kind of new "educational background". It is by living in this land and with it that Israelis of whatever origin will grow into a homogeneous people, conscious of its contribution to the comity of nations.

IRENE MAZINOFF.

A VISIT TO RUSSIA

MORE persons are going to the Soviet Union from Western European countries, including Britain, than of late. These are not mere political delegations and trade union groups being led sheep-like around the show factories and collective farms, nor are they ailing agitators proceeding on health cures. They include numbers of legitimate businessmen, genuine student bodies, sports representatives and journalists. Recent activity in the export of non-strategic goods to Russia, coupled with the visit of a large group of executives led by the redoubtable Mr. Scott, has tended to give the impression that Britain is the prime mover in the examination of this sensitive trade potential. Visits by much larger bodies of super-salesmen have, however, been taking place for some time from France, Italy and particularly the Scandinavian countries. They have achieved little publicity but considerable success; the large airfreighted loads of bullion arriving in Paris from a Moscow bank testify to this.

An opinion, at first unfashionable but now widely held in Western Europe, is that Russian gold is equally as golden as that which reposes deep beneath the ground at Fort Knox, so that any share of it, in return for material other than that which might make a direct contribution to Soviet war potential, is a desirable thing. Within the last four months this trade has assumed a definite pattern and Russian ports are seeing increasing numbers of ships from the Western countries. Vast quantities of Australian wool had been arriving in Black Sea ports, hauled in cargo liners of a type not normally diverted so far off a semi-scheduled rung, although this trade has now ceased following the fracture of Australian-Soviet relations. Full cargoes of New Zealand butter are due shortly and consignments of meat,

following a recent Soviet negotiation in the Antipodes, are on the way. The 1947 Wheat Agreement brought larger numbers of British ships to Russian ports, but these were almost entirely of the bulk "tramp" type, while the current visitors are unmistakably liners.

All these foreigners penetrating the Iron Curtain have occasioned a sharp increase in the activities of that remarkable Russian Government institution known as Intourist. Intourist has never ceased functioning, not even during the War, but its London and Paris offices—which handled a considerable volume of inquiry in pre-War days—have not been reopened. This was one of the matters I discussed at length, quite informally, with Intourist officials during my visit to Southern Russia at the close of 1953. Rarely noted for a high standard of efficiency, Intourist may be regarded as labouring along with faltering steps beneath a great weight of bureaucracy, and it is in no condition as yet to re-open its "show-windows" in the West.

I was informed that Intourist would establish a large headquarters on the "Red Riviera" in the city of Odessa with the object of handling increasing numbers of foreign tourists who would, they correctly assumed, desire to travel on to Stalingrad to view the almost completed reconstruction work, and the famous "Sword of Stalingrad", which is conspicuously displayed with a plaque in Russian and English. Intourist also believe that foreign visitors would benefit from the longer season in the South, and would certainly desire to visit the Crimea and such places of recent historical interest as Yalta. To this end Intourist has taken over the larger and better of the two reasonable hotels in the city of Odessa. It is called the "Hotel Odessa", but until 1950 was known as the "Hotel London". The organisation has established itself in this hotel's precincts, and operates from a few converted offices with a severe and somewhat forbidding appearance.

It might appear as if the Curtain is about to be raised on unrestricted travel into the Soviet Union. Several unsolved questions remain, however, before the surprisingly high number of applicants for Russian tours can be accommodated. Before the War, when travel to Russia was quite unrestricted (parties left London every day, mainly journeying by steamer to Leningrad) the costs were attractively low and payment was largely by vouchers obtained in advance from Intourist offices abroad. The 1954 rates of exchange present a very different proposition. The Soviet Government, of course, makes the rate of exchange suit itself, and it bears no resemblance to the true state of affairs to be encountered within the country—the purchasing power of the rouble or the cost of living.

Since about July, 1953, the rate of exchange has been 11 Roubles 20 Kopecks to the Pound, or 4 Roubles to the Dollar. With prices as they stand at present in Russia, no British tourist with a £50 currency allowance (the Chancellor of the Exchequer added Russia and other Iron Curtain countries to the basic list for which the allowance was applicable last October) could survive for more than four days. He would encounter, even allowing for the fact that a return ticket to Moscow or Odessa will have been paid in sterling, travelling expenses within Russia and there are high. A single air ticket ("Hard" air class) from Moscow to Odessa, or vice-versa, would cost him 180 Roubles; to Stalingrad at least 250 Roubles.

Railway fares in "Soft" class are about the same, but meals in the restaurant cars bought on an *à la carte* basis can run away with 100 Roubles. Taxis, which have become plentiful, cost 2 Roubles per Kilometre, while Intourist hotel bedrooms cost 30 Roubles a night. No reasonable meal can be procured for less than 20 Roubles. The £50 allowance converts into 560 Roubles, and it is easy to see how soon this would be exhausted, even without attempting the purchase of consumer goods—the prices of which are astronomical.

Mr. Scott's famous party of businessmen lived well and entertained fairly lavishly; they barely managed on £40 a day. Independent travellers who lived sparingly just scraped by on £9 a day. One amazing individualist who made quite an elaborate tour of the Soviet Union recently in a successful attempt to sell them whisky and wine lived only by selling his clothing, while I must confess to having parted with two old pullovers in what the Russians call "Private-Enterprise Second-Hand Shops" for fantastic prices—one three-year-old woollen sweater fetching no less than 120 Roubles. There is no doubt whatever that the true rate of exchange should be 50 Roubles to the Pound, and if the Soviet Government is sincere in its suggestion that it would welcome non-political tourists, then it must obviously make a "concession rate" around this figure. I made these points as firmly as possible, and no doubt they have been made at higher levels both before and after, but the results appear to be the familiar ones we expect when dealing with Soviet officialdom.

In any approaches to, or negotiations with, Russians, one must appreciate that we cannot hope to understand the Russian mind. It would seem that the country may be likened to a vast bottle of milk; in 1917, the cream was forcibly and wantonly emptied out into other parts of the World; the weakened milk then stood for two generations until more cream formed, but this new cream is sour and heavy, repellent at close range, and bitter at all times. Beneath the sour cream is a certain amount of frustrated rich milk, about to become soured in turn. It is at this level that some headway may occasionally be made however, and some surprising revelations are thrown out from time to time.

One Intourist official, well saturated in his country's doctrinaire beliefs but apparently genuinely disturbed at the prospect of British tourists being able to live only four days in his "glorious land," suddenly suggested the solution. Since the British Government was at fault, he said, in prohibiting the export of more than £50, then the tourists must bring out £5 notes in their shoes. I wondered if Russian citizenry who might practice this sort of thing with 100 Rouble notes in the toes of their boots when going through the Curtain on a tight leash would be dealt with leniently. Another more junior official made the more practical suggestion (none too flattering to his side) that British tourists should equip themselves with quantities of old clothing to sell on arrival.

The Russians have surely only themselves to blame for the wide misconceptions that exist in the Western World about conditions in their country. Their overweighted bureaucracy and suspicious treatment of foreigners, coupled with the fact that almost all Russians stare blatantly at foreign visitors in the streets and on public transport, has given birth to the unshakable belief that all foreigners are followed from the moment of

their arrival to the instant of departure. With the many thousands of Westerners in the country at the present time, members of the MVD would have an extremely busy job tracking every foreigner during his various daily movements. Foreigners are not, of course, followed in Russia, except for notable persons and diplomats in Moscow, who have a police guard. It is easy enough to check on foreigners' movements since they cannot purchase long-distance train and 'plane tickets without the aid of Intourist, who arrange police formalities. But there is no question of "shadows" for ordinary visitors, although on returning to France or Britain it is impossible to convince the average person of this fact. Nor is it true, except at the main centres of Moscow where observation is intense, that Russians will not speak to or mix with foreigners. On the "Red Riviera" especially Russians are often quite friendly, and I have visited Russian homes on invitation after meeting people at the Opera or in offices. There again the Russians are largely to blame for the misconception, since they have for so long confined accredited correspondents to a small area of Moscow, where their outlook has been necessarily narrow. If the total press force representing a foreign country were restricted to a small area of London where, for example, the sounding of motor horns was prohibited, they might be excused for reporting on return to their own country that that is the case in Britain as a whole. The Russian language, by its very difficulty, is as much a barrier as the Iron Curtain itself. So few foreigners can manage to speak it that dependence on an interpreter, invariably supplied by Intourist or the police, is essential in most cases. Even more misconceptions accrue from this arrangement, for the interpreters tend to be dogmatic and chosen for their thorough degree of saturation in Soviet theories. No one can break through the crust of an Intourist interpreter, but even if they did, they would find them shallow, untravelled, and singularly ignorant. Much more accurate information and useful assistance is to be had from Russians in semi-authority who speak French—learned from their parents in pre-Revolutionary days.

One persistent misconception, even among the numbers of businessmen leaving for Russia every week these days, is that one cannot post letters, or expect to receive them, while in the Soviet Union. Mailing facilities are almost efficient, and letters to and from England, which take from 4 to 10 days in transit, show no traces of being tampered with. The reason why delays occur is simply that no through airmail service has existed until very recently. However, this spring, one of the results of the tourist negotiations has borne fruit. The Scandinavian Airlines System have finally persuaded the Russians to provide a daily connection with the S.A.S. plane from London, and it is now possible to reach Moscow in 10 hours every weekday with one change of plane at Helsinki. The Helsinki-Moscow section is completed by a twin-engined Ilyushin aircraft belonging to the Soviet airline Aeroflot. Perhaps even more important, and indicative of a modicum of East-West co-operation, is the fact that Aeroflot are granting a 5 per cent. commission on bookings over their routes to Western Agents for the first time in history.

Aeroflot officials have admitted recently that they have much to learn from the west in the operation of civil aircraft. I saw no four-engined civilian planes in Russia, and from all accounts they do not exist. Recently,

the senior officials of Aeroflot have been touring Western Europe and the Far East, visiting airports and examining modern equipment. There are strong rumours of more direct connections as at Helsinki, while the French airline Air France has been given rights to operate direct to Moscow from Paris at an early date. More rumours, current in Paris and Rome, speak of the possibilities of a Comet service to Moscow from a Western Capital before the end of 1954. It is unfortunate that some opinions in the United States view these developments with alarm, for they actually represent real progress towards co-existence, an ideal which Sir Winston Churchill has said can and must be attained if the World is to survive. It would be far more satisfactory if the section of American opinion which is critical would gather its powers of salesmanship together and enter the general race for Russian business. I feel sure that American paint and advertising displays liberally applied to the drab and dowdy Russian scene would do much towards promoting improved relations and some kind of understanding. Except for the newer areas of such cities as Stalingrad, Kiev, and Odessa, there is a crying demand for great quantities of good quality paint. Admittedly, there is little as yet to advertise, and this very absence of advertising makes the visitor realise how important a part it plays in Western life by creating markets and serving as well as snaring the public.

British paint salesmen have been unsuccessful in Russia during the winter, except with a rich red product. It is a point worthy of note that the word "Red" in Russian (*Krasnoya*) can also mean beautiful, but in the case of a certain hotel I visited in Odessa—which has been earmarked by Intourist for its anticipated expansion—it seems it must mean only "Red." Another trend which provides more hope for a basis of agreement and understanding between East and West is the slight lessening of weighty preponderance in Soviet literature and music. This was first noted by observers soon after the death of Stalin, but is now becoming apparent with the production of magazines for public consumption on bookstalls throughout the Soviet Union which, although they could in no way be considered light, might be somewhat less funereal and politically dogmatic. With the "heat" turned off Britain and France, it is slightly less fierce against America in the theatre and Opera. A friend of mine saw "Madame Butterfly" at the Odessa Opera two years ago, and noted how Chu-Chu-San—after the last departure of Pinkerton—dropped a Stars and Stripes onto the stage and trampled it for some moments. When I saw this Opera magnificently performed at the same theatre recently, Madame Butterfly merely let the small silken flag flutter from her limp hand into the orchestra pit.

K. WESTCOTT JONES.

THE YOUTH OF LOUIS XV—II

IT would have been almost a miracle if the inexperienced Queen had avoided all the pitfalls in her path. Gratefully aware that she owed her promotion to the Duc de Bourbon, she assumed that her friendly feelings were shared by her husband. Soon after her marriage she asked him which of his Ministers enjoyed his confidence so that she might know

whom she could trust. "How do you like M. de Fleury?" she enquired. "Beaucoup." "And M. le Duc?" "Assez." Though the curt reply should have convinced her that the latter was out of favour, she unwittingly allowed herself to be used by him and his mistress Mme. de Prie. The King, they complained, never worked alone with his First Minister; Fleury was always present and was constantly with him for hours on the pretext of lessons. The kindly and unsuspecting Queen sent a message asking the King to her apartment. There he found the Duke who expressed a hope that he would allow her to stay. "Stay," replied the King coldly. She had already reached the door and sat down as far away as possible. The tactless Duke, blissfully unaware that he was skating on very thin ice, presented a letter from Cardinal Polignac attacking Fleury. The King read it and returned it without a word.

The Duke. What do you say to this letter?

The King. Nothing.

The Duke. What is your will?

The King. Things to remain as they are.

The Duke. So I have the misfortune to displease you?

The King. Yes.

Realising his *faux pas* the tactless offender fell on his knees and begged for pardon. "I pardon you," rejoined the King, and left the room. The Duke had signed his political death warrant.

Fleury expected some hostile manoeuvre and welcomed it when it came, for it had always been his tactic to wait for the clumsy rival to break his neck. When he attempted to visit the Queen he was not admitted. He promptly ordered his carriage, leaving a brief note for the King. "As my services appear to be useless I beg permission to end my days with the Sulpicians." The King shut himself up and gave way to tears. "Sire," exclaimed the First Gentleman of the Chamber, "are you not the master? Order M. le Duc to go and fetch M. de Fréjus this moment and you will see him back." The Duke sulkily obeyed and next day Fleury returned in triumph. After this dramatic intermezzo it was clear that he would be in full command as soon as he wished.

To spare her father's feelings Marie Leczinska concealed the atmospheric change since her ill-advised championship of her benefactor. Writing to his agent Marshal de Bourg Stanislas complained that Fleury exceeded his functions and was inconsiderate to the Duke: happily, he added, the King continued and increased his love for the Queen. The troubled woman consulted the veteran Marshal Villars, who declared that the King had a cold heart and advised her to seek an interview with Fleury. The Bishop, fully understanding that she had been merely the innocent tool of the Duke and his mistress, was kind and fatherly, but argued that Mme. de Prie and Pâris-Duverney were doing harm and ought to be dismissed. They were members of her circle, interjected the Queen, and would feel hurt if they had to go. That would have to come, rejoined the Bishop, adding that the coolness of the King was not his fault. Once again she sought counsel from Marshal Villars, who advised her to make friends with Fleury as the only way to keep the King. The same prudent counsel came from her father. Everyone knew that the days of M. le Duc were numbered, and on June 11, 1726, the blow fell. Louis XV always

took time to make up his mind about the dismissal of a Minister, maintaining pleasant relations till the last moment and then launching his thunderbolt. The exile of the Duke to his estates was followed by a clean sweep of his entourage. Mme. de Prie was ordered to her home in Normandy where she died in the following year, and Pâris-Duverney spent a short time in the Bastille. The Queen was informed of the changes in a curt letter from the King. "Madame, I pray you, and if necessary I order you, to receive what the ex-Bishop of Fréjus will tell you in my name as if it were myself. Louis." Villars, to whom she showed it, found her in tears. For the next seventeen years her relations with the omnipotent Minister were sufficiently correct to avoid the King's displeasure, but she never learned to think of him as a disinterested friend.

The Fleury era had begun. Since the death of the Regent he had monopolised the King's favour, and at the age of seventy-three he emerged as the unchallenged ruler of France. After the fireworks of the Regency and the shoddy intermezzo of Mme. de Prie, his mild sway was a relief. Such undynamic figures excite neither enthusiasm nor violent hostility. At the first meeting of the Conseil d'Etat after the eviction of M. le Duc the King, aged sixteen, expressed his pleasure at the restoration of the system of Louis XIV, who never appointed a Premier Ministre. Requests should henceforth be addressed to himself, and stated times would be allotted to the Ministers who would transact their business in the presence of Fleury. He was deluding himself, for the change was not of a system but of men. There was no need for Fleury to assume the title of Premier Ministre, for his influence surpassed that of any statesman since Mazarin. For the present there was neither a mistress in the wings nor a political rival to challenge his sway. Anchored in his pupil's confidence he could perform his task without fear of being stabbed in the back. Of all the many servants of Louis XV he alone inspired in him some measure of affection. So impregnable was his position that the discredited Duc de Bourbon was allowed to reappear at Court, and the seal was placed on his triumph by the coveted Cardinal's hat. His honours were not undeserved. The desire of France for a rest cure, peace abroad and economy at home, harmonised with his instinct for a quiet life. He cared little for money, disdained pomp, and bore himself modestly to all men, and even hardened intriguers realised that it was useless to plot his overthrow. His advanced age tended to diminish jealousy. Yet the tough old man stood at the helm for seventeen years and presided over the happiest phase of an unhappy reign. The young King, bored by business, was only too glad to leave the task of government in his hands and to enjoy life in his own way. The earliest and most significant achievement of the Fleury régime was the stabilisation of the currency after a period when the title of a coin indicated different values at different times. It was now decreed that a louis (pound) was the equivalent of twenty-four livres (francs) and the écu (crown) the equivalent of six. The generation of almost unbroken peace enjoyed by France between the Marlborough war and the War of the Austrian Succession enabled the new system to take such firm root that it remained intact till the Revolution. The new-born confidence in the currency was a prime factor in the rapid development of commerce witnessed in eighteenth century France, since it enabled long term contracts to be made and kept.

The condominium of the aged Cardinal and the youthful monarch is most fully and most vividly described in the voluminous journal of d'Argenson, as observant a witness as Saint-Simon himself. He, too, is a hanging judge, and Fleury is presented as a feeble old man nearing his dotage. "One of the most ridiculous spectacles of the time," records the diarist in 1731, "is the *petit coucher* of M. le Cardinal. Though he is in sole command his only title is Minister of State. All France and the whole Court crowd his anteroom. His Eminence enters his cabinet, the door is opened and you see this old priest take off his trousers, don a shabby dressing gown and shirt, comb his four white hairs. He chats, repeats his old anecdotes, makes bad jokes interlarded with sugary commonplaces and the gossip of the town." Yet d'Argenson was not wholly blind to his virtues. "He loves the King and the state, is honest and sincere, and wishes to be liked." France might well have seen a worse pilot at the helm.

D'Argenson, like most Frenchmen, had high hopes of the young King. "At the moment," he notes cheerfully in March 1730 when Fleury was ill, "he works with his Ministers, does it admirably, and reaches just decisions. He has an excellent memory for details. He displays great humanity and a sense of justice. Recently the Finance Minister proposed to discharge a debt of four years standing. Had interest been paid? inquired the King. No, replied Orry, that was not the custom." That was not fair, rejoined the King, who ordered the payment. People wonder if he will continue to work, or if his activity since the illness of the cardinal is simply like the fervour of the young priest. We must remember that he is almost without passions or dominant tastes, and apathy leaves a void which has to be filled. Business is presented to Kings without thorns. Their Ministers arrive with the work neatly arranged and he has merely to say Yes or No. No effort is required. He prefers conservation to acquisition. He is good-natured, shrewd, extremely discreet, the son of clever parents; he expresses himself well and listens to the smallest details. He thinks as quick as lightning, but so far he has not taken in very much as he dislikes long discussions. He has been charged with idleness and indifference, yet he displayed real feeling during the recent illness of the Dauphin and the Cardinal. He has long formed his scheme of life—amusing himself while he leaves the Cardinal to govern, knowing his probity and capacity, but when he goes he intends to shoulder the burden himself. We shall see if he keeps his word. He is a good judge of men and likes respectable folk such as the Cardinal and his valet Bachelier. His favourites are Soubise and Coigny, very decent young fellows. All this gives promise of a happy reign. God preserve him. It is hoped he will govern in person, like Louis XIV, for he does not need a First Minister. He is a man of sound sense, rather lazy yet anxious for the work to go well. He is reserved and discreet as the greatest Kings have been. The only person to whom he confides all his affairs is his valet Bachelier, who desires nothing for himself but all for the glory of his master, keeps his ears open and likes to know everything. He has little taste for study, but he has picked up enough geography and politics to make conversation with the King."

Though the monarch's liking and respect for his octogenarian Minister continued till the end, he came to share the general opinion that he had

lived too long. The first difference of opinion arose when the Cardinal advised the dismissal of Chauvelin, the ablest of the Ministers, on the ostensible ground that his policy involved a risk of war; but it no longer sufficed for him to express a wish. "The King," comments d'Argenson, "is more independent now he has a mistress; it is astonishing how it matures princes to possess a confidant. Moreover there will never again be so dissimulating a prince. Thus the Cardinal meets with silent but firm opposition which needs a good deal of time to overcome. The King is more inclined to serious things than people think. Chauvelin just suited him, as he is extremely supple and persuasive. What has he done wrong? The King finds in him *flair* and discretion, skill in lightening the burden of business, and a wide grasp of affairs. Who could replace him?" The King finally gave way, knowing that the Cardinal would not live long, and exiled Chauvelin to Bourges.

At the end of the thirties d'Argenson records a decline of Fleury's power. "His credit wanes from day to day," he notes in April, 1738, "and he confines himself to ecclesiastical affairs. He is losing flesh, which comes of living too long. The King puts up with him with growing impatience, and shows it by brusque replies or silence. Everyone expects the return of Chauvelin when the poor old fellow disappears. The King only sees him twice or thrice a week, and only about fifteen minutes alone. Power has sapped his good qualities, and he realises the insecurity of his tenure. The King hopes to drive him to resign by petty slights. His only real friend is the Queen. He remains because the King does not wish to seem ungrateful or to see him die of shock." Despite his failing powers the old man clung to his post like a limpet to a rock. "Supple as a glove, he swallows all the snubs. The nearer one is to him, the less one esteems him—mediocre but adroit, not cruel but malevolent. His only supporters are a few unworthy parasites." Severe as d'Argenson was on the Minister, he became ever more critical of the King. His greatest fault was his increasing indolence. "He rises at eleven," notes the diarist in August, 1739, "and leads a useless life. He steals from his frivolous occupations one hour of work; the sessions with the Ministers cannot be called work, for he lets them do everything, merely listening or repeating what they say like a parrot. He is still very much of a child." When this crushing verdict was pronounced the monarch was twenty-nine. He reigned but did not rule—a system of autocracy without an authentic autocrat.

While the King had too little to do and suffered from incurable *ennui*, the patient Queen was doing her duty and was systematically overworked. According to d'Argenson, not the most reliable of witnesses, the sorely tried woman exclaimed "*toujours coucher, toujours grosse, toujours accoucher*." Whereas Louis XIV had only one legitimate child, his great-grandson was provided with ten. She bore her burden bravely, merely regretting that she had too many daughters and too few sons. After three years of married life she informed her father that no one had loved as she loved, but she was deluding herself. Louis XV was too selfish to be capable of giving or inspiring much love, and after seven years of matrimony she witnessed the first of a series of *liaisons* which lasted till her death and beyond. Much as she suffered she never allowed bitterness to poison her soul. During the King's frequent absences while she was tied to her base

by repeated pregnancies, she wrote daily to Fleury with news and tender messages. "Please ask him to think sometimes of a woman who loves him more than her life. My obedience is even more blind from affection than from duty." She also made constant enquiries about the Cardinal's health, addressing him as "*mon très cher ami*," "*mon chérissime ami*," signing herself "*la meilleure de vos amies*." If ever she needed advice, she added, she would apply to him. Her solid virtues—loyalty, modesty and kindness—won recognition beyond the walls of the palace, and the Parisian satirists sought more rewarding targets for their poisoned shafts. Her welcome on a visit to the capital in 1728—the first by a Queen of France for half a century—was a well deserved tribute to the success with which she had played her part. Critics she had in plenty, but no enemies, for she never tried or desired to ruin anybody's career.

The most strenuous but perhaps also the happiest phase of her married life was the decade of child-bearing. The nursery started in 1727 with twin girls, Louise Elizabeth and Henriette, sometimes called *Mme. Première* and *Mme. Seconde*, followed in 1728 by Louise Marie, who died at the age of five. The eagerly awaited Dauphin, who appeared in 1729, was greeted with illuminations in the capital and a thanksgiving service at Notre Dame attended by the King. The enthusiasm revealed a heritage of monarchical sentiment so strongly entrenched that it could only be destroyed over a long course of years by the King himself. The birth of a second son in 1730 caused scarcely less satisfaction, since child mortality was as high in crowded and insanitary palaces as in the hovels of the countryside. When the child passed away at the age of three the need of a second prince to secure the succession in the direct line was as urgent as ever, but it was not to be. Five princesses appeared within five years, Adelaide in 1732, Victoire in 1733, Sophie in 1734, Félicité, who died in infancy, in 1736, and Louise, "*Mme. Dernière*," in 1737. The younger girls—Victoire, Sophie, Félicité and Louise—were packed off by Fleury in 1738 to be educated at the abbey school of Fontevault, and it required a ruse on the part of the Queen to keep Adelaide at home. Not daring to ask her husband for such a favour the timid mother deputed her daughter to plead her own cause. The girl proceeded to waylay the King on his return from mass, kissed his hand, and wept. The plan succeeded, but the mass migration was a sore trial, all the more since visits from or to Fontevault were never arranged. Though Nattier was despatched to paint the girls, Félicité she never saw again, Victoire not for ten years, Sophie and Louise not for twelve. The excuse for this amputation of family life appears to have been Fleury's desire to avoid the expense of the inflated households deemed necessary for even the youngest members of the Royal Family. The King cared little for his children till they grew up. In the following year, 1738, Louise Elizabeth departed to marry a cousin in Madrid, leaving only her twin sister Henriette, the Dauphin and Adelaide at home. It is not surprising that the only surviving son held a special place in his mother's heart.

The Queen took little interest in affairs till the death of Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, in 1733 afforded a possibility of her father's restoration to the throne. With its crazy tradition of elective monarchy, Poland suffered a major crisis every time its ruler passed away.

Stanislas, who had nothing to lose by failure, hurried to Warsaw and was elected for a second time. Though Louis XV felt no affection for his father-in-law, he welcomed the choice of a candidate so closely identified with France, but neither he nor Fleury was prepared to play for high stakes. Despite the appeals of Stanislas to his daughter to use her influence, only a small corps was despatched and only four million francs were supplied. "Must we ruin the King to aid his father-in-law?" exclaimed Fleury. A policy of limited liability was clearly the wisest course, for the strongest cards were in the hands of the rival candidate, Augustus III of Saxony. Russia, who had always backed the late King, was on the side of his son, and Sweden, whose warrior King had placed Stanislas on the throne, had fallen into the ranks of the minor states. A Russian army crossed the frontier and ordered a sparsely attended Diet to elect Augustus III. Stanislas took refuge in Danzig, whence he escaped in disguise on its surrender to the Russians after a long siege. For centuries the fortunes of Poland have been decided, not by the Poles, but by her more powerful neighbours. The fiasco was a keen disappointment to the Queen, not only for her father's sake, but because his success might have augmented her own slender store of prestige at Court. The easy-going Stanislas took his latest defeat philosophically, returned to his quiet life in France, and soon after received an unexpected consolation prize. When Francis, the reigning Duke of Lorraine, married Maria Theresa it was arranged that he should exchange his Duchy for Tuscany, where the Medici line became extinct in 1737. Lorraine was assigned to Stanislas, with remainder to France. For the rest of his life the cultivated and kindly old Epicurean made his little principality one of the happiest states in Europe, fostering agriculture, encouraging industry and the arts. The revenues of the state were transferred to France in return for a fixed annual allowance, and the First Minister, nominated by Fleury, was the virtual ruler of the country. The reign of the father-in-law of the King of France was a period of transition between the complete independence of the Duchy and its total absorption in France. Stanislas welcomed to his gay and tolerant little Court of Lunéville men of letters with Voltaire and *Mme. du Châtelet*, Montesquieu and Helvétius at their head. "I have been ill," reported Voltaire, "but that is a pleasure when one is a guest of the King of Poland. Nobody takes more care of his invalids. It is impossible to be a better King or a better man." That his morals were no stricter than those of other princes of the time left intact the respect in which he was held and the popularity he enjoyed.

France's next international commitment was a far more serious affair, for she was dragged into the long and costly War of the Austrian Succession. The Pragmatic Sanction had been made in vain, for when its author the Emperor Charles VI died in 1740 the crowned vultures flocked to the expected feast. The new Prussian King inaugurated his reign by the rape of Silesia, and the indignant Hapsburgs fought four wars during the next forty years in a vain attempt to recover it. Louis XV had as little passion for military glory as his Minister, who would have preferred to stand aloof, but the pressure of the war party led by Marshal Belle-Isle and the bellicose tradition of French policy proved too strong for him. However they might condemn the political morals of Frederick the Great, it was

unthinkable for France that he should be vanquished by the House of Hapsburg. It was one of the ironies of history that Fleury and Walpole, two of the most peace-loving of modern statesmen, should have closed their career by leading their respective peoples into unwanted wars. As he approached his ninetieth year the old Cardinal began to lose grip, and it was never in him to fight stubbornly even for causes in which he believed. "It is a painful task to govern mankind," he complained in 1742; "the news from Italy and Bohemia makes me dizzy. I almost feel that we are nearing the end of the world. With all the dark clouds on every side a far stronger head than mine is needed." One of his last acts was to write an abject letter to the Austrian Marshal Königsegg at the same moment that he was instructing Marshal Belle-Isle to make peace, whatever the price. To regard him as the principal author of the troubles in Germany, he declared, was an injustice. "Many people know how much I was opposed to the decisions we reached, and that I was in some measure forced to consent. Your Excellency can easily guess who did his utmost to determine the King to join a league which was so contrary to my inclination and my principles." The offender to whom he referred was Marshal Belle-Isle, who was entrusted with the negotiations. That his letter was promptly published by the Austrian Government was a shock to the distracted old man who had thereby weakened the bargaining power of France. He had lived too long; but though he died amid the thunder of the guns he ranks among the few French statesmen who strove in all sincerity to spare the lives and pockets of their countrymen. Supermen are seldom wise, little men rarely strong. Yet the passing of this well-meaning mediocrity left a vacuum which was not filled till Choiseul was called to the helm fifteen years later. That his master could fill it never occurred to him or to anyone else. The chief topic of conversation at Versailles was not the War of the Austrian Succession but the competition for the most glamorous and the most highly remunerated post at the Court of France.

G. P. GOOCH.

HENRY FIELDING

HENRY FIELDING, the bicentenary of whose death falls in October this year, was born, son of an officer of family who served in Marlborough's wars and afterwards became a general, at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, on April 22, 1707; but he spent most of his boyhood "by the pleasant banks of the sweetly winding Stour" in Dorset. He lost his mother at eleven; and was sent to Eton, and then to Leyden to study law. His father married a second time, and the sustaining of an increasing tribe of small stepbrothers and sisters made the maintaining abroad of a lad of twenty almost impossible. Henry returned to London with an alleged allowance of £200 a year "which anybody might pay who would." The young Fielding had good looks and obvious abilities, and a certain quality which never deserted him, even though the woes of his life modified and deepened his nature. When his witty and distinguished kinswoman, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, mourned his death with judicial calm, she said "his happy constitution (even when he had, with

great pains, half demolished it) made him forget every evil, when he was before a venison pasty, or over a flask of champagne; and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any prince on earth."

For such a sanguine nature destiny too often lays traps; and less zest might have bred more caution. The regulation course for a young man in Fielding's plight in the eighteenth century was to write a ponderous tragedy, in the full belief that it would make his fortune. Fielding surveyed his prospects, and the prospects of enjoyment that London life afforded to a man with money in his pocket, and wrote—a comedy. The comedy, "Love in Several Masques", was played at Drury Lane in February, 1728, and was the first of a long series of plays—plays which, for the most part, served their purpose of raising ready cash during the short runs of the eighteenth century theatre; then they were consigned to something very like oblivion in collected editions of Fielding's works. Sir Walter Scott (preparing "Lives of the Novelists") gave them a glance in 1825, and said they were pervaded by "an attribute something like dulness." Then in 1898 Bernard Shaw astonished, or tried to astonish, readers of the Preface to his "Plays Unpleasant" by speaking of "Henry Fielding, the greatest practising dramatist, with the single exception of Shakespeare, produced by England between the middle ages and the nineteenth century." Now it is often considered that the literary judgments of George Bernard Shaw shed more light on George Bernard Shaw than on what was supposed to be the object of them; it might, nevertheless, not be unprofitable to inquire why Shaw had reached this seemingly extravagant conclusion about Fielding as a dramatist. The truth is that Fielding's position in this matter is quite peculiar. There is no other body of work in English literature in which there is so much freshness, originality and wit, and which has sunk quite so irretrievably into dull forgetfulness, unread except by "students" (and the omnivorous G.B.S.). These plays are too often hastily assembled and flimsy sketches, lacking depth of conception. Yet, written though they were when Fielding's character was undeveloped and the powers which earned him a permanent place in English literature were more or less latent, they bear striking evidence of a characteristic tendency to take wide views, and at the same time to dissect and analyse, to question the value of social institutions.

The eighteenth century theatre was on the whole very limited in its scope, its subjects and its characters. "High life" was the orbit. An occasional country squire, a city merchant the writers could be permitted, mainly to show how far these rather unpleasant people fell short of the accepted standard of elegance. In the plays of Fielding, however, things are different. We find the struggling author (to become a conventional type, admittedly) arguing with his publisher about—can it be money?—and trying to get his play acted without cuts. Here goes the coffee house politician, reading dozens of newspapers a day, much more concerned about what is happening on the other side of Europe than his daughter's elopement; there a little bit of cheerful graft in the empanelling of juries is exposed. Then we find all mankind, from the hackney coachman to the lady of fashion, hanging on the chance of a £10,000 prize in the lottery coming up (a familiar ring about this, is there not?) and we go to Guildhall to attend the drawing of the winning numbers. Then we find ourselves

in an English country town, with the Mayor and local tradesmen counting the chances of feathering their nests in the imminent election. These particular scenes had for their object, as Fielding himself says, the emphasising of "the Calamities brought on a Country by general Corruption"—not a thing many authors seemed to concern themselves about in the eighteenth century.

"The freedom of the Stage," said the young satirist, "is, perhaps as well worth contending for as that of the Press." Fatal words! Fielding went on to attack Ministerial corruption, and even brought Sir Robert Walpole himself, in the slightest of disguises, on the stage in a quaint scene of "four patriots" converted to new opinions by the power of the purse. It was foolish to expect that those who were so unscrupulous in their general conduct of affairs would be inactive when their methods were publicly exposed. The "Licensing Act" was hurried through Parliament, and the vagaries of the censorship it imposed have been a constant subject of controversy from that day until near our own, when authority seems to have come to share the remarkable tolerance of the age and when audiences are not particularly interested in subjects which might inflame partisan passions. The unlucky Fielding, now in theatrical management on his own account at "the little Theatre in the Haymarket", had found a profitable vein in this satire of public affairs, which had taken the taste of the town and bestowed a deceptive prosperity upon him. The Licensing Act changed all that, and with its passing Fielding, who had no great reason to be pleased with his success with a more conventional type of play, virtually ceased to be a dramatist.

Fielding had no Boswell; and of his state of mind during this interlude, almost of frustration, between two different kinds of literary career we know nothing. That he should have married, when present supplies and the future were both so uncertain, was only to be expected; but the young lady whom he took from her quiet life in old Salisbury had, as well as much beauty, a little money. With the weight of family responsibilities upon him, yet with sufficient to tide over the present hour, he decided to take up his law books again—at thirty. He was in due course called to the Bar, and travelled the Western circuit. Presumably briefs did not shower upon the playwright turned barrister, but his brain was active, and the use of his pen had become a habit; and we imagine him more or less as a man casting about to give proper employment to those faculties, when fate and the spirit of the times provided them with it. It was indeed a momentous epoch in the literary history of the world. A stimulus was accidentally provided to two men apparently of glaringly contrasting characters, though—since they were both creative geniuses—many of the differences may have been superficial. Samuel Richardson was a London printer, essentially of the lower middle classes and raised to prosperity by industry and care (whereas Fielding was the patrician who had descended).

This finicky, vain, nervous little man used to write model letters for young women (they seem to have been many) he knew; and a publisher suggested a collection of these edifying epistles. He got very much more than he bargained for; for the collection transformed itself into a story, often mawkish, sometimes genuinely affecting, but of undoubted power, telling of a servant girl who resisted all the assaults of her young employer

upon her rather aggressive virtue, and reduced him to repentance and marriage. It is to be feared that Fielding was blind to the more delicate merits of this simple story, told with an almost Proustian particularity. He seized his pen and began a parody. The parody, in which a virtuous footman is of course unavailingly tempted by his mistress, grew into a longish narrative, full, it is true, of picaresque wanderings (like his successor Smollett, Fielding perhaps suffered from a surfeit of "Don Quixote", though the Spanish masterpiece may have been an indispensable departure for these early novelists); but containing also a wealth of description of contemporary life, done in a way which indicated an absolutely new sense of the value of such material for prose narrative. Among the characters of this novel, "Joseph Andrews", is the celebrated Parson Adams, an eccentric whom Dickens might have essayed to depict, but who appears here with a fulness and an impression of flesh and blood which Dickens could not, at any rate would not, have given him.

These two men, the little hypochondriac tradesman and the big tavern-haunting scholar and wit, of gentle stock, but whose life had manifestly taken a wrong twist, had between them (with perhaps another accident or two like the "Manon Lescaut" of the Abbe Prévost contributing) created the modern novel. In the first half of the eighteenth century they had provided the romantic movement with one of its most characteristic forms of expression. They had created a literary form which seemed to be all ready for millions destined to be born into an age of compulsory free education. In sum, the social and artistic implications of the matter were stupendous. It is not to be supposed that Fielding foresaw all this; but that he had a properly dignified sense of having found his true calling, and that a high one, is proved by the scope and form of his next and greatest work. In literary criticism of the traditional and conventional kind, praise is often heaped on the "plot" of "Tom Jones." It was held for a long time that this was the nearest to perfection of any such plot; but nowadays we should never think of either conceding or denying this claim. Perhaps, if we think about it at all, we may decide that it is far too complicated and contrived. The main thing is that Fielding knew how he was going to finish this very long though consistently entertaining work when he began it. The famous introductory chapters or essays to each section of the novel may not impress as once they did; but their appearance at regular intervals, and their style and content, do suggest an earnest preoccupation with questions of form, a salutary architectural passion. Here, evidently, was a conscious artist who respected the medium in which he worked.

Between the writing of "Joseph Andrews" and that of "Tom Jones" calamity had fallen upon Fielding—the death of his dearly-loved wife. Life had been very hard for this poor woman, of whom, across two centuries, we gain a haunting impression of beauty and loveliness. That Fielding was doing his best to establish himself in the world is certain; but there was a Micawberish strain in him which almost invited the unkindness of fate. Tradition tells of bailiffs in the house as the woman her husband was to immortalise as Sophia Western and Amelia Booth lay ill in bed; but if that is not true, at any rate perpetual vicissitude, insecurity and worry helped towards her death. Fielding's first burst of wild grief probably gave way to a settled dejection in which there was more than a tinge of remorse.

Without such bitter epochs and the self-searching which they bring, there may be no development of a creative gift. In addition, out of his downcast brooding may have sprung the subject of "Tom Jones." The novel, though embellished with adventure and description and the humours of subsidiary characters, is essentially a study of the relations of the sexes in the writer's own time—and perhaps no such study had ever before been undertaken with such deliberate intention and forceful execution in the history of the world's literature. Tom Jones himself, endowed by his creator with almost too many personal assets—for he is handsome, learned, accomplished, generous, manly and well-mannered—consistently betrays his love for the amiable and charming Sophia Western by his aptness to indulge in transient sexual adventures. Needless to say, the gods still are just, and these pleasant vices are turned into scourging rods, as the unheroic hero finds himself involved in progressing degradation. Disentanglement, repentance and the yielding of Sophia follow, it seems, far too quickly, far too mechanically; and this and Fielding's evident partiality for his hero obscure the intention which inspired the book. Also, Fielding was, as well as moralist and reformer, a matchless observer, of robust creative imagination, and it was not to be expected that his characters could be mere puppets to illustrate a thesis. Against all this is to be set, alas, that particular kind of insensibility, that complacent ignoring of "refinements of feeling", of the mere possibility of a higher plane of existence. There are no poets, no saints, in Fielding—any more than there are in Dickens; but that can be forgiven. What is worse is that he continually invents actions and situations which would be bearable, and understandable even, were they presented by a master of exact, penetrating and minute analysis, but which confound us when set down with a matter-of-fact, even schoolboyish, crudity. But what a book! These wanderings, these crossed passions of these very human beings, from the gorgeously conceived Squire Western to the strangely pathetic Molly Seagrim, amid the green fields of the West of England are to many almost like a slice of their own personal experience. In Fielding's other long novel, "Amelia", his obsession with the revered image of his dead wife, and with the idea of the frail "hero" finds even clearer expression. Possibly, by the side of "Tom Jones" it shows a falling-off, but there is something in the book's tone which suggests a further deepening in the author's sensibility (with Fielding one hardly dare talk of spiritual experience), and, as with Dickens, the possibility that in spite of great achievements, some work of profounder import remained to be done when death snatched the pen.

Shortly before the publication of "Tom Jones" Fielding had contrived to get himself made a justice of the peace for Westminster and Middlesex. This was an office which corresponded with that of a stipendiary magistrate now, with the difference that its holders were paid by fees from the parties in the cases. It was, at any rate, a stable settlement in life, though Fielding says that he reduced its income by "composing instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars"—thus following his theatrical attack on corruption by a practical example of personal disinterestedness, and proving himself a man above the common standards of the time. Much of the rest of his varied and strange life was occupied in delving in the alleys and gutters of crime and squalor in the London of the epoch; and delicate

persons complained that this strengthened his addiction to "low company"; but Fielding, as his novels show, had a catholic interest in humanity, and he took his office as a mission, his intellect, wide views and sense of the public interest enabling him to fill it with a peculiar distinction and lustre. The poverty, vice and misery of a large proportion of the people of London at that time can hardly be described; anyone apt to believe that it all began with the Industrial Revolution will be instructed, as well as appalled and fascinated by such a book as Mrs. George's "London Life in the Eighteenth Century." Also it seemed, as it seems now, that society was passing through a "crime wave." Fielding, after a little while in his new employment, brought out an "Enquiry in to the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers."

We shall be disappointed if we expect something particularly modern and "enlightened" in Fielding's suggestions (if we may fairly couple the epithets). He indeed proclaimed that public executions were merely disgusting festivals, with not the slightest effect as warnings. He did not exclaim against the ferocity of the criminal law, though he was indeed scathing about its comically inefficient officers. The problem, indeed, was almost too great for anyone purely at practical grips with it to see any way out. Not content with criticism and satire, Fielding was active as a police officer, and broke up gangs of robbers and cut throats, making the first serious effort to combat the criminals of London, who were amazing in their effrontery and the reign of terror they imposed. How society held together at all is what baffles us now; it can barely be explained by the paradox that the law-abiding instincts of the great mass of the people were after all extremely powerful. But all Fielding's remarkable labours, artistic and practical, were drawing to a close. Whether heredity and misfortune were aided by the reckless course of his earlier life is not easy to decide; but he had jaundice, dropsy and asthma, all at once, and seemed to be a dying man.

The voyage to Lisbon happened to be a particularly convenient one at that time, and the climate was held favourable. Even Fielding's sanguine disposition did not persuade him to harbour great hopes of a cure, for the farewell he took of his younger children, who were not to accompany him, was to him secretly heart-rending and marked with finality. Even this tragic conviction and his maladies could not still his pen or quench his spirits, for the little journal he wrote of the voyage has much characteristic observation and acuteness. But it is mainly notable as the authentic and touching record of those melancholy days towards the end of so remarkable a life, and of an inspiring courage. His ship entered the Tagus on August 14; he died on October 8, and was buried at Lisbon,—in the English cemetery, but far from those English scenes he had depicted with the eager zest of an explorer in new regions of art. It may be that his limitations are as evident as his insight and his freedom from many of the prejudices and errors of his age; that his creative achievement bears a hint of incompleteness; and that the sphere in which his practical talents worked was a cramped and even compromising one; but there can be little doubt that it was a great man who died two hundred years ago.

DENZIL ENGLAND.

AUSTRIA'S OIL AND THE SOVIET UNION

IN the federal state of Lower Austria—reaching almost the boundary of the 21st district of Vienna—and in the Burgenland are the Soviet oil concessions. Partly these are described as “German or Germanised property”, partly they are new acquisitions. The area concerned is so large that Austrians refer ironically to the tenth federal state “minus loyalty”. Austria’s importance for present-day oil production in Europe may be assessed from the statements of two Government spokesmen, one of them Oskar Helmer, Minister of the Interior. Both of them compared the petrol production of their country to that of Rumania. This remark led to the most fantastic conclusions. Since the Rumanian oil production is given as 6 million tons—though it is by no means clear where reality ends and propaganda begins—it was suddenly reported that Austria, too, was able to produce six million tons. Exact figures are not available, and no production results are published by the SMV (Soviet Mineral Oil Administration) which is in sole control. Everyone of their Austrian officials, employees and workers is pledged to complete silence. The Soviets are very strict on this point. A conspicuously large percentage of Austrians kidnapped by the Russians were people who knew the oil situation particularly well and probably talked more than their employers liked. Even old Communists are not safe from purges and espionage trials in this field. Well-tested Party workers were placed in the SMV headquarters and administrative offices, so that no outsider should have access.

When other Soviet-controlled industries were forced, by lack of profit, to dismiss large numbers of their workers and propaganda reasons made it impossible to exclude Communists, some of the most deserving Party members were transferred to executive positions in the SMV, while the supreme authority is obviously in the hands of Soviet officials. By and large, a uniformly red colour is a matter of principle. Thus the “freely elected” workers councils usually show a political complexion very different from that of their electors. The sober estimates of Austrian experts concerning the crude oil production—set out below in tons—speak more eloquently than the countless rumours:—

1945	455,000	1950	1,700,000
1946	845,000	1951	2,280,000
1947	910,000	1952	2,800,000
1948	950,000	1953	3,000,000
1949	1,150,000		

Even 3 million tons would be an extraordinary achievement for European standards and in the New World surpasses the production of Canada, for example, by roughly one million tons. (West Germany achieved 841,000 tons in 1949).

Those responsible for the Potsdam decision about the Soviet oil monopoly in Austria can only have had a very superficial knowledge of the situation. From the perspective of international morals it is quite untenable. Up to 1938, i.e. until the end of Austrian sovereignty, there were no German oil concessions in Austria. The industry was still in its infancy and yielded very little. After a number of unsuccessful boring attempts, an Austrian geologist, Dr. Karl Friedl, finally struck lucky in several places,

and founded the first Oil Production Company, of which he is still the Managing Director, at the beginning of the 30's—with Austrian and Swiss capital on a 50-50 basis. This first venture was followed by the Raky-Danubia Co. Ltd. Without the investment of international capital, however, there was no possibility of successful expansion. The necessary electrical equipment, seismic instruments, etc., cost huge sums. Concessions were, therefore, granted to Soccony Vacuum and subsequently to the Shell Oil Company which controlled most of the oil-producing territories. In 1932, production amounted to 72.6 tons, and in 1938, it reached already 56,656 tons.

Immediately after Hitler had conquered Austria, German industrialists arrived to acquire oil concessions. They set up industries at Neusiedel (Burgenland). During the war a systematic policy of “Germanisation” was carried out. Dutch, British and finally also American oil production was severely limited as “enemy property”, and under a certain pressure practically all these concessions were transferred to German firms. Thus, nearly all the German assets in this sphere were acquired by compulsory methods, and the Russian claim, unfortunately sanctioned also by the Western Allies, is devoid of any moral foundation. Up to 1944, 1.2 million tons were gained. Thanks to the diligent and conscientious supervision of Prof. A. Benz for whom Austrians have nothing but praise, the oil wells were successfully defended against any danger of being over-exploited. Moreover, the Austrian oilfields suffered no great damage from the hostilities, but the entire production was regarded as war booty by the Soviets who dismantled 80 per cent. of the plant. There is a certain piquancy in the fact that part of the dismantled equipment had to be put back into place when the Soviets took over. The few remaining Austrian firms formed a joint committee and later an association. This included also those concerns which were financed with foreign capital but subject to Austrian law. Oil production in Western Austria is negligible. Our survey must, therefore, be limited to the Eastern Zone, where all non-Soviet assets (which, according to a generous private estimate, comprise no more than one-sixth of the total) are also subject to strict SMV control as regards their yield and production methods. Among the more important western concerns are the Anglo-American Crude Oil Co. Ltd., and the British-owned firm of R. K. von Sickle. Last not least, the Oil Production Company is under joint Soviet and Austrian control, its two directors—one Russian, one Austrian—having nominally equal status.

The Soviets had originally suggested to hand over the whole controversial oil production to a mixed Austrian-Soviet concern. This was rejected by the Vienna Government at the time since both the ownership and the interpretation of the Potsdam decisions had by no means been clarified. Unofficially the Soviets have made repeated references to this original offer on their part, with the hint that this would smooth the way to the State treaty for Austria. Apart from fundamental objections—the Vienna Government knows only too well that such mixed companies are a nightmare for the satellite states—there are also material reasons against such a proposal. Soviet investments in the oil industry are very high, and the Austrian contribution would have to reach astronomical figures. If, on the other hand, the Austrians would make financial

sacrifices, the least they want to get in return is the maximum of actual and not merely formal sovereignty.

No less interesting is the fact that the foreign property is not capable of expansion and presumed to be exhausted in 20 years, whereas the Russians are constantly buying up Austrian land, and these newly acquired oilfields are the most productive. The importance of the well-known oil centre of Zistersdorf is now greatly diminished, while highly profitable new wells have been discovered at Matzen and Aderklaar near Vienna. These post-war projects naturally involve neither German nor Germanised assets, yet the Russians will leave nothing undone to exploit also this part of their oil empire for two and a half decades after the departure of the occupation forces. In the view of well-informed Austrian experts, the Russians are not exhausting the oilfields but exploiting them to capacity. All non-Soviet concessions are entirely without influence as regards economic policy since the Soviets have set up a streamlined syndicate which has nothing to equal it in Austria. This syndicate embraces not only the whole production but also wholesale and intermediary agencies as well as a complete price monopoly, under the unrestricted control of the SMV. Even filling-stations owned by western companies—though the passing motorist may be attracted for instance by the "Shell" sign—cannot sell a drop of petrol not received from the Soviet distribution agency. Every gallon of oil gained is being passed on to the SMV which in turn redistributes it for refining purposes. The price fixed by the authorities is 346 Austrian Schillings per ton (one third of the German price), but even this low rate is hardly ever paid out in full to non-Soviet firms. The SMV makes deductions for its control expenses and for the cost of having the factories supervised by the so-called "Works Guard" (Werkschutz)—an entirely Communist organisation. In other words, the Soviets make the others pay for the very things they most object to.

Every possible obstacle is put in the way of non-Soviet firms which are thus prevented from working at full capacity (88 per cent. in 1950, 68 per cent. in 1951, 36 per cent. in 1952). If there is not an early conclusion of a Treaty which might bring about some changes, these enterprises will hardly escape a grave economic crisis. Among the first to be affected would be the refineries. The three biggest, according to my information, are demanded by the West. The Russians have, therefore, laid two direct pipes to Czechoslovakia in order to boost the refineries there. (Several new ones are under construction). Following the suggestion of the Eastern European Montan Council (whose seat is at Catowice), the Austrian oil is to serve in the first place the highly industrialised but oil-starved satellite countries of D.D.R., C.S.R. and Poland. The SMV receives every drop of oil refined in Austria herself, making the Austrian oil nationalisation law a mere scrap of paper. As to the extent of SMV exports and their destinations in East and West, only conjectures are possible. According to Vienna circles, the Eastern markets seem to be satiated for the moment, so that there is a consequent desire to dump the surplus oil to the Western World. Israel and the German Federal Republic are said to be of special interest to the Soviets in this respect. The theory of a satiation of the Eastern markets is further hardened by the fact that since 1952 the Soviet High Commissioner has granted in full

the higher quotas requested by the Austrian Government. (The Schilling, on the other hand, has become sought-after currency). The last yearly quota amounted to 1,000,000 tons. This rendered Austria independent of imports which are subject to extortionate rates of duty. The cheapest Middle East oil comes to 1,100 Schilling. An offer of cheap Persian oil was rejected some time ago by the High Commission out of a rare regard for Soviet-British community of interests.

In Austria proper the entire distribution is in the hands of OROP, a Soviet firm—and probably the only one of its kind under Austrian law—which is also a member of the Chamber. In the Eastern Zone it discharges its function direct, while in the West it acts through the offices of the Austrian Mineral Oil Company. The Soviets are believed to have a yearly profit of 700 million Schilling from the Austrian oil resources, of which 200 million go towards the deficit of other USIA concerns. The Austrian Federal Republic had to pay 150 million Schilling p.a. for its Soviet occupation. In view of their oil revenue, therefore, the Soviets could well afford the "generous" and propagandistically valuable gesture of renouncing that payment. After the conclusion of an Austrian treaty, oil production in Austria, regardless of ownership, would be placed under the authority of Austrian legislation. This would put an end to unauthorised exports as well as to this economically important state within the State. The Soviets, however, are presumably no less interested in it than in the maintenance of their liaison forces in the satellite countries which permit their continued occupation of Austria.

A. J. FISCHER.

THE VENICE BIENNALE

OUR longing for a classic style becomes stronger the more the years advance; our nostalgia for a new ideal of man, of grandeur, of reality becomes at times unbearable, bordering even on spiritual pain, for we know that the time is not yet come for a vision of this kind. Still has the sacrifice of *Thermopylae* to be suffered, still are the battles of *Salamis* and *Plataea* not yet won, where the handful, the significant individual is inspiring, fighting, dying and triumphant over materialism, despotism, the levelling down power of the proletarian mind in us and around us. Will providence and fate have mercy upon man in bringing forth a *Pericles* to exalt the poetical and the divine in being and to honour human dignity by making it immortal through works of art? All aspects of life, ever changing as they are, yet resembling each other like eye to eye throughout the ages be it victory or defeat, be it wealth or poverty, empires or proud city communities, orators, lawyers or war leaders, remain always transitory. Only in the work of art, in architecture, in noble prose, poetry and music is there eternity for the human spirit. And what is this spirit but the human factor in experiencing life? Man can experience life as an ant, he can experience it as a god, throwing an ideal high into the void to inspire himself and to

strive after it. The great works of art are not only examples of past grandeur, they are warnings, they are the blue print of future human chances.

Our era will one day be defined as the era of the tension between the East and the West, the despotism of the masses, of ruthlessness dictated by inferiority and jealousy. The Hitlerite Germany of yesterday was as much an expression of it as is the Soviet system of today, of barbarism against the notions of freedom and law, of self-respect and the courage to change within the framework of humanist ideals, the rebellion against the religious and the mystical, and the creative spirit in art and science. The East is menacing the West with the erroneous ideas and means which were all developed in the West, menacing at a time when an old world view is crumbling and a new one is only slowly taking shape, a situation which requires vigilance and patience in the realm of statesmanship. Politically seen the axis stretches from East to West, artistically it oscillates between South and North. In the North it is *Ben Nicholson* who, through a most mature ensemble of works and a perfect arrangement, on which both the artist and the British Council are to be congratulated, has demonstrated this trend towards the classical, towards harmony and beauty. Although termed "abstract", his art is the purest example of an ideal in the *Pythagorean* and *Platonic* sense, satiated with gentle music and arousing in the beholder a spontaneous and serene satisfaction. His painting, it may be said, is lacking only in one aspect: in the transfiguration of the absolute into the human, in the metamorphosis of the inner human quality into the human shape and story. But do not reproach an artist for a need which only a culture at its climax can satisfy! Has he not produced enough in finding in an age corroded by negativism, anxieties and morbid *Romanticism*, the other side of the coin: the balance of mind which can again distinguish and enjoy the order through all the heavy veils of chaos? His is the way of the Northern man, cool and clear, full of reflection and experiment. His antipode in this international exhibition, *Emilio Greco*, is not yet the master which he is, for he is much younger. What the English painter has achieved step by step, avoiding the mechanical and cerebral, by contemplation, good thinking and taste, for him has been the gift of the sun, of the unfrustrated senses, of an old artistic tradition. Greco represents the South on our chart. Sicilian by birth, perhaps of Greek descent, son of that soil which was the cross-roads of all Mediterranean cultures, he brings that directness of sensation into art which is never challenged by the theoretical brain. There is a sureness of approach, grace and elegance; and the human aspect dominates as it always has done and as it always will in the South. For the sun is stronger than the brain. Its rays are fertile and the song it sings from dawn to sunset is more inspiring than the profundities of logical positivism. There is no doubt in the blood, only reasoning can go astray. Greco's portraits are the most genuine, the most convincing in the Biennale; there is novelty in them and old consciousness too. What he lacks is only what age can give. But no age can produce the Southern youth with which his natural talent is endowed. There are more advanced artists of his kind in Italy, absent from this year's Biennale, *Marini*, *Manzù*, but none of them has produced stronger portraits, nor can either of them create that melody of a female

body as he does. Greco avoids instinctively the archaic mannerism in which *Mascherini* excels, and his work has none of the uneven quality of *Fazzini's* retrospective exhibition in the Italian central palace.

Although this year's Biennale was planned mainly as an homage to *Surrealism*—*Max Ernst*, *Dali*, *Miro*, *Klee*, *Masson*, *Magritte*, *Delvaux* and the second generation of Surrealists such as *Savinio*, *Labisse*, *Carzou*, *Francis Bacon*, *Freud*, *Lehmden*, *Ende*—it was the exhibitions of *Munch* and *Courbet* which dominated. The art of *Courbet*, well represented here and more poetic than realistic, so we feel at least, signifies in its programmatic aspect the beginning of what is inadequately called *modern art*. The "concrete" art of which *Courbet* said that it should consist "solely of the representation of objects visible and tangible", beauty being "in nature" itself, and to be found "in reality under the most diverse forms", the imagination of the artist to be defined exclusively as the knowledge of "how to find the most complete expression of any existing thing", is proof of an unchanging truth, realized by *Courbet* himself, that "there cannot be any schools, there are only painters". That he was a great painter himself, speaking to us today convincingly through the medium of his art alone, this can be sufficiently experienced in Venice. The vision of modern man rendered here for the first time in a rationalistic manner, with description and observation as its only sources, and the emphasis on the visible, i.e. with the omission of the subjective element, coupled with the belief in scientific and social progress, we find again in an already somewhat shaken form in the visionary and symbolic art of *Edvard Munch*. *Munch* as artist and man is in full revolt against the rationalisation of the world and the decadence of industrialised society. He believes in the individual and his faculty to extricate essential sensations from nature which bring him into harmony with life. Any upset in the balance of this harmony made *Munch* suffer. But his suffering is also the secret spring of the impact he made upon his time. This impact has not lost in intensity. It no longer shocks us, but it penetrates the deeper. Compared with *Courbet*, *Munch* plays with a wider range of humanist and artistic values. He is one of the very great figures of present day art, who in the atomisation of intellectualism knew how to preserve the wholeness of artistic vision. It is an age-old wisdom which alone can render a true image of man-like *Narcissus* who attentively observed his features in a spring. Modern man however is looking on the surface of a stormy sea seeking in vain his true image. That is why it disappeared from art in its abstract phase, that is why the Surrealists, taught by *Freudian* psychology, started to stare inside. What can man of an age disrupted in its basic beliefs find inside? The debris of a broken world, the ashes of the fires of homely hearths, demons in the corners where the *lares* and *penates* were worshipped, fears where certainties were the lot of a happier mankind. We do not attack Surrealism with these words. Reality speaks its own language and the Western artist had to sleep for some time in this *Procrustean* bed. We applaud the Biennale for having laid before us this panorama of contemporary creativeness in retrospect, and for having given it the prize it deserves for the courageous and dangerous task of exploring the maze of Minos. For it expresses the belief that man can only go forward, not backward. Modern Art not Academism.

We look inside, we want to know who we are, we want to know what instruments we are in the search for knowledge. It is our only certainty to know that, obsessed as we are by the ratio, *l'homme cet inconnu* must become known to us so that we can go on dreaming again, for we are such stuff as dreams are made on, only we no longer believe it, for we have separated ourselves from the whole by ratio. The old Hindu philosopher knew the value of the *tat twam asi*, the know thyself, and he knew it as part of the whole. When Antiquity was shaken in its basic concepts, the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, whose equestrian statue still adorns *Michelangelo's* grand *Capitol* in Rome, felt that philosophy has to preserve in spite of science this greatest treasure of all—the wholeness. "Whether the universe is a concourse of atoms or nature a system, let this first be established, that I am a part of the whole which is governed by nature". Even we have to defend this wisdom against the opinion of the many which *Socrates* used to call by the name of *Lamiae*, bugbears, which frighten children. That is why I believe that the answer to our dilemma is not to be found in the bewildering labyrinth of the Italian central pavilion nor on the walls of the Surrealist exhibitors. When the confidence of the *High Renaissance* in the almost divine power of the human spirit was no longer shared by those artists to whom man seemed once again at the mercy of forces over which he had no control, they distorted the objective reality to prove that only the subjective, the personal point of view is valid. This disturbing phase of Italian art is called *Mannerism*, and our age has a great affinity to it, because of the same feeling of uncertainty. But there are single men who carry the humanist torch further, fearless of and undisturbed by the doings of the modern brain.

In a modest house in Villeneuve on the Lac Leman *Oskar Kokoschka* is painting the battle of *Thermopylae*. A huge triptych depicting the vision of *Herodotus*, the main theme of which is the heroic and successful struggle of small and divided Greece against the mighty empire of Persia, with its implied conflict between two opposite ways of life, the absolutism of the East and the free institutions of the West. Not an academic battle piece, as is now in favour with all *Social Realists*, but a vision based on the first great prose work of European literature, speaking through its artistic language, not merely through its theme, realising once again that art is not only a search for new forms, but a search for new means of expression to make a spiritual statement possible, to make a confession possible, which is honest and strong enough to awaken the cultural consciousness and responsibility of European man. Who says that *Kokoschka* was not present at this year's Biennale? Was the challenge not present which he alone was mature enough to recognize and to form? Besides—what would modern man be without this challenge? And to what would life degenerate if the revolt of the masses continues to turn everything spiritual into edible values, into the comfort of the mediocre, into the television sensations of the sport minded crowd? Who is to dominate the future: the slave to his body and its instincts and the despot using them for his own purposes, or the philosopher ruler of whom *Plato* dreamed and of whom *Pericles* and *Marcus Aurelius* are eternal examples?

J. P. HODIN.

THE NEW LOOK IN EAST BENGAL

WHETHER or not the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton may be a matter for conjecture; but there is little doubt that the Muslim League government of Nurul Amin in East Bengal (East Pakistan) was tumbled from power largely through the help given by the students of the province. "And now," said a Dacca University lecturer to me about a month after the elections, "the students are unmanageable. All they can think of is politics. Academic standards are appalling and getting worse." From Egypt to China the role played by students in politics is notorious. Their irresponsible behaviour has often made the headlines. In the undeveloped countries with their largely illiterate populations the semi-educated minorities can bring about quasi-revolutionary changes by slogans and demonstrations and endless processions. Students in these lands are the mid-twentieth century equivalents of the kingmakers. They constitute a political force with which governments must constantly reckon; and when they cease to be students the ambitious among them become eligible for political office and the power that goes with it.

In East Pakistan today it is difficult to be hopeful about the future of the country, though perhaps no more difficult than it was yesterday or the day before. Recently there has been a great wave of popular feeling against the Muslim League government which has ruled the province since Partition—a feeling that the imposition of Governor's rule has done nothing to mitigate. Nor is this surprising in a province where the vast proportion of the people live on the bare margin of subsistence, and where even the lower ranking government employees are expected to keep themselves and their families on the equivalent of £2 a week—and this in one of the dearest countries in the world. Such folk must have thought that a change of government might lift a corner of the burden they carried. Certainly it could not make it heavier. The people threw out Chiang Kai-shek in China; they defeated Nurul Amin in East Bengal. The situations are not parallel, but it is possible to draw useful analogies. Compared with the majority of their countrymen the students are fortunate. For education is the avenue to such opportunities as exist for men who are born to live and die in East Pakistan. The students were not so indignant as the villagers because the price of betel (that chewing-gum of the East) had gone up, or so annoyed as the growers of raw jute at the small price being paid to the producer. They campaigned against the Muslim League government mainly because they had an old grievance to settle. In 1952 the police had been rash enough to fire at a student procession that was agitating for Bengali to be recognised as one of the official state languages of Pakistan. In the *mêlée* some students were killed. In 1954 the students of Dacca did not forget their "martyrs."

For students to be on the whole "agin the government" is not surprising; there is always a good deal to complain about, and the students' 90 per cent. support of the United Front candidates against the Muslim League is not really strange. Because the Communists backed the United Front, there were inevitably those who saw the United Front victory as due to the underhand machinations of Malenkov. This, of

course, is nonsense. In so impoverished a country it is obvious that there must be many issues on which liberal-minded people who want to see better conditions in their country and the Communists will agree. But only by the logic of a McCarthy does this make them Reds. Both the students and the United Front platform protested against American military aid to Pakistan. It is well recognised out here that the only possible use for such aid—behind the smoke-screen put up by the public utterances of the country's leaders—is to strengthen Pakistan's bargaining position vis-à-vis India on the Kashmir issue. The argument, which is now so popular in the West, that the NATO powers can bargain with Russia only from a position of strength has been learnt out here, and has added considerably to the tensions on the sub-continent. But East Pakistan is not interested in Kashmir to anything like the same extent as West Pakistan; provincial autonomy and the Bengali language issue are the matters dear to the hearts of its people. The students are, in different degrees, anti-American; United States foreign policy in the Far East has been distrusted for a long time. Students are quick to resent foreign interference; but in their emotional resentment of what some term insidious imperialism they become incoherent and talk vaguely of "exploitation", "running dogs" and all the other half-baked phrases of the semi-educated.

How many of the students are Communists? Not very many. I have heard the figure put at five per cent., but that may be too high. East Bengal is, after all, a Muslim country, and Islam is not tolerant of those who decry it. Students who are "fashionable Communists" are a tiny proportion of the whole. What is more serious, if true, is the view, put forward by another University lecturer, that the non-Communist students are at times afraid of the Communist minority who are violent in their political antipathies. On this view the pinkish student never actively opposes the Communists, and thus Communist ideas get far more support than one might expect. This may be so, though I have talked with others who say this is moonshine. During times of political excitement hooliganism does exist, and before the election the green-shirted hooligans of the Muslim League were just as much in evidence as hooligans from the opposition, though there was far less rowdiness than I expected. But so long as the Communist myth flourishes among the have-nots of the earth, there seem to be only two barriers to the growth of Communism in East Pakistan. One is the tradition of Islam; the other is the ability of those who rule to implement some long outstanding promises. It is difficult to estimate the strength of these barriers; for Muslim behaviour is being changed by twentieth century pressures, and all governments are to some extent disappointing.

The electorate are familiar with what may be termed marginal living; they have come to accept appalling conditions with resignation and patience. But in a world where social and political change is rapidly taking place, what is acceptable today may no longer be so tomorrow. It has long since been argued in the West that the true bulwark against Communism in the underdeveloped countries is the raising of the living standards throughout Asia. The Colombo Plan and the innumerable aid programmes have been directed to this end. Millions of dollars have

been poured out in aid and a not inconsiderable sum has been spent in East Pakistan. But the improvement is still too slight to affect the issue. Millions earn less than three shillings a day and must keep their families happy on that. In every village there are unemployed beggars, glad if they can pick up an anna or two to keep them alive for a tomorrow when Allah may be more merciful. A vast multitude which has nothing to lose when it goes to the ballot box is there to provide an audience for the political agitator.

It is as political agitators that so many irresponsible students make their mark. One does not feel that these young men are fired with a burning zeal for the welfare of their fellow countrymen, though they talk about that welfare in the common jargon of politics. They largely abandoned their studies to help fight the election; but this was not because they were fighting a crusade for the under-dog. All the time they are themselves jockeying for political influence, getting to know the politicians, helping their own friends to a seat in Parliament—one lecturer at the University had four Members of the Legislative Assembly in his class! The genuine idealists among them are a tiny minority, and they are swept aside when the rush for the spoils gets under way. That altruistic motives do not predominate among the greater part of the students can be seen from the general behaviour of the student body at Dacca University—the biggest of the two universities in East Pakistan. When the examination papers are too stiff, students are liable to go on strike or demand fresh papers. This year they demanded that their Finals, which should have been held in April, be postponed until June, and they camped in the garden of the Vice-chancellor's house until he acceded to their demands. In the classes they are undisciplined and, as one of their long-suffering teachers told me, pay little attention. Their minds are busy planning the next moves in government policy.

It is difficult for many students to listen quietly to a point of view with which they disagree. When, early in 1954, an American lecturer gave some talks in Dacca on U.S. foreign policy, the students gave him a rough time. In some ways he probably deserved it, for he habitually lost his temper, and a speaker who does that cannot hope to win a sympathetic hearing from his audience. At a more recent lecture on the Commonwealth Conference which I attended at the University, the questions and discussion at the end brought forth the old familiar wearisome clichés which one hears *ad nauseam*. One student, after conducting a long private discussion with his two companions, made the profound and irrelevant comment that people were getting fed up with American foreign policy. Another speaker brought up the question of racial discrimination in Australia and Canada. On these issues and others like them Pakistani students can work themselves into a paroxysm of self-righteousness. They forget their own intolerant attitudes, their own bigotry, their own selfish opportunism. They are tarred with the same brush. They hate the foreign exploiters—even when they don't exist; but they will exploit their own countrymen if they get the chance.

Some students who were well known for their anti-American attitudes at the university managed to get themselves jobs with the United States Information Services after they left. Students who act as if they believe

that all a foreign organisation's funds come from some tainted capitalist source will eagerly apply for grants and financial help to get them to foreign countries. Opportunism is rife. This, of course, is a trait common to all humanity. It is only because the needs of the people are so great that the opportunism of the educated minority is so inexcusable. There are, of course, many sincere students who have political convictions but who wisely concentrate on their studies. Unhappily, they are not typical. More typical, especially in this election year, are the demonstrators who, having helped put Fazlul Huq's United Front coalition into power, demonstrate outside his house because they do not like a member of the cabinet he has chosen. They would like every political matter to be referred to the students' union for approval. These immature, half-educated "politicians" were in the saddle and thought they could ride East Pakistan the way they wished. It looked as if they could until at the end of May, following the ghastly Adamjee riots, Governor's rule was imposed and the troops took command under a firm governor who was prepared to tolerate no nonsense. The students were on holiday at the time and the opposition was quickly silenced. The newly elected representatives of the United Front found themselves jobless, not allowed to begin the task of governing after their sweeping victory at the polls.

When the students returned after the holidays to take their examinations, there was much absenteeism as a protest against military rule. Many were arrested, given a short taste of jail, and then released again. Within a short time the students had been cowed. Firm handling had brought out their natural timidity. Beneath the surface, East Bengal is, however, far from stable. At the moment there is little sign of the elected representatives of Fazlul Huq's government being allowed to govern; and in the meantime a great deal of money is belatedly being brought into the province to improve conditions. This may win some sympathy for the Central Government in Karachi, though I should imagine that opposition to Mohammed Ali will harden the longer a popularly elected government is kept out of office. In the East political freedom counts for a great deal in the middle of this twentieth century, and people will not quickly forget it was taken from them—or if they do, the students will remind them. In the long run, this political freedom must be given back to the people. What will happen then? I suspect that the forces on the political left will be considerably strengthened. In the long run I suspect that neither military aid and Turco-Pakistani pacts (even when accompanied by grandiloquent messages of mutual congratulation from one Foreign Minister to another) nor Governor's rule will check this move to the left. What the people and the students have done once they can do again. The writing is on the wall.

Dacca, East Bengal.

BERNARD LLEWELLYN.

NEW DEAL FOR CANADA'S ESKIMOS

THERE is a mounting awareness in Canada that the Eskimos of the "Canadian Arctic" must be conditioned to meet the northward surge of civilisation. The replacement of the bow and arrow with the rifle resulted in the decimation by the Eskimo himself of the very

animals upon which he has always relied for food and clothing—the caribou and the seal whose blubber also provides fuel—and diseases of the white man like tuberculosis, measles, influenza and polio (unknown in the Arctic not many years ago) have had as devastating an effect on the hunter of tundra and barrens. The missionaries, and then the Canadian Government, did a great deal between the wars in the provision of antidotes. Game conservation was introduced, medical services were established, schools built, welfare workers sent into distant igloo settlements. Provision for the Eskimos was extended to the payment of child allowances and the supplying of free spectacles. But the penetration of the Northlands has gained pace markedly these last few years. Scheduled air services are operating to the very shores of the Polar Ocean. Industrial airlifts—for example, the flying of uranium concentrates from ore-fields in the Arctic to Edmonton—operate over territory once the almost exclusive preserve of native hunters. Military bases have been built in the heart of the Arctic, and a chain of meteorological stations, radar and loran outposts ring it to within 500 miles of the North Pole itself. Increasing numbers of prospectors, geologists, surveyors, engineers, miners, airmen, big-game hunters—even tourists—are flooding into what is popularly called Eskimo Land, reducing the game on which many natives rely for food, fuel and clothing, bringing with them new ideas and values, and offering forms of employment certain to upset and even shatter the Eskimo's age-old economy. This penetration of the Far North is still gaining momentum and in a few years—and a very few years, too—its impact on the Eskimos will be as marked as that arising from their introduction to the rifle. Hence the growing consciousness in Ottawa of the need to condition them to what lies immediately ahead—across the tracks of their dog teams, the trail of the caribou they hunt and the furrow left by the seal in new snow.

The Federal Government has spent considerable sums these last five years towards this end. Its programme embraces education, health services, "protective administration," wildlife conservation, the encouragement of an expanding handicrafts industry and of local industries and (in extreme instances) the transferring of Eskimo populations *en masse* from one area to another. It has set up, under the Department of Resources and Development, two advisory committees. These are reporting on the advisability of transferring Eskimos from areas which become overpopulated to others where game is available or where new industries offer suitable employment; recommending loans to individual Eskimos and communities for the development of new projects, and studying relations between the natives of the Arctic and the fur traders. In the sphere of education, curricula are to be extended to include specific occupations to suit local environments. Small expeditions are sent into the Arctic summer and winter to advise on improved utilization of local food resources and the development of whaling, sea-fishing, eiderdown collecting, and boat-building.

This new approach to the Eskimos is typified by successful experiments at the Eskimo settlement at Burwell, in Canada's "Eastern Arctic." At the request of the Northern Administration, the Fisheries Research Board previously investigated the supply of seals and codfish in the Port Burwell area and reported that it was sufficient to provide for a larger Eskimo population. As a result, it was decided to find out what could be done to

encourage the Port Burwell Eskimos, normally dependent on the abundance or scarcity of the seasonal game supply, to catch and preserve cod. An experienced fisherman, equipped with two or three dories and sufficient food to pay the Eskimos for their services in kind, was sent to Burwell for three months to impress upon the Eskimos from the outset that they would be helped to develop this fresh source of food provided they showed a willingness and ability to handle the new equipment and make the best use of it. Up till that time they had been working with one torn trout net, two jiggers, an old scow with a worn-out engine, two flimsy rowboats made by covering a framework of wood with sealskins, and a boat left by some Americans wrecked near Port Burwell during the war. In spite of the fact that every piece of this equipment was so old as to be dangerous in rough weather, the Eskimos had chosen to remain at their hunting grounds rather than move to the security of a trading post. Throughout the years they had received practically no help that they had not paid for. All they had ever asked was the equipment to provide for themselves. By the end of the season's operations results indicated that the Eskimos could catch and preserve enough fish for their current needs. In addition, with sound boats, sealing nets and fishing equipment provided for them, plus the training they had received, northern administrators expect that they will be able to maintain themselves for some years with only an occasional measure of supervision.

The Port Burwell experiment is part of a wider plan to educate the traditionally game-eating Eskimos to take greater advantage of the fish supply which abounds in northern coastal waters, this, in case the "northward surge" of civilisation should scatter and decimate wild game, and partly to give the native a constant round-the-year supply of food. But it is not enough to stabilise existing "group industries". Changing times ahead make it essential that the Eskimo should be prepared to turn from the way of the fisherman and hunter—from living by his rifle and net—and provide some material service for which he will receive payment in money or kind. The herding of reindeer is seen as a suitable alternative to hunting and fishing. A "reindeer station" has been established on the arctic tundras of the Mackenzie Delta to train suitable Eskimos as herds-men. The Canadian Government has spent a considerable sum on this project, and with some success—the herds now number more than 6,000 animals—and it has also made a sizeable grant towards establishing a home-craft industry. Carving in ivory engages up to 75 per cent. of the native population during the long winter in some areas, on an igloo-industry basis. The carvings are sold in Canada and the United States on a non-profit basis through the medium of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, and later this year the first consignment of carvings to be sent to Britain—some 5,000 or more—will be on sale in the shops here. There is no doubt that the development of home handicrafts, reindeer herding and such small local industries as that at Port Burwell will contribute greatly towards fitting the Eskimo into the new pattern of life.

The main emphasis is on education—and particularly on preparing the native child for the changes that will be fully established in the Arctic long before he is adult. Elementary schooling is being extended to all Eskimo children; schools serving areas where the natives are predominantly

nomadic (following the migratory caribou and hunting the seal) are to include "boarding hostels" for children. Eskimos readily assimilate training. In the U.S. territory of Alaska they are employed as airline pilots, airfield traffic managers, nurses, etc. The Canadian Eskimo would be no less responsive to opportunity than his Alaskan cousin, and provision is being made for technical training and higher education for those who show particular aptitude, so that they may serve among their own people in the Arctic—or in competition anywhere in Canada. The Government contributes towards the maintenance of schools established by the Missions—Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Evangelical. It has also built seven new schools since 1947, and more are to be built this year. Typical of them is that at Fort Chimo, a prefabricated building with wood-panelled walls and a sheet-aluminium roof, a water and electric supply, and two space heaters. With accommodation for some 50 children, it comprises a main schoolroom, a domestic science room and a workshop. Adult Eskimos are not generally willing to learn English, let alone attend school. But they are not averse to their children going to school and assimilating knowledge and ideas; and if the older of adult Eskimos will not fit into the changed days of ten years hence an increasing proportion of children certainly will fit into the new pattern.

Equal attention is being paid to the need to safeguard the Eskimos' health while they are being prepared for "things to come." Medical facilities have been greatly extended since the war. New hospitals have been built at key centres, old ones such as that at Aklavik extended and nursing stations established. Teams of radiographers, physicians, dentists and oculists are being sent ever further into the interior ahead of advancing civilization, and new medical stations are to be established at new key points along Canada's polar coastline. The most recent improvement is the provision of two rehabilitation centres for Eskimos who, discharged from tuberculosis and general hospitals, are not yet fully capable of returning to the rigours of the North. These centres are at Drifpile, Alberta, and at Frobisher Bay, in Baffin Island. The latter establishment is for fitting Eskimos who will never be able to return to their home tundras to adjust themselves to work in other parts of Canada. To Frobisher Bay centre go natives who need only a period of convalescence before returning to employment in their Arctic homeland. The programme as a whole is a long term one in its final goal, which is to knit the Eskimo into the new pattern introduced into the "barrens" by the northward surge of our civilization. But the new pattern is taking definite shape now, and the administration in Ottawa, served by men and women who have spent many years living in the Arctic, is meeting the threat to the Eskimo and his ancient economy as it arises.

FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

LUDWIG BOERNE

ACCORDING to a well-known anecdote an Englishman, a Frenchman and a German were ordered to write about elephants, and while the first two took practical steps to see the creature, the last sat in his study and evolved an elephant out of his inner consciousness. Substituting

the ferment of new ideas caused by the French Revolution for the elephant, this too found characteristic expression in different countries. Robert Owen in England, for example, amassed wealth, set up cotton-mills, improved working-class conditions and started a scheme of co-partnership. St. Simon in France spent his life and fortune in striving to build up a Christian Socialist society and gathered round him disciples who carried on his work. Ludwig Boerne, the German, went to live in Paris and constructed Liberalism out of his inner consciousness. He is not to blame for being a theorist rather than a man of affairs, because there were few Liberals in Germany and, moreover, he was prevented from assuming leadership because he was a Jew.

Leo Baruch was born in a Frankfurt Ghetto in 1786, but changed his name after he had finished his studies and was able proudly to call himself Dr. Phil. Ludwig Boerne. His grandfather had been financial agent at some minor German Court, and his father was an educated man who represented the Jewish community officially on various occasions. He always avoided trouble and used to say that, although he enjoyed reading Ludwig's writings, he wished that it was not his son who had written them. If the father was an opportunist all his life, the son was a rebel almost from birth. As a child he suffered because he was a Jew, and also because he was a target for teasing, being undersized and ugly, except for his shining dark eyes. When he was small an unkind servant told him that he would go to hell, whereupon he replied: "That's a pity! Then I shall have no peace from you even in the next life." His mocking wit, developed as a defensive weapon from an early age, earned him the nickname of *Katev*, the joker. He soon realised the contrast between the life of the citizens of Frankfurt and that of his own people, immured in their Ghetto under harsh mediaeval restrictions. On one occasion he gave some money to two Christian beggar-boys of about his own age, with the words: "Solomon told us that we must heap coals of fire on the heads of our enemies."

At the age of fourteen he was sent away for his education to live with relations in another town, and two years later he went to Berlin to study, lodging in the house of Dr. Marcus Herz who was a friend of Lessing. He fell violently in love with his host's wife, the beautiful and gifted Henriette, and after the death of Marcus he declared his passion; but the widow, who was nearly forty, told him that she had no use for his love. Thereupon he wrote her a desperate letter hinting at suicide, and even went so far as to buy some arsenic. This frightened Henriette Herz and she informed his father, who immediately removed him from Berlin and sent him to Halle instead. The first pamphlet, which he wrote while still a student, was *An Address to the Jews*, but its publication was forbidden. He was very delicate, and his physical weakness, combined with his Jewish origin, must have given him a sense of inferiority which as a young man he strove to conceal by playing the clown and the dandy.

When he had acquired his University degree he was baptised and changed his name. As in the case of Heine, and no doubt of other German Jews at that time, his conversion was little more than a matter of expediency; emotionally he always remained a Jew, and he used his per frequently and with vigour on behalf of his race. His attacks on German anti-Semitism would appear exaggerated, if it were not for the fact that we

have witnessed its immeasurably increased excesses within our own time. The Germans found comfort, he said, in feeling that the Jews were oppressed even more than themselves; he compared their hatred of Jews to a Pontine marsh poisoning the lovely land, and declared that if fight he must, he would rather fight against lions and tigers than against toads.

Boerne's first post was a clerkship in the Frankfurt police, from which after five years he was dismissed, either because of his race, or because of some of his contributions to the Press. He was refused the pension which was due to him on leaving, but after a prolonged dispute with the Authorities he finally received it, although only in part. Thenceforward he devoted himself entirely to journalism; for a few months he edited a local paper, until he was forbidden to continue at the request of the Austrian envoy, because he had written something which displeased the Austrian Government. Then he founded and edited *Die Wage* (the scales), a review intended, he said, for citizens, science and art. "Oh heavens!" he exclaimed. "I did not lack weights, but there was nothing to weigh."

Always an impassioned lover of the theatre, he devoted much space to theatrical criticism; he castigated the mental poverty of playwrights and audience alike, and was so severe towards the actors that they threatened to beat him, whereupon he threatened them with an even worse punishment, which was not to mention their names at all. At about that time he made the acquaintance of Jeannette Wohl, a handsome dark-eyed woman a few years older than himself, who was separated from her husband. The friendship between them ripened into love, which on her part seems to have had in it a strong maternal element. She took an interest in all that concerned him, his delicate health, his ideas and his work, and if he was a spiritually displaced person there was always a refuge to be found in her affection.

It happened that one of Boerne's revolutionary friends fled in order to escape arrest, and although as a Liberal he himself did not advocate revolution, he thought it prudent to leave Germany for a time and go to Paris. There was so much vexation and delay about obtaining his passport that he finally took the risk of crossing the frontier without it, and this incident provided yet one more experience to confirm him in his passion for the liberty of the individual.

A German publisher commissioned him to write some articles, and extracts from them appeared in the French Press. Proudhon wanted to found a paper together with him, but Boerne was homesick and returned suddenly to Frankfurt. After three months in his home town he was arrested on the charge of being a secret demagogue, but there was no proof against him, and his family hastily burned all his papers. Work was offered to him in Vienna through the influence of Metternich who knew his father, but he would not go. "Austria is a European China," he once wrote. "A stagnant outgrown State. It pushes its forceful roots far beyond its borders, under the soil of other countries. This strong oak cannot weaken, only break."

His father's death in 1827 rendered him financially independent, and thenceforward he spent most of his life in Paris, which was for him the centre of the world. The sight of the first French cockade on a farmer's hat in Strasburg seemed to him like a little rainbow, a sign of peace after

the flood. He edited a paper, *La Balance*, for a time, and he wrote to Jeannette regularly. His *Paris Letters* were published in Germany and were translated into English, being wise and witty comments on the political and social life of the French capital. In the last of them he wrote: "Truly, in France even a criminal in prison feels more freedom than even an innocent man in Bavaria." The causes which he advocated in them included democratic representative annual Parliaments, protection and rights of the individual, equality before the law, equal protection for all religions, trial by jury, and freedom of the Press; he was opposed to capital punishment, and he was an ardent Republican. When a fellow-countryman suggested that he should join him in emigrating to America, he refused: if 40,000 Germans including himself were to settle in Ohio, he was sure that 39,999 of them would insist on importing a German Prince to rule them.

He hated Goethe, that "tame, patient, toothless genius—like an eagle nesting under the gutter of a tailor's roof." It seemed to him that the poet, instead of being a Hercules to cleanse his fatherland, only fetched the golden apples of the Hesperides for himself, and used the sword which he had been given for his own protection alone. After Goethe's death Boerne believed that the old Germany would be buried with him, and that freedom would be born at last. He admired Heine, with whom he had some affinity, and at one time the two men were friendly; but Heine was the greater, and Boerne, who was essentially a propagandist, could not forgive his Napoleon worship, nor the fact that he was an artist before he was a moraliser. He insisted that his own works did not have to please, that he was a chemist not a confectioner, and he called Heine "a boy chasing butterflies on a battlefield." The latter said that he himself was an ordinary guillotine while Boerne was a guillotine working by steam, and described the conflict of values between them as the conflict between Hellene and Nazarene. Yet Boerne had an unqualified admiration for another poet, Lord Byron, saying that he would give all the joys of his life for one year of Byron's sorrows.

Three years after his death, Heine, a dangerous enemy, wrote a book, *Ludwig Boerne*, in which he attacked his Radicalism, which had first offended him after the July Revolution. He did something else, besides writing a book. Jeannette Wohl had married again, during Boerne's lifetime, and the poet started a public scandal about the relationship between herself and her friend, which led her husband to challenge Heine to a duel in which he was wounded. Boerne was attacked mercilessly in Germany for his views, and at one time publication of his work was forbidden. He became embittered by his treatment, and during the last years of his life he was a suspicious, cranky deaf little old man. His *Paris Letters* are still amusing to read and full of original ideas. His advice to would-be writers, to take some sheets of paper and spend a few days in setting down without deception every thought that passed through their mind, later influenced Freud in his technique of free association. He died of influenza in 1837, and in the funeral procession to the cemetery of *Père Lachaise*, fellow-authors and working-men walked side by side.

D. L. HOBMAN.

THE RABBIT

NEVER before have rabbits been in such an invidious situation—they are "neither fish nor good red herring" but no one can deny that they are "flesh". While housewives are often fortunate to buy even half a rabbit, we do the best we can to exterminate them, and though they breed in their thousands we import ship loads of frozen rabbit carcasses annually. Whereas the fox lives by stealth and cunning and the hare escapes from its enemies by phenomenal speed, nature has endowed the rabbit with a matchless fecundity. Numerical statistics are staggering where rabbits are concerned; if indeed they did not have several families a year and breed almost all the year round they would have died out centuries ago. Rabbits will breed at six months old, bear seven times annually and have five young ones each time. Supposing this to happen regularly over a period of four years, and that three of the five at each kindling are females, the increase will be 478,062. A recent estimate states that the progeny of one pair of rabbits is capable of reaching 13,000,000 in three years. The amount of damage done by rabbits to crops and young trees is almost incalculable, but it is in the region of fifty million pounds each year. Two rabbits will eat as much as one sheep and forty take the food of one dairy cow at grass. In view of the fact that in one county 3,000 rabbits were trapped and just as many popped up the following season, it will be appreciated that a wholesale campaign to exterminate rabbits in this country may prove as costly as keeping them. The modern humane method of gassing rabbits in their burrows, which would undoubtedly help, has the disadvantage of making the animals unfit for human consumption.

We can learn many lessons from Australia where the rabbit pest is the greatest in the world. Rabbit history has in fact rebounded like a boomerang for it was from this country that rabbits were first sent to Australia. In 1859 a trading clipper carried in its live cargo twenty-four rabbits consigned to a settler, Thomas Austin, of Barone Park. They were so carefully protected in the new country that a year or so later a farm was fined ten pounds for killing one. Two years later the unfortunate landowner was saddled with 25,000 rabbits and had spent £5,000 in a fruitless effort to get rid of them. The original owner of the stud rabbits killed no less than 20,000 over a period of six years and estimated that there were almost as many still on his ranch. After this alarming and incredible increase a bounty of 1s. was paid by the Government for every rabbit's tail. In 1870 it was decided to try and isolate rabbits in a particular area. The State of Victoria began to build a wire netting barrier hundreds of miles long, well let into the ground to prevent burrowing and high enough to stop the rabbits from jumping over. And fifty feet of bush and scrub were cleared on either side of the fence so that any rabbit trying to escape would have to run the gauntlet of the farmer's well trained dogs. But the rabbits had no intention of being cornered in this way—long before the fence was completed, and in spite of wire netting gates and barriers in rivers and gullies, the little creatures made an outflanking movement and spread in a vast furred wave over the rest of the country. To-day rabbits are costing Australia £220,000,000 a year. Australian farmers are finding it hard in the present high prices for steel to keep the wire fences in repair—

a small gap in a fence is quite sufficient to let thousands of hungry rabbits through into new pastures. There is an urgent need for 300,000 miles of new fencing at a cost of £8 for every hundred yards. But were it not for these fences the rabbits would eat everything—there would be no sheep and so no mutton or wool. Even with all these precautions and organised "rabbit drives" it is not uncommon to kill 10,000 rabbits in a 1,000 acre field. It is not surprising that Australian vermin trappers can make up to £100 a week. A pest in Australia for nearly a hundred years, it is pleasing to read that the farmers in the last few years have been getting a little of their own back on the rabbit in the present meat and raw material shortage. The export of rabbit skins has reached over four million pounds annually and rabbit carcasses have brought in another £84,000. In fact rabbits have brought in more to Australian coffers than beef or mutton. In the war the famous Digger hats were made of rabbit fur and 400,000 were supplied to the services. America and Canada are good customers for rabbit pelts, being able to cope with four million annually—more than can be supplied.

For hundreds of years rabbits have come under the notice of man in his efforts to provide grazing for his flocks and grow grain. The rabbit and the hare were mentioned in the Bible as "cud chewing beasts". It is surprising that though these animals are no longer classed as ruminants it has only recently been discovered that they have a duplicated digestive system and so are able to "chew" their food twice over. Rabbits have not always lived underground in holes but when wolves roamed this country they began to "dig for safety", and ever since they have found this way of life assures the propagation of the species. At the time of the sporting king, William the Conqueror, "the coney and the hare" were listed in the "Game Code" as "Beasts of the Warren", which shows the rabbit began to dig in at an early date. In the old days hats were commonly made of coney fur just as they are now. Rabbit and wild cat fur was also used in the trimmings for ladies' dresses but only ladies of high or royal descent were allowed to wear ermine. In the accounts of the Installation Feast of Ralph de Borne, Abbot of St. Austin's, Canterbury 1309, six hundred rabbits were eaten at the cost of 6d. each—the same price in those days as a pig. Just as the Australians have been trying in the past years to offset the damage done by rabbits and make them pay for their keep, our ancestors sought ways of turning wild rabbits to profit. In the 16th century extensive warrens were artificially made and large domestic bucks were turned loose among wild rabbits with the idea of increasing the weight of the animals and making them more useful from an edible point of view. In later years silver haired bucks were turned out and the dressed pelts were exported to the East Indies. It has recently been suggested that we should try out experimental trials along these lines. While keeping rabbits under strict control we might with advantage interbreed the bigger domestic rabbit with the wild species. Bigger rabbits and fewer rabbits may be half the answer to the rabbit problem we have been up against for so long. By achieving this, the farmer's trouble might be appreciably lessened and at the same time the harassed housewife would be provided with tasty rabbit pies as a supplement to the meagre meat ration.

With a speed of only twentyfive miles an hour rabbits are not very fast

animals, but they have considerably more intelligence than is sometimes supposed. When hunted, they rely on cunning to outwit a dog, doubling and redoubling on their tracks with a soundless tread. They communicate with each other by thumping on the ground with their hind feet, so that it is difficult to approach rabbits closely without a tom-tom message giving warning of one's coming. The does have their young ones in special nurseries situated well apart from the communal warren, where life is precarious, and the hole is blocked with grass to make it inconspicuous and to prevent a tell-tale scent. Besides the trapper, the farmer and the sportsman with his gun, the rabbit has many enemies. Herons and predatory hawks and owls all prey on young rabbits, and "Brer", of course, is the *bonne-bouche* and *pièce de résistance* of Reynard. It is doubtful, however, if foxes are capable of controlling rabbits to any great extent, for where there are many foxes there are often many rabbits. Undoubtedly the best policeman of the furred underworld are stoats and weasels, which not only hunt in packs above the ground but enter rabbit holes and search below. The rabbit seems quite powerless when one of these little red-coated, lean-bellied creatures is on its track. The blackbird in the hedge stops singing abruptly, the rabbit looks up anxiously, but does not move, as the pungent odour of the foe fills its nostrils. The rabbit has only to run away, but fright takes the power from its legs, and reason from its brain. The balance of nature is often cruel but stoats and weasels must be protected as the farmer's best vermin controllers.

Though countrymen and farmers cannot afford to be sentimental about rabbits, from a townsman's viewpoint grazing rabbits on a close-cropped green pasture are a pleasant and peaceful sight. There is nothing quite so mouth-watering as the sound of a rabbit's teeth munching white clover stems; nothing so soft and rabbit-like as the bobbing white scut under a rabbit's tail—the signal it shows to others of its kind when danger approaches. There is no doubt that wild rabbits bring pleasure to thousands of city dwellers on holiday in the country who have never before seen a rabbit except in a hutch. At long last fate seems to be catching up with the rabbit and the balance of nature is making itself felt. Already the rabbit virus disease myxomatosis has wiped out millions of rabbits in Australia and ravaged the Continent. In Australia the rabbits that have died have made available in three seasons grazing for 20,000,000 more sheep. In France desperate efforts are being made to curb the disease and to save the rabbit meat and fur industry worth £70,000,000 a year. In England opinion is divided—should we try to save the rabbit now that it is threatened with extinction, or allow it to die? The Ministry of Agriculture states that if the disease is not brought under control in 1954 our entire rabbit population is doomed. Whether the rabbit, tenacious of life, will become immune from the virus remains to be seen.

R. H. FEZZY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"COEXISTENCE"

THE so-called problem of the atheist east living side by side with the christian west has been given prominence by certain recent events. Mr. Attlee has been to Moscow and to Peking. President Eisenhower has rejected a suggestion made by General Clark that the United States should sever relations with the Soviet Union and that the United Nations should be turned into an anti-communist alliance. In rejecting it he protested that the world needed a forum in which the major nations could discuss their differences; but he admitted that, on the other hand, the United Nations tended to become a mere forum of propaganda—"a field" he said "in which the United States did not seem to be as good as the Russians".

A third event that threw light upon the problem was the participation of a Russian delegation in the twenty-third International Congress of Orientalists which was held at Cambridge and ended on August 28th last. The 21 Russian delegates were led by Professor Guber of Moscow University, and were armed with printed copies of the 20 addresses they were to give. The scripts bore the imprint of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, Moscow, 1954. Those delegates duly mixed their hospitable caviar, served with gin and lime, on the one part with inhospitable anti-western propaganda on the other. The propaganda was embodied in otherwise scholarly treatises on such subjects as the restoration of serfdom in Japan at the end of the sixteenth century; the social and economic system of the Bantu at the beginning of the nineteenth century; the Philippines' struggle against Spanish absolutism; in all of which treatises were inserted sly and indirect hits at British and American colonialism, and in all of which an emphasis was laid, relevantly or irrelevantly, reasonably and justly, or unreasonably and unjustly, upon the capitalist exploitation of the peasantry and people. Soviet films—the only films shown at the congress—betrayed a more blatantly propagandist purpose.

A fourth event was the participation of Russian athletes, men and women, in the European Athletic Championships which ended at Berne on August 29th. The latter event on a cursory showing was doubly interesting and relevant to the problem. It caused both surprise and speculation. The speculation was political in kind. Here was a team of Russian youths, male and female, competing with British, German, Swedish, Czechoslovak, Hungarian, Belgian, Finnish, and Yugoslav youths in athletic contests: human beings all. Why then cannot their political leaders live amicably and compete peacefully with each other? The surprise arose from the fact, remarkable enough in its way, that the Russian boys and girls proved to be incomparably better athletes than those of any other of the competing nations. Event after event was won, and won easily, by them. They won 16 out of the total of 35 gold medals awarded. They came out high and dry at the top of the final list with a total of 269 points scored in the whole competition. The British team, which came out second, scored only 100½ points. A trend of thought was thereby started in certain minds which took the form of a question. Surely, it was asked—and the challenge must be faced—a country that produces such magnificent speci-

mens of physical manhood and womanhood and such athletic skill, determination and spirit as no western country apparently can produce: surely such a country is not, cannot be, the country portrayed in the western propaganda? Such is not the stuff that slaves are made of? Could men and women, ground down and cowed under the foulest tyranny known to history, their individuality crushed under mass oppression, starved alike of the spiritual means of development, the superhuman source of well-being and in general the grace of God as vouchsafed through the channel of a former Christian practice: could such men and women be anything but miserable parodies of healthy human beings?

Yes, they could, and are. Religion is not an easy or automatic means to the attainment of human values. It is a hard adventure, though the reward be great, great beyond the expectation. The easier thing, and the deadly thing, is the mere physical, materialist "joy of living" given by God to all His creatures. A hare, minute in comparative size, can run faster than any man or woman, Russian or other. No human being can climb like a monkey or like a kitten, jump like a deer or a flea, carry weights like an ant, pull things like a donkey, or swim like a duck. The subhuman creatures are given such gifts in a measure greater than that given to man. But to man God gives a greater gift: a constructive mind, a moral free will, a spiritual soul, a fragment of His own divinity. Man's highest adventure, his greatest triumph, is not to run faster than the next man, or a hundredth part as fast as a hare, but to love and serve God. Zatopeck could beat Saint Peter hollow at a hundred yards. But the contrast, excellent as it be in one sense, and humiliating in another, is neither important in the long run (another sort of run) nor does it offer any essential challenge to the human spirit, or to western Christianity.

What is important, interesting and relevant is that in our time we have been forced to witness, not only the splitting of the atom in the scientific field, but the splitting of a man in the human field. An attempt has been made, and is being made, to separate the physical and the material in human beings from the spiritual and the moral; to force human beings to live exclusively in the one element without relevance to the other. Of course, it can be done, at least for a time. It is even easy. There is an instinctive revolt in man against what is good and a corresponding taste for what is bad—or else the true adventure would be too easy to command any virtue in the performance—and it is fine for a time, as so many of the saints have found, to follow the devil. But God intervenes; and out of the bad comes good.

He gives rein to the devil for an ultimately good reason, and in the end pulls us back. The Russians, so far as their experiment in splitting the human being is concerned, in the end will be pulled back. In the meantime they can in some ways enjoy life, and they are fine athletes.

In the international sphere, however, the unanswered question remains, whether we and they can "coexist"? So far in that particular experiment it is clear that the western nations pursue it wholly at their own expense. Russia is rigid. The west is compliant. There is no progress towards "coexistence" except in so far as the west complies. If the west remained faithful to its christian principle there could be no such progress. "Coexistence" merely means unconditional surrender to the communists, for

obviously an anti-christian cannot coexist with a christian way of life, any more than fire can coexist with water. If they mix, one or the other wins, and the other disappears. As christianity, being of omnipotent God, cannot be driven out by man's perversions, it is obvious that the victory is a matter only of time. The practical question then is whether the end is impeded or helped by an attempt at living together? Is it better to mix more and more with Russia, with her people and her politicians, or to agree to disagree and live apart; in other words, to defeat the atheist by christian charity and example, or to join issue?

There is only one answer to the question. You cannot mix except on the one hypothesis or the other. The two ways of life are incompatible, mutually destructive. Until communism dies its inevitable natural death, the west has no wise alternative to minimising its contacts with Moscow and Peking. The objection will perhaps be made that such an alternative will bring with it a formidable mixture of difficulties and muddles. No doubt. It has to be recognised that human life is necessarily a muddle, for out of the conflict comes grist for the spiritual mill. The soul would die without its exercise. It needs the uphill fight. Mr. Attlee has taken a step in the opposite direction; but it should be recognised that he has a problem all his own. It is a well-founded guess that one of the reasons which prompted him not to cancel his visit to Moscow and Peking was that if he had done so, he would thereby have widened the split in his own party, and it is his prime business to keep his party together, if he can. The fact that Mr. Aneurin Bevan went with him to the eastern capitals is of essential relevance to an understanding of what happened. The dissident socialist left wing, as it were, was keeping more than an eye on the leader.

Mr. Attlee is experienced enough in affairs, his experience including the responsibilities of Prime Ministership, to have appreciated that his visit to Mr. Chou En-lai could not have been more ill-timed, nor more mischievous, coinciding as it did with the eve of the south-east Asian conference. The visit itself had been decided on a year ago (at the Margate conference of September, 1953) when it could hardly have been foreseen how ill-timed the actual visit would turn out to be, although it ought to have foreseen that it was bound, whatever the immediate circumstances, to be mischievous. It is not surprising that the communists have made a maximum propagandist use of it, to the concern no doubt of Mr. Attlee, though not perhaps of Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his fellow dissidents. Mr. Attlee's problem, which only he himself can solve, is how to keep his party together at home and to undo some of the mischief done abroad. There is no doubt about the mischief done by this grand-scale enterprise in the cause of "coexistence", even though it contributed an incidental small measure of good service to the general cause. Mr. Attlee, for instance, revealed on his return journey that, as Mr. Mao Tse-tung had asked him to drop a hint about restraint in Washington, he himself had asked Mr. Mao Tse-tung to drop a similar hint in Moscow. Does experience however encourage the hope that Moscow will be susceptible to such hints?

THE GLOBAL AGGRESSION

When the south-east Asian conference opened on September 6th the surrounding complications had been made formidable by what had lately

preceded it. As a result of the communist diplomatic triumph at Geneva little more than a month before, Mr. Chou En-lai had turned his propaganda upon Siam. As a result, at least in part, of the visit paid to him by the leaders of the British socialist party he had likewise turned his propaganda upon Formosa. The undisguised purpose of the south-east Asian conference was to organise a system of defence against the widening scope and increasing pressure of communist aggression. It may almost be said at this time that the function of high diplomacy is concentrated, to the pitch almost of an obsession, upon a single problem. The world-wide activity of communist organisations is a fact that has to be faced, nauseating though it be. The story does not change. Chapter follows chapter in the same old vein. There are no surprises, no relief. A grim persistence in the evil work is all we have to contemplate. It cannot be ignored, because it is dangerous. It monopolises the thought of those who take a part or an interest in foreign affairs, even though decency cries out for something less sordid to ponder. Its most dangerous incidence has coincided with an emotional disturbance of another kind in world affairs, namely the wave of what is called "liberation" that surges over Asia and the Middle East.

Within a few days we heard Mr. Chou En-lai calling for the liberation of Formosa, Mr. Nehru for the liberation of Goa, and the Archbishop of Cyprus (who became the leader in this cause) for the liberation of Cyprus, just as Colonel Nasser used to call for the liberation of the Sudan as well as of the Suez Canal zone, and Mr. Mossadeq for the liberation of Anglo-Iranian oil. In each case the word "liberation" means a transfer of sovereignty or ownership, in disregard alike of facts and of ethics. It has to be recognised that the characteristic disturbance of this present century has been, and continues to be, an unprincipled fight for political authority over territories, peoples and raw materials. The calamitous and iniquitous war that began in 1914, that started again in 1939, and that in its effect still reverberates through the world, is principally responsible for the emergence of what we call a communist bid for power and empire on the widest scale. The bid is made, with startling and apparently increasing success, not only on the widest scale, but with the widest disregard of morality and even of conventional good form. These communists are pastmasters in the misuse of words. Their very name has seduced ignorant innocents by the million to imagine that "communism" encompasses such an ideal as the sharing of burdens, or of goods (though the goods be stolen goods); and the deceivers go on weaving their wordy web for the destruction of souls. It is not an exaggeration to say that their object is the destruction of souls. By their words and mouths they stand convicted of an exclusively materialist purpose, hostile alike to religion and true welfare.

In China they have succeeded in ousting and uprooting an old and good civilisation and in imposing their particular sort of tyranny upon a people who constitute a sixth of the population of the world. But Formosa has escaped and remains free. Therefore the communist propaganda talks about "liberating" Formosa. Words in such a use arrogate to themselves the humpty-dumpty privilege of meaning what they choose to mean, no more and no less. In this case liberation means, or is bent into meaning, subjection to the tyranny aforesaid. Mr. Chou En-lai has not only called upon the people of China and upon his army to strive for the liberation,

that is the annexation, of Taiwan (Formosa) and the "extermination" of Chiang Kai-shek and his followers, but has dubbed that army the "People's Liberation Army". In the same spirit Moscow has liberated half the world into slavery.

They are clever opportunists, too, these communists. It was on the day that Mr. Attlee and his party reached Peking that Mr. Chou En-lai on the one hand deduced from the fact of the visit a general lessening of world tension including a particular increase of Sino-British understanding, and on the other hand announced his intention to liberate Formosa. The cunning of the coincidence was its subtly implied approval by the British socialists of a new communist aggression. (The implication of course was untrue; but that is beside the point.) It was timed moreover to coincide with the approving by the House of Representatives in Washington of a Bill to withdraw all legal rights from the communist-dominated trades unions in the United States; it being a further purpose of communist strategy to divide and drive a wedge between Britain and the United States. And again, the timing of the British socialist gesture of courtesy and friendship in Moscow and Peking was as remarkable in the one direction as that of the communists in the other; for in the very week-end of Mr. Attlee's arrival in Peking it was officially announced that collective security in south-east Asia would be discussed by eight countries (Britain, the United States, France, Siam, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan and the Philippines), at a conference due to begin at Manila in the Philippines on September 6th. That conference was the direct result of communist aggression, conquest and further threat of conquest in Asia.

It was again on that very same Sunday, August 15th, that Mr. Nehru, speaking during Independence Day celebrations from the ramparts of Delhi's Red Fort, proclaimed that no one could stop the human tide of people in all "dependent" or "semi-dependent" countries from breaking the shackles of domination and marching forward. Goa, he went on, would be "liberated" and integrated with "free" India. It is not here suggested that Mr. Nehru is any more a communist (or not much more) than is Mr. Attlee, but, like Mr. Attlee, he happens, by the accident of affairs, to look both east and west, and to help the east, at a time of fateful decision, when the future of the world at large depends—depends utterly—on the defeat of this new atheist east and the triumph of the old Christian west.

It would be wise to bear clearly in mind the distinction between communist designs on the one hand, and the process, now taking place, on the other, of the formerly dependent peoples becoming independent. The hardest challenge to western diplomacy, however, is the prevention of communist exploitation in this matter, and of a threatened resultant jump by those peoples from the frying-pan into the fire. To throw off what is called western colonisation in order to be shackled with communist tyranny would be a bitter jest; but the potential victims are in fact faced with that danger; and the exaltation of newly-won freedom tends to blind them to the danger. India and Pakistan, Tunisia and Egypt, Kenya and Malaya: these are danger spots. Indo-China is already doomed, unless something like a miracle intervene. In his statement to the House of Representatives on August 5th last Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, was clearly well-founded when he expressed the probability that a communist administra-

tion would be established in the whole of Vietnam after the elections due to be held within two years. He added that the danger might still be averted if in the breathing space, the non-communists in Indo-China were to receive economic and spiritual encouragement from the west, and if the weight and influence of the new democracies of south and south-east Asia could be mobilised on their behalf. He rightly warned those new democracies of the responsibility now resting upon them. The conception of a south-east Asian defence organisation, far from implying any loss of sovereignty to themselves, was, he said, designed on the contrary to safeguard the national integrity of all the Asian countries.

THE CASE OF GOA

The tide of Asian nationalism has met an interesting snag in the case of what the Portuguese call the "State of India", namely the three little provinces of Goa, Damaun and Diu on the western coast of Madras. When Vasco da Gama discovered the sea route to India in 1497 and the State of India was founded eight years later, and when the Dominican friars (1510) and the Franciscans (1517) planted the seeds of a christianity that was to spread through western India, Ceylon and the Malay Archipelago, the course of civilisation was broadened, and human history changed in a manner that has become a matter of pride in Portuguese hearts. It was from such a beginning that India, south-east Asia and China became the beneficiaries of what was called "the white man's burden." The Asian revolt against that "burden" has nothing to do, in the case of Goa, with modern materialist spoils. The great trading empire built up by Portugal from Goa is no more.

Last April indeed Dr. Salazar explained that those provinces were now a liability. They provided, he said, an annual amount of 800,000 escudos in Portugal's revenue, but cost the Portuguese exchequer no smaller an annual sum than 7,000,000 escudos, and they cost several more millions for such services as shipping. Nor do Portuguese nationals benefit from the administration of Goa. Native Goans and Indians in the provinces monopolise both civil posts and business enterprise. There are for instance some 4,500 civil servants, of whom about one per cent. only are Portuguese. The manganese and iron ore products, a valuable source of profit in these days, are mainly the property of an Indian native of Goa. The Portuguese share in Goa's general trade is small. It consists of 10 per cent. of the imports and less than 1 per cent. of the exports.

Portugal's interest in this "possession" on the coast of India is sentimental, historical, and spiritual in kind. Professor Gonzalves Pereira has called Goa the "finest event in Portugal's epoch-making period". It is an almost exclusively academic sort of national pride that inspires the Portuguese attachment to Goa. Dr. Salazar, who for a quarter of a century has set a sterling example to the world in orderly progressive government based upon christian principle, has declared that Goa is a part of Portugal, that Portugal will not cede any fraction of it to India, with or without a plebiscite. When he refused this year even to discuss the question, he based his refusal on the constitutional incompetence of his government to transfer Portuguese territory to foreign sovereignty.

On the other hand the fever of "liberation" burns in the blood of all the

eastern peoples, and has no patience with sentiment, history, past benefit or present fitness in affairs. A Goan National Congress has been set up, whose "Freedom for Goa" slogan has enrolled volunteers for violent action. Blood has been shed in an invasion of Damaun villages. The British Government has made representations in New Delhi on behalf of Portugal, with the only effect of incensing Indian opinion against Britain. Similar representations made by the Vatican and some Latin States were answered by India with the round retort that the existing tension was caused by "Portuguese resistance to the desire of a subject people for freedom from foreign rule" and with the modern cliché about India's "genuine, peaceful national liberation movement". The word "fever" is truly descriptive of the temper. Goa belongs to Portugal only in name. To talk of "subjection" is to misuse words.

September 11th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HUMAN SOCIETY

Lord Russell has become an institution. The prestige, however, which he enjoys in this country, which approves of longevity, is not due alone to his eighty years, although this may cause the admiring masses to put his works on the same shelf as those of his *frère ennemi*, another eminent Victorian, Dean Inge. Indeed his reputation and wit is rather that of a figure of the Seventeenth or Eighteenth Century, a more benevolent La Rochefoucauld, a more profound Condorcet. He belongs to a tradition in this country, of which it is rightly proud, of the aristocratic philosopher, which includes Herbert of Cheshire, Shaftesbury, Balfour and Haldane. Among them he is the most eminent. But the exact qualities which make him a superb man of letters, qualities occasionally of brilliant, elf-like malice and even of what is best called "naughtiness", make him an admirable philosophic companion but a tricky guide, an emancipator, an intrepid champion of such great causes, but occasionally a will-o'-the-wisp in marshy ground, a sacrificer of dull sobriety to seductive paradox. There are, of course, sprinkled, jewels of insight such as Russell's direction of attention to the psychological bases of scientific politics and the statement, so fascinating in its contrast to Niebuhr, that "ethics, considered as a matter of give-and-take, is scarcely distinguishable from politics". But the elegant paradox yet does not always lead to that "co-operation, which lies in the heart of individuals", which Lord Russell elsewhere commands.

He shares the typical prejudices of the era of Voltaire, although emphasizing with Hume the role of the passions and that mankind is "rather mad". He shares them to a degree which produces a blind spot as touching large areas of human experience which he dismisses as superstition, myth and magic, whereas today the anthropologist and psychologist will regard them rather as providing data and problems in a great cultural tradition, for which we have very modestly to seek the understanding. It is a minor item that fornication and sodomy are, one gathers, just tabus. The world suffers from too much religion and faith, which is the kind of opinion for which there is no evidence. As for sin and sense of guilt, and chatter about *angst* and apocalypse, Russell's views are those of Lin Yutang; much of the worry is pathological and folk have not studied how to enjoy themselves enough. The Indians are the hope of the world, by providing a

report on the imperative of peace—World government is also an imperative—but Indian culture is likely to relapse now into medieval superstition. One wonders whether Gandhi was that wicked thing, a medieval crusader. And yet, by a strange irony, in a passage where "all reason" means "all grounds of evidence about what will follow", the book concludes with the words: "Those who are to lead the world out of its troubles will need courage, hope and love. Whether they will prevail I do not know; but, beyond all reason, I am persuaded that they will." There is something extremely lovable about Bertrand Russell. (For one thing he hates the things I hate, such as chauvinism. . . .) He is a man of faith. But he betimes does his best to tell us that he is not. Obviously he does not like bad faiths; but that is scarcely in dispute.

More technically, Lord Russell is a qualified utilitarian. Ethics is for the most part discussion of the right and of useful means to the good. In the lapidary words of Ayer—"pleasure is for the most part good". With Bentham we discover the good, which transcends logical proof, in the pleasurable (not of course tabus)—or we do so largely. . . . But then Russell makes some very interesting corrections. Sometime the argument indeed has run a little too easily, in its sparkling way. Reviewers have quoted the *mot*: "perhaps even the well-being of those we hate would not be too high a price to pay for our own continued existence". Somehow translated as "perhaps even the well-being of Nazis is not too high a price to save our own skins", it does not sound so good. Significantly Russell adds, to the notion of pleasure as the good, the clause: "I think we must include (among the common quality of the great majority of approved actions) such things as intelligence and human sensibility". "The good is the satisfaction of desire". But the general good has to be a satisfaction "commonly approved", and indeed "likely to further the interest of all sentient beings". We have travelled a long, long way.

"The doctrine of self-interest," said Clarendon of Hobbes, "is the seed of sedition". And of much more. I submit that Lord Russell greatly underestimates what a clever scoundrel can do to promote his own satisfaction of desires and the power he can thereby achieve. In "the long run" perhaps no; but "in the long run" he has fled to join others in a thousand years. He can do it unless there is an instant sentiment which prevents him now; and a society speedily becomes decadent when the many start to calculate that a good man is a good deal of a fool. I defy anyone satisfactorily to reduce even "enlightened" self-interest, strictly construed as satisfaction of desire, into the common interest, except for a dull fool who does not know the ropes or for a little man who can't get hold of them; or to reduce 'decency' in conduct into egotism, unless this has ceased to be any longer recognisable as satisfaction of un-reconstructed, actual desire. What does Lord Russell, with his "higher pleasures" (poor Mill's old problem), mean by "human sensibility"? "Ethics is aesthetics", said Wittgenstein. I do not desire to quarrel. There is an ethic of means and of power. And there is an ethic of the good, of the vision, picture and pattern of the fair, seemly, fitting and decent. Maybe the judgment rests upon Pythagorean "harmonious numbers", upon the mathematical structure of the crystal-set which is the human brain. If we added that the pattern was displayed large in the great historic cults, "myths" and dramas, Christian, Buddhist, even Marxist, we should carry ourselves a long way, maybe owing more to Shaftesbury and Butler, Jung and Cassirer, than to Bentham. At least it is worth considering whether a common "human sensibility", no more demonstrable by a reason which has "nothing to do with ends" than the aesthetic judgment, but finding probable norms in history, may not give the needed clue to many of the problems, religio-ethical and religio-political, here analytically discussed with the flash of a genius, humane but occasionally perverse.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN.
Bertrand Russell: *Human Society in Ethics and Politics*. Allen & Unwin. 15s.

THE WEIMAR REPUBLIC

The Weimar Republic had no heroes. Its more honest and courageous men were by necessity rebels against a recent past to which many in all walks of life looked back with longing; its politics were those of an unreal Liberalism, a parliamentary system in which the past was the only effective opposition. In earlier works Dr. Erich Eyck has found in political biography the central theme for political history; but there is no great name to associate with the *Geschichte der Weimarer Republik*. There are not even, in the present volume which takes the story down to Hindenburg's election to the Presidency in 1925, great failures. Dr. Eyck's deep-seated Liberalism, developed as a follower of Dr. Ludwig Bamberger, as a supporter of Weimar republicanism, and perhaps also as a resident in England since the 1930s, enables him to do justice to both the courage and the difficulties of the supporters of the Republic, and to deal in a fair way with the criticisms of its contemporary opponents and those who deplored its easy capture by Hitler. The book has therefore a double theme; it gives a detailed reassessment of the problems and controversies (particularly in relation to the Allies) with which the Republic was concerned, and it shows how the Republic itself became the scapegoat for blame which rightly belonged to its predecessors, or at least to circumstances beyond the control of its leaders. The chapters in which Dr. Eyck examines the involved and acrimonious struggles between the Republic and its foreign conquerors are remarkably judicious, and a corrective to self-righteousness on both sides, although it must be said that criticism of the Versailles treaty outside Germany is very much less novel than criticism of the German case against the treaty inside Germany. Dr. Eyck, for example, reminds his German readers that the real cause of the German inflation was not the reparations payments, but the excessive reliance on borrowing by German governments during the war, and he deplores the influence of J. M. Keynes's writings both in confusing the minds of his German readers on some of the economic issues and in its wider effects, including Wilson's defeats in America. In their joy over this disruption of the entente many Germans overlooked the fact that the isolation of the United States was a fresh blow to German interests. He points out also that Wilson's fourteen points, whether they were materially departed from or not, constituted anything but the mild and honourable terms on which Germany was supposed to have laid down her arms, and that in any case she was not in a position to go on fighting: the dialectical extravagances of this campaign against the Wilson programme led directly to Roosevelt's sudden insistence on "unconditional surrender" in January, 1943. The campaign against the victors soon became, however, a campaign for exculpation inside the republic; with the launching of the stab-in-the-back legend in 1920 the left and centre parties who had been left with the responsibility for conducting the new government could be blamed not only for accepting the consequences of defeat but for the defeat itself. It is with the struggles and intellectual problems of these defenders of the Republic that Dr. Eyck is mainly concerned, and the book abounds in his skilful portraits of the leading political figures. A liberal constitution was a matter of obvious necessity in view of President Wilson's peace terms, but there were those in Germany who believed in it. It is this element of idealism underlying the opportunism of the new republic that gives it its continued interest and tragic quality: the association with Weimar was to be a guarantee that the reconstruction of Germany should be under the protection of the spirit in which Weimar had once before enlightened and inspired the world, "the spirit of humanity and freedom and of peaceful competition among the peoples". This vision of a Liberal Germany in a Liberal world was soon to fade: Dr. Hugo Preuss, the drafter of the constitution, complained in prophetic terms on 8 April, 1919, that the parliamentary system seemed to be fundamentally

foreign to the political outlook of even the most progressive of the German people. The right wing parties had already become disloyal to it in spirit by the summer of 1919. Yet between the early victims—Rosa Luxemburg, Liebknecht, Erzberger, Eisner, and Rathenau—and the later failures the new state had a sufficiency of competent and even brilliant men for anything less than the abnormal tasks that faced it. In this volume Dr. Eyck has been content for the most part to record developments; we may perhaps look for a general assessment of the causes of the failure of liberal democracy in a later volume. It is enough to say that in its scholarly and objective handling of what must often have been a painful theme Dr. Eyck has produced very much the best study of the early Weimar republic that has yet appeared.

PROFESSOR W. N. MEDLICOTT.

Erich Eyck: *Geschichte der Weimarer Republik* (Erster Band. Erlenbach-Zurich. Eugen Rentsch Verlag. 1954. DM. 13.50).

GERMAN MILITARISM

The term militarism, like all political slogans, is used in different senses, and this has often brought public opinion into great confusion. The communists denounce the policy of the democratic powers as militaristic, and pacifists often ascribe all wars and armaments to militarism. Professor Ritter in his new work therefore first defines the term. It means an overestimation of the soldierly point of view, its extension to politics implying an undue preference for the fighting spirit, the subordination of dispassionate political considerations to the belief in an unavoidable technical necessity of warlike actions. This attitude, which culminated in the mentalities of a Ludendorff and Hitler, ignores the supreme task of politics, namely the realisation of peace, law, order, welfare and a true national and international community. Every profession naturally breeds a specific mentality, and its members easily believe that what holds good in their sphere of life must also be the best rule for governing a nation. Soldiers therefore often, though not always, more or less incline to militarism in the field of politics too. But the art of government requires a much wider outlook and other qualifications than those needed in military operations or in a profession. Great statesmen have never accepted the crude doctrines of an inexorable necessity of constantly increasing the power of their state by force, of completely crushing and humiliating an enemy, and of enforcing conditions of peace which contained the germs of new wars. In the olden time of cabinet wars the diplomats could as a rule retain the decisive influence and make peace by negotiation before the conflict had caused irreparable losses and had created a situation from which there was no way out but a new war. In our democratic times, however, wars necessarily arouse national passions and if they are not speedily stopped a fanaticism obtains the upper hand which makes a reasonable settlement impossible.

Professor Ritter shows the struggles about the aims and ways of warfare between the representatives of two antagonistic schools. One tried to restrict war to the limits fixed by a far-sighted statesmanship deeply versed in the psychology of individuals and nations, and inspired by higher strivings than mere lust of power and prestige. The other advocated unrestricted warfare and preventive wars, strove for revenge and aggrandisement, or even praised war as a cure for moral degeneration. These conflicts were further connected with other rivalries. In Prussia long struggles were waged about the question whether the army was to be a bulwark of liberalism or an instrument of absolutism and aristocracy. Dr. Ritter describes the operation of these forces in the history of Prussia from Frederick II to Bismarck. He has utilised important new sources

which since have been partly bombed or are no longer available in Germany. Naturally the student of modern history must read this work, and students of current politics should become adequately acquainted with it. The aftermath of war propaganda is still a powerful force. It is certainly true that militarism was deeply rooted in the traditions of Prussia, and had a disastrous influence in the causation of two great wars. But there were always strong counter-forces, also in the ruling circles, which must not be belittled or ignored as has become the prevailing habit among our makers of public opinion. During the war not a few writers who should have known better argued that Nazism was the natural outcome of the strongest German traditions, that Bismarck was a forerunner of Hitler, and similar trash. One can be very critical of Bismarck and still agree with Ritter that he showed a rare combination of the striving for power with restraint in victory and with working for a lasting peace. He wanted a great, strong and respected Germany, but he did not want to give the militarists the decisive voice in policy, and did not encourage Pangermanism, dreams of world domination, a big navy and a colonial empire, etc. In spite of certain deplorable errors which he committed under the pressure of militarism and nationalism he was also a great European. This book confirms Dr. Ritter's position as the greatest living German historian, the true successor of Meinecke and Ranke. It is a matter of great satisfaction that he has also sponsored and partly written a textbook of history for German schools which has obtained a dominant position and will certainly contribute much to the political education of youth.

FREDERICK HERTZ.

Gerhart Ritter, *Staatskunst und Kriegshandwerk, das Problem des "Militarismus" in Deutschland, Erster Band: Die altpreussische Tradition (1740-1890)*, Verlag R. Oldenbourg, Muenchen, 1954.

NEW INTERPRETATIONS OF GERMAN HISTORY

Whoever is interested in German history and politics will be grateful to Professor Hans Kohn in New York for having collected English translations of about a dozen essays by contemporary German historians which show an attitude remarkably different from the traditional point of view. The difference refers not so much to National Socialism, for Hitler had, in fact, very few adherents among serious German historians: it refers more to the attitude which was usual in the decades before Hitler. It goes without saying that here the central problem is the valuation of the dominant personality of the history of the German Empire, Bismarck. The most important contribution to this subject is by Professor Franz Schnabel, the distinguished author of an excellent *German History in the 19th Century*. His criticism is less directed against the means and methods than the goal of his policy, the unification of Germany in a national state. Like many Catholic contemporaries of Bismarck, he considers the way of German history since 1866, the *kleindeutsche* solution of the German problem, as a tragic error, contrary to the best German traditions. This view will command respect but hardly large adherence in the world of today, which—for better or worse—has been influenced deeply by the most powerful national movements. More to the point seems the criticism of Alfred von Martin, who emphasises "the old lack of civic consciousness and sense of responsibility, which was inculcated (to the German people) by the authoritarian state" and the German worship of force, which raised Bismarck—and later Hitler—to idols.

Still more topical is the essay "Germany and the Epoch of World Wars" by Professor Ludwig Dehio (Marburg), one of the editors of the *Historische Zeitschrift*. He lays stress upon the German idea of struggle for hegemony, combined with the idea of the demoniac character (*Dämonie*) of power. Comparing it with former struggles for hegemony in Europe, he admits that the hege-

monic powers of the past took on positive spiritual missions, while the Germans did not develop any mission which could appeal to other nations. Professor Dehio is courageous enough to demand "ruthless recognition of the frightful role which we have played". Dr. J. A. von Rantzau's essay about the "Glorification of the State in German historical writing" is particularly interesting for his polemic against Prof. Gerhard Ritter (Freiburg), who still prefers "the old German authoritarian and bureaucratic state" to democracies of the Western pattern. He reproaches him with preferring "to overlook the weaknesses in the development of our state instead of exposing them".

This polemic already shows that the views presented in this volume are not at all the common conviction of contemporary German historians. This is more evident still from the essay which Professor Kohn has himself contributed to this collection "Rethinking Recent German History". It gives a most instructive survey of the tendencies in contemporary historical writing. "The process of rethinking recent German history is still in its infancy. The old trends are still most powerful". They have unfortunately the strong support of a large part of the German book-reading public. Nevertheless it is of the utmost importance that a beginning of "rethinking" has been made. Much will depend on the attitude of the universities and above all the German students. They should take encouragement from the example of the Nestor of German historiography, the late Friedrich Meinecke, who even in his very old age never ceased to review and correct his former views in the light of experience. His contribution on "Ranke and Burkhardt" will be welcome to many admirers of this eminent historian.

ERICH EYCK.

German History. Some New German Views. Edited by Hans Kohn. Allen & Unwin.

A HISTORY OF OXFORD

In these days when dons become mayors and councillors found scholarships it is hard to realise that the city and the university have lived together in harmony for barely a hundred years; and in those long centuries of conflict between town and gown it would have been incredible for an Oxford graduate to have written a history of the city. This, the first, history of the City of Oxford redresses the balance of scholarship by telling us the development of Oxford from a fresh standpoint: how many of us are aware, for instance, that the city of 1642 was almost as Puritan as the university was royalist? The remarkable series of published Oxford documents, chiefly the work of the late Dr. H. E. Salter, have long awaited an interpreter; Mrs. Fasnacht has now used them to write a very readable volume.

"You may generalize about other towns: you must be particular about Oxford." Certainly antiquaries did not lack inventiveness for their accounts of the city's origins, but the tale of King Memphris and the legend of St. Frideswide are roundly dealt with here. Ideally situated for communications, the walled settlement of Edward the Elder prospered and became a town of note long before the beginnings of the university. Henry II's charter of liberties, for instance, granted one privilege that no other town save London enjoyed—the right of a representative of the citizens to assist the King's butler at Coronation banquets. The general liberties of this "busy, prosperous borough" were of such note that several towns receiving charters from Angevin kings, like Marlborough and Plymouth, took as their model the customs of Oxford. The decline of the medieval city began soon after the coming of the university. Thanks to royal patronage and the power of its chancellor the university triumphed at every step. The strife between town and gown, told afresh in these pages, reached its climax in St. Scholastica's Day 1355, and for this incident the mayors of Oxford continued to do penance until 1825. Perennial bickerings over such matters as the

market and the night watch illustrate the conflicting jurisdictions. Interesting details are given about the royalist garrison in the Civil War, the coaching days and the beginning of the railways: the university at first opposed the railway, fearing it would distract its junior members. We are carefully guided through the complicated legislation of the nineteenth century which reformed the corporation and greatly increased its activities. Mrs. Fasnacht tells us the main facts of church building and of the changes in parish boundaries as the city expanded, although no mention is made of Roman Catholic churches or of the synagogue, founded in St. Ebbe's in 1848. A final chapter surveys the growth of industrial Oxford: perhaps later ages will regard the bill of W. R. Morris for mending a puncture in a bicycle tyre, dated April, 1901, as one of the more interesting manuscripts in the Bodleian Library.

The author has a pleasant style and knows when to let the documents speak for themselves: the only inelegancy is the use (p. 218) of "matriculated" as a passive verb. There is a short bibliography and an excellent index. Thirteen charming illustrations are presented, four of them in colour. Part of Loggan's View of Oxford in 1675 is included, but a sketch-map of the late medieval city, giving the old as well as the new street-names, would have been a useful addition.

NEVILLE WILLIAMS.

Ruth Fasnacht. *A History of the City of Oxford*. Basil Blackwell. 21s.

ROYAL BOGEY MAN*

When Mr. Roger Fulford suggested in *Royal Dukes* that Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, was not the savage and sinister person of popular legend, the suggestion had all the impact of novelty. Since then we have learned more about him from letters in the Windsor Archives and other sources. In 1936 Mr. Hubert van Thal brought out a *Brief Survey of the Man and his Times*; and now Mr. G. M. Willis has given us the first full-scale, fully-documented biography. Oddly enough it is the Duchess, Queen Charlotte's thrice-married niece Frederica, who emerges most clearly from these slightly congested pages. Of all the sons of George III it was granted only to the least likeable to savour the delights of a marriage which never ceased to be a honeymoon. Mr. Willis has been able to delve deep in royal family papers, in Germany as well as in this country, and the evidence thus accumulated tells strongly in the Duke's favour. Yet he has somehow missed the grim, sardonic quality so cleverly conveyed by Mr. Fulford, and his Ernest occasionally seems more like a military automaton than a fiercely idiosyncratic Hanoverian Prince. And a fierce fellow he was, in his loves and hates, his Tory principles and his fanatical Protestantism. In his own day many people who would strongly have endorsed his anti-Emancipationist views were so repelled by his political activities that they found it easy to credit the stories that he had murdered his valet and committed incest with his sister. Mr. Ellis deals firmly with the first preposterous charge. The second he relegates to a single paragraph in the Appendix, which seems less than fair to the Duke. Some modern historians doubt whether General Garth could have been the father of Sophia's graceless son, but that Cumberland was not the man might have been shown without any exploitation of old scandals or any concessions to modern taste for ugly things.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

**Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover*. By G. M. Willis. Arthur Barker. 35s.

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SIR WINSTON AT EIGHTY

"He is a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again".

TO no living man do those words apply with greater force than to Sir Winston Churchill, who completes his eightieth year before this month is out. But to take him for all in all is not so easy. There is so much to take, and of such vast variety. There is the irrepressible young soldier, the Radical Liberal, the slightly hesitant Conservative, the experienced administrator and statesman, the gifted writer, the incomparable orator. Out of all these the octogenarian of today is compounded, and there is a dash of each of them in his temperament and character. From them all he emerges as the greatest citizen of the world, with his natural force unabated and his zest for life unquenched. It is astonishing to reflect that that supreme position was achieved in little over five years. What would have been said of him if he had died in 1939, when he was not quite sixty-five? For eleven years before that he had been out of office and out of power, harrying the Governments of the day usefully over rearmament and not so usefully over India. Earlier he had been conspicuous for risking the country's prosperity and social stability by a premature and short-lived return to the gold standard, so that "the pound might look the dollar in the face." As the First War broke out he had performed the signal service of keeping the navy mobilised instead of dispersing it after manoeuvres, but it could not be quite forgotten that he and Lloyd George had been foremost in the Cabinet in protesting against the laying-down of six battleships—which in the end became eight. His dash for Antwerp with a scratch contingent was rather the fruit of a sudden impulse than of rational policy. He committed the country to the doubtful venture of the Dardanelles, though it was no fault of his that what might have so brilliantly succeeded came to so ill-starred an end. And when, irked by absence from the seat of action, he betook himself from Westminster to France it was to find no opportunities offered that could give him satisfaction.

Right down, in fact, to 1939 he was Churchill the brilliant, Churchill the incalculable, often enough Churchill the wayward, overshadowed in the First War by Lloyd George, and later, strangely enough, finding the arrows of his oratory and his epigrams too frequently fall blunted from the corselet of Baldwin's unassuming and unpretentious diction. Then came those five crowded years of glorious life. At last the hour had found the man, and never Chatham at his greatest did for Britain what Churchill did for it at the crisis of its fate, for in Chatham's time at least the soil of Britain was safe; in Churchill's the fear of invasion was real and imminent.

Moreover it was the common people whom Churchill stirred; Chatham had no means of doing that.

Is Sir Winston greater than his great ancestor whose classic biography he wrote in the years when successive Governments had no need of him? Actually the comparison will not lie. Marlborough was a soldier, one of the greatest of all time, but never a statesman, and except on the battlefield he never inspired the trust which Churchill in the war years in such ample measure commanded. Churchill, it is true, was a soldier and a writer before ever he turned to politics. He fought on the North West Frontier of India and wrote "The Malakand Field Force". He fought with Kitchener at Omdurman, and wrote "The River War". He went out to South Africa to write despatches for the *Morning Post*, was made prisoner by a Boer named Botha and taken to be cross-examined by a Boer named Smuts. He was to see more of both of them in later life.

Politics, when he did take them up, brought only chequered satisfaction. He sat for Oldham, and then North West Manchester, lost the Manchester seat, went to Dundee and stayed there for fourteen years, then was beaten successively there and at Leicester and Westminster, and finally settled down at Epping (Woodford since redistribution) for life. He had his great days in office, but he had many that were anything but great in the wilderness. And into the wilderness again went the nation's hero in 1945.

But beside that historic lustrum what does anything else matter? Qualities were revealed then for the like of which we must go back to Chatham, and even, there, as has been said, find them possibly equalled but not excelled. It was not Churchill but his great predecessor who exclaimed, "I know that I can save this country and that no one else can", but that Churchill thought the same, if he did not say it, cannot be questioned. What he wrote of the close of the day when he received chief power at the King's hands in 1940 is impressive and revealing: "As I went to bed about 3 a.m. I was conscious of a profound sense of relief. At last I had authority to give directions over the whole scene. . . . I could not be reproached either for making the war or for want of preparation for it. I thought I knew a good deal about it all and I was sure I should not fail. Therefore, though impatient for the morning, I went to bed and slept soundly. How different from that other night two years earlier, when news came that Anthony Eden had resigned the office of Foreign Secretary—"My heart sank, and for a while the dark waters of despair overwhelmed me. . . . Sleep deserted me. From midnight till dawn I lay in my bed consumed by emotions of sorrow and fear". The partnership created in 1940 has never been broken. When about to cross the then perilous Atlantic in 1942 Churchill wrote to the King to the effect that "in the event of my death on this journey" Eden was beyond question the right choice as his successor, and nothing, it may be held certain, gives him greater peace of mind today than the knowledge that, when at no distant date he passes on the torch, it will be into the hands of the Minister to whom of all his colleagues he stands closest.

What are the qualities which made Churchill a War Premier unique in English history? Courage, refusal ever to contemplate defeat, of course. It must have taken courage far beyond the ordinary to maintain faith in victory on that day at the climax of the Battle of Britain when, at the headquarters

of Fighter Command at Uxbridge, he asked what reserves remained, and was told simply, "None". He had asked about reserves once before, at the time of the German break-through in France. Weygand was striving to close the gap. What reserves had he to throw in? Churchill asked. The answer was, "None". He may have despaired of France then. He could never despair of his own country.

That was a resolute, grim courage. Akin to it, but different, was a slightly irresponsible venturesomeness, a determination to be at the centre of anything going on, which Churchill manifested from the day when as Home Secretary in 1911 he rushed down to a street in Stepney where police and a detachment of the Guards were battling with armed murderers, to D-day in 1944, when he was only restrained from accompanying the invaders by the King's declaration, "If you go I go too". The same quality marked his preference for roof over cellar during air-raids.

But his greatest quality of all was the gift of leadership. The country had drifted under MacDonald, Baldwin and Chamberlain. Under Churchill it found what it had lacked. In a half-forgotten book, "*Dialogues sur le Commandement*", André Siegfried discusses suggestively the old and important question whether in war the occasion makes the man or the man creates the occasion. In Churchill's case both happened. He did not become something different in 1940. It was that in face of crisis, and with opportunity in his hands, qualities and capacities that were always there found release in action.

But they found it first in words. What those incomparable speeches, beginning with the "blood, toil, tears and sweat" prediction, effected in inspiring the nation can never be assessed. To affirm that *unus homo nobis hortando restituit rem* would hardly be to say a word too much. The phrases and epigrams of these dark days—"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few"; "Let us brace ourselves to our duty and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last a thousand years men will say 'This was their finest hour'"—have already imprinted themselves on history. Rarely have words made a greater contribution to victory. And at the end the man who made victory was thrown aside by the nation he had saved. The world, not comprehending British politics, stood astounded. Churchill, who, it must be recognised, had shown little wisdom in his approach to the electors, permitted himself one passage of tempered bitterness, recording how he had "acquired the chief power in the State, which henceforth I wielded in ever-growing measure for five years and three months of world war, at the end of which time, with our enemies having surrendered unconditionally or being about to do so, I was immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs". But he has never borne malice. Having opposed the Government of India Bill with unexampled pertinacity, he had announced, when once the measure had become law, that he accepted it without further cavil as such. And Eisenhower has borne testimony that during the war, however persistently Churchill might have pressed his own point of view, as soon as a decision had gone against him he carried it out with the utmost loyalty.

And now he completes eighty years—still in office. Other notable statesmen of course have achieved that. Palmerston was still Prime

Minister at eighty. At eighty Mr. Gladstone had still to wait three years before forming his fourth administration and four before introducing his second Home Rule Bill and carrying it almost single-handed through the Commons. But the desire for most men after eighty, or sooner, is for rest. Whether Churchill wants rest, whether he would ever be happy away from the heart of things, may be doubted. Yet the time to pass on the burden must come, and come soon. He will never drop out of sight. So long as he lives he will hold the stage. At the end he will leave imperishable memorials. In him the injunction *si monumentum requiris circumspice* takes on a new connotation, for his monument is the country he saved from enslavement. And even if none of that had happened his books—the Marlborough, the Lord Randolph, the histories of both the Great Wars—would have won him an enduring place among the great writers of the century. His faults, which no one would deny, are pale things beside his achievements. Politically he is at his worst in opposition. In the 1945 Parliament he made great speeches when great speeches were called for, but too many that were far from great. Now, back in the seat of power, he is a different man, evoking from the other side involuntary laughter instead of angry vituperation. In the celebration of his birthday all party divisions will be forgotten. A dominating, intensely human, sometimes engagingly eccentric, figure will receive the tribute justly due to one who has served his country in different fields for sixty years, and never in its darkest hours despaired of its fortunes.

WILSON HARRIS.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE

I

THE London Conference has filled the gap created by France's refusal to sign EDC. It has laid down the framework of an organisation which will secure the objectives aimed at by the latter. According to its plan, Germany will almost immediately become a Sovereign State; but she will voluntarily submit to restrictions in respect of army matters, and especially of arms production. Allied occupation rights will come to an end, apart from reservations safeguarding the forces stationed in Germany. The Allies have recognised that there is no better battlecry for nationalist agitators than "discrimination", and the Germans are making allowances for that fear of militarism which their own representatives have strengthened when they warned the world of the dangers from a national German army.

Germany and Italy are to be admitted to the Brussels (Western Union Treaty)—the military, cultural and economic alliance between France, Great Britain and the Benelux countries concluded in 1948. Its members bound themselves to form a coalition army. Germany's contribution to it will consist of the twelve divisions fixed by the EDC scheme. The Council of the Treaty Powers, composed of the Foreign Ministers of the member countries, will watch over the strict observation of military agreements. Through an agency under its control it will see to it that the size and composition of German armed forces and types and quantities of German armament production will be within stipulated limits. No

national contingent can be increased without the unanimous consent of the Council. The Agency will do most of the work which under EDC was entrusted to a Commissariat; but this Commissariat was a budding sovereign body, the Agency is an organ of seven allied governments. Western Union armies will be integrated with the forces under the control of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (NATO), and be put under the command of its Commander-in-Chief. Germany will be invited to become a member of NATO. Great Britain has undertaken to maintain four divisions and tactical aircraft on the Continent, and the U.S.A. and Canada are expected to remain in Europe. The German Federal Republic is recognised as the only government "legitimately constituted and therefore entitled to speak for Germany". It has accepted the obligation of Article 2 of the United Nations, "never to have recourse to force to achieve the re-unification of Germany or the modification of the present boundaries of the Federal Republic". The details of the agreement have been worked out, and the entire scheme will have to be ratified by parliaments.

The London Conference has done more than filling a gap. It rightly states, "A Western Europe is now emerging which, resting on the close association of the United Kingdom with the Continent and on the growing friendship between the participating countries, will re-enforce the Atlantic Community. The system elaborated by the conference will further the development of European unity and integration". This falls short of the dazzling scheme of a united Europe patterned after the American constitution, in which every member nation would renounce its sovereignty. When it was first mooted as the only way for reconciling Germany and France, for creating a strong European army, and for establishing a common market for 170 million men, it kindled the imagination of the U.S.A. and made them feel richly rewarded for the heavy sacrifices their generous aid to Europe had placed on their taxpayers. They were deceived.

Among the sponsors of Little Europe were genuine practical idealists like M. Schuman, who found it easy to co-operate with Dr. Adenauer, a fellow Rhinelander. But behind the generous impulses which appealed to men and women on both sides of the Rhine, there were business schemers whose main object was not so much the reconciliation of two hitherto hostile nations as a coal and steel pool in which Germany's natural advantages were to be offset in favour of France. In the guise of a free common market a protected area was established, the political control of which was to be taken away from national governments and handed over to a private group, an attempt which was partially frustrated by the Benelux countries. No less a person than M. Schuman claimed the Saar for France in order to bring her steel potential up to that of Germany. France hoped moreover to recover by federation her ascendancy on the Continent, which she had failed to regain by victory and domination. She consented to German rearmament on the condition that German armed forces would be incorporated in a European army controlled by a European quasi-sovereign Commissariat. A sovereign federal multinational European State was finally to arise from it, in which Germany would be in a permanent minority. The natural order of things in which an army is an instrument of a sovereign state was to be inverted: a sovereign

European State was to be the offspring of a mixed European army. A body was to be created in the hope that it would grow a head. The Germans had responded almost enthusiastically, a large number from honourable motives. The resurrection of a kind of Carolingian Empire appealed to some of them. To others the scheme was the only way quickly to get rid of the economic shackles imposed upon them by the occupying powers. It was worth their while to submit to some temporary discriminations, for they had no doubt that in the long run they would rule the roost. There was no enthusiasm for rearmament and there is none now. But there was a somewhat naive belief that aggressive militarism could be held more easily in check in a multi-national federation than in a national state. Had the French acted quickly, EDC might have been carried, but they wasted time by demanding additional concessions. In the meantime Germany's rapid economic recovery had upset all their calculations. It was becoming evident that Germany, not France, would lead in a six power federal union. Once a large number of French politicians had recognised this they were no longer prepared to hand over French sovereignty to a body they could not dominate.

There is no reason whatsoever for regretting the collapse of EDC. The last three months have made it very clear, that the planned "marriage de convenance" between France and Germany had not yet generated a spark of love. France's fears of German rearmament have grown and become more outspoken, partly no doubt because Russia's more conciliatory attitude seemed to make the conclusion of that marriage less imperative. Dr. Adenauer's reaction to this worsened the situation; he had betrayed a deplorable lack of understanding. When France was in agony over Indo-China he had nothing better to say to his future partner than provocative harsh words. He may have acted on the promptings of his French friends, who seemed more interested in defeating Mendès-France than in Franco-German reconciliation. Their attitude has given some substance to the whisperings which had been heard from time to time that the Six Power Little Europe was to be the stronghold of Europe's clerical parties. There was in any case a lamentable absence of a genuine European spirit. Without it a multi-national Sovereign European Union would be a house divided against itself.

The widely advertised supra-national European government formed by six countries who have divested themselves of their own sovereignty, would have been dependent on a democratically elected parliament. In such a parliament each nation would be a minority. But the only member which would have large scale national territorial grievances would be the German. There is a Germanic Irredenta with at least twenty million inhabitants. One can assume that after their experience in the last war few Germans want reunion by force, and their government has courageously renounced the use of it in the London agreement. But they will always talk about it as Dr. Adenauer has done. Such speeches, even if meant only for home consumption, would not ease the work of a multi-national parliament. One need not grieve that this Sovereign European union will not be formed in the near future. The very fact that Great Britain has thrown in her lot with continental Europe guarantees organic growth instead of forced development. For Britain has always looked upon a

constitution as a skin which is grown by a body, not a garment ordered from constitution tailors.

Military men will be greatly relieved by the disappearance of EDC. Its complex intricacies did not make for efficiency, but provided endless opportunities for intrigue. Rivalries and bitter personal feuds were by no means unknown in national armies; they were bound to flourish in EDC. The proposals of the London Conference have been worked out in detail. The Benelux parliaments are sure to pass them. Since Labour has accepted German rearmament, the British Government will be able to carry what after all is its own plan, though it will probably meet with some opposition over additional financial burdens involved in it. Canada, as is her wont, will disinterestedly co-operate. The U.S.A. may grieve over the vanishing of their dream of a united Europe patterned after their own Union, but are fort unately recognising that a working Unity is better than a cracking Union. Dr. Adenauer will not encounter insuperable obstacles, though he had to make concessions over the Saar which will not be popular. Under the German constitution he can not at present be overthrown, even though his habitually contemptuous treatment of parliament is bitterly resented by many members of his own coalition. He had neither brought reunion, which was his ultimate though not urgent aim, nor the Sovereign Little Europe which was to be the means for bringing it about. He has not succeeded in reconciling the Social Democrats and German organised Labour, who may not accept the treaty before another attempt at coming to terms with Russia has been made. In France the Cedistes, as the supporters of EDC are called, will soon have to show whether their love for France is greater than their hatred of Mendès-France. They might succeed in overthrowing him on some issue. But any French government would have to pursue his policy.

Notwithstanding the strong pronouncements of the London Conference in favour of German reunion, it has not brought it nearer; they may even have complicated the situation. Co-existence may satisfy the United States, but German public opinion cannot accept it. One may be disgusted at the callousness of many Germans who do not care to run risks in return for reunion. But they have talked so much and so loudly about it that they cannot stop demanding it. Mere co-existence of two Germanies, the one a member of the West and the other of the East, remains a threat to peace. Those who argue that Germany has been divided in the past should remember that this division has given birth to German Nationalism and has caused three wars; and those who reason that the addition of another twenty million Germans would disturb the internal balance of the West forget that their inclusion in the East would upset the external balance.

Russia is pressing for negotiations. Not to meet her would be a sign of want of confidence in one's own diplomatic skill and a public acknowledgment of one's present weakness. But these considerations should not hold up ratification. Rearmament and negotiations can run on concurrently. They need not to be spectacular like the Berlin Conference, which looked very much like a medieval disputation between Franciscans and Dominicans, each accusing the other of heresy. One can, as Sir Anthony Eden put it, secure public covenants by secret negotiations.

The grant of sovereignty to the Federal Republic has moreover made talks with Russia inevitable: she cannot afford not to be recognised by her most powerful near neighbour. But Russia, having conferred sovereignty on the East German People's Republic, will not acknowledge the right of Western Germany to speak for all Germany. Recognition by Russia of the German Federal Republic implies the latter's recognition of the Eastern German Republic. There is an impasse. Strong forces in Western Germany want to break it by direct talks with Russia.

M. J. BONN.

II

FRANCE AND THE LONDON AGREEMENTS

BY authorising, on a vote of confidence, M. Mendès-France's Government to continue to participate in the negotiations of the Nine Powers, the National Assembly approved the London agreements. The conditions in which the vote took place show that it was an important step towards the constitution of a sufficiently large body of opinion in favour of the new line of advance towards a solution of the German problem and therefore of the European problem. The most conspicuous evidence of this progress was the decision of the National Council of the Socialist party to cast the unanimous vote of the Socialist group in favour of the Government. The group had been acutely divided on the question of the E.D.C. treaty. Its new-found unity may have direct consequences in the future of French politics, for it was commonly regarded as opening the way to Socialist participation in the Government.

The London agreements caused a general relief in France as elsewhere because they so promptly filled the vacuum left by the collapse of the E.D.C. But the very rapidity with which an alternative system was set up, welcome in itself, had the disadvantage that it had to be debated in France so soon after the E.D.C. treaty had been rejected in an atmosphere of violent controversy. The embers of that quarrel were still burning. In the manifesto of the French "Europeans" published immediately after the rejection of the E.D.C. the signatories declared: "We shall never vote for the creation of a new German national army, whatever the label under which it may be camouflaged." This document was written hastily, in heat, but among those who signed it were five ex-Premiers. Before the debate on the London agreements M. Mendès-France had a foretaste of the still critical atmosphere at a meeting of the Foreign Affairs committee of the Assembly, which lasted four hours, and in which fourteen Deputies put sixty questions.

Fortunately, the Assembly debate itself was dignified. It may be remarked in passing that the debates of the Assembly have been consistently on a high level since M. Mendès-France took office. On the substance of the London agreements attention fixed mainly on two points. The first, which counted heavily in favour of acceptance, was the participation of Great Britain in the enlarged Brussels Pact organization. The other point, the institution and control of a German army, aroused acute controversy. M. Mollet, the Socialist leader, urged that further precautionary measures should be pressed for in the coming negotiations of

the Nine, and other speakers, including M. Robert Schuman (a signatory of the E.D.C. treaty) and M. Teitgen, another "European", also made suggestions. These speeches, which were made after the Prime Minister had given his unvarnished account of the London Conference, sufficiently showed that it was not precisely in an enthusiastic atmosphere that M. Mendès-France spoke. Perhaps his exposition was deliberately matter-of-fact and dispassionate because he wished to keep the debate calm and to avoid stirring the smouldering fires of the old E.D.C. controversy. During the later stages of that quarrel it had been his constant aim to reconcile the French sects with each other and obtain what he called a wide assent to a compromise. In his final reply on the debate M. Mendès-France gave assurances that he would try to obtain satisfaction on some of the points put forward by the critics, and no doubt contributed to the appeasement which seemed to have made some progress during the debate. He did not succeed in convincing the more extreme "Europeans" that the new forms of control of the German army would be as effective as that promised by the E.D.C., but his handling of the debate did much to enable the two halves of the Socialist group to come together in a majority of *large assentiment*. Most of the critics spoke as if the way were still open for substantial modifications in the London agreements, and the Prime Minister himself indicated that he would renew his proposal for the organization of an international agency for the production of armaments, at least in its main outlines. It is significant, however, that of the seven resolutions which were proposed as a conclusion of the debate the one to which the Prime Minister chose to attach the question of confidence simply declared that the Assembly, informed as to the conduct and the result of the London negotiations, "gives the Government its confidence for the pursuit of these negotiations", without any of the precise instructions such as figured in other resolutions. M. Mendès-France must have been aware of the British attitude, hostile to radical modifications of the London agreements, and in any case he did not want to limit his freedom of action by appearing before the Nine loaded with embarrassing instructions from the National Assembly.

In the first of his two speeches before the Assembly the Prime Minister gave an interesting glimpse of his conception of the new European organization, which, he said, was endowed with great powers in the economic domain. With regard to the Sarre, which did not concern the Nine at the London Conference and was not discussed by them, M. Mendès-France made it clear that he meant it, nevertheless, to be settled simultaneously with the other questions concerning Germany.

The French Prime Minister also seized the occasion to refer to the recent declaration of M. Molotov on German problems. He denied that there was incompatibility between the putting into action of the London agreements and the attitude of being constantly disposed to discuss and negotiate. The two actions could be parallel.

It is known that the Socialist National Council, which decided practically unanimously to cast the vote of the party group in favour of the Government, was largely influenced by the popularity of M. Mendès-France in the country. Important federations from the provinces let it be known in advance that they would support this course. A similar testimony to the

personal prestige of the Prime Minister was given in resolutions passed by Radical federations in many departments in preparation for the congress of that party called to meet at Marseilles in October, before the reassembly of Parliament for the regular session. More generally, there can be no doubt that the National Assembly as a whole was influenced in the debate on the London agreements by the knowledge of this movement of opinion in a large section of the population. In so far as the existence of the Government was at stake in the debate on the purely Parliamentary plane, the personal position of M. Mendès-France was more diversely judged. A challenging personality, his few months of office have altered the evolution of Parliamentary politics and disturbed the policies of various parties and leaders. There have been latent personal antagonisms both among the Moderates and an important section of the M.R.P. The Prime Minister's popularity outside Parliament has been so far an important factor in protecting him against the risks inside Parliament.

The votes given by 250 Deputies in favour of the Government was substantial. The votes actually given against were almost exclusively Communist. But the abstention of 152 Deputies was important both in number and significance. The highly interesting speeches made by representatives of various groups in explanation of their vote reflected differences of opinion on the problem of German rearmament which still remain after the London agreements. For a part of the majority, formerly partisans of the E.D.C., their vote does not imply a "conversion"; they accept rather than heartily approve. There remains in many sections of French opinion a distrust of German rearmament and a fear of German militarism. Both among the majority and among the abstentionists many expected M. Mendès-France to press for a stiffening of control and guarantees in the coming negotiations. On the other hand it is certain that many abstentionists, in withholding their vote, did not wish seriously to imply a threat to refuse ratification of the final conclusions of the Nine. The general inference to be drawn from the vote was that final ratification would be facilitated and even made certain if further guarantees were obtained from the Nine. In favour of the system set up at the London Conference is the formidable factor that it is difficult to believe that anybody except the Communists can conceive a rejection which might mean the ruin of the Atlantic alliance.

Vernon, Eure.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

CONFUCIAN CHINA

CHINA is as large as Europe and her population is equal to one-fifth of the human race. Differences of climate, soil and physical characteristics, which are greater even than those in Europe, have imposed on her people different types of housing, crops, domestic animals and transport, but while Europe is divided into many nation states, China has been welded into one community possessing a common culture. If we could imagine the people of Europe from Oslo to Rome and from Brussels to Constantinople gathered up into one political body with one language, one system of education, one civil service, the same customs, traditions and beliefs, no frontiers and no national armies, we could then begin to realise what China's civilisation has achieved.

Before the dawn of history the Chinese invented a system of writing in which ideas are expressed by means of pictograms, and as this written language is not affected by changes in dialect it became the vehicle by which the Confucian culture was carried into every home and into every village school. Learning was the only avenue to rank and power. The tradition of an educated official class may be traced back to about a thousand years before the Christian era. It is by far the oldest tradition in human history and by establishing and maintaining it the Chinese have successfully governed an Empire that was in the past the contemporary of Egypt and Mesopotamia. It has persisted without fundamental change down to the present time and at the end of the 18th century it was still the greatest and most glorious Empire the world has ever known. It then fell into one of its recurrent periods of decline and a century and half elapsed before the inner decay was checked and the Confucian system was revitalised by cross fertilisation with ideas from abroad. The Chinese believe that the Government now established in Peking has received the Mandate of Heaven, for it has brought new life to the people of China. The Chinese never suffered from the slave foundation of society which was the source of such great evils in the civilisation of the West. They never set up a Monarch to be worshipped as a God, nor did they believe that the Supreme Deity was a Divine Despot ruling over a Slave Universe. Chinese civilisation grew up on the great North China plain where village communities scattered over wide areas supplied the labour and the skilled leadership required to control the floods. As these communities expanded into the state they held to the family as the ideal pattern for all forms of human association; life on earth was life in the continuity of the universe and the sense of moral responsibility was the sole foundation of the social order. The Emperor was the Son of Heaven and the Parent of his people, and he received the Mandate of Heaven to secure the welfare of his people. In a well ordered family men do not enforce their rights but seek rather to perform their mutual obligations. The ideal Ruler, therefore, is the Scholar Prince who seeks by every means in his power—by education, exhortation and, above all, by the transforming influence of example (which the Chinese call *hwa*)—to persuade men to recognise and to perform their obligations. To help him in this task he selects his officials from the intellectual élite who are accepted and looked up to by the people as their leaders.

Of all the means adopted to educate men to a sense of moral responsibility the most outstanding and the most characteristic is the elaborate organisation and classification of the social order. In the Confucian classics, which are memorised by children at an early age, great importance is attached to classifying, arranging in order and regulation in minute detail. Names must be correct. The name of every object must exactly describe its nature and function, and where an individual is concerned there must be no room for doubt as to his precise place in the family and in society so that all may know the behaviour and the obligations expected of him. The *Book of Rites* prescribes not only the ceremonies for such matters as marriage, funerals, mourning and the cult of ancestors but even the correct behaviour in every conceivable situation that may arise in daily life. Every individual is caught up in a network of rules and

regulations designed to promote harmony by removing uncertainty as to right behaviour. The emphasis is always on persuasion not compulsion, and this is true also of the laws promulgated by the Government. In China a law sets up an ideal standard of conduct to which men should try to conform. It is not a command but an exhortation, and failure to reach the ideal standard is not followed by sanctions except in cases where the conduct of the individual has been a menace to the state. Nor is it deemed desirable that the Government should intervene to settle disputes or differences of opinion, for men should be willing to accept the friendly advice of neighbours or the arbitration of guilds or Chambers of Commerce. "As an arbiter in litigation", said Confucius, "I am no better than other men, but surely the grand object to achieve is that there should be no litigation at all." When disputes are brought into the Court of the District Magistrate (who is known as the Fu Mu Kuan—the Father Mother official) it is discreditable to both plaintiff and defendant, and if there are too many such cases it brings discredit on the District Magistrate as well, for it is proof that he has failed to maintain by exhortation and example the moral tone of the District committed to his charge.

The Chinese, as many of us have discovered, are a most attractive and delightful people to live among. The Englishman who goes to China finds in their way of life a reflection of the more endearing characteristics of the social order built up in England. Margaret Mead, a distinguished American anthropologist, has described "the delicate articulation of British life, the elaborate class structure, the interweaving of appropriate roles between individuals of different classes, age, sex, and experience. As each person acts his behaviour contains implicit in it the behaviour which is appropriate and expected from other people. . . . Each person is a perfect part of a complex picture." It is true that we hold firmly to the Rule of Law which the Chinese just as firmly reject, but the deepest secret of English social existence, as Sir Louis Namier has pointed out, is that the Englishman does not try to enforce every right that he possesses: "English freedom and English democracy, and the limitations set on both, have their living force in feelings of respect: respect for the individual, for human rights, for prescriptive rights, for social superiority. . . . On feelings of respect are built those silent compromises which render possible a civilised human existence." Another and more compelling reason for the affection that the Chinese inspire is their conception of government by *hwa*, for those who practice *hwa* believe that "all from the Son of Heaven down to the mass of the people should consider the cultivation of personality as the root of everything."

JOHN PRATT.

McCARTHYISM IN PERSPECTIVE

ON November 8 United States Senators will assemble to consider the Watkins Committee's recommendation that they censure Senator McCarthy. Though the Committee deplores a wide range of McCarthy's activities, it considers him censurable only for his conduct towards its predecessor which investigated his career in 1952 and towards General Zwicker earlier this year. It almost seems that had McCarthy

restrained his invective—his doubt about General Zwicker's entitlement to the insignia of his rank, his awed reference to Senator Hendrickson as a living miracle without brain or guts—he could then have displayed secret documents, given him by Federal employees in contravention of their oaths, with impunity. But one must not be pedantic: as honest citizens rejoiced when the United States Judiciary got Al Capone for tax evasion, so must they rejoice if the Senate now gets a tax-evader and witch-hunter for discourtesy. That the Senate will confirm the Committee's findings is indeed likely; the Committee comprised three Republicans and three Democrats, selected by Senator Knowland because none had previously played a noticeable part in the McCarthy controversy; its impartiality—and its unanimity—should gain it majority support. Censure should mean the end of a politician's career, but McCarthy, of course, is being censured just because he does not respect political conventions. His opponents will have won a great victory, not the war.

The *Manchester Guardian*, dauntlessly liberal, is still trying to persuade its readers that McCarthyism is a bad thing, but if, as it seems, McCarthyism is now on the wane, we should be able both to diminish our moral indignation over its occurrence and to achieve a broader understanding of its processes. The popular notions that it started as a reaction to the treachery of the well-bred Alger Hiss, or that it was started by McCarthy, or that it is being terminated because housewives have had an opportunity to inspect the protagonist on television, while not without truth scarcely constitute an adequate casual explanation of one of the most extraordinary social-psychological phenomena in modern time. First, however, we must dispose of the remnants of two early misconceptions, one American, one British.

The American misconception—which need not concern us greatly—is that McCarthy, however undesirable his manners, and even if he occasionally slanders the innocent, does amid it all expose communists in positions that matter. In fact he does nothing of the kind. Not only has he failed to expose a single communist in the State Department, but it has yet to be proved that he has brought to the notice of the United States Administration any valuable information that it did not possess already. What he has several times succeeded in doing is in exposing information known to the Administration but which it would have preferred not to publicise—would have preferred not to publicise mainly because of the use to which McCarthy would put it. Even if McCarthy is totally discredited for his methods and has to retire from political life, it is doubtful if a substantial proportion of the American people will ever realise that McCarthy did not expose a score or more of communists in positions of trust.

The British misconception is quite different: it consists in the belief that there never was a communist agent in the State Department. The British Press never emphasised (though neither did it question) the evidence of espionage, but instead concentrated upon what it regarded as the Un-British activities of the House Committee investigating Un-American Activities, and in particular upon what it mostly regarded as the malicious persecution, by this Committee and the American press, of Alger Hiss. In fact Hiss began with the Committee's and the press's sympathy and

lost it by his behaviour: a study of the record of the proceedings leaves little doubt that, as Whittaker Chambers¹ claims, Hiss not only was lying but was giving a beautifully controlled and calculated histrionic performance during which his considerable intelligence was active every moment. The impression given the British public—that Hiss was the helpless victim of a spontaneous irrational conspiracy—has been strengthened, albeit unintentionally, by Lord Jowitt's thesis² that Hiss should not have been convicted of perjury (in denying that he gave Chambers certain documents and that he saw and conversed with Chambers in or about February and March 1938) and would not have been convicted in an English court; in short, that Hiss had been framed.³ Miscarriages of justice are not, of course, unknown; and they can never be more likely than when the accuser is giving false evidence, the defendant has told lies, the evidence is complex, and the public is frightened and embittered. One cannot but compare Chambers with Titus Oates. But there is a difference between an unsatisfactory and an unfair trial—and Lord Jowitt does not, I think, suggest that Hiss's trial was unfair except in so far as he believes that American trial procedure is liable to make any American trial unfair.

The American public realised that Hiss had lied before the House Committee, and hence that he probably was, or had been, a communist; it also knew that he had been convicted of perjury—in effect of espionage—in a fair trial.⁴ Given this, Mr. Acheson's celebrated remark—"I will not turn my back on Alger Hiss"—was, to say the least, extraordinary. The American people can be excused for inferring, not only that security had been lax in the past, but that it would continue to be so in the future. Even in retrospect, and considered dispassionately from the opposite side of the Atlantic, Mr. Acheson's remark takes some explaining. It is scarcely credible that it manifested only a strong personal loyalty. The explanation may be that the F.B.I., who had received information about Hiss and others years before the Hiss trial, had been for a long time warning the Administration about a communist menace, that the Administration had, rightly or wrongly, regarded these warnings as a premature "McCarthyism", and had by then become as inured to talk about communists in the State Department as the rest of the world has since. But this is no more than a guess. All that is certain is that the Democratic

¹ *Witness*, André Deutsch, 1953.

² *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*, Hodder & Stoughton, 1953.

³ There is, I think, one omission in Lord Jowitt's masterly analysis. Chambers reveals in *Witness* how when he was about to desert from the Communist Party he resolved to secure a "life preserver" in the form of incriminating documents; Lord Jowitt suggests, plausibly, that Chambers might well have been prepared to commit "forgery by typewriter" in order to get it. But if Hiss was not a communist agent, how could documents incriminating Hiss have constituted a "life preserver"? Lord Jowitt thus overlooks the interesting possibility that Chambers may have "framed" a guilty man. If Hiss was not a communist agent, Chambers' motive in incriminating him must have been something other than the establishment of a "life preserver"—presumably something irrational, probably something of which we know nothing. But D. H. Lawrence is not the only man to have taken a fearful revenge upon all who befriended him.

⁴ I do not wish to contribute to the further misconception that communists are spies. The Communist Party is a political association. Yet no one can doubt that there is a Russian intelligence service, that it is likely to approach anyone both suitably placed to be of assistance to it and ideologically inclined to the sympathetic to it, and that some at least of those approached may consent.

Administration behaved impolitically. There was never a hope that it could gloss over the affair. Its only chance of saving its reputation, and of aborting McCarthyism at birth, was itself to make a hullabaloo about the danger, to maintain it for three months, then to report with an ostentatious sigh of relief that extensive investigations had revealed that things were not so bad as had been feared.

This brief historical account, if it explains McCarthyism's inception, does not explain its strength: notably it does not explain its undiminished persistence throughout a substantial period of the Republican Administration. Though McCarthyism was born of the Hiss affair by Democratic ineptitude, its assiduous foster-parent was the Korean War. McCarthyism thrived throughout it, and shortly after the cease-fire members of the Administration discovered, almost incredulously, that it had become barely possible to say boo to McCarthy without forfeiting one's political career; since then McCarthy's power has been challenged with ever-increasing vigour and success. Why, then, did not Britain experience McCarthyism in some measure? Britain had the pre-determining factor—the conviction of a number of indigenous communists for espionage—and it was also engaged in the Korean War. If we discount the patriotic but improbable hypothesis that the right-mindedness of the British is vastly superior to that of the Americans, we must seek another explanation. Though engaged in the Korean War, the British people did not feel themselves at war: war had come to mean both long casualty lists and air bombardment, and neither of these conditions existed. War to the Americans means only long casualty lists, and this condition, for them, did exist. Diplomatically and militarily both Britain and America were at war, but psychologically America was at war while Britain was not.

It must be remembered that previous wars have produced phenomena very similar to McCarthyism. During the Korean War Americans were prone to attack as spies and traitors all who had had associations with communists, even adherents to the liberal left-wing whose anti-communism is often fierce. So in this country during both world wars many people of German origin were accused of espionage, insulted and even physically attacked, including, in the Second World War, Jewish refugees whose anti-Naziism could not rationally have been challenged. These incidents were, however, sporadic. In the Second World War in particular there was no continuous nationwide espionage scare comparable with McCarthyism. Why not? Quite simply because what McCarthy wanted done to everyone with remote communist associations had in fact been done to everyone with remote German or fascist associations: we had slapped them all into jail under Defence Regulation 18b. In short, the difference between Britain in the Second World War and America in the Korean War—the difference that produced the phenomenon of McCarthyism—was that in America there were powerful bodies, notably the Administration, to resist arbitrary measures made in the name of national security.

It is arguable that the two are morally different; that it could be a good thing during the Second World War to intern a German in Britain yet a bad thing during the Korean War to oust a communist teacher from his job in America—or at least that one is worse than the other. I seek only to equate, psychologically, the urge to do the one with the urge to do the

other. That the same urge should manifest itself in desirable and undesirable ways is unexceptional. Moreover it is well known that the urges experienced by people in wartime are peculiarly strong and peculiarly pathological. If British irrationality during the Second World War was less noticeable than American during the Korean War it was only because it was more universal. The invariable feature of wartime irrationality is that unity is everything, liberty nothing, not even if it is liberty one is fighting to defend. Up to a point sacrifices of liberty can be rationally justified: the postponement of a general election, conscription, press censorship, even perhaps the banning of a newspaper opposed to the war—such measures, if questionable, are not evidently pathological. But in every war that point is passed: under Churchill we experienced the suppression of criticism, not only of the war itself, but of the conduct of the war—witness notably the affair of Colonel Rainbro¹—and if the one was necessary the other might have been disastrous. That the public connived in the deprivation of its liberties was apparent from the lack of support for, indeed the antagonism towards, the few members of the House of Commons—such as Mr. Bevan and Mr. Shinwell—who sought to assert their rights as democratic representatives. That the press connived was apparent from the fact that, though the *Daily Worker* was banned and a loyal national daily frightened into changing its policy,² press censorship was rarely considered necessary on any scale. "*Horizon* is full of gratitude that through four years of war not one word has been censored. Who the mischief wants to censor it? Has it not believed in the Great Anti-fascist War and the graven image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up?"

Thus it is usual in wartime for leaders and people to be equally pathological, when there is consequently little friction between them. The peculiar nature of the Korean War was that, although it demanded a continuous and concerted effort of the American people, it was not a "full-scale" war: the Administration could not say that nothing mattered but the winning of it and that they would stimulate, support or tolerate anything to that end. The Korean War demanded or evoked all the usual phenomena of total war, but it was being fought to prevent total war, and its conduct demanded—so far as possible—the objectivity of a police action. Chesterton said that "the world does not encourage a perfectly rational army because a perfectly rational army would run away"³. In modern war it cannot afford to encourage a rational citizenry either. Yet this was just what the Administration was obliged to do. To this extent it failed to perform one of the necessary functions of leadership. As the Administration declined to symbolise the urges evoked in the American people by the war, another symbol had to be found. McCarthy was available—but knew no more than anyone else what it was all about, or he would have realised that with the end of the war his particular kind of irrationality would lose its popularity.

In retrospect it may be hard to believe that British democracy was threatened internally during the Second World War. Nonetheless it was.

¹ See Vincent Brome, *Aneurin Bevan*, Longmans, 1953.

² Alex Comfort, *Art and Social Responsibility*, The Falcon Press, 1946.

³ G. K. Chesterton, *George Bernard Shaw*, John Lane The Bodley Head, (revised edition) 1935.

One lives in a democracy if one is confident of the date of the next free election. Democracy is everything which ensures that election—not only representative government *per se*, but privileged debate in parliament, sanctions against the abuse of privilege, political and judicial procedure and respect therefor, habeas corpus, freedom of speech and of the press, open libraries, etc. Not one of these facets can be removed or limited without a threat to the others. Now that McCarthyism is on the wane people are inclining to think they were wrong in regarding it as a serious danger to American freedom—just as those patients who survive operations feel they need not have worried after all. The next generation will probably cherish McCarthy with the same delinquent tolerance with which we cherish Howe and Hummel: the investigatee who could demand a longer weekend recess in order to investigate Alaska is surely destined for a high place in the hierarchy of American legend. In fact, of course, a society's urge to abandon its liberties is always dangerous. There is no law which says it must recover them in the end. There is only a hypothesis which says that, in so far as the urge is a phenomenon of war, they are likely to demand them again when the war is over. Whether or not they receive them at the end of any particular war depends on many things. And even this hypothesis is entirely valid only for fluctuations between hot war and peace. In a cold war the same psychological propensities are evoked, though to a smaller degree, as in a hot war—which may be why McCarthy is down but not out. The cold war favours the communist rulers: they control their press and control and exploit the propensities it engenders. With a relatively uncontrolled press the leaders of the western democracies find them as great a liability as in total war they are an asset. It is via the cold war and the propensities it engenders that "socialism in one country" can lead to totalitarianism in all—by 1984. It is a good thing we have the *Manchester Guardian* ever ready to remind us of this. And it is a pity perhaps that our classical text-books give so much praise to Cincinnatus. He must have worried thinking Romans not a little.

STANLEY ALDERSON.

SCARBOROUGH AND BLACKPOOL

THIS year's Conservative and Labour Party Conferences could hardly have been more dissimilar in character or in intrinsic purpose. At Blackpool all was brightness and hope; at Scarborough clouds and storm overcast or actually intervened in the proceedings. Nor was the difference in atmosphere due to unforeseeable circumstances. What happened at both Conferences was in great measure susceptible to forecast. No student of politics could be surprised by what occurred, unless it was that the exceptional buoyancy and high spirits manifest at Blackpool were even more marked than had been expected.

Chronologically the Labour Conference came first and so merits prior consideration. But before the discussions and personalities are dealt with it is relevant to discuss the nature of this huge Labour gathering, for only then can its conduct and decisions be adequately appreciated. It must be recognised that the Labour Party and its annual Conference are more

democratically organised than their Conservative counterparts. Labour delegates attend their Conference with power to vote in a specific way on specific resolutions. Authority in such matters has truly been delegated to them, either by the constituency association they represent, or by the trade union branch that has sent them to the Conference. It is therefore fair to claim that the votes of millions recorded during Conference sessions bear a reasonably close relationship to the way in which the rank-and-file Labour electorate of the country is thinking on given issues. Yet this is neither completely nor precisely true, because a constituency association is allowed one delegate for every 1,000, or part of 1,000, members that it possesses. Accordingly, a branch of only 300 members will be represented when its delegate votes, as a parcel of 1,000 votes.

It is also important to remember that the existence of two sharply-defined sets of voters—the trade unionists and the constituency party representatives—provides two distinct groups on whom the pressures and policies of individual politicians, the Party Executive, the T.U.C. and the Co-operative Movement can be applied. There is no little complexity within the apparently simple Labour pattern. The Labour Party is not a homogeneous entity. The Socialism which all its adherents profess differs substantially as between this group and that, and the allegiance to specific interpretations of what Socialism is and should be vary no less in passion and intensity. Broadly the division is between Bevanism and the moderation exemplified by Mr. Attlee, Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell. Bulk support for Mr. Bevan comes from the constituencies, for the moderates from the trade unions. There are interminglings and exceptions to this division, but as a working guide to the sources of opinion and strength in the Labour Party it is sufficiently accurate.

The clash and fury inherent in such circumstances was not absent from Scarborough. Platform and floor were equally conscious of the discords that existed and anxious as to the manner in which they would emerge. They emerged most profoundly and most significantly when the Executive proposal—a vital test of Party feeling—for “a German contribution to collective security” was carried by 3,270,000 votes to 3,022,000. This was a very narrow majority, yet a vote the other way would have bound the hands of the Executive and the Parliamentary Labour Party. The Leadership would have been committed to the denunciation of German re-armament in Parliament and outside.

That it has been saved from such embarrassment, albeit by relatively few votes, registers both the power of Mr. Bevan within the Movement and his weakness; for the German issue was one on which Labour feelings ran high. But a truer estimate of Mr. Bevan's position was revealed in the voting for the Party Treasurership. It was never expected that he would defeat Mr. Gaitskell in this contest, but it was also not anticipated that he, himself, would be so heavily defeated (4,338,000 votes to 1,800,000). The result proved that many constituency votes were cast in favour of Mr. Gaitskell. Further evidence of a Bevanite eclipse was the majority in excess of 1,000,000 that the Conference gave to Mr. Attlee's policy of qualified support for the creation of a South East Asia Treaty Organisation. Yet the tide at Scarborough did not flow consistently against Mr. Bevan. He and his supporters could justly claim that their views had gained some

adherents inasmuch as the plan for all-out public ownership of rented houses was accepted, and a positive triumph for Bevanism was the success of all Bevanite candidates in the constituency section of the National Executive election. There was also a distinct “Leftwards” swing in the approach to Far Eastern affairs delineated by Mr. Attlee, as if he sought to indicate that “progressiveness” was not the prerogative of Mr. Bevan.

The influence of “the Left” was also noticeable in the character and quantity of resolutions dealing with Colonial and Commonwealth matters. The Labour Party as a Party has shown an increasing concern, most especially in the welfare of the Colonies, ever since its period of office. This is a development to be welcomed with reservations only insofar as extremism is allowed to affect the Party's thinking. Most of the policy-making indulged in at Scarborough can be described, within its Socialist context, as reasonable. There was never an occasion when the “platform” was beaten by “the floor”, which is to say that “official” admonitions and advice were always heeded. But the Conference made it clear that the Labour Party is in a state of uncertainty and transition. Despite Mr. Bevan's personal defeat the voting figures on several occasions indicated the existence of a substantial body of support for a more radical and extreme interpretation of the meaning and purpose of Socialism than that held by the present Leadership. There is a militant minority of considerable size that is violently antagonistic to moderation and during the coming months interest must focus on the struggle that will proceed between warring factions within the Party ranks. The distinct possibility of a general election within the next 12 months faces Labour with the very real necessity of formulating a policy that will not only command all-Party support, but will also contain a dynamic that will commend it to a majority of the total electorate. The proceedings at Scarborough were not such as to encourage a strong belief that this could be achieved. The success of the orthodox leadership was only partial. It was a triumph for skilful pleading, an apologia, a winning appeal to the emotions of the delegates based on the Party's inherent love of unity and its dislike of personal or group disloyalty. The prospect ahead for Labour must therefore be blurred and uncertain. In the immediate future thought will be dominated by anxiety and action by caution.

How different is the message of Blackpool! There the Conservatives met and departed in an almost continuous mood of jubilation and triumph. There were no serious undercurrents, no overt or implied threats to the unity of the Party either in matters of policy or on the subject of the fitness of the Leadership to continue. It is impossible not to be impressed by the abounding confidence that was the major characteristic of this Conference. This was so in the person and manner of the Ministers who spoke no less than among the rank-and-file who heard them not only with approval but with enthusiasm. It is important to realise, of course, that the Conservative Conference is far less a policy-making Conference than its Labour counterpart. The right and duty of policy-making reside with the Leader of the Party. Its Conferences are primarily rallies where the work of the past year is reviewed, where Ministers address the delegates, and where in the main the only resolutions discussed are those chosen by a committee predisposed in favour of the innocuous. Because the Conference does

little to formulate policy, because the resolutions passed are not ultimately and inevitably binding upon the Party's Leader, the tendency is for the majority of them to be congratulatory in tone and content. They were certainly so this year.

But though the policy-making system of the Conservative Party is less democratic than that of the Labour Party, the great mass of Conservatives are not concerned by this fact. There was no indication at Blackpool of irritation or dissatisfaction with the legislation introduced by the Government during the past 12 months. And there was certainly no demand for a change of method to ensure that individuals and groups within the Party should be more directly and specifically concerned in policy creation. This acceptance of the existing system must be accounted a strength, from the Party standpoint, though its ethics and inherent justification may be less open to approval by the non-partisan whose political affiliations, or the lack of them, enable a more detached view to be held of hierarchical policy production. While it is impossible to discuss the Conservative Conference in terms of the policy decided there, it is of real interest that so much concern was expressed in agenda resolutions and in speeches from the floor about the powers of tribunals and the ill-effects of the powers for the compulsory purchase of land. Such libertarian issues were, significantly, ignored at Scarborough. The Conference acceptance of the freer trade policy enunciated by the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, and underlined by both the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was also a most important indication that the Conservative Party is moving away from the Empire Preference policies of the past.

The significance of Blackpool undoubtedly centres around the speech and personality of Mr. R. A. Butler. Like the Foreign Secretary he had a success story to tell, and it is probably true that the tale he had to unfold, his account of things done and to be done, were more impressive and, possibly, of more basic importance than the notable achievements of Mr. Eden in the diplomatic field. For Mr. Butler is, without question, the cornerstone of the Government. It is largely due to the economic and financial policies he has pursued and controlled from the Treasury, often in conflict with his colleagues and sometimes with Sir Winston Churchill himself, that there is such greatly renewed confidence in the country's stability both at home and abroad. And Mr. Butler spoke at Blackpool, as indeed he always does, "as one having authority". His motto for the Conference, "Invest in Success", must be regarded as the key note of Blackpool. It may well become the rallying call of the Party at the next election, for it has the ring of confidence and assurance.

There was no such note at Scarborough and in that fact lies the basic difference, not only between the two Conferences, but between the prevailing moods of the two Parties. The Labour Party was anxious to be positive and aggressive, but was somehow compelled to be on the defensive. There was more intrinsic life and vitality among the Labour delegates than among the Conservatives, but the cohesion, the pulling together, was lacking. It can fairly be said that there was more concern with, and searching for, ideas and ideals at Scarborough than at Blackpool. "Invest in Success" is, after all, an unashamedly materialistic admonition calculated

to appeal less to the heart and soul than to the hard head of the business man. But such an appeal is politically shrewd, and insofar as nothing succeeds like success it may bring rewarding dividends. There is no doubt at the moment which of the two Parties is the more sure of itself or which, superficially, appears the more ready and certain to instil confidence in the electorate and command majority allegiance. But it may yet be that if the Conservatives base their appeal for support solely on their record of past achievement, rather than on an inspiring programme of what they will do in future, they may alienate a significant section of the strange, intuitive British public who must have more than a record of things done on which to base their allegiance. The Conservatives, no less than the Socialists, may yet have to discover, or re-discover, their soul. The next election will be won by the Party that offers more than bread and butter politics to the electors.

NEVILLE PENRY THOMAS.

THE FIRST THREE FAVOURITES OF LOUIS XV

NO one expected Louis XV to remain faithful to his plain and timid wife for very long or to rise above the low moral standard of the age. The profession of royalty combined the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity. In a country where child marriages were the rule among the nobility, little was asked of a bride except to secure the succession of title and property by providing a legitimate heir. Having fulfilled that paramount duty, she felt no less entitled than her husband to consult her own tastes. If one partner made a fuss it was attributed to prudery or pedantry. That the sovereign had a right to enjoy the same pleasures and privileges was taken as a matter of course. "Of twenty gentlemen at court," writes Barbier in his Journal, "fifteen did not live with their wives and had mistresses. This is equally the case in Paris. So it is ridiculous to ask that the King, who is the master, should be worse off than his subjects and his royal predecessors."

The matrimonial fortunes of the Bourbons were as chequered as that of the Valois Kings. Henry of Navarre, the founder and the most popular member of the dynasty, was notorious for his amours, and the story of his disguising himself in an effort to seduce the Princesse de Condé was known to everyone. That Louis XIII, the child of Henri IV and the fleshly Marie de Medici, should be a model of continence seemed a miracle, all the more since for many years he lived apart from his Spanish Queen. That Louis XIV inherited the pathological sensuality of his grandfather was manifest before his marriage, and when a Dauphin was born to him at the age of twenty-three he deserted his wife for a succession of *maitresses en titre*. While his son inherited his passions, his grandson, the Duc de Bourgogne, happily married to the Rose of Savoy, followed the precedent of Louis XIII. Louis XV was well aware of the frailties of the dynasty, which incurred little criticism so long as the rules of the game were observed. That the *liaisons* which play so large a part in the colourful story of the Bourbons are not in all cases to be explained solely by the

lusts of the flesh is as true of Louis XV as of his majestic predecessor. Yet the differences were at least as great as the similarities. If the promotion of a woman to the coveted position of a *maitresse en titre* was not to impair the prestige of the Crown, the Favourite must not attempt to interfere in the graver matters of state, and the King must confine his favours to members of the aristocracy. It is because these limitations were observed by Louis XIV and ignored by his successor that in the former case the royal amours possessed no political significance, while in the latter they prepared the way for the downfall of the Monarchy.

Marie Leczinska provided France with an heir to the throne, but she could do little more to make her marriage a success. Lacking beauty, vivacity and charm, she looked older than her years and quickly got on the nerves of the King. Amiable, generous and tolerant though she was, her sterling qualities made no appeal to a young ruler whose distaste for work left him with too much time on his hands. Her amateur efforts as a painter and musician failed to arouse his interest, and the serious literature she enjoyed meant nothing to a man who never cared about books. Hunting was a never failing resource, but he liked to be entertained in the evenings by a bright and resourceful woman with whom he could feel at his ease. He was attracted to the middle-aged wife of the Duc de Toulouse, the bastard of Louis XIV, who presided over a dignified little Court at Rambouillet, but it was a liking and nothing more. Still more to his taste in his lighter moments was Mlle de Charolais, sister of the Duc de Bourbon, a lively tomboy who boasted of lovers since her fifteenth year and would gladly have added the King to the list. Possessing no men friends he craved for congenial female society.

Though d'Argenson entertained little respect for the King, he sympathised with his lack of domestic happiness. His unfriendly portrait of the Queen must be checked against that of the Duc de Luynes who knew her infinitely better, but it cannot be dismissed as mere gossip and malice. "A Lady in Waiting," he records in October, 1740, "says she is chiefly to blame for the King taking a mistress. She behaved like a prude, and no living creature has less *esprit*." "Some of her habits annoyed the King. One of her ladies held her hand and told stories to send her off, for she was a bad sleeper. She had so many clothes on the bed that her partner was almost suffocated. In the early days of marriage the King wished to play cards in her apartment and talk. Instead of petting him, she bored him with her talk. So he passed the evenings elsewhere, first with men, then with women like his cousin de Charolais and Comtesse de Toulouse. He is very timid and wants people who put him at his ease." His respect for the admonitions of his old Preceptor had helped to keep him in the straight path, but soon after the birth of the Dauphin he began to go his own way. At a supper-party he raised his glass '*à l'inconnue*' and left the company guessing.

His first choice was Mme de Mailly, one of the Dames du Palais to the Queen. When the *liaison* began we cannot be sure, for in its early stages it was discreetly veiled, but according to the Duc de Luynes it was in 1733. Her father, the Marquis de Nesle, a dissolute gambler who piled up a mountain of debts, set a bad example to his five daughters, at least three of whom won the favour of the King. Louise, the eldest, was

married at sixteen to her cousin the Comte de Mailly, but the union was childless. She was nice looking rather than pretty, reports d'Argenson, and very poor. "She is good-natured, tractable and cheerful and by no means clever. Once her timidity was overcome she amused the King, and no affair has been conducted with more mystery or less scandal. She has become reserved and never puts herself forward. She seems out of touch with her family, who are greedy for favours and fortune. Her ugliness scandalises foreigners who expect a King's mistress at any rate to have a pretty face."

The secret was fairly well kept till 1737, and in 1738, a year after the birth of Louise, the last of the princesses, she supped openly with the King at Compiègne. '*La chose est publique*', noted Barbier in his diary. "The Queen is in a cruel position," comments d'Argenson, "having to retain her as a *Dame du Palais*. During her weeks of service she is very depressed. She knows Mme de Mailly is always on the watch to discover some new oddity with which to divert the King. That the King ceased to live with his wife in 1738 was attributed to her refusal to receive him after a miscarriage, since she omitted to inform him of the doctor's warning that further miscarriages were to be feared'. She was much too submissive to impose even a temporary blockade without the most cogent reasons, and after the painful birth of her youngest child she told her husband that she would gladly suffer as much again if she could give him a Duc d'Anjou. Yet she felt the cessation of the King's visits as a relief, all the more since he sometimes arrived with his breath reeking of champagne. For the remainder of her life their relations were purely formal and without pretence of affection on either side. The vivacity of Mme de Mailly, which made up for her lack of beauty, formed a welcome contrast to the boring company of the Queen, whom d'Argenson describes as a ninny. For a time the King found what he had sought. The partnership brought more satisfaction to him than to her, since her happiness was tainted by the fear that a rival might at any moment snatch her place.

For the first and last time in the annals of the French Court the reigning Favourite was displaced by a member of her family. Her younger sister, the Duchesse de Vintimille, a Montespan rather than a La Valliere, was more ambitious and uninhibited, and stormed her way into the citadel. Unhappily married, like most of the aristocracy, she felt no scruples in shaping her own career. "She stinks like the devil," commented her husband. She was a masculine type, large-limbed and ugly, but the King cared less for looks than for temperament. Tiring of the elder sister, he transferred his patronage to the new Favourite for whom he bought Choisy, a snug little hunting-box on the Seine, where he spent more time than at Versailles. Feeling less anxious about the tenure of her post, the new mistress took a bolder line with her lover, urging him to dismiss Fleury and interest himself in the army. Her triumph was brief, for she died in giving birth to the Comte du Luc, commonly known as le Demi-Louis from his likeness to his father. It was the first grief in the life of the monarch who experienced the first of a series of accesses of piety which recurred at long intervals throughout his life. "I do not regret my rheumatism," he exclaimed in a fervour of contrition; "it is in expiation for my sins." For some days he sat in silence, ate little, and

occasionally left the table in tears. The penitential mood passed as quickly as the grief, for his emotions never caused lasting pain. For a brief space Mme de Mailly, who took care of her sister's child, recovered a measure of influence, but once again the King tired of her, and for a second time she was displaced by a sister, even more ambitious, greedy and unscrupulous than Mme de Vintimille. When the King remarked to Mme de Mailly, "*j'aime ta soeur, tu m'ennuis*," her fate was sealed. Turning her back forever on the Court she paid her debts, donned a hair shirt, and devoted herself to good works in a conversion no less sincere than that of the La Vallière in the previous reign. "Great news," noted d'Argenson in his Journal in November, 1742. "Mme de Mailly was dismissed and Mme de Tournelle taken, with a harshness unintelligible in a Roi très Chrétien. The new Favourite demanded the exile of the old to a distance of four leagues." Though always more prone to blame than to praise, the diarist takes leave of her with generous words. "She has a good heart, is kind to her friends and relations, and has done no one any harm. She is regretted by everyone at Versailles."

Mme de la Tournelle was a wealthy widow, the cleverest and the worst of the sisters. Cool and calculating, haughty and with more than one love affair to boast of, she resolved to extract every ounce of profit from her post. She demanded and obtained recognition as *maîtresse en titre*, the title of Duchess, a house in Paris, jewels, a lavish monthly allowance, and the legitimisation of any children she might bear to the King. Her acknowledged model was Mme de Montespan. She was coached by her uncle, the Duc de Richelieu, the champion rake of eighteenth-century France, who as First Gentleman of the Bedchamber had constant access to the King. Their correspondence records every move in the game to become the power behind the throne. One night at Choisy she locked her door and he knocked in vain. She had judged him rightly, for, as she explained to Richelieu, the object and the result of the daring manoeuvre was to inflame his passion. "Don't worry, dear uncle, all will go well." The long-suffering Queen, who had tolerated the eldest of the three sisters, detested the arrogant woman who was forced on her as a Lady in Waiting, refused to speak to her, and sometimes pretended to go to sleep. Her disapproval was shared by Fleury, who begged his master to think of the prestige of France and appealed to his religious sentiments.

It was all in vain, for the infatuated King had become her slave, and she was installed in the apartments previously occupied by her sisters. He loved her, declares Choiseul, as much as he could love anybody. The last weak obstacle to her power was removed by the death of the Cardinal whom she called *Le Vieux Coquin*, and the coveted title of Duchesse de Châteauroux set the seal on her triumph. A new post was created for her as Superintendent of the Household of the Dauphine. Furnished with a Household of her own and provided with a large estate, she became the Queen of France in all but name. Every step was discussed with Richelieu, whose ambition equalled her own. He, in turn, was counselled by Mme de Tencin, the heartless mother of d'Alembert and the most influential survivor of the dissipated circle of the Regent. The General Staff was completed by her brother, Cardinal de Tencin,

Archbishop of Lyons, who was no better than the rest. Her most formidable foe was Maurepas, who was accordingly marked down for destruction. According to the calculations of her backers his influence would be diminished if the King could be induced to take a more active share in the task of government now that Fleury was gone. He had been the *roi fainéant* long enough, she argued, and to increase his popularity would be to increase her prestige. "You kill me," exclaimed the indolent monarch, half in jest, half in earnest. "All the better, Sire," she rejoined, "a King must wake up." That would be the best answer to the poisoned arrows of the press, and he could count on the gratitude of his subjects. Moved by her appeal he seemed inclined to try the experiment.

The first indication of the New Course was the royal visit to the front, where the troops were smarting under the defeat at Dettingen in the previous year. Maurepas approved the plan, hoping that the King's ardour might cool amid new impressions. The Queen's written request to accompany him was curtly rejected by a letter from the most extravagant ruler in Europe on the ground of expense, who left without saying goodbye. When a similar wish on the part of the Duchess was also declined she was consoled by Richelieu with the assurance that she would soon receive an invitation. While she fretted at Versailles her wrath boiled over against Maurepas whom she held responsible for keeping her at home. "Does the King often speak of me? Is he bored without me?" she wrote to Richelieu. As for the *Faquinet* (Maurepas) I agree with you and feel I shall only succeed with facts, but where shall I find them? Give me some facts and I promise to turn them to good account, for I hate him. *Faquinet*, though absent, moves heaven and earth, so we must get rid of him and I do not despair. I must be on the spot. They say Marshal Noailles does not wish for me, but the Duc d'Ayen does. In truth, dear uncle, I was not made for this sort of life, and at times I feel terribly low. If I did not love the King I should be very glad to quit. It is a continual turmoil and affects me more than you would believe. It is so repugnant to my character that I must be a great fool to have become involved. Now it has happened I must be patient, and I feel everything will turn out as I wish." Such moods of depression never lasted long, since the lust for power was insatiable. When no summons came Richelieu urged her not to wait. That the King would be delighted to see her there was no doubt, and he would be grateful that the decision was taken out of his hands. The plan worked, and after a brief stay at the front the lovers travelled slowly to Metz. It was the summit of her career, and even her enemies had little hope of knocking her off her perch.

The King had been subject to sudden illness since childhood, and a few days after his arrival his life was in danger. The Church assumed control, and the sufferer, thoroughly alarmed, whispered to his mistress: "Perhaps we may have to part." A little later he sent a message by Fitzjames, Bishop of Soissons, son of Marshal Berwick and grandson of James II, ordering her and her sister, Mme de Lauraguais, who accompanied her, to leave Metz. She had begged the Jesuit confessor to avert her public dismissal if he could, but events moved too quickly. The doctors, the clergy, the Royal Family and the King himself believed that the end was near, and Holy Communion could not be administered till

the temptress had disappeared. After receiving extreme unction he obeyed the order of the Bishop to summon the officials of the Court and representative burgesses of Metz, and to announce to them that he asked pardon for his evil example and that the Duchesse de Châteauroux would lose her post in the Household of the Dauphine. "The King displayed resignation, piety and humility", records the Duc de Luynes in his diary; "he embraced the Queen and begged her forgiveness for his misdoings." Only God had been offended, she replied; let him think only of God. The fearless Bishop, ignoring the danger to his career, ordered that the confession should be read from every pulpit.

The Favourite bowed to the storm and drove away, but she had not abandoned hope. Instead of returning straight to Paris she halted at Bar-le-Duc, within easy reach of Metz, to watch events. Her only comfort was the conviction that if her lover survived he would want her back. Her alternations of hope and despair are mirrored in her letters to Richelieu. "Dear Uncle, the King is better. I know that while his head is weak he will think only of his soul, but when he is a little better I wager he will ask what has become of me." Her next bulletin was in the minor key. "Mon Dieu, what is all this worth? I give you my word that everything is over. It would be crazy to wish to start again. You know how little I was flattered and dazzled by all the glamour." Driving on towards Paris she hid her face when the horses were changed, for she was insulted when she was recognised. A fresh blow was the reported reconciliation of the King and Queen, but her mood varied almost from hour to hour. On reaching Paris she wrote cheerfully to Richelieu: "We shall pull through. He is sure of me and is convinced I love him for himself, and he is quite right. I love him madly, but it is a great thing that he knows it and I hope his illness has not affected his memory. Till now no one but myself has known his heart, and I assure you it is good, very good. I know every fibre of his soul." When news arrived that he was out of danger she indulged in the exquisite satisfaction of planning revenge on her foes.

The King recovered almost as rapidly as he had fallen ill, but his spirits were low as he pondered on what had occurred. The reconciliation with the Queen was only skin deep, and she was wounded by the refusal of her request to accompany him to Strasbourg. The Bishop of Soissons was punished for his austerity by a command not to leave his diocese, and the Duc de Châtillon, Governor of the Dauphin, lost his post. Boredom weighed on him like a heavy pall, and nothing except the society of his mistress could restore sunshine to his heart. On his way home he visited her in Paris and invited her to return to Versailles. She would come incognito, she replied, until her enemies were dismissed, and then resume her proper place. Her shoddy soul was aflame with anger, and the King, though incapable of such volcanic hatreds, shared her resentment against all who had forced him to a public confession of his sins. The Duc de Châtillon, whom he believed to have taught the Dauphin to frown on his amours, was exiled; but though weak and fickle, he was not vindictive, and he resisted her more extreme demands. Her supreme ambition was the eviction of Maurepas, who had carried the main burden of government since the death of the Cardinal, and whose

rapid methods of transacting business during their brief interviews were highly appreciated by the King. Though she failed in her main endeavour, the hated Minister was selected to convey the royal command to her and her sister to resume their functions at Court.

At this joyful hour she was struck down by fever and passed away at the age of twenty-seven. Her sufferings generated the usual rumours. Though she thought that she was the victim of foul play, and Richelieu regarded Maurepas as the villain of the piece, peritonitis rather than poison seems to have been the cause. All Paris rejoiced, declares the Duc de Croy. If we are to believe her biographers the de Goncourt brothers, the King temporarily filled the void with the fourth sister, the Duchesse de Lauraguais. Be that as it may the reign of the Nesle family, which had lasted about twelve years, ended with the death of the Duchesse de Châteauroux. From that moment the main topic at Versailles was the choice of a successor.

G. P. GOOCH.

THE NEW GOETHE HOUSE IN FRANKFURT

BEHIND that brand-new centre ringed by the skyscrapers with which Frankfurt, the business metropolis of post-war Germany, is rising from the ashes of total war, still lies the rubble-heap of the old city. So completely did the blitz level one of the finest mediaeval towns that in the *Alte Hirschgraben* (as *Graben* indicates, once part of the moats protecting the city walls) not a single house remained. When one turns into the *Hirschgraben* today one will invariably find a row of cars and limousines, many of them bearing outlandish number plates, parked with their shining bonnets nuzzling the desolate man-high debris, where the weeds which nine summers have since grown between twisted iron pipes, reeling steel girders and pulverised stone, make weird Dali-esque settings. Only one house has been rebuilt in a street entirely gone, the house where Goethe was born and lived for his first 26 years. It was festively re-opened by President Theodor Heuss and the American High Commissioner read the eulogy to the greatest German of all time, a German whose universal genius belongs to mankind.

In English-speaking countries Goethe has often been described as the German Shakespeare, a simplification which is an understatement. Goethe means immensely more to German culture than the Bard of Avon to English. Goethe was not only the greatest poet and playwright of his people, but a philosopher and a statesman, an artist and a natural scientist. His colour theory, for instance, rivalled Newton's; he was an osteologist and a botanist. He bears proper comparison to only one other "superman," Leonardo da Vinci, who was a scientist and an architect as well as one of the greatest painters. Even so, Goethe's most universal influence far outranges the genius which was Leonardo's. When Goethe died, Carlyle mourned "the greatest man who ever lived." That fine Goethe scholar, Dr. Ernest Beutler, who is now annotating the latest complete edition (a

combined German-Swiss undertaking) has collected a library of 65,000 volumes written in all languages of the world on Goethe, from Emerson to Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Romain Rolland to André Franco-Poncet (now French High Commissioner in Germany). Goethe has intrigued writers and thinkers in every country—and curiously enough, the first Goethe biography ever written was by an Englishman—Lewes. Apart from Cervantes' "Don Quixote" no other writer has created a type that has become a classic of world literature such as Goethe's Dr. Faustus—the prototype of the man who wants to absorb the entire world, only to realise that one cannot live without God. Goethe created the German repertory of classic drama, achieved—with Schiller—for German what Racine and Corneille did for French. His books illuminated and graced every subject that he touched upon and are ageless in their perfection. His was a truly universal mind; as Napoleon said of him with awe after a long talk, "*Voilà un homme.*" As he lived in an era of great conflagrations, of revolutions, dictatorships and occupations (in his own youth the commander of then French-occupied Frankfurt lived in his paternal home), of long wars and insecure peace, the Germany of today finds real consolation in his timeless wisdom, now that history has, once again, repeated itself.

Goethe's great-grandfather was a blacksmith from Thuringia; his grandfather had come to Frankfurt as a tailor, then married a wealthy innkeeper's daughter. His own father, already a gentleman of leisure and of academic distinction, married into an old Hessian family of as much culture as wealth. In this house on the *Hirschgraben* he was born, on August 28th, 1749. His marble bust alone stands in the second-floor back bedroom, where he first saw the light of day. Above it hangs a golden star, and on the wall the only decoration is the framed page of the local paper of that week, of which the last sentence runs: "Baptised this Friday 29th in the Catherine Church, here in Frankfurt, of John Caspar Goethe, Privy Councillor to his Imperial Roman Majesty, a son—Johann Wolfgang." In this house he grew up and lived (barring his university year in Leipzig and Strasbourg), and from here he went to Weimar at the age of 26, the Weimar where he died an octogenarian. A Foundation bought the house in the 1860s, to prevent it from being pulled down. From far and near the scattered heirlooms and all the furniture were gradually brought back (his last surviving grandson had died in 1885). So that within a comparatively short time, guided by Goethe's minute description in his autobiographical works, the house was decorated and furnished exactly as it had been in Goethe's own youth. To it was added a library. Both houses—the shrine of pilgrimage and the centre of research—were, with the entire street, the entire city quarter, pulverised to rubble and dust by the air raid of March 22nd, 1944—which happened to be the anniversary of Goethe's death. What made possible the minute reconstruction of the Goethe House as a building—the contents had been stored safely, and nothing of all that was lost—was that every room, every nook and cranny had been photographed, measured, drawn and sketched. Whatever could still be found among the ruins was salvaged. Thus the greater part of the main door is original, and so are the handles, as are the four lower steps of the main staircase, the pump and sink in the

kitchen. Local craftsmen went to extraordinary trouble to recreate most conscientiously. The glass for the new house was blown in 1948 to the exact prescription for making glass 300 years before, as were the lead and the tiles, even to the old method of fixing them. Patterns of the wallpapers had been preserved and were reprinted from the original blocks, for which the museums were searched.

The phoenix of the 1953 Goethe House, risen from its 1944 ashes, is a miracle of ingenuity and a testimony of devotion. From the sad, vast vistas of utter destruction still surrounding one here on every side, one looks upon the pale pink sandstone of the ground floor, the ochre-coloured upper storeys, and from the geraniums behind the blossomy lattice windows on street level to the neat curve of the scaly slates round the attic windows—all as spick and span as it must have looked in the days of Frau Rath (Mrs. Counsellor)—as Goethe's mother was always called. Along the staircase hang the copper-plates of Rome which his father had brought back from Italy, and which filled with enthusiasm the young son who later wrote that classic, "Italian Journey." The lovely old walnut cupboards, presses and wardrobes, the tables and escritoirs, the spacious chairs—they stand again in rooms recreated in their minutest entirety, even to the ornamental stucco on the ceilings and beams. Before the same ground-floor window stands his mother's needlework table; in the kitchen hang her shopping baskets, the pots and pans and ornate pudding tins. All the rooms have their original sumptuously shaped, gaily decorated faience stoves; the pastels of friends and the oil portraits of ancestors are back on the walls. Above his mother's boudoir desk hang again the picture which the Dowager Duchess of Weimar sent of her son just arrived in Weimar. In the living-room are again to be seen all those paintings of contemporary Frankfurt, painters which it was his father's hobby to collect and which his son would later so humorously describe in "Dichtung und Wahrheit," like those of old Trautmann, "who wallowed in fiery conflagrations." In his own third-floor room with the muslin curtains stands the ink-bespattered writing desk on which he wrote "The Sorrows of Werther" and his first (prose) version of "Faust." The spare rooms now contain Goethe relics, his Strasbourg doctor's dissertation, his own stage settings, the Delacroix drawings of the first Goethe translation in French, the Marlowe "Faust"—a 1663 Newgate edition—which he read as a boy. Other rooms exhibit period colour-prints of the opulent, picturesque Frankfurt of his time, the coronation city of the elected Holy Roman Emperors of German nationality. In barely three years since the opening of the reconstructed Goethe House, nearly half a million people have already visited it. There is nothing that those who remember their shrine from before the war find in any way changed. With one tiny exception: father Goethe had a unique astronomical clock which showed not only the hour of the day, but the date, the position of the sun, moon and stars. At the bottom of this monumental contraption a bear is being led on his chain by his circus trainer. Six hours before the clock needs winding up, the bear will lie down. From lying down ten years long in storage, a mark can still be seen on the circus ground.

KEES VAN HOEK.

A VISIT TO FORMOSA

SINCE arriving in the United Kingdom a few weeks ago from Formosa, I have been amazed at the crooked thinking about conditions there, so prevalent among those who should be better informed. I could never have believed that such ignorance of the facts existed here. The questions that have been put to me have so astonished me that I propose to answer the more important in these pages. Evidently myths pass for truth with so many people who regard themselves as well-informed.

1. Have not the mainlanders who fled to Formosa since 1949 dominated the island and its native-born people? All the facts and figures give their own answer to this myth. However, we must keep in mind that apart from the 100,000 aborigines of Malay origin, the natives of Formosa are Chinese. They are descendants of migrants who crossed over from the mainland at different periods from the time of the Sui dynasty (A.D. 581-618) to the seven large-scale crossings during the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1368-1644). Of the 21 directors of local Government in Formosa, only two are recent arrivals from the mainland. Of the 55 members of the Provincial Government, three are mainlanders, one is aborigine, the remainder are native-born Chinese. When the mainlanders first fled to Formosa there was some animosity on the part of the native-born, but that has completely disappeared as the native-born Chinese now control the local affairs of the province.

2. Is not the old Chiang clique still very active in Formosa? As far as I could discover during the months I spent in Formosa there is no such thing as a clique of any kind. The men in control of national affairs are comparatively young men. There is not one Cabinet Minister over 52 years of age, the majority being well under that figure. I did not hear the slightest whisper of political corruption. I saw a good deal of those Ministers in their offices and homes and found them to be vigorous minds and regarded by the people as conscientious and efficient officials. These men had no connection with the disastrous events on the mainland. They are not weeping over the mistakes there but are working for the future. I made exhaustive enquiries and am of the opinion that Government in Formosa is as clean as in this country or in my own Australia. The men who belonged to the group called the "old Chiang clique" are in America, not Formosa. President Chiang might have sought security abroad but he would not desert his country in its hour of need. I talked with him in Formosa and was profoundly impressed. I talked with farmers and industrial workers who hold him in the highest regard. However, there is no Chiang clique, old or new, in Formosa.

3. Is not Formosa a police state? The answer is very definitely "no." I went to Formosa at my own expense because I was anxious to see the position there. For years I had been convinced that the future security of my own country, Australia, depends, in no small measure, on what happens in China. Ever since I lived on the China mainland, I knew that Australia's front line of defence runs through that country. When I arrived at the Taipei airport, there were the usual customs questions, but I entered Formosa as easily as I came to Britain. During the months I spent there, I travelled from Keelung in the north, through Tainan,

Taichung, to the industrial area of Kaoshiung in the south. I talked with Cabinet Ministers, farmers, industrial workers, and I was not questioned once as to where I was going. There was not the least interference. And everywhere I found the people to be as free as here in Britain. They enjoy political freedom, and from the articles I read in the papers I was convinced that the Press is free. I broadcast twice over short wave and was not asked to present a script. Lawyers in practice assured me that the judiciary is completely divorced from politics. I presume that Formosa, like other countries, has its security service, but I saw nothing of it. I was asked if I had any suggestions to offer as to improvements. These were printed in the daily Press. I do not hesitate to affirm that the people of Formosa are as free as we Britishers.

4. Is not Formosa run by one political party, the Kuomintang? This is another of those prevailing myths that die hard. Actually, there are more political parties there than in either Australia or Britain. Of these there are three major parties. The Kuomintang, which is short for "Chung Kuo Tang" or Chinese National Party, is the strongest of the three. In Formosa it relies for 40 per cent. of its membership on the farmers and industrial workers. Next comes the Democratic Socialist Party, the objective of which, as the name implies, is Socialism. The leader of this party Chiang Yun-tien is a Minister without portfolio. Then comes the Young China Party with 17 members in Parliament. Dr. Tsiang, the permanent representative of Free China at the United Nations, has never been associated with the Kuomintang. The committee charged with speeding up preparations for the regaining of the mainland comprises members of these parties as well as Independents. Vice-President Chen Cheng and Chang Chi-yun are Kuomintang members; Mo Teh-yui and Wang Yun-wu are Independents; Tso Shun-sheng belongs to the Young China Party, while Hsu Fu-lin represents the Democratic Socialists. Local government elections in Formosa, like those in Australia and Britain, are fought, unfortunately, on party lines. At this month's election in Taipei, the capital of Formosa, the Kuomintang-sponsored candidates for the mayoralty was defeated by an Independent. Whilst on this question of local government, it is interesting to note that at the last elections, the percentage of enrolled persons who voted was strikingly high. In Tainan district, 94 per cent. of those entitled to vote did so. In several other districts the figure was in the eighties, whilst the lowest percentage in any district was 74 per cent.

5. Does not America really occupy Formosa? America has given and continues to give considerable aid to Formosa, but only in strategic materials and the training of military personnel. But if occupation implies interference in government or the presence of armed forces, then it is just plain nonsense to talk about America occupying Formosa. In fact, only such persons as have never been there could imagine such a state of affairs. MSA (Mutual Security Agency) and CUSA (Council for United States Aid) are instruments of economic co-operation, while MAAG (Military Assistance Advisory Group) concerns itself with the supply of war equipment and the training of military personnel. America is merely doing the same in Formosa as in some other countries for the purpose of maintaining freedom in the Pacific. I know that Australians

are appreciative of what America is doing, and all this ill-founded criticism of America as "imperialistic" has no support from my country. 6. Is not the living standard in Formosa the lowest in East Asia? I know something of Indonesia, Indo-China, the China mainland, and Japan, and I believe living conditions in Formosa are higher than in any of these. Formosa holds the record for the greatest percentage of farmers owning or in the process of owning their own farms. That is, in proportion to the number on the land. This is the result of the agrarian reform policy inaugurated by Chen Cheng when Governor of Formosa. Although the reform had operated only a few years, at the end of last year 300,000 families had been placed on their own farms, and when the final stage of the plan is completed it is estimated that 250,000 more families will have farms of their own. Minister of Economics, Chang Tze-kai, assured me that this agrarian reform had been the main factor in raising living standards by 30 per cent. This figure may be too high or too low, but during the three months (December, 1953—March, 1954) I was in Formosa, I did not see one beggar anywhere, man, woman or child. Can this be said of any other Asian country? In the farming areas through which I went, talking to the farmers, I saw thousands of brick cottages that had taken the place of the old huts with thatched roofs and every cottage had electric light. I was inside a number of these, and although they did not have the amenities we enjoy, they were, nevertheless, far ahead of anything I have seen elsewhere in Asia. I spent some considerable time among the industrial workers in the Kaoshiung district, and talked with the workers at the chemical plant, the sugar mills, the petroleum and aluminium works and others. Each of these industries has its own doctor and hospital to serve the workers and their families. Homes are provided for married employees and hostels for those who are unmarried. There are rest and recreation rooms with libraries. Playing fields are attached to each plant. The workers are insured against accident, sickness, and their families in the case of the death of the workers. I am recording what I have seen not something I have read about. Can any other country in Asia equal such conditions? I hold no brief for Formosa. Many things could be better, especially in the field of sanitation. I could suggest many improvements. But as Asian countries go it is far ahead of all others in its democratic institutions and its economic security.

W. G. GODDARD.

SYNGE'S LAST PLAY

IN the preface to his poems, Synge mentioned certain poets with admiration, and treated them as if of one brotherhood, because, though in many ways diverse, each was like the others in that he used the whole of his personal life as his material. To this brotherhood he himself belonged, for his writings were always inspired by his personal experience. When he chose the story of Deirdre from the tragic saga of the "Fate of the Sons of Usnach," as the subject for a play, he was seeking to change the mode of his dramatic writing from that of the peasant play, which until then he had used, to one that would interpret a flood of new impressions.

His choice of this story from several that he pondered over was not hasty, but was made after long reflection had begun to breathe into its characters the breath of imagined life. It was through the medium of symbols that he used his personal life as his material. Through them he freed his artistic work from the thralldom of theories that are usually spun round actual occurrences, and gave it correspondence with the rhythm of his emotions. His plays are dramatizations of his experience in terms so fantastically different from those of his actual life that his plots have nowhere identity with real events. He was too reserved to have engaged in candid autobiography, even if his career had been outwardly eventful enough to have yielded the material of narrative, but behind the screen of symbols he was free to interpret with passionate force the inward experiences of an outwardly quiet and ascetic life. When he began to write "Deirdre of the Sorrows," a phase of his experience that had inspired his dramatic work from its beginning had reached final fruition in "The Playboy of the Western World."

His early life had been deeply affected by a struggle to free his mind from the restrictions of a kindly, but narrow, evangelical upbringing. This struggle had been made emotionally devastating in his boyhood by his devotion to his mother, who was his religious teacher, and, later, by his devotion to the image in his mind of a girl with whom he had no great intimacy, but who, nevertheless, symbolised the ideal woman of his youth. She, a member of the "Plymouth Brethren", had decided that she could not accept a man lacking, as he was, in conventional religious opinions, and had married one who shared her beliefs. Having, in his search for truth, lost the consolation of his mother's faith and the hand of the girl of his imaginings, he became empowered to dramatise devastating loss in "Riders to the Sea", the strain of choice between conventional husband and wandering nature-lover in "The Shadow of the Glen", the contrast between life on the road and conventional society in "The Tinker's Wedding", the shattering of delusion in "The Well of the Saints", and the emancipation of the mind in "The Playboy of the Western World."

The successful completion of "The Playboy of the Western World" cost Synge an indescribable effort, for, as he wrote, the life that had inspired the play was changing, and a new synthesis of experience was taking possession of his mind. He had been at work on it for some time when, in the spring of 1906, he fell in love, not with another imagining, but with a girl he knew well in the National Theatre Society's Company, Molly Allgood, who soon began to interpret his work on the stage with remarkable intuition. His devotion to her brought him new inspiration and power, her love and the qualities that he appreciated in her helped him in the creation of "Pegeen Mike", phrases that she used in conversation added zest to his dialogue, but she was changing the picture of life that he was dramatizing.

In the summer, when he was away along in Kerry, he began to develop the idea of writing a play that would interpret the loveliness of the country and would contain a beautiful part for her. He lent her, in the autumn, "Cuchulain of Muirthemne: The Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster Arranged and Put Into English by Lady Gregory", and drew her

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attention specially to the story in it of "The Fate of the Sons of Usnach", another translation of which he had included among his notes more than five years earlier, perhaps, even then, intending it for dramatic use. Although the events of his life had not, in the meantime, inspired him to use it for a play, he seems to have dwelt on it in his imagination, for in an article on old Irish literature published in *L'Europeen* on the 15th March, 1902, he had written—"Plusieurs récits qui y appartiennent, tel que le SORT DES FILS d'UISNEACH, sont tous imprégnés de cette poésie particulièrement celtique qui réunit d'une façon inattendue une tendresse timide, un héroïsme rude et mâle et un amour infini pour les beautés de la nature." The richness of the story in these qualities rendered it suitable for a play of the kind that he had in mind. When he finally chose it for dramatization, his choice was made not in contemplation of death, but when he was planning marriage. It was only as the play progressed that it seemed to acquire a peculiar tragedy from its unforeseen relation to actual events, marching with such swiftness that he was parted by death from his betrothed before the play was complete. At the beginning of the winter of 1906 he contracted a bad attack of influenza, and, when he was convalescent, went to stay with his cousin, Edward Synge, at Byfleet. From there he wrote to Molly Allgood—"My next play must be quite different from the *Playboy*. I want to do something quiet and stately and restrained, and I want you to act in it." His final choice of its plot was postponed by his work for the first performance of "The *Playboy of the Western World*," and by a new attack of influenza aggravated by his attending at the theatre on cold January evenings, when each performance of his play was greeted with uproar. For five weeks he remained confined to his room and for months was convalescent.

More than nine years before, he had undergone a slight operation for the removal of a glandular swelling from the back of his neck. The operation had seemed completely successful, but gradually a similar swelling had developed in the same position. His doctor thought that its removal would not be advisable until his strength had returned, though the presence of the swelling was delaying his recovery. Not until the summer vacation season was he able to take long walks and bicycle rides, and to devote his imagination fully to his new play. He had considered weaving it round some episode in history, but had returned to the story of Deirdre, because, with it, he could work unrestricted by thoughts of historical accuracy. It was just when his plans for dramatizing new events in his personal life were becoming definite that experience brought him unexpected inspiration. Molly Allgood arranged to stay with her sister, Sara, at Mrs. Dunne's cottage, where the Dublin and Wicklow hills join, at the head of Glen Cree. He consulted his mother as to whether he could, with propriety, lodge in the same cottage, and, on her advice, went to stay at another, about half a mile from it, beside Lough Bray, a small mountain lake held by a natural embankment in a cleft of a heather covered hill. From the 2nd to the 11th July, 1907, he met Molly Allgood every day. He walked with her by the stream that poured down among boulders from the lake, showed her insects, flowers and birds, sat with her in the evenings listening to the nigh-jar and the sound of streams,

beside the white line of road that ran unfenced through the heather. Then she returned to town, and he felt desolate in the places that her company had filled with light. On Tuesday, the 23rd July, Mrs. Dunne's jennet and trap met Molly Allgood at the Rathfarnham tram terminus and brought her back across the hill. Again they spent days of delight together until, on the 4th August, they left Glen Cree, she to return to live with her family in the city, and he to loneliness in his mother's house left in charge of a caretaker for the holiday season. Later in August, when she was on tour in Cork, he wrote to her—"It is a great thing that we had those quiet evenings and days in Glen Cree, they will be with us all the winter, the little stream, and the crying birds and the wonderful stillness in the evenings."

Molly Allgood's stay in Glen Cree had provided him with the best opportunity that he ever knew for fulfilling a longing he had to unite, as if in one emotion, his love for places of inspiration and his love for a woman. The days he spent there with her, more than any others, inspired the dramatization of Naisi in the woods with Deirdre. About fifteen years older than Molly Allgood he could, in imagination, see different phases of himself in relation to her with such clarity that he was able to interpret one in the youthful lover, Naisi, another in the elderly and exacting king, Conchubor, and yet another in the critical spy, Owen, losing his reason as he watches fate working towards its nemesis. Each of his characters drew life from his experience of individuals though none of them represents a real person. In this way Lavarcham was inspired by his appreciation of his mother and Ainnle and Ardan by his devotion to his brothers. At the time of his return home from Lough Bray, he had decided to use the story of Deirdre for his play, but his plans for work so miscarried that he had no opportunity for regular writing until late in the autumn. He had planned to take a short holiday in Brittany with his friend, Henry Lebeau, and, strengthened by it, to have had the swelled glands removed from his neck, before taking up work for the winter, but, in the middle of August, he caught such a bad cold that it prevented him from going to Brittany. Greatly disappointed he decided that he must take, as quickly as possible, any steps that might improve his health. On the 14th September, he underwent an operation, which seemed as slight as the first, and was home on the 27th September, in good spirits. He set out, on the 12th October, for a short stay in Kerry, but an attack of asthma drove him home. Back in town, he soon recovered, but it was not until the 22nd October that he wrote to Molly Allgood—"I got a 'Deirdre' fit yesterday, and I wrote 10 pages of it in great spirits and joy, but alas, I know that is only the go off. There'll be great anguish still before I get her done, if I ever do."

As he considered modern spoken prose unsuited for putting in the mouths of characters from the sagas, he had found a difficulty in deciding on the best form of language for his play. He thought that if legend were to be used in modern literature, and particularly in dramatic literature, it should be in verse, and had, some time before, attempted and abandoned the writing of a play in that medium. In choosing a language for "Deirdre of the Sorrows", he made a compromise and wrote in a rhythmical prose drawn from the dialectal speech of Irish country people.

His earlier plays had so much of the beauty of poetry in their images and language that Miss Agnes Tobin, the American poetess, had written asking him to turn his attention from drama to verse. Though her belief that poetry would prove to be his best medium did not deflect him from his dramatic writing, it did encourage him to develop its poetic quality. His health in the winter was not very good, but he worked consistently, and, on the 1st December, wrote to Molly Allgood—"I have finished the (G), that is, the 7th division or rewriting of the 3rd Act yesterday. It goes now all through—the 3rd Act I mean—but it wants a good deal of strengthening—of making personal—still, before it will satisfy me." Acts 1 and 2 must have been then roughly drafted, and the play, as a whole, clear in his mind. If he had been free to continue writing consistently, he would, probably, have completed it in the next six months, but his work was first retarded by onerous duties at the Abbey Theatre, and then suspended by his illness.

William Fay, who had organised, from its beginning, the Company that was then making the Abbey Theatre famous, sought to exercise over it more control than its members or the Directors would accept, and, rather than abate his claim to authority, left the Abbey Theatre with his brother Frank, on the 13th January, 1908. Some thought that his leaving would wreck the Company, but the Directors, Lady Gregory, Yeats and Synge, gradually reorganised it with success. By devoting themselves to the management of the theatre they averted an interruption of the dramatic movement, but to do so they lost precious time that they might have devoted to their literary work. In the hope of establishing a home with Molly Allgood as his wife, Synge took and furnished rooms at No. 47, York Road, Rathmines. He moved there from Glendalough House, Glenageary, on the 3rd February, 1908. Until then, though he had made long stays in Germany and France, his mother's house had been his permanent home. He had not been long settled in his rooms when he began to be troubled by violent internal pains. The glandular disorder that had caused the swelling in his neck had begun to manifest itself in a new position. On the 5th May, he underwent an operation, which relieved him from much pain, but did not eradicate the disease. For a week he hung between life and death, and then his condition began to improve. His doctors did not tell him that his case was hopeless. He struggled for recovery with the avowed belief that he would be restored to his full health, but with an intuitive knowledge that denied his conscious thoughts.

It was not until the 6th July that he was able to leave hospital to stay with his sister in Glenageary, and sit, as an invalid, in her garden where, in the summer of 1906, he had rested between spells of work on "The Playboy of the Western World." His rooms in Rathmines had been surrendered, and his furniture carried back to his mother's house. He had not the power to immerse his mind in his writing. As he sat looking each day at the apple trees, he remained overshadowed by melancholy. His mother, who had gone to the country in July intending to stay until September, became so ill that she had to return, on the 10th August. In broken health he rejoined her at the house from which, a few months before, he had set out in the hope of establishing a home of his own.

For a little while tragic fate was held in check. At the end of September, both his mother and he seemed to be improving in health, and thought the time had come for him to have a complete change of scene. On the 6th October, he set out for Oberwerth, the island in the Rhine near Coblenz where he stayed when he first went to the continent in 1893. His friends there were as kind as if he had been a member of their family, but his hopes had been raised by a lull only in his tragedy. He recovered strength very slowly and had been no more than eighteen days in Oberwerth when he was overwhelmed by the news that his mother had unexpectedly died. On the 7th November, he returned to live in the house left desolate by her death, and to struggle on with the writing of "Deirdre of the Sorrows." He had regained some of his muscular strength, but his health was failing. Often between the time of his homecoming and the 2nd February, when he went into hospital to be under observation, he nearly abandoned his work. It was during this time that Molly Allgood used to act fragments of his play in his room to give him courage by enabling him to feel its power. He took his typed script with him to hospital in the hope that there he might still be able to carry on his work. The doctors decided that they could not advise any further operation. His strength ebbed away. About the 15th March he handed the typescripts of "Deirdre of the Sorrows" and his Wicklow and West Kerry articles to his brother, Robert, for safe keeping, saying that he could do no more. On the 24th March, he died leaving "Deirdre of the Sorrows" unfinished.

EDWARD M. STEPHENS.

THE SOVIET COLLECTIVE FARM

"... whereas in industry we have public ownership of the means of production, and of the products of industry, in agriculture we have not public, but group, collective, farm ownership . . . It therefore cannot be denied that the disappearance of this essential distinction between agriculture and industry must be a matter of paramount importance for us."—Stalin: "Economic Problems of Socialism in the USSR"—Sept. 1952).

Malenkov: "Report to the 19th Party Congress"—Oct., 1952
"It is necessary to raise collective farm property to the level of public property . . ."

These rather intriguing announcements do not appear to have received, outside of the USSR and its satellites, the attention they surely deserve. Nor indeed is it easy to find out what practical measures have so far (Mar., 1954) been taken in the USSR itself to achieve this further step towards the totalitarian outlook demanded by Socialist ideology. That the mentality produced by the Collective Farm does not square with that ideology was sharply impressed upon the mind of the present writer, when, before the late war, he visited such a farm situated on the high banks of the Don. It was on the site of a former Cossack settlement, and had at the time of the visit a population of some 7,000, over 80 per cent. of it being, however, factory workers, chiefly at Rostov-on-Don, some 3 miles away and taking no part in the farm work, except for a little spare

time attention to small private plots, when they had them. The actual cultivated area covered 2,300 hectares (c.5,650 ac.) with 300 farm labourers belonging to 205 families. The group was supposed to hold its land in perpetuity, subject to certain deliveries to the State, as described below; and its spokesman was very insistent on that. "Oh, yes, the land belongs to us," with decided emphasis. Obviously decided deviation from the true Marxist outlook. And they did appear at that time to possess a wide measure of autonomy in management on co-operative, profit-making lines under the direction of an elected Chairman and committee of three. The farm labourers were organised in brigades—vegetables, grain, fruit, vineyards, livestock, each under a brigade-leader whom they chose for themselves.

As assistant to the managing committee and its chairman, there was a very important official, the Bookkeeper, who was responsible for the figures for calculating the "profits" (that reprehensible word!), and the records of work done by each member whereon the distribution of those same profits was based. Our Bookkeeper was an obviously capable man, frank and forthcoming, and even expansive about the facts and figures asked for, and recorded here from notes taken at the time. The whole product of the farm, apart from that accruing from the private plots allotted to each family of farm-workers, was thrown into a pool. From this was taken the State share, and certain quantities whose value was accredited to expenses and reserves. The rest was distributed on a piece-work system, based on what was called the "labour-day". This latter is really a task or "norm", established by the Committee for each section. A typical example was the milking of 100 litres (say, 10 cows). If a worker does more than the "norm", he or she is credited by the Bookkeeper with the due proportion of an additional labour day. A fixed share of vegetables, grain, milk, etc., is allotted to each worker, for each labour day, to be used by the family. Any surplus can be added to the surplus from the private plots and sold on the market for that family's private gain. In addition the worker is entitled to a money wage accruing from the proceeds of the general surplus available for sale on the market after the State share etc., has been deducted.

The amount taken by the State is in proportion to the productivity of the soil, so that the principle of "rent" is to some extent recognised. Thus in the particular case of the Don farm, the productivity was reckoned at 1800 kg. of grain per hectare. Of this the State took 160 kg. (whatever the actual production was). But this share was not directly *given*. That would have savoured too much of the old ways, so the transaction was slightly disguised. The 160 kgs. had to be sold to the State at the State price. This was given for the current year as 11 rbls. per 100 kgs. The current market price was 60 rbls, so that, in effect, there was a State tax of some 50 rbls on about 11 per cent. of the grain produced. This gives the tax reckoned in terms of the whole grain production as 4.35 rbls per 100 kgs., or about 7.2 per cent. on the market price. A similar method is employed for the other products. Probably few of the farmers realise that they were paying this tax, which, indeed, cannot be called excessive. There remains, in fact, on most farms a substantial surplus for private sale. The "cheap" corn, and other products thus bought by the State,

go to supply the factory restaurants, State shops, hospitals, sanatoria, the forces and so on. The surplus products, after deduction of the State shares, and the individual allocations are sold for cash, and the cash proceeds form the money income of the farm. This was subjected to a State income-tax of 3 per cent. Payments out of it had also to be made for the hire of State tractors and combines, the rate being calculated at 11 per cent. of the quantity actually harvested by them. Some farms in time acquire their own tractors. After these and other deductions for expenses and improvements, the balance was divided as "profit" according to each worker's record of "labour-days" for the year.

The Chairman's "labour-day" was reckoned as worth double that of the ordinary worker's for the purposes of this distribution, and the sub-Chairman's at 1½. There was apparently no material reward for brigade-leaders. The Bookkeeper got a salary of 350 rbls. a month. The actual distribution for the whole collective had worked out the previous year at 3 rbls. 25 kopecks per labour-day. This was a comparatively modest amount even then. The Soviet Press would often publish glowing accounts of "millionaire" farms.

Welfare was provided for in the form of the usual children's crèches in which factory workers shared, health centre, etc. Schools were attended by the children of both factory and farm workers. The latter could have their meals in the communal restaurant (a plain wooden shed), the charges for them being set against the eventual shares.

The private plots obviously had to play a very important part in the general set-up. They consisted of gardens of from 2 to 3 acres where fruit, flowers, vegetables, were grown. There were also usually a "personal" cow, a sheep, 2 pigs, with fowls and rabbits *ad lib*.

The typical family house had 3 rooms, with sometimes a bed in the "living-room". It was built of wood, and one that we visited was clean and attractive, with photographs and the kind of ornaments one sees in most rural cottages, and pots of ferns, palms, and flowers. It was evidently a source of pride to the house-wife. In this settlement there was even electric light; while in contrast to this ultra-modern element there was still the little "ikon" in its traditional corner. The housewife, however, stoutly declared that she was an "unbeliever" or, rather, New Believer (i.e. in Marxism) as some preferred to put it. She said very firmly that she didn't go to church.

There had been two churches in the place. One, with a broken tower, was used as a grain store. But the other was still functioning. We asked to look into it. There was some demur from our guide and the brigade-leader who was accompanying us. The latter suggested that it would be much better to see some more "personal" pigs or cows, the fruit orchards and vineyards. Well, we did do that too, and tasted some of the fruit, and delicious grapes with the sun's warmth still in them. But we stuck to our point about the church, and eventually the guide summoned the "Pop" from the miserable shack which provided his dwelling. He was a very fine looking man, of obviously Slav peasant stock, with long beard and wearing the traditional gown. There was a proud air about him, that somehow made the smirks and sneers of the "New Believers" seem merely silly. The church, with its Madonna "ikons" painted in Byzantine

style, was well kept, and obviously used, though the Brigade-leader, who went in with us, was chiefly concerned all the time to display his contempt for "the out-worn superstitions". It would seem that it was mostly the older generation who frequented the place. Not many young ones, though there was a lad who appeared to be a kind of acolyte—lighting the candles, dusting the altar, and so on. Anyhow one did finally come away from the whole place with the impression that the Collective, as Stalin was subsequently to indicate in the article already referred to, doesn't fit too comfortably into the Marxist scheme. It is a co-operative, and the main incentive to its efficient functioning is the personal profit of each individual member whose "personal" plot also serves to give a sense of ownership and independence. The State farms, comparatively few in number, are, of course, organised on State factory lines, and up to now have functioned for the purposes of research, the display of new and model methods of cultivation and stock-breeding, the training of "agronomists", and so forth.

It was on the 22nd November, 1941, that the Germans entered Rostov-on-Don, but only 6 days later came the thrilling report that the Russians had re-occupied it. It was the first big check to the Germans on the southern front, and though only a temporary one, it gave a heartening fillip to all the then Allies. It fell again to the Germans the following July, 1942, and they probably didn't leave much of that Cossack Collective, and its church. Still, the fields must be there, and the cottages have doubtless been rebuilt, with new vineyards, fruit-trees, personal pigs and all. What of the spirit informing the place and others like it? Are these farms really going "to be raised to the level of public property"? The Agricultural Tax Decrees of the 8th August, 1953 include a particular concession for individual farmers—a rebate of 50 per cent. in 1953, and 30 per cent. in 1954 for those acquiring "personal" cows. (There had admittedly been a marked falling-off in the number of these, with bad consequences for the milk supply.) There were also special exemptions for older people. But most of the concessions concerned the collectives as a whole, or households whose members worked in factories, mines, or were serving in the forces. An intriguing feature is exemptions for the rural "intelligentsia"—doctors, teachers, agronomists, technicians—and there has been a significant increase in the numbers of the last two categories for the legitimate aim of increased efficiency. But they are all appointed from Moscow, derive their authority from there, and not, like the Chairman and Managing Committee as hitherto, from the members of the Collective.

The Directive of the 7th September, 1953, issued contemporaneously with the appointment of Krushchev as Minister of Agriculture, contained an ominously long list of the shortcomings of Collectives, though it also had a good deal to say about mismanagement and waste on the State farms. It also, strangely enough from the point of view of idealistic Socialism, complained that material interests were insufficiently stimulated. After all, Marxian Socialism is professedly materialistic. Accordingly the Directive made a number of materialistic concessions: increased bonuses; cancellation of arrears of State deliveries; and so on; while at the same time announcing intensified mechanization, and improved

methods, to bring about, under the direction of those same skilled agronomists and technicians, a great increase of production in all sections. Stress was also laid on the building of schools, and improved premises for the communal services and cultural activities. It is never easy to see what are the true motives behind any Soviet "directive", whether it deals with internal or external affairs. But on the surface there is a manifest contradiction. Stalin's criticism of the Collective was based on the plea that it encouraged the individualistic profit-seeking motive, whereas the true Socialist should be concerned primarily for the benefits accruing to the community. The sense of ownership must not be "individual" or even "group" but "public", and the "level" of the Collective raised accordingly, as Malenkov put it. But the September, 1953 "Directive", as noted, lays stress on the need for material incentives, to encourage more privately owned cows, and larger shares of what can only be described as "profits" and individual ones at that. Anyhow there can be no doubt that if the Collectives do, in effect, become State farms under the direction of agronomists and technicians appointed from Moscow, or even by the regional governments with Moscow approval, the process of totalitarianism will indeed have been completed. The last remnants of democracy, which did find some expression in the Collectives, will have disappeared.

A. S. ELWELL-SUTTON.

INDIA'S GREATEST PROBLEM

THERE are two main contesting forces recognisable in Indian domestic politics: Birth-Control versus Communism. It is a singular exploit of Communist propaganda that, though in possession of half the earth, Communism still remains the revolutionary movement of the "have-nots" against the "haves" in the eyes of the discontented. In India today, Communism is not so much the creed of the masses, than rather of the maladjusted intelligentsia who seek to ride into power on the tide of the masses. Although their influence on the bulk of the Indian population has so far been limited, the Communists look at the masses as their natural allies and they oppose birth-control that threatens to reduce their power potential. Thus, while the Communists, with only about 10 per cent. of the masses behind them, want to see the ranks of the masses increased, the Congress leaders who for the moment are supported by the vast majority of the masses want to halt their natural growth. It is no exaggeration to say that birth-control is the same central issue for the official circles in India today as anti-Communism for those in America. And, as we shall see, it springs from more or less the same source.

Why do the Indian ruling classes and the Government, on all other issues so sensitive about American interference, gratefully accept the American aid and advice provided by Dr. Stone and others towards the decimation of their future generations?

Facts and fears, poverty and the scarcity of food is usually regarded as the reason, and if you ask one of the enthusiastic "family-planners", that is the answer you get. But is this the whole story, indeed? Poverty

is there, of course, so is squalor, disease and undernourishment. Yet, though the Five Year Plan is only about half-way through, its beneficial effects can already be felt. More food is grown on the increased acreage provided by the reclaimed lands, and the people—including the poor, even the beggars—look better fed now. When some of the “bakshish boys” try to point out on their bodies the signs of undernourishment in order to move the heart of the charitable “saheeb”, they just fail to be convincing. Like in the other free countries, the economic problem in India is gradually shifting from production to distribution. It is one thing that enables the hand to produce the food and quite another that conveys that very food to the mouth. This idea was expressed by one of the cartoonists, showing a man making liberal purchases of food and suggesting to the shop assistant to send the bill to Mr. Kidwai, the Minister of Food, who had recommended to the people “to eat as much as they can”. Was not the snag in distribution always responsible for the recurrent crises in the capitalist society and does its ghastly shadow not hang over the Western world again? While there are in America, too, who, for various reasons, believe in birth-control, few of them would consider family planning the immediate answer to the rise in unemployment figures. In India, however, most respectable people are convinced that birth-control can solve all the difficulties ensuing from the failure of distributing the food and clothing which the country has managed to produce.

If merely compassionate reasons accounted for the near hysteria of the Indian upper classes in connection with the growing population*, their reaction would be quite a different one. In that case, there would certainly be voices raised for a “lebensraum”; as it is, we could hear just one lone voice in the House of the People asking the Government to facilitate emigration. Moreover, if the Indian ruling strata that rose to the top of the society after the British left, would indeed feel such a deep concern over the economic plight of the masses, they would in a hurry level down their luxurious standard of life, would pay up their taxes and use all their still remaining huge surpluses to help the needy right now.** Birth control, after all, cannot show any far-reaching result before twenty or thirty years. The motive of the birth-controllers is not purely humanitarian, nor even exclusively economic. There is a wide gulf between the “dark-faced Westerners” who rule, and the rank and file of the people who are ruled. The westernised intellectuals, for all their lip-service and in many cases even their genuine concern for the welfare of the masses, are scarcely less, sometimes perhaps more, removed from the bulk of the Indian people than the British civil servants used to be. Consciously or subconsciously India’s present masters fear that the continued numerical increase and the subsequent political and social pressure of their less educated countrymen, particularly of those in the villages, would sooner or later burst the thin Western glaze spread over the surface of the peninsula; that thin Western glaze within which the present high-ups—politicians, administrators, businessmen and entertainers—conduct their

* The growth is about 1% per annum; the figure for South America is about the double of that.

** Two thirds of India’s floating capital is owned by 300 families.

secluded lives of comfort and splendour. They have taken over from the departing British Raj the small European enclaves within the principal Indian cities and now they are jealously guarding them, lest a revived genuine Asia should attempt to inundate those. Now they wage the most subtle, yet most candid class war in history: we witness an élite openly admitting their intention of keeping the masses down numerically!

Here the élite are up against another master stroke of Communist propaganda. While the Communists in various countries already regulate the lives of millions of Asians according to a pattern based on the theory of a thoroughly westernised German Jew, and—as a Communist Chinese film had documented so proudly—they replace the traditional Asian garments with a coat reminiscent of the old Prussian uniform—they still manage to pose as the true representatives of the genuine Asia. In India, the Communists are certainly more efficient in capturing the nationalist appeal, than the Hindu Mahasabha. Whatever their long-term purpose, at present the Communists are busy rallying support for a final assault against the remnants of the West in the East. Today the Communists and their fellow-travellers are spearheading the attacks against the European enclaves outside the political frontiers of India. Yet everybody familiar with the Red tactics knows that their hostility is not confined to the European enclaves in Goa and Pondichery; it equally extends to the extant European enclaves in Bombay, Madras and Calcutta. Nor is their ire confined to white-faced Europeans. . . . The Communists hold out to their adherents—as a glorious contrast to the present rulers’ continued dependence on the West—the vision of a powerful Asian alliance around the Russia-China-India triangle, in the possession of immense natural resources and an abundant manpower reservoir which the Communists—contrary to some of their opponents—do not want to reduce but fully utilise.

Why would India’s position be more favourable and dignified in a triple-alliance with Russia and China, than in one with, say, the United States and Great Britain, that is something the Communists do not stoop to explain—and what their well-seasoned supporters do not stoop to ask. But the Democrats, unlike the Communists, do ask questions, and they may ask, why the Indian friends of the Western way of life cannot conceive a more inspiring solution to the problem of the “teeming millions”, than the utterly negative one promised by birth control? After all, it is hardly a sign of a high morale, if a community is frightened by its own greatness. And is not birth control, as the answer to a deficient economy, reminiscent of a man who, having not a big enough cloth for a whole suit, cuts off one of his limbs? Why try to contract society—why not to expand economy? There would certainly be a further scope for Indian economic expansion. More food could be produced to reduce the volume of imports which are still necessary. And the steel industry could do with more furnaces; for the time being, it is a disheartening fact that India exports both coal and iron ore, yet her heavy industry is bottlenecked by the scarcity of steel.

Western aid is certainly beneficent to the Indians, but it may not be as unconditional as it is supposed to be. There are, of course, no official strings attached, yet politico-economics are governed by certain unwritten

laws and directed by certain invisible hands. It would be impossible to follow all the movements behind the scene, but we may draw certain conclusions after observing the visible stage. Yes, India does receive Western aid, Chintamon Deshmukh has included into his budget 36 million pound sterling for the coming fiscal year. But, on the other hand—as Charles Bettelheim of Sorbonne pointed out in the Bombay “Economic Weekly”, Western investors still pocket 17 per cent. interest on the money invested in underdeveloped countries, and Western individuals still draw high salaries in Asian employ.* Does the West give with the one hand only in order to take it back with the other? That seems to be the case up to a point. The Western public purse issues the cash, and the Western private purse recoups it. Past colonialism was after supplies; the new “colonialism” is after markets. It is certainly the most subtle, and perhaps the most humanitarian way of colonialism: the Western taxpayer subsidises the Western producer through the medium of the Eastern consumer.

Nevertheless, as long as India has to play the game by obediently returning the ball thrown over to her from the West, she cannot even begin to grow to economic maturity. A completely independent India that could afford to trade on equal terms with the Western world would no longer offer such an attractive hunting ground for the foreign investor. No doubt, the Western taxpayer would like to see India attaining her economic independence by being enabled to pay her way. Yet can we discount the influence of the “17 per cent. investors” in the lobby? Under the existing circumstances Western aid may treat various symptoms, but it is unlikely to tackle the core of India’s economic debility. And until India reaches a full politico-economic self-determination she cannot absorb all her manpower into the production-consumption cycle, even less can she demand an additional “lebensraum”. And while India—owing to the absence of a radical cure—remains dependent on a symptomatic treatment administered by Western medicine, her leaders could not very well disregard the pressure exerted by Westerners—worried by the prospects of a coming “brown imperialism”—for the propagation of birth-control—even if they wanted to. Although some wishful thinkers assert the contrary, it is generally recognised that the extensive propaganda for family planning had only a very limited effect in the villages where 90 per cent. of all Indians live. Yet the mere fact that birth control is always a topic, its psychological as distinct from practical effect is considerable. By its permanent accent on something that is fundamentally negative, it saturates the national atmosphere with a lingering smoke of defeatism; a defeatism that cannot be dispelled even by some of the truly remarkable achievements in recent years. The publicity given to birth control suggests that life is not a value supreme. And—as the unpronounced trend of thought continues—if life is not supreme, what is really the good in promoting it by community development projects, irrigation and industries. . . . Consequently people cannot take the pride that would be their due in the work they have accomplished. Moreover, a frame of mind that could produce the suggestion—and in print—that people with many

* A certain American engineer, in charge of a development project, e.g. receives 12,000 Rupees per month, half of the amount in transferable dollars, a free air-conditioned house and free domestic service, at a time when Indian University professors are happy to get 300 Rupees per month!

children should be subject to punitive taxation, is not conducive to brotherly love and national solidarity, but to the spirit of the homo homine lupus. Thus, while birth control propaganda fails to check the increase of population, it may easily check the increase of production, prevent economic expansion and the national renaissance that has just recently been urged by a member of the Government; in the long run, it may foster the Communist menace it means to combat.

GEORGE A. FLORIS.

SOUTH AFRICA’S “GARDEN OF EDEN”

ONLY two-hundred and eighty miles from the hustle and bustle that is Johannesburg there is situated the greatest reserve of animal, bird and reptile life in the world today. This sanctuary, playground of most of the species of animals still to be found in Africa, is known as the Kruger National Park, or South Africa’s “Garden of Eden.” The length of the park is approximately 200 miles, its width being roughly forty miles, giving an area of more or less 8,000 square miles comparable with that of Belgium or Wales. It was as early as 1884 that the president of the short-lived Boer republic, Paul Kruger, first considered the question of a game reserve, and fourteen years later the tangle of thorn trees, traversed by trading safaries, hunters and adventurers was set aside as a game sanctuary. Further development of this territory was delayed by the intervention of the South African or Boer war till the year 1904, when the park, much smaller in area than it is today, was allotted its first warden. This was known as the Sabi Game Reserve and together with the Shingwedzi Reserve to the north was ultimately combined to form the great Kruger National Park, as it is now known. To give many almost exterminated animals the best chance to reproduce themselves and multiply, the gates of the reserve were not opened to the general public till 1927, when in the first open season three cars were recorded as entering the vast territory. By 1950, 16,000 vehicles entered the Kruger National Park, or as it is more popularly known amongst South Africans “the Game Reserve”. At present there are many more intending visitors than can reasonably be accommodated by the reserve authorities in the fifteen rest camps, strategically situated throughout the area.

Almost all of these well-organised rest camps bear unusual native names, such as for example Satara, Shingwedzi, Skukuza, Letaba and Malopene. The sum total of these camps can at present accommodate 1,500 visitors per night but serious thought has been given to increasing accommodation to one thousand more, as the number of visitors continues to increase over the years. The open season for the whole of the park is during the South African winter, namely from the end of May to about the middle of October. The northern area is closed for the six-month

summer period as the roads are by no means all-weather and also because there is still the danger of malaria. Though the park itself has been declared malaria free, there are still malaria-type mosquitoes in certain areas which could possibly bite human carriers of the disease and so pass it on to other visitors. The heat of the summer months too is unbearable for many local and overseas visitors alike and temperatures as high as 115°F in the shade have, on occasions, been recorded. Principal rivers of the park are the Crocodile, Sabi, Olifants, Letaba and Pafuri. In the north, the better known Limpopo forms the boundary with Southern Rhodesia. Both the Letaba and the Olifants River come down in flood every summer and constitute yet another reason for not allowing tourists to enter the northern area. As there are very few good bridges, cars more often than not are forced to drive through the shallow rivers to get to the other side. In summer this would be quite impossible and motorists may well be stranded for weeks on end during the rainy season.

Because of its immense size the park has never been fenced off, yet few animals will stray from its indisputable safety onto adjoining farms where they may be shot at by farmers, hunters and poachers alike. Firearms may not be brought into the Kruger National Park and visitors in possession of rifles or revolvers declare these weapons at the entrance, where they are sealed, then returned to the owner. Fishing is not permitted and for that matter no one may leave his car except within the precincts of one of the fenced-off rest camps. Should one be so unfortunate as to have engine trouble or a puncture, any passing fellow motorist will send a camp repair van at the shortest possible notice to the scene of the mishap. Camp gates are locked nightly shortly after sun-down and anyone not in camp once the gates are closed is liable to a substantial fine. Admission is extremely reasonable, being 10s. per person on entering the park, then a further five shillings for one night's accommodation in spotlessly clean and well-kept huts. Each camp is in charge of a European supervisor and there are camps boasting modern grass-roofed bungalows complete with kitchen and bedrooms as well as a bathroom. Electric lights are available at the larger camps as are restaurants, garages and general stores. The best months for viewing game are August, September and October, the animals becoming more concentrated as the dry season advances. Animals, birds and reptiles of innumerable varieties may be observed while driving along the good sandroads which criss-cross this large territory, dotted with thorn forest, deciduous trees and sub-tropical evergreen vegetation. Amongst the mammals alone anything may be encountered at any time from the small dassie or rock rabbit to the largest of all living land mammals, namely the African elephant, while slowly driving along the 1,000 miles of road which have been provided for the benefit of tourists.

Unlike his more docile Indian cousin, the African elephant is unpredictable and visitors are well advised to bring their vehicles to an abrupt halt while keeping their engine running should one of these huge pachyderms chance to cross the road ahead. It has been known to happen that an occasional objectionable type of visitor will shoot at these huge creatures with a catapult at fairly close quarters, from open car windows. Little do they realise that once charged by an infuriated African elephant,

their chances of survival are absolutely nil. On one occasion a man was observed getting out of his car to pelt an elephant with spoilt or unwanted oranges. Despite their massive bulk, elephants are capable of moving with surprising speed and are quite able to overturn even a large car, trampling it down into a tangle of unrecognisable wreckage about two foot high. Particular care should be exercised where cows and their young are concerned. Bulls on their own are usually far more docile, but here again, one never knows! Elephants have multiplied rapidly in the past two years and have on occasions become a problem to the authorities, particularly when specimens have broken down camp fences at night to feed on young tree shoots just outside visitor's huts. It is surprising indeed, as a matter of interest, how many people are unable to differentiate between the African elephant and his cousin from India. The former is larger in stature, his ears are larger, in many instances covering his shoulders, his forehead is convex, whereas that of the latter has two bulges with a marked concavity between the eyes. Elephants had virtually disappeared from that part of the north-eastern Transvaal in which the Kruger Park is situated but many newcomers have entered from Portuguese East Africa, which territory forms the entire Eastern border of the Game Reserve.

Called by the Zulus "the small elephants" are the warthogs, which with their curved tusks, resemble, if but slightly, their powerful namesakes. Warthogs, ugliest of animals, make their homes in burrows, which they are in the habit of reversing into. Thus their posteriors, prized delicacies as far as carnivorous animals are concerned, come out last and not first, when the animal decides to emerge once more from his subterranean refuge. Animals of the park have become so accustomed to people that they will invariably refuse to move off the roads. This is particularly true of certain lions, which just love to sunbathe in the middle of main thoroughfares. The remarkable tameness of most animals particularly the lions has been attributed to the fact that they cannot smell human beings when seated in motor cars. Lionesses, for example suckling their young by the side of the road, will not budge an inch to give way. Needless to say if one was foolish enough to leave the safety of one's car, there would, no doubt, be an entirely different story to tell. Hunters have often remarked on the ferocity of lionesses with their offspring. Of late much has been said in South Africa regarding the remarkable increase of lions in the park, at the present time about 1,000 are reputed to inhabit the area, and steps have been taken to keep their number under control. When the circular huts or bungalows, provided for the visitors are full to capacity, in the more popular months of the year, it is not unusual for the overflow of tourists to sleep in tents. On one memorable occasion, visitors had the additional thrill of a lioness brushing against their tent, growling angrily as she knocked one of her paws on a protruding tent peg. Somehow this animal had penetrated the fence with which each of the camps is provided. Though there have never been any serious accidents as yet, people have in the past tempted fate to the absolute limit, and it is nothing but short of a miracle that nothing grave has occurred in the twenty-six years in which the general public has been admitted. On record is the tale of a man, who with his

entire family left the safety of his automobile to photograph his dear and near ones by the side of the road and some twenty-five feet in front of a cluster of thick bushes. When his pictures were developed days later in the comparative safety of Johannesburg, there appeared on his snap, in addition to his family the outline of a fully grown lion, licking his paws while resting in the shade of the bush, in front of which this man had photographed his wife and children. It has been borne out by many students of wild life, as well as by game wardens and rangers, that lions are far less harmless during the day than they are at night. This belief probably accounts for the fact that one does on occasions see an unarmed native trodding or riding a bicycle along the dusty roads. At night lions become much bolder and will attack human beings if given the opportunity. Lions are of course the largest carnivorous animals left in Africa today and feed on the zebras, gnus and antelopes with which the park is so generously endowed. Cases of cannibalism amongst lions have been recorded, but such instances are rare. Lions will never attack elephants or hippopotami, and giraffes only in the absence of smaller fry.

The giraffe is perhaps the most striking animal to be found in the Kruger National Park. Tallest of mammals, adult bulls may reach a height of eighteen and a half feet; both sexes possess minute skin-covered horns and like their cousin, the rare Okapi of the Belgian Congo, are completely silent. Giraffes are capable of attaining speeds of thirty-five miles per hour and more, and run by moving the fore and hind legs of the same side simultaneously, causing a most peculiar rolling motion, accompanied by a swaying from side to side of the long neck while the tapering tail is carried bent forward over the back. The park is well stocked with antelopes, in fact seventeen different species are met with, amongst them kudus, impala, waterbuck, gnus, steenbuck and klipspringers. Birds of many sizes and colours dazzle the eyes of the observant visitor, amongst them crested cuckoos, rainbirds, partridges, eagles, guineafowls and fork-tailed drangos. Though there are still rhinoceroses, both the black and the rare white or square-lipped variety, to be found within the Union of South Africa, it can be said with certainty that as far as the Kruger Park is concerned these animals may well be written off. It is further south, in Natal that reserves for these animals have been created, the Hluhluwe Reserve for the black, the Umfolosi Reserve for the white variety. It is almost certain however that in time to come rhinoceroses will again be introduced into the Game Reserve.

That the Kruger National Park is worth while visiting no one caring for wild life will dispute. People have come from the four corners of the globe to visit it and to observe from the comfort of their cars Africa as it was in the days of Livingstone and Rhodes. It is true that Africa boasts many game reserves; the Belgian Congo, Portuguese East Africa and Kenya to mention but a few, have them, yet none has attracted as many tourists as the park about which this article has been compiled. Even if this great game reserve did not offer entertainment of the first order, one thing is certain: if it was not for the foresight of a small number of men, many, many years ago, a great number, if not all of the animals that can be seen in the Kruger National Park would be extinct today.

Johannesburg.

PETER HOLZ.

CRANBORNE CHASE

IN a peaceful part of England where trespassers seem to be welcome and no factories have devoured the lonely Dorset downs, where at night one listened from one's bedroom window to the stone-curlew's plaintive cry and by day watched the soaring buzzard circling into the wind, time it seems, is moved only by the sun, and nobody puts off until tomorrow what he can put off until the next day. In an area of the West Country a third the size of the New Forest, one may take Richard Jefferies' advice and step just beyond the highway into Cranborne Chase—there are so many roads which intersect its woods and bridal paths that a hundred and one entrances and exits may be found—to see a free, wild life as in the veritable backwoods of primitive England. The cottagers might complain of the noise of nightingales in spring (although one might as well complain of the oboe which represents those birds in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony!) and of the litter of rose petals in summer, for these are in extravagant abundance. The roads which climb out of the valleys and about and along the crests of the dry and wooded hills between Blandford, Shaftesbury and Salisbury, lead to bridal paths deep in emerald green grass and darker fern, bluebell mists and purple orchids where the fox-hunters who ride them in winter have gone from the scene and left only the hoofprints of their horses in the path one treads with spring. Cranborne Chase is now a fox preserve harbouring wild roe deer and fallow deer, a first-class bird haunt in the nesting season, with the hand of man most plainly evident where the Forestry Commission is felling hardwoods for death duties or planting conifers for use in times of future wars. Each morning I made a six miles tramp through the haunts of the Daulian bird, abounding in oak trees where the cup of beauty was filled to overflowing and primrose and cowslip gold spilled out of the green May woods to fall over all the banks and commons. At every few yards the loud and hollow rattle of a cock nightingale (or as often its short, anxious croak, like a natterjack toad) mapped out one nesting territory after another along the open, scrubby borders to the woods, avoiding the dim interior where grew the green wood-spurges and the poisonous foetid hellebore with its purple-edged flowers, a wild spring relative of the gardener's Christmas rose.

With my pocket full of bird-rings and my rucksack heavy with bird photography equipment, I was after bigger game. My first day's destination lay with the hobby falcons; but the gamekeeper whose cottage I found in the heart of the wood—with rain water for drinking, and a dead grey squirrel in a gin-trap as a sign of his ceaseless war with "vermin", flung over the hedge—showed me the larch tree nest where one year he shot three young hobbies "by mistake," and left the fourth. Gamekeepers are a class *sui generis* living isolated in cottages far from the road. There one's arrival is announced by a kennel of black retrievers, and one sees who is at home by the bright barrels of a shot-gun standing safely in a corner of the porch. Educated in the school of experience, and working long hours for small wages, they are not the evil characters portrayed by H. E. Bates in *Through the Woods*. After fifty years in the Chase the "keeper whose friendship I shared had I think, come a long way on the

road towards the modern concept of letting birds live, even when they hadn't the remotest value to game preservation; and regretting his former error, he takes care that the sparrowhawks he must destroy are not now confused with hobbies. One of the most notable features of recent years has been the increase of the buzzard in this part of Dorset. About twenty pairs nest in the county, and for two hours I watched a buzzard gliding slowly in wide circles above the Chase. Its broad and ragged wings, lightly patched beneath were unmistakable. From time to time it would drop swiftly, then pull itself out of its fall as it caught the wind and rose into it to gain height again, moving across country as it did so. At last I saw it drop into one of the woods. Here later on I found an easy nest, conspicuous with the evergreens added by the bird. It was only thirty feet up an oak tree on the leeward side of a steep wooded slope—a typical place for a buzzard's nest in the Chase—well lit, and with the slots of fallow deer marking a well worn path through the privet undergrowth across the dappled dell, and the 'keeper's footpath only twenty yards below. I set my camera on the slope above the nest and filled a quarter plate with its picture. How silent are these Dorset birds compared with Lakeland buzzards which cry like a sick cat so often as they hang in the sky, scanning the ground for rabbits, that you may almost always take their cry as the first field-clue. But one of these birds from the Chase, which I saw dissected in a friend's laboratory, had picked up a dead rat, and another was trapped accidentally by the 'keeper.

In the south of England, and the Chase, the *pitter patter* field-clue of grey squirrels moving about the woods constantly distracts one's attention. It is distinctly different from the noise of claws scratching upon trees by which one locates our northern red squirrel, for the American alien which swarms throughout the Chase spends much more time upon the ground, even when disturbed. Half a century ago our native red squirrel roamed these woods, a little Ishmael in undisputed control of the tree-tops. His only enemy, the pine-marten had been exterminated more than a century before. In the past thirty years, however, the Carolina grey squirrel has spread so far and so wide that all the trapping and shooting the 'keepers can devise has failed to keep the animals under control.

There are other British mammals in the Chase, notably the wild fallow deer whose slots criss-cross the woods and wind their way through the expanses of privet undergrowth near Preston Hill, and the little roe deer which move about in the twilight and leap the fences into some of the forestry department's plantations where the government has fixed nest-boxes to the trees, to increase some of the birds which naturally nest in holes. Indeed, the variety of wild life in these woods and commons is a fair sprinkling of the things now scarcer in the English countryside, although pre-eminently the woods are preserved for foxes. Emerging from the oakwood at 5 o'clock one afternoon I came suddenly upon a fox basking in one of those slabs of sunshine which pours into the clearing a flood of golden guineas upon the graceful green sward, leaving shadows only under the ferns. With the sun on him, Charles James was redder than an Irish setter, but he leapt up and bounded off with his white tag bobbing out of my sight as the last memory of my carelessness in walking

so casually into the open. He was so different from the huge, grey hill foxes of Lakeland and the Highlands, now known to be a Scandinavian race of the fox, different from the smaller southern foxes of England. I wished, too, that I had seen the ewe, in an incident related to me, butting away an impudent fox which persisted in approaching her lambs.

There were no Dartford warblers in the Chase. This diminutive but colourful bird, so absurd with its cocked tail fanned out at the tip, suffered severely in southern England in the fierce frost early in 1947. It is only slowly regaining numbers, and I had to go out of the Chase to the furzy heathlands near Wareham and Bonsley Common to find them. It is exceptionally dry country here. The chalk and the greensand are soon slippery and sticky after a day's rain, but as soon dry again when the rolling clouds pass away. The toads, which in spring may reach their breeding ponds at night by the orthodox route through damp pastures in wet or humid weather, use another route along the brooks and ditches in the dry weather. The stone-curlews thrive in such country. In a very flinty field within sight of Preston Hill a stone-curlew nest was decorated by a puzzling ring of little white stones which the birds had added, though not for camouflage because they did not resemble the surroundings. Nearby stood the broad, grassy summit of a little hill, dipping down gently to the fields searched daily by the buzzards' keen eyes as they soared and circled in the blue dome of sky above. This grassland was lightly patterned with limestone, and it was a favourite nesting territory of a pair of stone-curlews until a fox caught and destroyed their two chicks the summer before my visit. I know stone-curlews best as desert birds, and in England they are at the limits of their breeding range. They used to watch us doing our physical jerks outside our tents in the Western Desert at the cold but sunny hour of 6 o'clock of the morning, and we used to watch them making the same short run of a few feet distance to stop, and almost squat, head low, and stare, with eyes almost as big as those of the dog in Grimm's story of the tinder box. At migration time they were fond of the almost barren fantasy of a seashore along the semi-desert of the Dead Sea. The Saharan race was more sandy in colour and less heavily streaked in its plumage than are these Dorset birds, and but for its choice of such barren haunts and such nocturnal habits it was not unlike a miniature bustard. There was the same large amount of white in the wing at flight. It was like meeting an old friend again to see this bird, which we do not have in northern England excepting as a straggler to some museum's glass show-case. Even without the collectors, the aerodromes, the crows and the foxes which have helped reduce their numbers in England, the stone-curlews cannot thrive in any fondly created "sanctuary" unless, like the Dorset downs, it has that dry, dusty and stony nature, and plenty of insects and snails, to bring it towards the desert type where these bizarre birds dwell.

Despite careful keeping, sparrowhawks defy persecution in the Chase and the screams of the green woodpeckers when the hen sparrowhawk is chasing them are pitiful to hear. The badgers are dug and destroyed occasionally because there is one, and only one, accusation against them. It is that they open the fox-earths carefully stopped to assure that the awful curses of the M.F.H. in the opening chapter of Siegfried Sassoon's

"Memoirs of a Fox-Hunter" do not descend upon any 'keeper's ears when the Portman, or the Wilton Hunt find their fox has gone to earth. There are any number of adders and slow-worms in the Chase, and despite its dryness, of grass-snakes too. I was shown by a Bournemouth naturalist, shortly after its capture in the Chase, a black adder so black that it was impossible to see the pattern of its colour until it was immersed in a jar of spirits. But the rarer smooth snakes, for which some Dorset heaths are noted, do not appear to be known from the Chase. But for this, I should have claimed that I saw one—a large snake, a foot and a half long, too big for an adder and its dark grey unmarked body without the neck-rings of a grass-snake, and its unblinking eye unlike the slow-worm. It was coiled, a perfectly round object, basking in a ride through one of the woods when I disturbed it, and watched it move straight away without the wriggle of a slow-worm's tail. I was too busy looking for the neck V of an adder, or the collar of a grass-snake, to be quick enough to catch it. With "smooth snake" still in my mind, I marked the spot and returned on my way home, without finding it again. Unfortunately the lush vegetation of an English wood or heath does not leave those tracks of snakes, so conspicuous in the desert, by which one could follow one's quarry there to its resting place beneath stone or stump. And in natural history circles you are, of course, likened unto Ananias if you have not a specimen to establish your claims to some scarce species in the land!

My intentions in the Chase were primarily on bird life, but they were frequently distracted to notice other things. An old tree bole pock-marked by the grubs of stag-beetles; a song thrush which borrowed the tootling bar from a woodlark's song and added it to its own; four mistle-thrushes banding together to mob a couple of egg-sucking magpies and drive them from the wood; a young rook (or "crook" as the young farmers would have said, for they had their rifles out in the evenings rook-shooting) which fell out of a rookery because it was lame from bumble foot, just like a domestic hen—these were some of the items in my field note-book in a single day. I had not been in the flower-scented glades of the Chase long before I noticed that the brimstone butterflies flitting about in abundance, worked only the primroses. Butterflies are not supposed to be so selective when nectar-gathering as are hive and humble bees, and I paid special attention to them during the following days. There were twenty wild flowers of four primary colours to choose from, but the brimstone-yellow butterflies visited only the yellow primroses, unlike the orange-tips, the holly blues and the gaudy peacock butterfly which fled on sight of the hunting dragonfly. Yellow butterflies may be attracted to yellow flowers for camouflage, for when the clouded yellow butterflies invade our country from the Continent, I notice that they select the masses of yellow fleabane, which cover our coastal sandhills in July, for their refreshing sips of nectar.

Whilst buzzards and woodcock have increased in the Chase, the numbers of hawfinches have declined. The lesser redpoll, always an abundant inhabitant of our northern birch heaths, is here a local bird, nesting, like the linnet, in little communities—where one finds one pair breeding, one usually finds eight or nine other nests of redpolls in the close vicinity. The floral display is undoubtedly at its best in May and early June, before

the dense burgeoning of the foliage darkens the woods and the green leaves darken and lose that lightness of colour of their early days. The blue mists of hyacinth, the glistening gold of lesser celandines and the white stars of the stitchworts are mixed with glades stained purple with spring orchids or blue with dog-violet. Later there are the yellow stands of archangel and the deep blue of creeping bugle, the nutty odour of gorse bushes weighed down with trusses of bloom. It is all very beautiful, and all very English. I like the man who likes England not because of his political party, but because he has seen those corners of England like the Dorset downs and the Coteswold villages, the Buckinghamshire trees and nature's masterpiece in the Lakeland fells, and he can compare their perennial splendour and greenery with the travel "boosts" of California and sunny Italy, which he missed, because he went when they were burnt up with summer drought and lacked all the greenery of the English scene. But one shudders to think of the men born to spend all their lives on a Wigan ashtip or in a Liverpool slum unless war calls them out to some foreign land to fight, and die, for a country they have barely seen. Seeing England should be part of every man's education. There is probably no more restful place than the Dorset downs at Cranborne Chase to introduce a visitor to unspoiled England, and to let him see what inspired our ancestors to their patriotism and the landed squires to their leisure.

ERIC HARDY.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CAUSE OF SELF-DEFENCE

THIS disease (the word can hardly be objected to by anyone who has studied the matter)—this disease of treaty-making has been running a still higher temperature. A south east Asian conference began in Manila on September 6th as the result of communist aggressions and as a postulated safeguard against their continuance; a London Conference began on September 28th as a result of a French defection from the European Defence Community; and was preceded by flying visits during September by Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles to European capitals made in a spirit of urgency and in an ostensible effort to organise self-defence: these are the prevailing symptoms of a chronic disease. On September 16th last *The Times* published a table, with a map, of recently concluded international defence agreements. There are more than three dozen of them, over and above the Charter of the United Nations (ironically so-called). The pace seems not yet so hot as that which followed the first world war; but it is getting hotter. In the inter-war period no fewer than 4,568 international treaties were registered with the League of Nations, an average of five a week over the two decades. During the present century high diplomacy has been in a state of, not intermittent, but continuous fever. If in the immediately preceding centuries the conclusion of treaties was a comparatively rare event, it has to be conceded that they in

their turn were little more effective to their purpose. How could they be? One cannot play Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, nor make peace in the world without the Prince of Peace. Men cannot achieve security against each other, but only with each other. History proves that truth, which would be obvious without the history.

The late Lord Phillimore, sometime Justice of Appeal, who represented Britain on the commission which sat at the Hague in 1920 to prepare the scheme of a permanent court of international justice, made a widespread study of international juridical engagements. He published his findings in his book "Three Centuries of Treaties of Peace" (John Murray, 1917). In three centuries there were only about 200 such treaties—the word "only" being prompted by the contrasting figure of well over 4,000 in a mere 20-year period of this present century—beginning with the Russo-Polish treaty of 1582 and ending with the Greco-Servian treaty of 1913. Lord Phillimore had to admit the "unhappy conclusion that too much is not to be expected of any treaty". Too much! Anything at all? would be perhaps the more relevant question. The author drew up a list of the defects which baulked those treaties of their professed object, namely the making of peace, and in particular made this plea: "We want a lasting peace. But we want a just peace. We want it because no peace but a just peace can be counted upon as lasting." Now this postulate of justice in the international context is worth a passing thought. They all talk about justice, these diplomatic negotiators, and they are sincere. But in international affairs, what constitutes justice, what is the standard, and what the sanction?

The Treaty of Versailles, which formally wound up the first world war of the century, proposed to itself the purpose of a "firm, just and durable Peace"; but it was the technical victors in the war who decided, of their own motive and judgment, what was to be accepted as just. It is one of the more wayward, if honest, prejudices of human nature to believe that what one promulgates in matters falling within one's own sovereign competence is necessarily just, indeed gloriously and incontestably just; yet it is a first principle of justice in the narrow sense of an established system of national law, that one is not the judge of one's own case. In international affairs there cannot be any such thing as abstract justice, because there is no such thing as a supernational arbiter. We have tried such experiments as international courts of justice. They have been a farce, and not even a delusion, because everybody knew in advance that there was no supernational authority to enforce their findings; and moreover everybody surmised, as was confirmed in the event, that the delegated judges would act on political inspiration and even on political instruction from the sovereign governments behind them. In contemplating the juridical defect of there being neither authority nor sanction in international affairs, one has to bear in mind the humdrum, indeed natural fact that one takes a rosy view of oneself, and that the wish is a prolific father to the thought. The decisive factor after all in this talk of justice among the nations is the lack of an authority. It may be that "Twice blest is he who hath his quarrel just". The proverbial qualification is, however, essential: "But three times he who gets his fist in fust".

Nor must the irony be ignored that the cardinal consideration in all

these international instruments, so-called, of peace is the provision of instruments, not of peace, but of war. The old tag, *si vis pacem, para bellum*, is of all paradox the most unsound. In theory it may be arguable that peace can be imposed by an overriding fear of defeat in war; but in practice such logic is itself defeated by the aforesaid waywardness of a human nature which is apt to see us, not as others see us, but as we see ourselves. It is one of the magnificent attributes of an omnipotently created human nature that we are capable of not knowing when we are beaten; and it is an equally majestic, almost mystic, truth that human beings are capable of sacrificing their lives for a cause. The six hundred did in fact ride into the "valley of death". It is therefore too precarious an experiment, too vulnerable a paradox, to put one's trust in arms as a safeguard of peace. The better way is to make peace itself the hypothesis of peace.

What is implied and involved in such a conception is perhaps the most breath-taking, and yet the most practical, of all the propositions. The fact is that in international affairs we have not reached the stage where we recognise the wisdom of casting our bread upon the waters. In private life we take risks in our stride, we practise the spiritual principles without necessarily understanding them, we give up things and find that thereby we win them, we act unselfishly and find that we do not thereby impoverish, but enrich, ourselves, in short we know that God's mysterious love for us and His teaching that we should in turn love one another, after all is practical, and the devil's opposite graft of competitive selfishness is disastrous. In international affairs we are exclusively governed by the devil's promptings. This seems to be a hard conclusion; but there is no escape from it. Hence the disaster of recurrent war. How can security be found in armaments? After two world wars we are piling up armaments in a measure that surpasses all former measure. We know in our bones that the sound precept would be, *si vis bellum, para bellum*; *si vis pacem, para pacem*. But the risk? There is no risk. All that is needed is the act of faith. The nettle does not sting, if it be grasped firmly. A cumulative experience has illustrated the truth, which in itself is obvious, that whereas in a national scope the force of law can deter aggression, or crime, yet in the contrasting international scope, where there is no law, aggression cannot be prevented by leagues of armed nations.

The only way to peace in short is through disarmament. Yet the mercy of God, an attribute of God's omnipotence, ordains that even folly, even evil, can produce a good result, to the surprise, and to the greater praise and wonder of the culprit. In our time we have spent our wealth and energy in producing more and more destructive weapons for our own destruction. An odd form of folly. Yet by the processes of God's corrective love we in the end produce a weapon which is so clearly, so inexorably and irremediably, so totally destructive, that we dare not use it. The sectional fear we stupidly entertain of each other is thus driven out by the greater universal fear that assails us all impartially. It is possible and reasonable at this time to foresee an upshot in which by a natural process, supernaturally sponsored, we shall be given the necessary respite in which to take the plunge into that experiment of faith, that is, of disarmament, which alone can save the world from war. So long as the nations are armed, the only

purpose of such arms being to attack each other, mutual fear makes peace impossible. By the same token, disarmament, though it be the obvious only solution, appears to be impossible because no nation would take the risk supposedly involved, that is, because no nation would trust the others not to steal a march. But if, by hap, something were to remove that lurking suspicion, and a provisional disarmament thus became a practical expedient, affording a reliable respite in which the detailed machinery of universal, permanent and total disarmament could be set up, then peace at last would appear substantially on the diplomatic horizon. Such a respite is in fact given, or will in the due course be recognised as being given, by the overwhelming power of the atomic weapon.

In the short meantime we go on blindly wasting our substance by piling up the nonsensical armaments. Our continuing fear trains our minds upon armaments as the only available prop of our security, whereas in truth they are the opposite. For instance, the Charter of the United Nations makes this bedevilled provision (Article 42): "Should the Security Council consider that measures provided in Article 41" (that is "not involving the use of armed force") "would be inadequate or have proved to be inadequate, it may take such action by air, sea or land forces as may be necessary to maintain or restore international peace or security. Such action may include demonstrations, blockade and other operations by air, sea or land forces of Members of the United Nations". There follows the similarly bedevilled provision (Article 51): "Nothing in the present Charter shall impair the inherent right of individual or collective self-defence if an armed attack occurs against a Member of the United Nations, until the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to maintain international peace and security".

The tainted process of reason goes on polluting what are intended to be the instruments of peace and security. Article 4 of the Brussels Treaty (March, 1948) stipulates that "if any of the high contracting Powers should be the object of an armed attack in Europe, the other high contracting Powers will, in accordance with Article 51 of the United Nations Charter, afford the party so attacked all military and other aid in their power". Article 5 of the North Atlantic Pact (March, 1949) records that the parties agree that "an armed attack against one of them in Europe or North America shall be considered an attack against them all; and consequently they agree that, if such an armed attack occurs, each of them, in exercise of the right of individual or collective self-defence recognised by Article 51 of the Charter of the United Nations, will assist the Party or Parties so attacked by taking forthwith, individually and in concert with the other Parties, such action as it deems necessary, including the use of armed force, to maintain the security of the North Atlantic area". The shades of Locarno stalk abroad to give their warning, and are not heeded. Article 4, paragraph 3 of the Locarno Treaty of Mutual Guarantee (December, 1925) stipulates that in the event of an aggression by one of the contracting parties against another "each of the other Contracting Parties hereby undertakes immediately to come to the help of the Party against whom such a violation or breach has been directed". A generation of continuing war has proved the Locarno instrument to be ineffective. Why was it ineffective?

The answer was all too familiar. Nor was it even new. Six years before the Locarno principle of mutual guarantee (by armed force) was adopted, the essentially same principle was enshrined in the Covenant of the League of Nations, which was an integral part of the Versailles Treaty (June, 1919). Article 16 of the Covenant prescribed that "Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants . . . it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League . . . it shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League." The word "effective" so solemnly appeared in the text.

The fiasco goes on. The Treaty of Rio de Janeiro, signed by the 21 American republics in September, 1947, twenty-eight years after the Treaty of Versailles was signed, makes the same old provision that "an armed attack by any State against an American State shall be considered an attack on all the American States". In April, 1950, an Arab Security Pact was signed which stipulated that any attack on one of the Arab States would be regarded as an attack on them all. The Balkan Pact, the Pacific Pact, the South East Asia Defence Pact: all of them are based on this selfsame principle of a mutual guarantee by armed counteraction. The game goes on and does not change its tactics, nor learn from its experience.

THE NEW EXAMPLE

On October 3rd last what was called the "final act" of the nine-Power London conference was initialled in Lancaster House. It is a tribute to the eternal spring of hope that inspires the human breast that on that day and in that place Mr. Dulles gave it as his belief that the conference "will go down in history as one of the great conferences of all time". On the following day President Eisenhower in Denver declared that the conference "has accomplished what may be one of the greatest diplomatic achievements of our time because of the potentialities of these agreements for promoting security, prosperity and peace in Europe, with the inevitable benefits of such a development on the United States and the rest of the world". It would perhaps be momentarily interesting, but hardly worth the effort, to collect analogies of such glowing prognostications from hundreds of former conferences held during this present century, including Mr. Neville Chamberlain's "peace in our time" prognostication made after the Munich conference which took place only a year before the outbreak of the second world war.

What then was done at Lancaster House in October, 1954? It was agreed that the German Federal Republic should be freed from the occupation regime imposed on her when the second world war ended, that the sovereignty then taken from her should be restored, that she should become a member of N.A.T.O. and together with Italy should enter the Brussels treaty organisation; but to soften the apprehension caused in certain quarters by the prospect of another Germany armed again and sovereign, an apprehension rooted in the raw and recent memory of the two world wars, it was agreed that an agency should be set up within the Brussels treaty organisation for the control of the several armaments

accruing to the European countries thereby linked together. France in particular had proved so sensitive to the prospect of another armed Germany—and not surprisingly after the bitter memories of 1870, 1914 and 1939—that she had seceded from the European Defence Community, and had thus been the direct cause of the holding of this new London conference. What therefore had M. Mendès-France to say on October 3rd? He said that it would now be the business of the French Government “to show in the circumstances its desire to make up for the time which had been lost”, and he added his conviction that “once again we have seen that the Atlantic cause, the European cause, is in reality the cause of peace.”

The conference itself had been made possible by Sir Anthony Eden's pioneering enterprise, to which all the delegates paid their tribute. He himself from the chair which he appropriately and skilfully occupied, gave his measure of what had been achieved when the work ended. “It is my sincere belief” he said “that we have built well for the future of Europe, and we all pray that the result of our work will be shown in greater confidence and a more enduring peace throughout the world”. What remained to be done, at further meetings projected for October 20th, 21st and 22nd, was to agree on the new structure of the Brussels Treaty organisation and on the precise machinery for the control and inspection of the armaments now to be severally contributed by the member States to the collective defence force. It was agreed in London that the German army should be restricted to the maximum fixed by the E.D.C. Treaty, namely to 12 divisions and a tactical air force, and that, in common with the other contributing forces, there should be no increase in the contributions except by the *unanimous* consent of the Brussels Treaty Powers. A power of veto was thus presented to France, as to the other members of the organisation. (“If at any time the N.A.T.O. annual review recommends an increase above the figures in the Brussels special agreement, such increase will require the unanimous approval of the Brussels Powers expressed in the Brussels Council or in N.A.T.O.”).

What encouraged M. Mendès-France almost as much as this veto to accept the London arrangement was Mr. Eden's undertaking, given contingently upon the success of the conference, and therefore prospectively operative on the ratification of the agreement, that Great Britain would maintain her postulated armed contingent on the European continent. It is readily understandable that such an undertaking, new and even revolutionary in British history, should give a decisive fillip to French opinion. Only those who remember, or knew from experience, the bitter French feeling of isolation when Germany struck in 1914 and in 1940, can appreciate what this new British undertaking implies to French minds. To those minds the hypothesis of still another German invasion (which would be the fourth within living memory) is softened by the assurance that this time the British forces would be there on the spot to share the initial brunt. The French feeling about Britain's part in the hypothetical prospect can be imagined and measured by those British people who correspondingly look across the Atlantic and know that the next time, if there be a next, American forces will operate at the beginning, and not at the end, of the war.

Dr. Adenauer added to the relief of French nerves by a voluntary

statement, namely “that the Federal Republic undertakes not to manufacture in its territory any atomic weapons, chemical weapons, or biological weapons”, and by a further undertaking “never to have recourse to force to achieve the reunification of Germany or the modification of the present boundaries” of western Germany.

But when the work is done, the captains and the kings depart, the dust of conference is laid, and the plaudits and congratulations pass into memory, the hard fact remains that we have enacted again an old performance. What happened essentially in London was that a sovereign armed Germany was mobilised for western defence against Russia, so soon after a sovereign armed Russia had been a western ally, or co-belligerent, against Germany. In a sense moreover, the German split was further confirmed, the western half being armed for action in the one camp, the eastern half armed for action in the other, in potential war against each other. It is true that Dr. Adenauer in an interview with *The Times*, published on October 5th, expressed the opinion that the result of this conference would convince the Soviet Union “that there is no longer any prospect of making the whole of Germany communist either by way of the cold war or of open aggression”, and might even convert a disillusioned Kremlin to an acceptance of German unity “by peaceful means through free elections”. But it will not be easy to justify so glib a forecast. Western optimism was sincere and easy at that time, but it was based on a passing emotion.

How long is this mockery of all that is decent to go on in the international context, how long must we wait for an opportunity to give thanks to our negotiators for work we know to be profitable? The atomic bomb must give the answer. This paradox at least is worth examination. The fact that we have had two world wars during the present century suggests that it will need a formidable amount of dissuasion to keep the nations from each other's throats at a third venture. Yet the atomic bomb is formidable, and deserves our confidence as the probable deterrent.

October 11th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

An Introduction to Seventeenth Century France by Dr. Lough, Professor of French in the University of Durham (Longmans, 25s.), is a panorama rather than a narrative. Though three of the nine chapters summarise the development of absolutism from Henri IV to the death of Louis XIV in 1715, the larger part of the book is devoted to an analysis of the classes and the evolution of literature. All three portions—the historical, the sociological and the literary—are excellent. Dr. Lough has steeped himself in the period and his illustrations are drawn from a wide variety of sources, many of them little known to the general reader. The book is designed for those who already know the outlines of the story and desire to understand the institutions, the social life and the literary activities of the age of Richelieu and Louis XIV. The author brings a cool head and a balanced judgment to his task. The Ancien Régime was a marvellous time for the few and something like a purgatory for the many. “The power and prestige of Le Roi Soleil were purchased at a heavy price. The splendours of Versailles, of the military triumphs of the first half of the personal reign of Louis XIV, cannot conceal this misery. If the world of birth and privilege, clustered around the

Court in Paris and Versailles, was the centre of a brilliant intellectual and above all artistic life, the lot of the great mass of Frenchmen who lived and toiled outside that narrow circle must never be lost sight of if we are to attain a balanced picture of the glories and wrongs of the age." The volume ends on a sombre note. "In the last twenty-five years or so of the reign of Louis XIV absolutism was weighed in the balance and found wanting." The admirable chapters on literature, which are much more cheerful reading, contain a mass of material, illustrating the difficult conditions under which writers did their work.

THE FUTURE OF WESTERN CIVILISATION

This book by a distinguished Dutch diplomatist, who has the future of our Western way of life sincerely at heart, is in parts extraordinarily naive, for instance when he seriously suggests that the consumption of Coca Cola in Siam or the world-wide distribution of American films are examples of what Toynbee calls mimesis. It also deals rather summarily and superficially with some very complex problems, such as the relative strength of the Soviet Union and the West. Here he contents himself with reiterating often-quoted statistical facts relating to raw material resources and industrial production which by themselves prove nothing and may even be seriously misleading. The book contains three parts of unequal length and merit. The first, which is by far the most interesting, reviews the philosophical interpretations of history as presented by a little known Russian thinker, Nikolai Danilevski, by Oswald Spengler, who made this kind of speculation fashionable, and by Arnold Toynbee who is the author's undisputed hero and accepted guide in his attempt to prove that Western civilisation is not yet condemned to death. In the second part he attempts to apply the criteria with which his study of Spengler and Toynbee has supplied him to an interpretation of the present state of health of our own civilisation. It is refreshing amidst the gloom produced by so many writers who speculate on the future of our civilisation to come across a thinker whose outlook is optimistic and who believes that although our civilisation has passed its phase of maturity it has not yet entered its final stage.

He emphatically rejects Spengler's pessimistic interpretation according to which our civilisation is not only declining but disintegrating. In his opinion it is most likely that Western Civilisation is in a phase of transition, in what Spengler calls "the epoch of contradictions and conflicts" or in what Toynbee calls the "Time of Troubles". Perhaps it is not particularly reassuring to learn that we live in a period of troubles, particularly as the author is by no means certain whether the "Universal State", which according to Toynbee's pattern must emerge, will not be brought about by another gigantic war. We can, however, take some comfort from the assertion that the present state might last for centuries. The third part bears the ambitious title "The shape of things to come," but the author has little to offer to those of us who are deeply perturbed by the undoubted schism in our present world. There are too many platitudes and the argument remains very much on the surface. "If Europe can reinvigorate its fundamental values and by a supreme effort meet the challenges of this twentieth century crisis, there is no reason why it should not continue to be one of the leading forces in the world." Precisely, but we should like to know a little more about the form this "reinvigoration" is to take and have grown rather tired of high sounding phrases so beloved by the professional politicians and so exasperating to the men and women who are seeking for concrete answers to very concrete questions.

DR. R. ARIS.

The Future of the West. By J. G. de Beus. Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

To this weighty volume of seven hundred pages two groups of readers especially will turn: those for whom Lawrence is our greatest "free-lance" hero, and those who regard him as a tragic enigma. This latter class of inquirers will find but small satisfaction in this book. There are hints and clues in plenty, but nothing which makes for a single solution. Lawrence avoided private disclosure with an almost pathological determination. "What on earth personal is there to write?" he asks a brother in one of his letters, "I shave three times a week, and yesterday darned a hole in a sock." A harmless description of camp monotony; but why, then, did he take such pains to increase this boredom unnaturally, to freeze, as it were, in his heart, and mind, and senses every social impulse towards the world and his fellows? "I made up my mind", he wrote from Karachi in 1927, when he was serving without rank in the Air Force, "soon after I got here that I would not leave camp." Or again, "Some day I'll be strong enough minded to stop writing altogether."

This self-imprisonment and immolation continues until the crash of his motor-cycle at Cloud Hill in 1935 abruptly terminated his long-drawn living death. "It is my will", he said in 1926, "to stay clear out of everything henceforth"—the statement of a disappointed man, and one which we can well understand. But over and above the bitterness which he felt concerning the "betrayal" of his cause in Arabia there must have existed, it would seem, original, perhaps constitutional, factors predisposing Lawrence to his neuter constraint. Was an inborn inhibition the secret of his torture, of his abnormal shrinking from contact? Sir Herbert Read—who uses the word "masochistic" to describe his nature—speaks of Lawrence's "frigidity towards women"; and in a letter to his mother (on the death of one of her sons in the war), we see how the influx of emotion is blocked from finding an outgoing channel. "If one thinks deeply about anything", he writes, "one would rather die than say anything about it." From the letters of F. H. and W. G. Lawrence (two of T. E.'s brothers) printed here for the first time, a tendency to over-control would appear to have been a family feature. But while in the other two it was a part of an Evangelical Christian way of living, and so accordingly compensated for by religious emotion and expression, in T. E. Lawrence—a more complex being, whose intellect was critical and sophisticated—it lost its pristine religious sanction, becoming something else: a willed nihilism, a weird Buddha-less wish for nirvana.

Turning now from the enigma-hunters, we can say that for the hero-worshippers this volume must prove invaluable. Some of its contents have appeared before in *The Letters of T. E. Lawrence* (1938) and *Selected Letters of T. E. Lawrence* (1952) both edited by David Garnett, but "very few have been previously published in their entirety." The greater number of T. E. Lawrence's letters describe his early exploration of mediaeval French castles or his pre-war work of excavation at Carchemish or other sites. The letters written during the Arabian campaign had to limit their information to the official requirements of the censor, and do not therefore tell us as much as we should like. The post-war letters are stoically dispirited, and chiefly of interest as psychological documents. On the whole, the writing is not vivid; it is factually rather than picturesquely graphic; but there is one particular dramatic passage (on page 185) recounting the opening of a coffined Egyptian mummy. Nor are the early letters without irony and humorous under-statement. The letters of W. G. and F. H. Lawrence, both of whom were killed on service, record the beginnings of two earnest young men, upright, patriotic, and courageous, but with little bearing on the central figure. The volume contains, by way of introduction, Sir Winston Churchill's splendid allocution, when he

unveiled the Memorial to Lawrence at his old school at Oxford in 1936. The editing—presumably the work of Mr. Lionel Curtis, C. H. and M. R. Lawrence—leaves a good deal to be desired. The names of the addressees are often omitted; and more foot-notes or summaries upon the characters mentioned would have given to this expensive volume a more accessible air.

DEREK STANFORD.

The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and his brothers. Blackwell £3.3.0.

THE PLIGHT OF POETRY

If, as a well-known Sunday newspaper has been inquiring, the novel is dying, it is fairly clear that poetry must be not only dead but already interred. In his latest book Professor Dobree points out that although much poetry is written little is published and less is read. His Clark lectures, reprinted here verbatim with all the charm and intimacy of the spoken word, are based on the assumption that if poetry is to be read it must deal with the things that most matter to most men. The main body of his lectures is devoted to the historical analysis of three "public themes" the absence of which from modern poetry accounts for its decline. These themes are stoicism, scientism and patriotism. Professor Dobree concedes that these themes are often implicit rather than explicit, and that they seldom issue alone as do the more personal ones of love or religious fervour. They are themes of the human situation rather than themes of the isolated and tormented heart. The first reluctant suspicion that stoicism, scientism and patriotism are strange bedfellows is unfortunately confirmed by the Procrustean manner in which the author hacks (in the case of stoicism) and stretches (in the case of scientism) his themes to fit the hard resting place prepared for them. It is only in the case of patriotism that he convincingly demonstrates that here is a theme which has been the inspiration of much of the best-known and loved poetry of the past. It has been creative in a way that stoicism and scientism have rarely been; it calls upon men to love not only their country but their compatriots, to live and die together. Now, man's precarious situation renders patriotism less full-blooded, it recurs as a theme, but diffidently as an old servant fearing to be pensioned. Professor Dobree concludes his lectures by accepting on behalf of the universities some of the responsibility for the fact that poetry is so little read today. But the universities, if they have, as he suggests, brought poetry into an "academic laboratory," have only done so in answer to the needs of the time. The study of history is a recent development in our civilization but the study of literature is more recent still, and we must believe that this is so because civilization has changed; we are now a critical people. The decline of interest in poetry is not due to the absence of public themes or to the influence of "higher" or any other criticism. Rather we have become more knowledgeable about ourselves and hence less simple; we seek to define the emotion or experience in prose rather than to explore its possibilities in poetry. The more confused the world without us and within, the more we seek an art form without ambiguity and hence the potentialities of poetry. There is little immediate hope, for the greatest poetry has been born of trust and belief in the future, not of fear for the morrow and the horror it may bring.

J. E. M. LATHAM.

The Broken Cistern. Bonamy Dobree. Cohen & West 12s. 6d.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

"The Church in England" is a readable and scholarly survey of the history of Christianity in this country from 597-1688. It will be useful for the student, and readable and informative for the general reader. Dr. Carpenter is already well-known as a Church historian for his study of church and people in England from the French Revolution to the publication of "Lux Mundi"—"Church

and People 1789-1889". Many of the characteristics of that attractive work are to be found in this volume-ripe scholarship, wide culture, temperate and judicious judgments. Dr. Carpenter writes, of course, as an Anglican, but he is scrupulously fair to those whose standpoint is different. "I have tried my best", he says, "to be fair to Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, from the date when they can properly be so described, but the book is the work of an Anglican writer". Dr. Carpenter has therefore given a particularly full and careful account of the Tudor and Stuart periods, for they were to determine the future history and characteristics of the Anglican church. His judgments are pointed and shrewd, whether you agree with them or not. He can write of the genius of the great Cranmer in providing forms of worship in language of surpassing beauty: "The language was not simply what the worshippers liked to have said on their behalf, but the language in which it was meet and right that the Almighty should be addressed. . . . The greatest evidence of the genius of the chief compiler is that the words have stood the ultimate test, the test of time". Yet he can also say of the great Archbishop that he "had the sincere, convenient, and disastrous belief that a large part of the duty of an English Christian was to accept the King's will". It may be hoped that Dr. Carpenter will be spared to complete his study by writing of the events from 1688-1789.

REV. O. R. CLARKE.

The Church in England. 507-1688. B.S.C. Carpenter, D.D. John Murray. 40s.

CHRISTIANITY & POLITICS

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, is a very distinguished modern heretic. I say this advisedly, since outstandingly he represents a minority tradition, especially a minority tradition in the modern world. It is one peculiarly current in Lutheran quarters, although Dr. Niebuhr would doubtless urge that it goes back to Augustine, the African of Carthaginian extraction who nourished old national prejudices against the dominative order of Rome—or earlier. The nature of the heresy is briefly expressed in the title of an earlier book, *Moral Man and Immoral Society*. The elect, concerned with extra-mundane and indeed extra-social salvation, knowing no perfection here or realization in *terra* of God's will, are set over against a world abandoned to the corrupt rule of power in which some, like David, may seek to be godly and avenging princes but of which Marx' deeply pessimistic analysis is not far wrong. It is a philosophy very different, about the nature and destiny of man, from that of the great church, which is accused of being Hellenized, rational and given vainly over to social, mundane, cultural works to establish its power here over the irredeemable world. It tends to be apocalyptic. It is in accord with one strain of historic Protestantism, as distinct alike from Liberal Modernism and classical Catholicism; but in Dr. Niebuhr's hands it comes existentially to terms with Marx.

In the present volume Marxism is repudiated and there is some apology for the flirtation. But the a-cosmic and anti-Hellenic social pessimism of the earlier work, the deprecation of the Latin theology of *Christus Rex* and of the Christian gnostic *theopoeisis*, distinctive of the theology of the Greek Orthodox (which is in essence further from German Protestantism than the Latins), is maintained. In contrast to recent philosophical facilities provided by Lord Russell, the conflict between happiness and virtue is announced almost with exultation, and the importance of the soul unquiet about sin. Incidentally this book on so-called Christian "Realism"—which does not mean Platonism or Thomism in

this context—carries a swinging attack on World Government as quite unrealistic and meddlesome, presumably on the ground that it superficially seeks, if not to produce a perfectionist heaven here below, at least to avoid a hell on earth. The high merit of Dr. Niebuhr's work is that it provides a pungent commentary upon a too facile progressivism, and challenges contemporary thinkers to state their social theory at a level consistent with what Unamuno called *The Tragic Sense of Life*. Today our profoundest political theorists are mostly theologians.

GEORGE CATLIN.

Reinhold Niebuhr: *Christian Realism and Political Problems*, Faber & Faber, pp. 191, 12s. 6d.

COLERIDGE

The keynote of Mr. Carpenter's intimate biography is struck by the title he has chosen for it from a not very well known episode of Coleridge's life. Coleridge was then an undergraduate at Cambridge, impecunious and heavily in debt, and he ran away to London where he enlisted in the Dragoons under the name Silas Tomkyn Cumberbatch. The escapade ended with his relatives buying his release after he had proved himself an indifferent horseman; but his financial troubles, his ill health, and his eccentric habits persisted till death. *The Indifferent Horseman* is a quite apposite symbol of the tragi-comic character who played truant to life and courted worldly failure, and whose intellectual achievements, however great, fell far short of his potentialities. This is, of course, only one of the many aspects of the personality Mr. Carpenter evokes, only one of the many unfamiliar details with which he enlivens the familiar portrait. His book is chiefly valuable as a biography, but it is also a critical study remarkable for his analysis of some of Coleridge's works and his knowledge of their sources. An interpreter of Coleridge is uncommonly liable to the danger of caring more for the sources of a poem than for the poem itself, of tarrying so long on the road to Xanadu as never to arrive; but Mr. Carpenter avoids the danger. As a biographer he has explored all possible sources, including Coleridge's manuscript note-books, and has succeeded in making him live. The treatment occasionally tends towards sentimentality and pseudo-drama, but the main characters have been put over so well as to create the illusion that Mr. Carpenter knew them and heard and saw what they said and did. The sense of intimacy and immediacy partly springs from the happy device of letting the main characters speak directly to the reader by quoting aptly and copiously from their letters, journals, and recorded talk. Of Coleridge the journalist and the lecturer we have here a fuller picture than in earlier biographies, and we know more about his feelings for Sarah Hutchinson. The book would have been better still if Mr. Carpenter had sifted the material more carefully, and left out a number of characters and incidents, such as some of the details of Coleridge's travels, which contribute nothing to our understanding. In an age given over to psychological biography Mr. Carpenter is to be commended for eschewing misty abstractions about Coleridge's personality in favour of homely actualities, such as Coleridge dancing, playing the fiddle, walking thirty miles despite his physical infirmity, and stirring up a whole town to recover a walking stick. Equally commendable is an attitude to Coleridge which is no less acute for being sympathetic, even devout. "The life of Coleridge can never be seen as a tragedy. In fact it could be interpreted as a roaring farce."

DR. J. C. GHOSH.

Maurice Carpenter. *The Indifferent Horseman*. Elek Books. 25s.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1954

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS

ONCE again the American Elections have proved the dangers of prognostication. Practically all experts were wrong. Apathy, so they complained, was the prevailing mood of the nation; a lot of voters would stay at home, they said; and they further argued that if only people could be roused to go to the polling booths this would benefit the Republicans, whilst a small vote would favour the Democrats. Everybody was agreed that the trend was definitely pro-Democratic; Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., was held to be a far stronger vote-getter than Mr. Averell Harriman who, despite many years of public service, has never held an elective post before; and the personal popularity of President Eisenhower—who, after all, was not running in this Election—was assumed to be a sufficient inducement for the hesitant or indifferent citizens to support Republican candidates. Indeed the President's last-minute direct intervention in the campaign was intended to achieve just that: stimulate the electorate and prompt it to vote for the Republicans.

Until polling day the nation shewed no signs of interest or of marked preferences. In fact Mr. James Reston, who is now head of "The New York Times" Washington Bureau and a shrewd observer of the domestic as well as of the international scene, seemed to sum up the general feelings when he wrote a quite unusually angry article about the politicians of both parties and their prospects. He said: "the people are bored—unfortunately they are not angry—with two-bit politicians and cheap debating tricks. In most areas they are enjoying their first relief from war and other crises in a very long time, and they are not in a mood to be harangued by men repeating stale arguments and manufacturing false crises. The people have been offered not a single noble speech by either party in the whole campaign. In far too many states they have been asked to choose between candidates they dislike with equal zeal, and while the stature of the candidates is a measure of their own indifference literally millions of voters still want to be left alone." And, continuing in an even more contemptuous vein, he declared: "Nor is it possible to listen to the candidates without being appalled by their easy resort to half-truths, dished out on the assumption that the electorate is made up of ignorant, uncritical, easily baffled minds. . . . Irving Ives, the Republican candidate for Governor of New York, digs up a 27-year-old charge against a company once run by the Harriman family in order to prove that, if Averell Harriman is elected 'Tammany Hall will make away with everything except the steps of the State Capitol.' (Why not them?) Stephen Mitchell, the Democratic National Committee Chairman, asks us to consider whether the President of the United States is not handing out power contracts to Messrs. Dixon and Yates in order to benefit a personal

friend. . . . The Democrats are still fighting the depression. The Republicans are still determined to get Harry Truman out of the White House and Alger Hiss into jail. And the people are supposed to be enthusiastic!"

Enthusiastic or not, on November 2nd the people voted in surprisingly large numbers—the total poll being about 46 million. This was certainly no sign of apathy, especially in a "mid-term" election. It is worth recalling that the largest number of votes ever cast in the U.S.A. was in the Presidential Election of 1952, when nearly 62 million citizens exercised their right to vote, but this was quite exceptional.

On the present occasion the electors shewed not only no apathy but a very striking awareness of the issues and personalities involved. They definitely preferred the moderater of both parties to the right-wing and left-wing extremists. Some of the contests were so close that they almost required a "photo-finish" to determine who won. The truth of the matter is that all American voters tend more and more to pick their man on personal grounds rather than follow the party line. The party "bosses", on the other hand, are not much concerned with picking the best man but with finding the best vote-getter, indeed a candidate who can win. A clear illustration of this divergence between the public and the party machines was provided in the State of New York where the voters preferred Mr. Averell Harriman, a Democratic Liberal, as Governor to Mr. Irving Ives, a forceful Republican Senator, while at the same time electing the Republican Mr. Jacob Javits as Attorney General and thus refusing to be swayed by the magic name of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. There were many other similar instances where candidates were elected—or defeated—on personal rather than on party grounds. This shews a commendable judgment among the electors and it also proves that in making their selections the party "bosses" can often be just as wrong as the press commentators. Mr. F. D. Roosevelt Jr., contrary to expectations, proved a very poor vote-getter; in California his brother James seems to have got in on his own merits rather than thanks to the name, and a third brother campaigned for the Republicans without making much impact. This election seems to bear out once again the view of Mr. James Farley, who used to be one of President Roosevelt's early campaign organisers and who once remarked that the American electorate makes up its mind well in advance of polling day and is not influenced by last minute speeches or machinations. In any case there is no evidence that President Eisenhower's personal campaigning made much difference.

Before drawing certain conclusions from the latest decisions of the American people, it would perhaps be helpful to get a clear idea of what it was they had to decide on November 2nd. In accordance with American constitutional practice, the presidential and the congressional elections take place "the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November", which this year was November 2nd. But since the Constitution lays down that a President is elected every four years, while the whole House of Representatives (435 members) and one-third of the Senate (96) have to be elected every two years, there is in every presidency a so-called "off-year" or "mid-term" Congressional election and the present was one of them. Like the President, the Governors of America's 48 states are elected for a

four-year period of office and one part of the gubernatorial elections always coincides with the "off-year" or "mid-term" congressional ones.

To avoid a clash between national and local issues many States have now shifted the election of their Governors and innumerable other officials—from mayors and judges to the proverbial dog-catchers—to the "off-year" contest. Hence on November 2nd thirty-four out of forty-eight Governorships and forty-four out of forty-eight State legislatures had to be decided upon. It is one of the oddities of the political life of America that ever since the Civil war the party supporting the President has lost seats at all "off-year" elections, the two notable exceptions being in 1906 when Theodore Roosevelt was President and again in 1934 when Franklin D. Roosevelt was President. Thus, theoretically at least, history was on the side of the Democrats from the start but this was by no means their only hope. Apart from the historical argument there were many other powerful factors working in their favour. It is difficult for us Europeans to understand what exactly constitutes the difference between the Democratic Party and Republican Party, or what they are fighting about. Neither of them is strictly tied to any specific dogma; neither has any definite set of moral and social principles; and neither is associated with any definite class or group. It is a dangerous over-simplification to label the Republicans as Conservatives or the Democrats as Liberals. Among the modern Republicans there are many people with fine liberal and progressive views, and some of them were patriotic enough to serve under Roosevelt and Truman. On the other hand, in the Democratic party there are many violent reactionaries—of whom the Southern Democrats, also known as Dixiecrats, are the strongest and most conspicuous group—who have hated everything that Roosevelt and Truman stood for and who, far from co-operating with their own party leadership, have never stopped fighting it. Indeed, in 1952 and again now, some of them have preferred to support the Republicans. The American party system, which dates back to the early days of the Republic, is more a matter of tradition and personal affinity than any precise ideological conception. Moreover, since the public does not tolerate any other small groups or parties (repeated attempts to form new parties have never come to anything worth much attention, even though occasionally individual politicians have been successful as Independents), both the Republicans and the Democrats include in their ranks every variety of political opinion and personal credo; nor can one even describe the Republicans as the party of the rich and the Democrats as the champions of the poor.

In many ways President Eisenhower is having the same experience that Truman and Roosevelt used to have. Not only has his Administration—the first Republican one since 1932—been opposed by the McCarthy wing of his own party, but Republican disunity has had the most paralysing effect on his Government ever since he took office on January 20th 1953. The internecine Republican struggles and McCarthyism perhaps proved far more powerful factors favouring the Democrats than the traditional historical argument. To this must be added the surprising maladroitness of "Big Business" in government, best illustrated by Mr. C. E. Wilson's public pronouncements as Secretary of Defence. Even some of Mr. Eisenhower's own enthusiastic supporters—who went out of their way

in the 1952 election to pull America's most popular general out of the army and push him into politics—have latterly been very vocal in criticising the President personally. Thus, writing in "The New York Herald Tribune", Mr. Walter Lippmann, who was one of the President's earliest sponsors, has recently expressed the view that "the injury done to the uniformed and civilian personnel by the President's long appeasement of McCarthy will be with us for a long time to come". Oddly enough, in the same paper another distinguished commentator, Mr. David Lawrence, keeps on attacking the President for not giving McCarthy sufficient support and for being altogether too mild or progressive.

There is little doubt that, despite these contradictory criticisms from both the liberal and reactionary wings of the party, the President still enjoys enormous popularity throughout the nation—with a few exceptions, such as organised labour. The American Trade Unions do not believe in Marxism or in class war. Labour is fairly attached to the ideas of private ownership and the profit motive. Quite rightly the workers do not consider themselves as "proletarians", and they have no definite links with either of the two big political parties. Traditionally workers' votes are cast for those individuals whose personal record makes them more congenial to Labour, irrespective of their party affiliation. If in recent years union leadership has tended to support Democrats rather than Republicans, this is mainly due to the fact that since Roosevelt so many Democrats have stood for the causes dear to Labour's heart. Nevertheless innumerable workers vote the Republican ticket, and if they have to choose between a reactionary Democrat and a progressive Republican their support of the latter is a foregone conclusion.

Under the American Constitution a new Congress does not take over immediately the Election results are announced, but only assembles in the first week of January. The old "lame duck" Congress has reconvened and may last until Christmas; yet it could hardly hope to achieve anything of importance beyond probably censoring Senator McCarthy. After January the House of Representatives will have 232 Democrats and 203 Republicans. Thus the Democrats will have turned a minority of four seats into a majority of twenty-nine—no landslide, but a comfortable margin if they stay united. Had the Republicans won such a majority in 1952 or now, that would have been represented as a great triumph. But since a bigger change-over in favour of the Democrats was expected by many, the present results are described as inconclusive. Nobody has been given a mandate, so the argument runs. Maybe so, but in any case the Republican mandate can hardly be said to have found additional approbation. Moreover, the fact that the Democrats won eight Governorships from the Republicans, including such key states as New York and Pennsylvania, is certainly not inconclusive. With 27 out of 48 Governors, the Democrats are bound to be in a strong position in the Presidential contest of 1956, since Governors invariably exercise far-reaching influence both in the nominating conventions and on the actual voting.

In the out-going Senate there were 49 Republicans, 46 Democrats and 1 Independent. Now the situation has reversed itself; the Democrats will have 48 seats, the Republicans 47 and since the Independent (Senator Morse, a former Republican) has announced his intention of voting with

the Democrats, these will have a slender majority in the Senate as well. But what may be called the purely arithmetical position of the two parties in both Houses is not in itself a factor of power or control. The fact is that under Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower, there has been a virtual coalition of progressive members of both parties supporting the Administration and a powerful coalition of reactionary members of both parties opposing it. In this respect a change of majority may not handicap Eisenhower at all. The point, however, is that the majority party has the monopoly not only of the Speakership (Presidency) of the House of Representatives, but also of the chairmanships of all the committees and of the floor leaders in both Houses. These vital positions in American politics and the men holding them exercise an overwhelming influence not only in domestic affairs but in international affairs as well.

A complete restaffing of all committees means a long delay, since the new men have to learn their jobs and get organised for work. In this case the process may be somewhat accelerated by the fact that many veteran Democrats in both chambers will be returning to positions they have held before. Thus Mr. Sam Rayburn of Texas, who already holds the record as Speaker, will be returning to the Speakership once more. But no less important than the advent of Democratic Chairmen will be the unseating of some of the Republican ones. Thus Senator Joseph McCarthy will no longer preside over the Investigations Sub-Committee, and other ferocious "investigators" like Senator Jenner or Senator Velde will be replaced by Democrats. This, however, should not by any means be interpreted as the end of McCarthyism, even if he finally gets censored by the Senate, and "witch hunts" in one way or another are likely to continue for a long time.

The new House of Representatives will have 16 women members—a record number—and there will be two women senators. There will also be three negro members of the House—Democrats all of them—and many other coloured citizens have been elected for the first time to State Legislatures and a variety of public offices. In fact, in the words of one commentator "Everybody got something out of this election but nobody got too much". It is certainly true that the President remains a man of considerable personal power, and that if he wants to exercise this power during the next two years he is in a position to achieve a great deal. Suffice it to recall how much President Truman managed to get done after 1948 despite an openly hostile Congress. But from now on it will require much more dynamic and stronger leadership on the part of the President, far greater diplomatic skill and a renewal of that capacity for making a success as a co-ordinator which he shewed so brilliantly in his capacity of inter-Allied Generalissimo, if he intends to carry on with his programme in a situation so full of complexities. He has been the first to admit, speedily and gracefully, the necessity of a bi-partisan approach to most of America's domestic and international problems. Not only frequent consultations but the appointment of some leading Democrats to a number of important positions—just as in Roosevelt's and Truman's time—will become unavoidable. After two years of unending attacks on the patriotism, integrity and capability of the Democrats, this necessity for friendly collaboration with them will not be easy for the Republicans.

For their part, the Democrats cannot avoid thinking in terms of the coming 1956 election or forget that of 1952. They will enjoy being able to exercise a certain amount of power and influence, but they will certainly not be too anxious for spectacular successes of Eisenhower's Administration between now and 1956 or for a share of responsibility in its failures. It is at least arguable whether their chances of a real landslide in 1956 would not be greater if the Republicans had to face the next two years as a majority party alone. On foreign policy and on foreign economic policy—if he tries to make it a more liberal one—the Democrats are certain to give President Eisenhower far more help than his own party. This they have already been doing throughout the first two years of his Presidency and are likely to continue their support even more effectively now. But there are bound to be some serious clashes over the handling of domestic affairs and here the area of disagreement is a very wide one indeed. It ranges from labour legislation, unemployment and social welfare to financial policy, the placing of State orders with private firms, patronage in general, "witch-hunting", relations between the White House and Congress, the very nature of the Presidency and much smaller but burning issues—all of which will have a direct bearing on the next elections.

According to an old gag, "the trouble with the Americans is that they are always on the eve of elections, or in the midst of elections, or in the aftermath of elections". No sooner is one election over than manoeuvring, wire-pulling and campaigning for the next one begins. Indeed, according to an expert, there are only 12 weeks in every 4 years when it is possible to discuss serious problems with the American Administration when it is not handicapped by pre-electoral or post-electoral considerations. There can be no doubt that as from November 3rd both the victors and the defeated, and especially the party "bosses", have already started thinking about the election fight of 1956 which will require so much more preparation since it will also involve the Presidency. They will note, for instance, that the stock of Governor Thomas Dewey or Senator Irving Ives, or Senator Homer Ferguson who used to be the Republican policy maker, or Mr. F. D. Roosevelt Jr., has gone down, whereas that of the President himself has remained high. Or, again, that Mr. Adlai Stevenson has proved an inspiring leader to the Democrats, that Mr. Harriman turned out to be a successful campaigner, or that men like Governor Mennen Williams of Michigan and the veteran Alben Barkley are unbeatable. They will also ponder with curiosity the fact that Wall St. reacted to the present elections results with the strongest advance in the last 25 years, and they will ask themselves whether this spurt was due to the fact that the Democrats have recovered some of their political strength or, on the contrary, to the limited scope of their electoral success. Be this as it may, the new electoral race is on and will go on gaining momentum for the next 24 months. It is not for us Europeans to take sides in American politics, even though we are directly involved. The decisions of the American electorate and the policies of the American Administration affect Europe as much as and in some ways even more than they do the citizens of the U.S.A. It is no paradox to say that the President these days is a far more powerful person outside his own country than within it. Whichever party is in power, what matters to Europe is the maintenance of economic

prosperity and political stability in the U.S.A. What matters to Europe is that America should be able to pursue a dynamic, constructive and successful policy both at home and abroad.

GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK.

THE NEW GERMAN ARMY

IT has been a travailing birth but the military doctors in the dirty red brick building at Bonn known rather Teutonically as the Office of the Federal Chancellor's Appointee for Questions Arising Out of the Increase in Allied Troops, read Defence Ministry, are sure that it will be a lusty infant, this new Wehrmacht. It was a miscarriage at first. But now the infant's puling is already audible in all the building contractors' offices where desks are being cleared for the blueprints of new barracks. The German Army which will be a national one, whatever the politicians say, will be stationed well to the East to stopgap the gaping hiatus in NW-Germany. There will be 12 divisions, but 500,000 men. This seems rather paradox since an ordinary division, even the swollen Red Army formations, only consist at the outmost of 17,000 men. The Wehrmacht will consist of 400,000 men with a small supplement of "Blitz girls," the grey mice, the German equivalent of the Women's Royal Army Corps. The air force will have 80,000 flyers and ground crew and the small navy which will be equipped with small U-boats will be staffed by 20,000 officers and ratings. Those are the facts. But there is much more to it than that.

The costs of equipping this new force have been estimated at 40 milliard Marks (£3,300,000,000). A quarter of this huge appropriation will be snapped up by the army, a tenth by the navy and another tenth by the air force. Running annual costs will tally five milliard marks (£417,000,000). Privates will receive £2 10s. a week, corporals £5 5s. and majors about £15 weekly. It is unlikely that the German army will pay more to come in line with other N.A.T.O. emoluments. What about equipment? Can German industry supply the essentials? Broadly speaking, capacity will suffice. In fact industrialists have been straining on their leashes for a long time. Crude steel output will soon zip against the 20 million tons a year mark. Even Hitler did not do so well. Shortly before he pressed the button in 1939 capacity had reached 17.9 million tons yearly. There is a lack of high-grade steel which has only reached 53 per cent of the pre-war level. Aluminium output has reached the 140,000 tons mark as against the 166,000 tons in 1938. Synthetic rubber is being turned out at the rate of 8,000 tons annually but will be stepped up to 40,000 tons. Germany is the world's second most important manufacturer of synthetics: 240,000 tons a year. The electrical industries are booming with a production index of 253 (100—1936). The machine industry is not doing badly with an index of 167 and the optical industry is roaring with business. As regards aircraft output, there are no big

headaches. 80 per cent of pre-war installations are still intact or have quietly been restored. Since no German pilot has touched the throttle of a jet plane since 1945, it will take some time licking them into air shape. Shipyards will certainly send in their tenders although they are very busy. Last year's shipping output soared to 722,000 tons. German stock exchanges have responded very favourably to the results of the London Conference. "Bulls" have been doing extremely well. Shares rocketed to 200 after stagnating at 80 or 90 for years. This has been especially so in the electrical and chemical industries. There has been a scramble by investors to pay 200 Marks for a share nominally worth only 100.

What will the Wehrmacht look like? 12 divisions are to be divided into four panzer divisions, six mechanised divisions and two Panzergrenadier divisions on the old model. The infantry divisions will be motorised. Each will have its own tank squadron with sixty to eighty tanks and three artillery batteries. There will also be a flak section with each division. The panzer divisions will have 280 tanks each and an armoured reconnaissance battalion as well as four infantry battalions. Peace-time strength of a panzer division will be 12,600 men. The mechanised divisions will consist of three panzer squadrons, six infantry battalions and an armoured reconnaissance battalion. Each division will be practically self-supporting with auxiliary troops from corps level, engineer companies, field security, artillery and flak. The air force will have 20 squadrons with a total of 1,500 aircraft. The ten fighter bomber squadrons will be supported by four fighter squadrons and two reconnaissance squadrons. The Luftwaffe is to have an establishment of 3,000 pilots who will be below 35 years of age. Four months after "Der Tag" the first four squadrons will be ready to take to the air. Two years later the entire Luftwaffe will be battleworthy. Training is to be carried out by the Americans. The navy's task will hardly go beyond patrolling coastal waters as Germany is not permitted to build warships of more than 3,000 tons. Troops will wear olive drab with so-called "Eisenhower jackets"; pants will be tucked into boots and helmets will also be patterned on those issued by the U.S. army.

There has already been a good deal of jockeying for position among brasshats. Nominal commander-in-chief will be the President of the Federal Republic, the very liberal-minded Professor Theodor Heuss. It is quite possible that General Cruwell, who replaced Field-Marshal Rommel in North Africa, will assume direct command over all forces. He will probably select General Adolf Heusinger as his chief of staff and General Hans Speidel, another "Rommel boy" as his chief of liaison with Allied powers. When Sir Winston Churchill mentions Speidel's name he always accentuates the "Herr Doktor". Speidel is a university graduate and one of the most brilliant military men Germany has produced in the last decades. Rommel already recognized his qualities and appointed him his chief of staff. It is one of the ironies of fate that this man will now be working hand in glove with his principal opponent of yesteryear, Field Marshal Montgomery. Speidel is the son of a high school professor who as a highly patriotic monarchist appealed to his two sons to go into the army so as to serve their country. But Hans Speidel has always been as interested in history as in strategy. He took his degree in history and no doubt he would have done well as a historian had not Hitler summoned him.

Reluctantly Speidel followed the call but already during the war he became implicated in the plotters' circle against Hitler and the Gestapo roped him in. After the war Speidel returned to his faded manuscripts and taught history at Tübingen. He is one of the few first-class officers on whom there is not a speck of war-guilt blemish. Unfortunately there are others with a far less impeccable record who are clawing for power. Two nationalists, General Hasso von Manteuffel who would have done better to give politics the go-by, von Manteuffel has been delivering some very nationalist speeches in the last few years, and that other ambitious politician Mende, another member of the Bundestag, is just as unsuitable as the general.

Chief of operations will probably be Colonel Kurt Fett, who belongs to the young generation of general staff officers. The army's chief liaison officer to the Ministry of Defence has already been earmarked: Colonel Johann Adolf Count Kielmannsegg. Theodor Blank is the big question mark. This slab-faced trade unionist suffers from a heart complaint. He has a forceful personality which should be retained, but he is not well. He will leave a gap when he drops out. As a consequence of human shortcomings and the very fact that the men who have toiled for three years to turn the new Wehrmacht into a democratic vehicle of Parliament at Bonn will ultimately be replaced by others less dedicated to this pursuit, the question of whether the so-called "Kommisgeist", the robot-like execution of drill, continues to be of unremitting interest. "A citizen in uniform" is the motto that has been ringing the changes ever since Blank set up his office in the Ermekeilstrasse of Bonn. But mottos cannot dispel the wide-eyed awe that invests Germans when face-to-face with a real life general. There are already too many loopholes in the regulations for arbitrary and vain glorious officers to misuse their powers. For instance, the German trainee is assured under the present regulations that he will have the week-ends off duty. This is in line with his definition of a "citizen soldier". But there is a paragraph tucked away which permits superior officers to hold him back for reasons of discipline. Anyone who knows to what extremes the Reichswehr of General von Seekht went—soldiers were made to clean latrines with toothbrushes under the bullying supervision of corporals—will appreciate the danger of such a loophole. Obviously there will be cause to punish lawbreakers but the latitude to misuse power is still too great. The planners have been guided by idealism. They have scrapped such minor pin-prick orders which empowered NCOs to go about with toothpicks in search of a speck of dust on his equipment. Nonetheless, the scope to distort the regulations and to add to them is there.

The planners have gone to extremes to efface the stigma of servile submission. Batmen will only be allowed for officers commanding companies or senior units. No private can be detailed to clean officers' boots. Only volunteers will be eligible. This is a high-minded provision but those who know life in the German army doubt whether it can be put into practice. This correspondent also doubts whether the provision allowing an other rank to appeal against summary punishment by his company commander will have a long lease of life. A good idea has been the scrapping of "on the spot punishments" which used to be farmed

out at an alarming rate. Officers will henceforth be required to "sleep over it". And a divisional judge must confirm all verdicts. These divisional judge-advocates will be told to act on the principle: "Strict but just." If this system can withstand the insidious opposition of NCO-bullies, it should put an end to the vaunted "Schleifen", the polishing which is nothing less than a complete immolation of character stripping it of its capacity to think independently. It is significant, though, that a good many of the volunteers who have been registered in Theodor Blank's files—at present this number has risen to 135,000—are former NCOs, the very types the democratic army of Germany should not employ. Local conscription bureaux consisting of a chairman delegated by the army and two laymen appointed by the local council will decide on who is to be conscripted and who need not serve. This selective service is a sharp departure from the old method. A blue envelope used to reach a German demanding peremptorily that he present himself for a medical. He could not appeal. The young man of today has a chance to appeal. In fact he can carry his appeal as far as the Supreme Court of Administration. For the poor this will hardly be applicable.

Theodor Blank is shrewd enough to admit that it will be difficult to challenge the caucus of generals once they have been installed. "I know you generals," this former lieutenant of the reserve growled, "you are the biggest trade union in the world." For this architect of the new Wehrmacht it has been fairly plain sailing so far, but men of his bent will probably be shunted on to a dead rail once the military routine gets into its stride. The Generaldirektor of a big German steel concern was voicing the fears of many for the future of German democracy only recently after receiving a civilian order of merit from the President of the Federal Republic. It was a jolly round at the table and there was plenty of drinking. After the usual encomiums he exclaimed: "And you know what! In six years they will be pointing fingers at me. Look at him, they'll say, this abominable fellow actually accepted a decoration from that regime." There are good grounds for apprehension. Quite recently a German film studio made a picture entitled *08/15* which is synonymous with stupid drill. The novel written by a former Nazi called *Kirst* is mediocre, but it does portray some of the senseless barrack-square parades and the inanities of "orders from above." It proved to be a best-seller. The chauvinist Ernst von Salomon who was implicated in the killing of Rathenau after the first world war was asked to pen the film script. He did a very good job of emasculating the book of its serious facets and turning it into a series of uproarious capers. The merriment, the transparent buffoonery, the Teutonic drollery is not only slap-dash fit for the antics of Olsen and Johnson, it confuses the issue to such a degree that the audiences splitting with paroxysms of mirth cannot help going home with the feeling—"it wasn't such a bad old army after all. And that discipline, you know, it makes men of those young spivs. And it's turned out nice again hasn't it?" The corruption of the central issue passed by the wayside. No one noticed it. The script demonstrated amply what political boobies the nationalist factions in the country consider the rank and file.

K. FRANK FELDMAN.

THOUGHTS ON THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT

THE signing of the Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the Suez Canal base has brought to an end the extra lap of hard work on the part of both negotiating teams since the initialling on July 27th. In spite of some internal opposition in Egypt both teams have earned the congratulations of many thinking people, not only in the countries immediately involved but in a far wider sphere, for the affairs of Egypt are considered important by dwellers in all four corners of the compass. To a limited extent and under different circumstances, this was true in the ancient and the classical worlds, Libya, Nubia, Crete, Syria, Babylon and Persia have all at some point set their commercial or military courses by the compass of Egypt's condition. The future of Alexander's empire and of Rome was affected by it. And again in our times the politically and of Egypt for the last hundred years has had wide turbulent history of Egypt for the last hundred years has had wide repercussions. It is interesting that this thorny problem with England should be settled at exactly this point in Egyptian history. In broad outline, she was an independent unity governed by her own people from about 3000 B.C. till about the 7th century B.C. From then onwards foreign blood of one sort or another has ruled her. Only in the course of the last two years has the wheel of history come full round once more. It is now the turn of her own people again. In the meantime Egypt, accompanied by every other nation, is facing the atomic and ideological age. It is a large question mark for us all. Will this era bring in new Dark Ages? Or will mankind find an over-arching ideology, think it and live it strongly enough to advance once more in the path of civilisation?

From July 27th, Egypt's friendliness to England has been marked. In Cairo on that morning people of different nationalities were congratulating each other in the streets. An Egyptian newspaper-seller of my acquaintance came up to me on purpose to say how happy he now was. An Armenian shopkeeper was overflowing with satisfaction. The few beflagged processions of young men shouting slogans seemed at one moment uncertain whether a smile of friendliness or of triumph was required of them. A small boy looked at me with a somewhat ferocious expression as he muttered "The English are going", but in two seconds he melted into a friendly smile as I told him that most of us equally welcomed the move. Further down the street I passed a knot of young men talking earnestly together. "Ah," I thought, "let us hear what they have to say." I passed close by. They were concentratedly discussing the merits of a washing machine displayed in a shop window. I have not been in Egypt for the last three months, but have had substantiated from several sources the apparently steady growth of friendliness towards England. An Egyptian editor has recently paid his first visit to England. He had vowed never to do so till an agreement on military evacuation had been reached, but now he has lost no time in making the visit in an appreciative attitude.

Categorical prophecy is an uncertain game at best, and Egypt is as capable of an "infinite variety" as was her Ptolemaic Queen. But one principle is clear. Communism and the Moslem Brotherhood are

ideologies, therefore their adherents have in the long run to be won, not suppressed. That is the crux of the matter. The appeal of Communism flavoured with Islamic phrases out of their spiritual context is great. And fanaticism can easily be kindled in those with a grievance, supposed or real. The destiny of Egypt. One hesitates to write such a phrase. What does destiny mean? It is certainly not the one dimensional conception of a road along which a nation has to tread willy-nilly. Is it not the highest role for a country existing in the minds of her finest sons? It is not a cloud-enveloped Utopia, but a progress based on firm moral and spiritual foundations, a state to be acquired at sacrifice and cost, never brought into existence by a conjuror's wand, nor for that matter by an oil company's drill. Advance along the path of national destiny seems to be slower or faster according to the degree of change accepted in the lives of people of that nation, whether they be rank and file or leaders.

Yet the encouraging thing about destiny is that it can be determined by a minority, if that minority is sufficiently united, selfless and ideologically aware. Revolutions in the political sense do not of themselves lift countries from a lower to a higher level, however well intentioned. The pitfalls are too many. But wherever lives are changed from dishonesty to honesty, from selfishness to unselfishness, from fear to trust, and from competition to co-operation, then a revolution occurs in miniature which can have far-reaching results. In short, where materialism is replaced by a God-inspired ideology, this produces a revolution with which the more usual types based on lesser concepts are in the long run insignificant or harmful. There are people in Egypt thinking along these lines and the number searching for a moral and spiritual key to their difficulties is increasing. There is evidence of this significant trend taking place here and there in the lives of Egyptians of varied backgrounds. Some of the students I recently met and talked with were struck by the discovery of what they felt to be a third way of facing the impact of the West. The old alternatives, they thought, were either to become so imbued with all things Western that they cut themselves off from the Orient, mentally and emotionally, or else to embrace the East with a passion akin to fanaticism, deriding all things Western just because they were of the West, be they good or bad. I was told that they now sensed a way wherein East and West could together help to answer materialism in both their ranks and together combat the fallacy that material prosperity can only be reached through a materialistic philosophy.

To my mind it is in people great and small who have that as their philosophy of life in theory and in practice that the hope of Egypt lies, and I found it best exemplified by those who have come in touch with the principles of Moral Re-Armament. A certain Intermediate School of Commerce, for instance, was troubled by schoolboy strikes. One of the students was convinced that he was meant to stop the strikes. He went to a ringleader and said: "Explain to me the value of these strikes to us as students." After some hesitation the leader admitted that they were meant to sound patriotic, but that the actual value was a free day and the chance to go to the cinema. "At heart I agree with your views," he added, "but how can we convince the others?" As they talked and thought the thing through together, they realised forcibly that education was one of

the strongest instruments for building the future of their country. They decided to see two other leading spirits of the strike; one mocked at them but the other was won over. This team of three now visited a larger group of boys with the result that eventually all decided to call off the strike to the astonishment of their Professor who had been desperate about the situation.

Egypt is now laying great stress on the development on her industries, but in the long run quantity and quality of production depend on the spirit that motivates the man who works with his hands. There is a group of textile workers which meets regularly to plan for the application of this idea in their factories. "In my work", said one, "I do not now tear the threads off the loom and throw them away if they get tangled and difficult to handle, but instead I take the trouble to unknot them and continue the work". He was beginning to see his own responsibility towards waste of raw material and its effect on his nation's economy. In other spheres this spirit is apparent. It is encouraging to hear what the Rector of the famous al-Azhar University said to some representatives of Moral Re-Armament from France, Germany, the U.S.A. and Great Britain when he received them last February: "Egypt in general and al-Azhar in particular welcomes every activity that works towards the spread of good character and sound morals. These, in most countries in our day, have crumpled under the impact of materialism which is overwhelming and misleading men's souls. I repeat to our visitors my great pleasure at their visit, reaffirming my profound delight that they are calling men to this ideology which works for the spread of the principles of peace, love and sound morals among all men without distinction between individuals or between nationalities." For decades yet Egypt may be a battleground for warring ideologies. She has as long a history of survival behind her as has any country in the world. Some of the very first seeds of civilisation were sown and flourished in her great river valley when mankind was young. For over five thousand years she has seen greatness and chaos, peace and war, renaissance and decadence. But the next ten years may prove to be one of the most strategic of all points from which may spring her destiny for many years to come.

MARY ROWLATT.

THE TURKISH RIVIERA

RECENTLY Freya Stark has described in her beautiful prose the coast-line of the old Roman provinces of Asia Minor, Cilicia and Pamphylia, where the Turkish State is expecting to create a Riviera for the attraction of the enterprising tourist. The western end of her travel was the town of Antalya, which through the ages has been the port of the South-Western coast of Anatolia. In its long history Antalya has changed its name at least four times. It was founded in the second century before the Christian era by Attalus, the king of Pergamum—the place from which the parchment is called—and bore his name—Attalia. In the Byzantine Empire the name was modified and became Adalia. Today, when the Turks are systematically abolishing the Byzantine names of the towns of

their homeland, they call it Antalya. Some hundred years ago, Kinglake, in his classical book on oriental travel *Eothen* knew it by another form of the same root: Satalieh. He tells a lively story of landing there from a Greek brig with a Russian General, and defying the order of the Turkish Pasha forbidding them entry till they had observed quarantine, coming, as they did, from plague-infested Syria. He concludes his book of the travel of an English Milord in the spacious days of Queen Victoria with the story of their reception by the Pasha, and their setting out to ride from the port to the heart of Anatolia. "When the moon got up and touched the heights of Taurus, we were joyfully winding our way through the first of the rugged defiles."

Antalya has indeed a superb situation as well as a storied past. It lies in a sheltered bay, surrounded by the rugged cliffs and wooded heights of the Taurus mountains. The little harbour, built in Roman days, reminds one of a Cornish cove on a greater scale. Rushing water burbles through its main streets. Everything grows profusely in the sub-tropical climate. The new boulevards, built in recent years since Antalya has again become the administrative centre of a region, are lined with palms. The country all around is of a lush fertility; and near the town is a large experimental agricultural station of the Turkish Government, growing all manner of crops and fruit trees.

We had approached Antalya from the central plateau to the North, crossing the Taurus mountains from Konya, the former capital of the Seljuk Turks in the middle of the great plain of Anatolia. From the last ridges of the Taurus we saw stretched before us the smiling Pamphylian coast, and when we came to the coastal strip we met constant streams winding their way to the sea and crossed by arched Seljuk bridges. Antalya itself boasts of a wide plage, where there is a break in the rocky wall that comes down to the sea. Yet the excellence of Antalya is not only in its situation, its climate, its plenteous streams and its sea-shore. It is rather in its crowded history. For this is the coast of all the classic civilisations, starting from the Hittites 2000 B.C. and ending with the Ottomans who have ruled here unbrokenly from the 14th century.

Within a few miles of Antalya you come to the imposing Greco-Roman ruins of Perge, where St. Paul preached one of his first sermons to the Gentiles. A few miles further, and you come across the vast Greco-Roman theatre of Aspendos rising in crescent form on a hill like an Acropolis. The seats for 20,000 and more persons are still intact; and the huge sub-structures under the theatre are as they were in the early centuries of our era. Another little stretch of 15 miles, and you are at Sidi—known also as Cski (*i.e.* Old) Antalya. There another vast theatre and ruins of Agora and forums and temples are strewn among the fields to the edge of the sea. Further east, after passing more relics of the Greco-Roman and Byzantine days, you come to the Seljuk harbour of Alanya, dominated by the ruins of a Crusader castle and by a citadel of red stone which is a masterpiece of the architecture of the earliest Turkish conquerors. The modern Turks intend to carry the metal road eastwards till it reaches Tarsus, that "no mean city" from which St. Paul sprang. All along the coast are places of his ministrations, bearing witness to the magnificence of those days.

There are two types of Antiquity sites in Turkey. The first were excavated in the last century, or in the early part of this century, by expeditions from Western Europe; and the greatest part of their treasures has been carried away to the museums of Western Europe. The sites are stripped of all that is beautiful and valuable, and show now the bare bones of Antiquity, laid out and docketed like goods in a grocer's shop. Such is Pergamum, north of Smyrna, and the capital of the kingdom of Attalus who founded Antalya. The Acropolis crowned with the ruins of its temples is still a noble site, but the spirit of the place seems to have gone with the frieze which was borne away by the German Archaeological Mission to a Museum in Berlin. The second class of sites which are strewn over this remoter coast, the cradle of Eastern Mediterranean civilisation for 4000 years, have not yet been excavated, or have only been scratched by the Archaeologists. They keep their pristine beauty and grace and a certain human quality. The Pamphylian and Cilician coasts are rich in these sites.

Antalya itself has preserved some relics of its imperial development in the second century of our era. Then Hadrian honoured the town by a stay, and the town honoured him by erecting a triumphal arch which, though ruined, is still imposing. And the Museum, which is in an ancient Mosque, is full of florid sculptures from that florid age. A Museum of Archaeology is the essential title of respectability in every Turkish town which has a history. It is apt, as at Antalya, to be a jumble and a higgledy-piggledy of statues, sarcophagi, Seljuk armour and costumes, coats of arms of the knights of Rhodes, musical instruments of Moslem dervishes, swords and weapons of Byzantines and Turks, and pieces of church architecture. The best thing about the Museum of Antalya is the place where it is housed, which, before it was a Mosque, was a pagan and then a Christian Basilica, and still has many of the columns of a classical age.

The Turks are planning to exploit the Riviera. They are building the metal road which will make its historic places more accessible for foreign visitors, and building a "touristic" hotel which is to be more regardful of the Western hankering for plumbing than the present inns. It will include a dining-room as well as sleeping rooms. That is a break with the Turkish tradition in the country areas, where the hotel is a place to sleep and separate from the Locanta, that is the place of eating.

The main streets of Antalya are lined with advertisements of the Banks, which in present-day Turkey are the most competitive institutions of the country and the most insistent advertisers. The rival standards of the Banks have invaded the park overlooking the Bay, which is the pride of the town. The park has a more seemly decoration of modern Turkish sculpture. At its entrance there is a Bureau of Tourism, in what used to be the Halkevi, that is, the People's House. That institution of the Ataturk revolution, designed to be a centre of popular education, has fallen out of favour with the present Democrat Government, because it was alleged to be used for party purposes. And everywhere the Halkevi is closed. The Tourist Bureau in its place is a voluntary effort of each town. A Committee headed by the chief citizens—in Antalya the local member of parliament is among them—directs it; and the work is done

voluntarily by teachers and students. That is an admirable conception, but does not work out so well in practice. The Bureau produces, with American help, attractive folders about the historical places, but does not always provide the service. At the door you read an encouraging note: "English spoken; do not knock; come right in". You enter, and sometimes nobody is there. But the foreigner, who has little knowledge of the Turkish language, can be assured of help. In any town, big or small, the teachers and students who know foreign languages will seek him out, and will spare no pains to interpret his wants. Metal roads have been engineered from the southern coast, through the ravines and heights of the Taurus range, to the uplands of Anatolia and to Smyrna (Ismir) on the Western Coast. In the heart of the city of Antalya is the centre of the motor-buses. The companies that run the buses are mostly private enterprises, and they provide cheap and popular transport for the Turks and for the visitor. The buses go great distances in a day—500 or even 600 and 700 kilometres. The roads and the buses should open up this lovely coast. They will not deprive it of its romance and its beauty.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

THE CASE FOR APARTHEID

THE retirement of Dr. Malan will not change the colour policy of the Union of South Africa. The policy of separation is inspired not so much by colour prejudice as by the instinct of self-preservation which is proverbially the first law of Nature. The object is to prevent the submergence of White supremacy and civilization by the rising tide of African nationalism that finds expression in the cry "Africa for the Africans".

The people of European descent who colonized the foot of Africa claim the right of every nation to decide who shall be admitted to citizenship, and to reject those who do not appear to be assimilable in the formation of a homogeneous community. Other countries deny citizenship to members of races not readily assimilable. Difference in colour accentuates the degree of unassimilability but is not necessarily the only, or even the main, factor in assessing it. Many Chinese are as white as Europeans, but they are not regarded as assimilable in a European community. It is not on the ground of colour that the Government of Ceylon is repatriating Indians and placing those who remain upon a separate voters' roll. It is not a difference in the coloration of the skin that makes the people of Pakistan refuse to share the government of the Indian peninsula with the inhabitants of Hindustan.

Distant critics twit the Whites in South Africa with being hag-ridden by fear. But at bottom the policy of most nations is based upon fear—fear of attack; fear of the excessive infiltration of unassimilable foreigners; fear of trade competition weakening the national economy. What is branded as fear in South Africa is simply the desire of every race to survive and transmit its heritage to its children. The very essence of the problem of the co-existence of White and Black in the African sub-continent is the right of the Whites to rank as a sovereign people. Once

it is agreed that they have sound title to the area in which they have made their home, and that their mastership in it will not be challenged, then the relations of the different races could be placed upon a less controversial basis. But no such basis is possible as long as the leaders of the Blacks proclaim that their ultimate objective is to take over the government of the White area and, as one of them said recently, to "replace Dr. Malan by Dr. Moroka". The African National Congress demands the sweeping away of all discriminatory legislation and insists that every individual in a common society must be able to enjoy the privileges and opportunities to which his capacity entitles him regardless of race or colour. The Secretary of the Congress told the students of the Cape Town University in September, 1952, that the Africans were not fighting to dominate the White man in South Africa but "to be equal partners in running the country for the benefit of both." He said the Parliament they were working for would be designed on the lines of the present constitution "but there would be no racial discrimination and franchise qualifications would be the same for everyone". As the Union has adult suffrage, it would, upon that basis, soon be ruled by Blacks. The alternative would be a qualification so high that it would exclude all the Blacks, and most of the Whites as well, and place authority in the hands of an oligarchy.

The policy called Apartheid (Separation) does not deny the right of the Blacks to advance to the full extent of their capacity in their own areas. What it denies is the right of the Blacks to assume control of the area in which White energy and skill and capital have created a highly civilized and industrialized modern State. It envisages a residential and political partitioning of the sub-continent. In their own areas the Blacks would ultimately govern themselves with no ceiling over their head and no bars to their progress. They could, if they chose, go out to work in the White areas; but their national home would be in the Reserves. Apartheid even plans the siting of industries on the borders of the Reserves so that many of the Natives would be like the two thousand Spaniards who go daily into Gibraltar to labour and return at night to their homes across the border. Many missionaries and friends of the Natives have come to the conclusion that separation is the only way by which the Blacks will have full opportunity for self-development. As units in a White community they will always find a ceiling placed over their head, not so much by law as by public opinion.

There are Native leaders in the Union who would be prepared to accept Apartheid provided that the Blacks were given more land. They would not object to the partitioning of the sub-continent into Black and White States. Most of the Dutch churches and cultural societies hold the same view, and some would, if they could, make the separation so complete that the White areas would be wholly White. But that ideal is not widely held for it is generally agreed that under complete Apartheid both races would suffer economically.

Nor must it be forgotten that under a policy of full integration the Native Reserves would have to be thrown open to Whites. The Blacks cannot have homelands reserved for their exclusive use and also elect the governments of the White areas. The abolition of the Reserves would mean that before long the Natives would have very little land left. The

placing of White and Black upon a footing of absolute equality might leave the Blacks in a worse position than they are in today.

There is among the Whites in South Africa a large measure of goodwill for the Natives. A great deal of money is spent on housing, education and social amenities, and the condition of the Natives is on the whole better than that of the mass of the people in any other part of Africa, or in Asia for that matter. If the Africans would accept the principle of separation there would be a stronger incentive upon the Whites to subsidize the economic betterment of the Reserves and increase their population-carrying capacity. But today the Whites are standing on the defensive. They do not know what form the aggrandizing ambitions of the Blacks may take. If the whole of the African sub-continent, which is nearly as large as Western Europe, is to be regarded as one political entity, then the claim of the Blacks to have direct and personal representation in the legislature cannot be permanently rejected. But why must the sub-continent be administered as one political entity any more than Europe, or Asia or America? It has always contained different races living in separate areas under their own forms of government. Why should the future development of those races be impossible save upon a basis of coalescence?

If the Natives are as capable of advancement as the Whites, why is it necessary that they should go forward intermingled with another race? It is not asserted that the people of India and China and Burma and Ceylon cannot develop to the full extent of their capacity unless they are partnered by Europeans. On the contrary it is held that the first prerequisite for their progress is freedom from the overlordship of Whites. Without that release it is said that the plant of their racial genius cannot blossom. Why should the Zulu and the Shangaan and the Matabele be doomed to semi-barbarism unless they are Europeanized and permitted to vote in the White man's polling booth? The people of Nigeria and the Gold Coast and other African lands are eager to get rid not only of their White rulers but of their White officials, so that they can work out their future entirely by their own efforts. The peaceful co-existence of White and Black in South Africa cannot be achieved by insisting that they are fellow-citizens who can live happily together by electing a joint government on a basis of equal voting rights. That association may be feasible in North America because there the Whites outnumber the Blacks by ten to one and there can be no question of a struggle for supremacy. But if the 140 million Whites in the United States dwelt side by side with 400 million Blacks would the legislature be elected by counting heads in a common polling booth? The Whites in the Union of South Africa will never agree to any policy that might eventually deprive them of mastership in their own home. They say with Wordsworth

"The land we from our fathers had in trust,
And to our children will transmit, or die;
This is our maxim, this our piety".

On that issue they will listen to no compromise and discuss no terms. They will continue to rule the land of their birth or they will go under and be forgotten.

Such is the case for White South Africa. It may not convince observers

who having no personal experience of such an issue are ready to offer counsels of perfection from afar. It may continue to be denounced in the assemblies of the United Nations and by ideologues who believe that the problems of mankind can be solved by theoretical panaceas that ignore human nature. But upon this case nearly three million Whites in Southern Africa take their stand; for upon the issue of White sovereignty there is no gap between British and Dutch. No pressure from within or without will move them from it. Free the Whites from the haunting fear of political subjugation and all the race problems of Southern Africa would be placed upon a less emotional and more readily soluble basis. If the political parties in Great Britain—especially the Socialists—revealed a more sympathetic appreciation of the position of the Whites in the African sub-continent, the outstanding issues between the two countries could be more easily settled. There might ultimately be a partitioning of Southern Africa under some sort of federal system that would enable the different races to work out their destiny without struggling for political supremacy. But one thing is certain. The Whites will never agree to be ruled by Blacks. Gold Coastism cannot be extended from Lagos to the Lion's Head. Any attempt to readjust the relations of Black and White at the foot of Africa must take that hard and inescapable fact into account or it will bring not peace but a sword.

Johannesburg.

L. E. NEAME.

MME DE POMPADOUR—I

FRANCE had received the news of the illness of Louis XV at Metz in 1744 with consternation, and his rapid recovery was greeted with delight. The popularity he had enjoyed as a child had waned, but the thought of his loss stirred what was left of monarchical sentiment into new life. Little though he deserved the title he was hailed as *Louis le bienaimé*. Half the reign was over and there was still plenty of time to amend. It is the measure of his unworthiness that while his countrymen were ready to pardon his failings, he made no effort to respond to their loyalty by striving to fulfil his duties. No one has dared to argue that Louis XV, unlike his unhappy successor, was more sinned against than sinning. The era of harlotocracy, to employ Carlyle's drastic expression, had begun, and it was to continue till the end, naked and unashamed.

On the death of the Duchesse de Châteauroux at the close of 1744 a scramble began for the succession to the most coveted and lucrative post in France. The King's choice was expected to fall on the Duchesse de Lauraguais, the fourth of the de Nesle sisters, but why should he not look beyond the world of the aristocracy? He had never known much of the Parisians at first hand, but he learned a good deal of gossip from his valets and from sampling the correspondence of his subjects opened in the post. Many members of the professional classes had made or were making their fortunes, married into the nobility, and became discriminating patrons of art. The *Tiers État* was on the up grade socially long before it began to

count in politics or the services, and there were few doors which beauty and money could not unlock. Since the succession was assured and he had finally parted company with the Queen, there seemed nothing to prevent him from consulting his own wishes. We shall never understand the character and conduct of Louis XIV and Louis XV if we interpret them as the mere slaves of passion. They were sufficiently human to crave for congenial feminine companionship and to rejoice when they found it. No eighteenth century ruler except Frederick the Great was content without the warmth of family life or some makeshift equivalent.

The fame of Jeanne Antoinette Poisson had reached Versailles some time before she crossed the threshold. Mme de Mailly had been captivated by the playing of the harpsichord by a certain Mme d'Étioles at a friend's house in Paris, and President Hénault had sung her praises. "I met one of the prettiest women I ever saw," he reported to Mme du Deffand in 1742. "She sings with gaiety and perfect taste and knows a hundred songs, acts in comedy at Étioles in a theatre up to the standard of the Opera. She has a lovely complexion, chestnut hair, wonderful eyes and teeth, a fascinating smile, dimples, animation and a perfect figure." Cultivated and well to do, she was one of the most attractive young women among the higher bourgeoisie of the capital. She had risen above the level of her family, for one of the most fastidious of women was the child of coarse parents. Her father, the son of a peasant, had worked his way up as an agent of the Paris brothers, influential army contractors and bankers in the Regency era, but when their accounts were found to be irregular he was involved in their temporary disgrace and a commission declared him a debtor of the Treasury. Since he could not pay, his goods were seized and he was condemned to death. He fled abroad and was only allowed to return after eight years, when he was cleared of the charges. Meanwhile his wife, a woman of courage and resource, had to fend for herself and her family. After one or more *liaisons* her material problem was solved by a stable association with Le Normant de Tournehem a rich Farmer-General and a friend of the Paris brothers. He gave her daughter the best available education, which included music and engraving, dancing and riding. At the wish of her exiled father she was sent to a convent school for a year at the age of eight.

The most memorable experience of her childhood was a visit at the age of nine to a fortune-teller who pronounced her *morceau de roi*. The oracular utterance was stamped on the memory of her mother and was registered in the pet name Reinette. Her mother's lover found her a husband at the age of twenty in his nephew Le Normant Seigneur d'Étioles, to whom he promised a handsome dowry for the bride and his fortune when he died. It was an excellent match from a material standpoint, and he proved a decent and affectionate partner. The two families—the Poisson parents and the young couple—lived with their benefactor de Tournehem in his spacious Paris home and at the Château d'Étioles near Choisy, the King's favourite hunting-box in the forest of Sénart not far from Versailles. While her husband's family had contacts with rich business circles, the gifted hostess attracted leading Intellectuals, among them Voltaire, Montesquieu and Fontenelle, Crébillon and Maupertuis,

was received by Mme Geoffrin, and was a guest at President Hénault's suppers. When news of her salon and of her acting in a theatre built by her for amateur theatricals began to reach Versailles, the Duchesse de Châteauroux scented a rival. That Mme d'Étioles was determined to shine on a larger stage was proved by placing herself, beautifully attired and driving her own phaeton, in the King's path when he hunted from the Château de Choisy. When he inquired her name and sent presents of game the first milestone was passed on the road to fortune. The reigning mistress ordered the audacious competitor not to appear at the hunts, and when the Duchesse de Chevreuse spoke to the King of "la petite Étioles", the Châteauroux stamped hard on her foot. By one of the accidents which deflect the course of history in Courts and Cabinets, the sudden death of the reigning mistress left the field open to whoever possessed the wit and the will to secure the glittering prize.

Her hour struck during the celebrations of the marriage of the Dauphin to his cousin, a sister of the Spanish princess who had been betrothed for a brief space twenty years earlier to Louis XV. The sumptuous masked ball at Versailles was open to anyone suitably attired, and among the throng who surged into the brilliantly lighted rooms was Mme d'Étioles, dressed as Diana. When all were assembled and the other members of the Royal Family had made their appearance, the King entered the *Galérie des Glaces* and was observed in animated conversation with the newcomer. They met again a few days later at the ball given by the Paris municipality at the Hôtel de Ville. The King, accompanied by the Duc d'Ayen, arrived about midnight after meeting the Dauphin who had left the party and was on his way back to Versailles. After looking in at the Opera where another ball was in progress he dismissed his carriage, drove incognito to the Hôtel de Ville, supped with Mme d'Étioles and, accompanied by the Duc d'Ayen, drove her to her Paris home. Reaching Versailles at 9 a.m. he went to Mass as usual and then to bed. *Il a jeté le mouchoir*, cried the onlookers. Soon afterwards she was installed in a room which had been occupied by Mme de Mailly, connected with the King's apartments by a private staircase. When her husband, returning from a business journey, heard the news he begged her to return; but such a trifle as a bleeding heart could not be allowed to interfere with the royal command, and Mme d'Étioles parted from the father of her children without a pang. They never met again. Ambition had triumphed, and at this stage the scheming woman entertained as little affection for her second partner as for the first. That she never felt the slightest twinge of remorse was hardly surprising in an age when marriage in the higher circles was rarely a union of hearts. If any further excuse for her adultery was required, she could claim that her qualifications for the post were unique. She was coached in etiquette by her old friend Abbé de Bernis and the Marquis de Gontaut, an intimate of the King, and Collin, a capable young lawyer, was engaged as her secretary and factotum. A deed of separation from her husband was obligingly provided by the Parlement of Paris. The summer passed quietly at Étioles while she waited for her official inauguration as *maitresse du roi*. An extinct title was revived in her honour and she emerged triumphant as the Marquise de Pompadour.

During the interval the King went to the front and received his baptism

of fire at the battle of Fontenoy. His stock, which had risen during his illness at Metz and had fallen after his recovery, rose again when he shared the dangers of his troops. He was greeted with loud cries of *Vive le Roi*, testifies Valfons in his Memoirs, and when he was urged to withdraw from the zone of fire he refused. "Sire," exclaimed Richelieu, a brave soldier as well as a courtier and a rake, "your presence alone can restore the situation and gain the day." The sixteen year old Dauphin, who had accompanied his father, displayed equal courage, and begged to be allowed to charge at the head of the cavalry. "I am too young to be known to the nation," he argued, "but I naturally wish to imitate my father's subjects." His life was too valuable to be risked, for he was the only surviving son. It was the culminating moment in the brilliant career of Marshal Saxe, but a high price had to be paid in French blood. As the King surveyed the dead and dying men on the battlefield he remarked to the Dauphin that he now saw what a military victory involved. No King of France was less a lover of war.

Louis XV wrote to the new Favourite every day during his absence at the front, and his return was the signal for the official presentation. The ceremony took place on September 15, 1745, and the Princesse de Conti, who had never seen her, was selected as her sponsor. "Mme de Pompadour was presented to the King at six o'clock," recorded the Duc de Luynes in his journal. "There was a crowd in the ante-chamber, but only a few in the King's cabinet. The conversation was very brief and extremely embarrassing on both sides. A similar crowd had gathered for the presentation to the Queen and all Paris wondered what she would say. It was expected that she would merely make some remark about her dress, the usual topic among ladies when they have nothing to say. But the Queen, aware that Paris had planned the conversation in advance, felt bound for that very reason to talk of something else." She mentioned a mutual friend, adding that it had been a pleasure to make her acquaintance. "I do not know if Mme de Pompadour heard her," records the Duc de Luynes, "for she speaks rather low; but she seized the opportunity to assure her of her respect and her desire to please her. The Queen seemed well satisfied with these words." After the callous indifference of the de Nesle sisters it was a relief to receive a little consideration. Since the King must have a mistress, better a refined and well-mannered specimen than a brazen virago. The blow was further cushioned by the payment of debts incurred by her abounding charities. Unlike his gentle mother, the austere Dauphin frowned on the rising sun, and confined the conversation to a few words about her dress. In a poem entitled *La Bataille de Fontenoy*, which enjoyed a prodigious popularity, Voltaire saluted the victory of his old friend.

*Sincère et tendre Pompadour,
Car je peux vous donner d'avance
Un nom qui rime avec l'amour*

Et qui sera bientôt le plus beau nom de France.

The France of the easy-going, colourless, mediocre Fleury had melted into the land of the dazzling Pompadour.

Six weeks after the presentation the Duc de Luynes recorded that she had made an excellent start. "Everyone seems to think she is extremely

polite. Not only is she not ill-natured and never speaks evil of anybody, but she forbids such talk in her presence. She is bright and talkative. Far removed up to now from arrogance, she frequently mentions her relatives, even when the King is there, perhaps, indeed, rather too frequently." That he spent most of the day in her apartments told its own tale. Such was the beginning of every *liaison*, but how long would it last? Neither friend nor foe would have dared to predict that the royal favour would continue till the day of her death.

The Court, as usual on such occasions, was sharply divided, her critics, among them Richelieu, Maurepas and the d'Argenson brothers, complaining of her bourgeois birth, her champions, among them Marshal Saxe whom she called *Mon Maréchal*, stressing her unquestionable charms. The former disability was dealt with when the King, reviving a lapsed title, named her the Marquise de Pompadour and henceforth referred to her in conversation as la Marquise. Richelieu, formerly the champion of the Nesle sisters, disapproved the choice of a Favourite over whom he possessed no influence but quickly realised the futility of opposition. She responded by informing him that the King was very satisfied with him, as was the whole public. A far more dangerous foe was Maurepas who, believing himself securely anchored in the King's favour, scarcely troubled to conceal his disdain. Yet in everything except birth she towered above her predecessors, and no impartial observer could contest her intelligence or deny her charms. "In her grace, the lightness of her figure, the beauty of her hair, she resembled a nymph," wrote the Comte de Valfons. "To so many natural advantages were added every accomplishment. She was a good musician with a sympathetic voice, excelling in declamation, and she varied the King's pleasures by performances in which she played the leading part. Mistress of the King and of the universe, she was surrounded at her toilette like a queen." "Everyone found her extremely polite," records de Luynes, "with never a harsh word for anyone." Happy in her success, she desired to use her influence for the benefit of her friends. "If I can be of use to you," she remarked to Valfons, "let me know." Only once did he take advantage of her offer, and she kept her word. Throughout life she was delighted to oblige her protégés, subject to the strict condition that no act or word should endanger her position or interfere with her plans. Among her earliest beneficiaries was Voltaire, a frequent visitor to Étioles, for whom, despite the King's dislike, she procured well-paid sinecures as *Gentilhomme de la Chambre de Roi* and *Historiographe of France* and election to the *Académie Française*. Her earliest victim was Orry, the Finance Minister, who was dismissed at the wish of the Pâris brothers, old friends of her family.

The most engaging feature of her character was her loyalty to her parents. Her mother lived just long enough to rejoice in the fulfilment of the fortune-teller's prediction. Her father survived for another decade, and though his coarse ways debarred him from the royal table at Versailles, he was received when the Court was in residence elsewhere. His debts were paid, and he was ennobled and presented with a large estate. Her few surviving letters reveal genuine affection. "Do not worry about my health," she wrote in 1750; "it is very good. Nothing will upset it,

for my principle is to do my best and not to trouble about gossip for which I have given no cause. I have nothing to reproach myself with, so I am serene." Two years later she briefly reported that the King had made her a duchess, and added, "Good night, I am overwhelmed by visits and letters—another sixty to write." Having lost her son in infancy, her affection was centred on her daughter. "Alexandrine is growing ugly," she confided to her father; "provided she is not repulsive I shall be content. I do not wish her transcendent beauty, which merely incurs the enmity of all the women who, with their friends, make up two thirds of the population." From time to time she had to tell him that his requests were impossible, for there were limits to her influence and her income. "I am much less wealthy than I used to be in Paris," she explained. "What I possess was given me without asking. The expenses for my houses have been a great worry. I never desired great wealth, and I defy fortune to make me unhappy. Only my resilience carries me through, and the public does me justice."

The best specimen of the Poisson family was her brother, who deserved her affectionate efforts on his behalf. Since his understanding of the arts equalled her own, she procured his appointment as Superintendent of Buildings and packed him off to Italy to widen his experience. "I recommend above all the greatest politeness and discretion," she wrote to him *en route*; "in society be amiable to everyone. If you confine your favours to persons you esteem you will be detested by almost the whole of mankind. Do not think that because I am young I cannot give you good advice. After four and a half years here I know more than a woman of forty. Though I thought I loved you dearly I never imagined your departure could cause me such grief." She delighted in the reports of his reception by the King of Sardinia and other princes. Everyone liked him at home and abroad. Though the King gave him the title of Marquis de Marigny and called him *petit frère*, his head was never turned. The only friction between brother and sister arose from her fruitless efforts to arrange a brilliant marriage. "I do not wonder at the consideration paid to me in France," she wrote, "where everyone has or may have need of my services, but I am surprised it extends as far as Rome. Despite this satisfaction my head is not turned. Except for the happiness of being loved by a person one loves, a solitary and retired life is preferable. The older I am, the more philosophic I become. The happiness of the King's company makes up for everything; but the rest is a tissue of wickedness and platitudes, in fact, of all the miseries to which we poor human beings are heirs. It makes one think, especially some one born as reflective as myself. Everywhere you will find falsity and all the vices. Yet life in solitude would be dull, so we must put up with people's faults and pretend not to see them." On his return from Italy her brother won golden opinions in the discharge of his official duties, and aroused none of the jealous hostility which plagued his sister till the day of her death. He was a frequent guest of the King, not merely out of compliment to the Favourite but owing to his sterling qualities. Her plan to marry her daughter to a son of the King and Mme de Vintimille found no favour, and the problem was solved by her death at the age of ten.

Mme de Pompadour impressed foreign visitors with her competence

for her task. "After paying my respects to all the Royal Family," reported the Prince de Ligne, whose acquaintance with the Courts of Europe was unsurpassed, "I was taken to a sort of second Queen who had the air of being the first." Her serenity and poise rested not only on her confidence in her abilities but on the conviction that the King was not only her lover but her friend. That they felt a genuine affection for each other was the impression of those who saw them together in the bright dawn of their partnership. Spending most of his time in her company he seemed happier than ever before. A pleasant picture of his first *petit souper* is painted by the Prince de Croy, at that time a young Colonel who was always a welcome figure at Court in the intervals of his campaigns. "The dining room was charming, the supper most agreeable and unconstrained. We were waited on by two or three valets who retired after serving us. Freedom and good manners prevailed. The King was gay and uninhibited, though always with an air of distinction. He did not seem in the least timid, talking much and well and obviously enjoying himself. He appeared very much in love with Mme de Pompadour, and without false shame. He struck me as very well informed about little things, without committing himself in important affairs. Discretion was his second nature, though people think he tells the Marquise almost everything. We were eighteen at table, among them Marshal Saxe, whom the King seemed greatly to like and esteem. We were two hours at table, quite at our ease and without any excess. Then coffee and cards till one in the morning." Two years later, at the second marriage of the Dauphin, the same witness describes the King as madly in love.

Mme de Pompadour honestly strove to win the toleration if not the approval of Maria Leczinska, and dreaded the loss of her favour. "I have just spoken to the Queen, Madame," wrote the Duchesse de Luynes in February, 1746, "and begged her to tell me if she had anything against you. She replied in the friendliest tone that there was nothing, that she greatly appreciated your attention on all occasions, and that she wished me to tell you so." "You restore me to life," was the joyful response. "For the last three days I have been deeply grieved, as you will readily believe, knowing as you do my attachment to the Queen. Terrible charges have been made to M. and Mme la Dauphine who kindly allowed me to prove their falsity. I was told that the Queen had been turned against me. Imagine my despair, I, who would give my life for her, whose favours I value more and more. Of course the kinder she is to me, the greater the jealousy of the monsters and the more horrible their charges, unless she is good enough to be on her guard against them and to inform me of their nature. It will be easy to justify myself—my conscience is at ease. I hope, Madame, that your friendship and still more your knowledge of my character will guarantee my statements. I shall have wearied you with this long story, but my heart is so full that I could not hide my feelings. You know my sentiments for you, Madame, which will only end with my life."

(To be continued).

G. P. GOOCH.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

ON November 30th 1554 rejoicing prevailed at Penshurst Place, Kent, the stately home of Sir Henry Sidney. A son and heir had just been born to his wife, Lady Mary, sister of Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth's great favourite. Philip Sidney was named after his god-father King Philip II of Spain, whom Sir Henry had recently escorted from Spain to become the reluctant bridegroom of Queen Mary I. Ironically enough, thirty-two years later Philip was destined to die fighting against his god-father's soldiers in the Netherlands. Yet he was a soldier only by accident. Though he constantly craved for action and won fame as a diplomat, statesman and soldier, by temperament he was always a poet. He happened to be a great one. Fulke Greville, who knew Philip intimately from boyhood, tells us in his biography, published in 1652, that "his end was not writing" but rather "to make himself and others not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great." That is why Philip is a baffling character. The artist conflicted strongly with the man of action he longed to be.

The secret of his magnetism and extraordinary fascination for his contemporaries was partly owing to his "lovely and familiar gravity" which Greville mentions in his work. Men loved him for his sincerity, his goodness and his charm of manner, women for his chivalry, his prowess in the tilt-yard and his handsome face, artists and writers because he was always a generous patron. Philip was no prig, in spite of Greville's statement that even from boyhood "he never knew him other than a man". One has only to read the best of Philip's critical work "The defence of Poesy" to realize this. There we can discover him, his delightful modesty, the mixture of gaiety and gravity in his nature and his passionate search for beauty. His letter to his younger brother, Robert, first published in Collins' *Sidney Papers*, reveals strong family affection. "Look to your diet, Sweet Robin," he writes, "and hold up your heart in courage and virtue, truly great part of my comfort is in you. . ." In *Adonais* Shelley refers to Sidney as "sublimely mild" and "a spirit without spot". But he was far from faultless. We revere him all the more for his faults. He possessed a hasty temper, probably inherited from the Dudleys, as when he accused his father's secretary, Edward Molyneux, of opening his letters to his father. Philip's letter—in his beautifully bold hand—can today be seen in the manuscript room at Penshurst Place. He wrote: "If ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father without his commandment or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you." His suspicions were completely unjustified, and like other impulsive people he was quick to apologize. Generous to a fault he was always rather extravagant.

We know curiously little about his boyhood, passed mostly at Penshurst. Later, when his father was appointed Lord President of the Marches of Wales by Queen Elizabeth, he went to school at Shrewsbury. He spent his holidays with his family at Ludlow or in Ireland after the Queen appointed Sir Henry her Lord Deputy there. At home he probably learnt to speak his impeccable French, later so admired by Parisians. In 1568 he went up to Christ Church Oxford. Both Sir Henry and Lady

Mary suffered much in the Queen's service. In 1562 Lady Mary, a lady-in-waiting, caught smallpox from her. As a result she led a rather retired existence at Penshurst. A strongly religious woman of considerable culture, she taught Philip his love of religion, which so influenced his life. His years abroad from 1572-75 were vital. The Queen granted him a license—the Elizabethan passport—to go abroad to learn languages. As a future statesman he would also be expected to acquaint himself with the leading political personalities and to study politics. He was included in the train of the Earl of Lincoln, a special envoy from the Queen to the Court of Charles IX in Paris. Sir Francis Walsingham, then British Ambassador and later Philip's father-in-law, was told by Philip's uncle, the Earl of Leicester, to keep a fatherly eye on him. Throughout life Walsingham proved a steadfast friend.

France was split by bitter religious strife. When the Massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred Philip was safe in the English Embassy. He has left no record of his feelings, but some years afterwards, when he wrote his memorial against the proposed marriage of Queen Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou, the butchery in the Paris streets rankled in his memory. Paris was no suitable place for a sensitive young man. He next travelled to Frankfurt where he stayed with Andrew Wechel, the scholar-printer. There he met Hubert Languet, the scholar-diplomat, Burgundian by birth, recently escaped from Paris where he represented the Elector of Saxony at the French Court. Languet's friendship with Philip was sometimes rather emotional, and although sincere enough not altogether disinterested. Might not this brilliant young man with his noble mind, he reasoned, the nephew of the powerful Leicester, succeed in urging England to take an active policy along with the Reformed Protestant powers against the dreaded might of Spain? An elderly bachelor, he loved Philip as a son and worried about him like a fussy aunt. There is something rather pathetic in his insistence that Philip should not go to Rome, as if there was any danger Philip would be corrupted by the Jesuits. However, he went to Venice and Padua and travelled as far afield as Hungary and Poland. Whilst in Vienna he learnt horsemanship from Pugliano—a great master of the art. He owed much to Languet, through whom he became on intimate terms with all the leading European Protestants, and who inspired him with his own vision for political and religious liberty. Their correspondence is of considerable interest as giving a picture of the divided Europe of 1570. Languet lived in high nervous tension, a prey to anxiety. Philip realized this when he wrote in 1574 "For in your letters I fancy I see a picture of the age in which we live; an age that resembles a bow too long bent, it must be unstrung or it will break." Philip could never have endorsed the old man's disillusionment when Languet wrote: "I consider that in these days men do a great deal if they do not actually betray their friends."

How well his friend understood the poet in Sidney, though he never read his poetry, when he wrote to him in England in 1580: "To speak plainly, I fear that of the qualifications of a Commander severity will be the one in which you will be deficient. For by nature and inclination you are famed for gentleness and soldiers cannot be kept to their duty without severity". Philip was often employed by the Queen on diplomatic

missions. His most successful journey was to congratulate the Emperor Rudolph on ascending the imperial throne in 1577. Its real object, however, was to obtain a reliable impression of Germany's political situation. With his contacts on the Continent he was admirably suited for this task. Though she called him "her Philip" and gave him a lock of her hair, some secret antagonism existed between them. He no doubt resented Gloriana's niggardly, querulous treatment of his father, who performed splendid service in Ireland and was exasperated also by her cautious policy and constant procrastination. For months she kept him dangling about the Court without regular salaried employment. Possibly Burleigh, no friend of the Dudleys, kept him from office. William the Silent—shrewd judge of men—thought highly of Philip. In 1579 he told Fulke Greville to give a message to Her Majesty that Philip was one of the ripest and greatest Counsellors of Estate in Europe and suggested employment for him, but Philip tactfully prevented his friend from delivering the message.

Philip showed fearless courage in opposing the Queen's marriage with the Duke of Anjou, younger brother of Henri III. When Simier, Anjou's envoy, whispered in her ear that Leicester was secretly married to her *bête noire*, Lord Essex's widow, the favourite was disgraced. Philip automatically became leader of the party which opposed the marriage, and wrote a powerfully reasoned memorandum on the subject. It is evident to us that Elizabeth never seriously intended to marry Anjou, but her Ministers could not be certain. About this time a magnificent tournament was held at Whitehall. Philip participated as one of the four challengers, or Foster Children of Desire, laying siege to the Fortress of Perfect Beauty in which the Queen sat enthroned. He was too sincere to feel at ease as a courtier. Whenever possible he preferred to retire to Wilton House, home of his beloved sister the Countess of Pembroke, who encouraged him to write the *Arcadia* and they collaborated in translating the psalms, a refuge from the frustrations of Court life. He rode on Salisbury Plain and discussed literary projects with her. He only turned to poetry when his political ambitions were thwarted.

The *Astrophel* and *Stella Sonnets*—some of the finest poetry in our language—were inspired by Philip's love for Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex. The sonnets (first published five years after his death in 1591) have a passionate sincerity. Philip tells us his object was not to seek fame but to commemorate his love. He first met her at her father's home, Chartley in Staffordshire, when she was barely a child. His fatal hesitation in not pressing his suit ruined his chance, for she became the wife of Lord Rich whom she loathed. Philip realized too late that he loved her. Was Lady Penelope really the heartless coquette and shallow personality, too readily assumed by Philip's biographers? We do not know for certain. In 1583 he married Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. They had one daughter, the Countess of Rutland.

Besides his writing Philip found other outlets. His thoughts turned eagerly towards the New World. He wished to join Martin Frobisher's expedition in search of a North-West Passage, but nothing came of it. He planned secretly to join Sir Francis Drake's expedition to the West

Indies in 1585, but Drake informed the Queen and he was peremptorily ordered back to Court. He constantly advocated striking at the heart of the Spanish Dominions. Elizabeth, at last forced to act in the Netherlands, appointed him governor of Flushing. He found the opportunity to fight for the cause of religious and political liberty, so dear to him. Philip showed his essential greatness during this final phase. When his troops were on the verge of mutiny owing to their wretched condition and pay, he wrote to Walsingham in 1586—"If her Majesty were the fountain I should fear, considering what I daily find, that we should wax dry". His burning religious faith in the cause sustained him. He was never more a poet than at Zutphen. When he saw Sir William Pelham go into action in light armour he threw off his own cuisses, thus exposing himself to unnecessary danger, the direct cause of the fatal wound he received. It was Fulke Greville, not present at the battle, who first related his words to the dying soldier—"Thy necessity is yet greater than mine", in his *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*. Philip was carried in his uncle Leicester's barge to Arnheim where he lay for three weeks surrounded by his family and friends. A well-known preacher, Gifford, has given us an account of his last days, how he discussed the immortality of the soul and especially asked for his poem "*La Cuisse Rompue*"—now unfortunately lost—to be set to music. His spirit rose triumphant above the bodily pain. To his distraught brother, Robert, he said: "Love my memory, cherish my friends, their faith to me may assure you they are honest". He welcomed death like a friend, saying: "I would not change my joy for the empire of the world".

Even his country's enemies deplored his death. Mendoza, Philip II's Ambassador in London, "lamented to see Christendom deprived of so rare a light in these cloudy times, and bewailed Poor Widow England that having been many years in breeding one eminent spirit, was in a moment bereaved of him by the hand of a villain". King Philip in the sombre light of the Escorial on receiving the news wrote laconically in the despatch, "He was my godson". Sir Francis Walsingham, though desperately harassed by Philip's debts, wrote to Leicester: "He was my chief worldly comfort". Elizabeth was so overcome with grief that she could not attend to state business for some days. Too late she realised the value of his services in the Netherlands. However, in more typical fashion, she was soon overheard to complain of that fellow Sidney's "inconsiderateness in getting himself killed, like any common soldier". He is the most beloved of the Elizabethans. He alone never stirred up envy and seldom rancour. Both in life and death he cast a spell on those who loved him. Even after four centuries he has not lost the power to inspire us. His life was truly a poem, but the man was no saint. BRYAN BEVAN.

PROBLEMS OF THE WEST INDIES

THE outstanding problem of the West Indies is that of over-population. In most of the islands and colonies there are too many people for the natural resources, rich as some of these are, adequately to support. The only relief presently in sight would seem to be emigration. But to what part of the world? There is certainly no room in England, and

Canada has shown little enthusiasm for the idea. Lately there has been some movement to the American southern States, and last winter a group of employers from them came down to confer with coloured leaders and government representatives in Barbados on the possibility of further and larger scale importation to America of Barbadian indigenes. The Barbadians themselves are rather keen for the idea because it means for them a much higher standard of living than is possible in the Colony, where as a matter of fact the over-population problem is worst of all. Indeed, it is one of the worst, if not the very worst, anywhere in the world, as can easily be understood when it is considered that here are nearly 250,000 people living—in many cases the more accurate word would be "existing"—on 165 square miles of land, not all of it arable.

The West Indian peoples, mostly descendants of African slaves with some mixture of Carib, even Arawak, Indian blood, are on the whole a good-natured people, admittedly industrious, not given to agitation, nor concerned with "nationalist" notions so long as they have a reasonable sufficiency of food and a modicum of other creature comforts. But such sufficiency is not, under existing conditions, the lot of the average coloured worker in any of the islands, and therein lies the greatest of the present problems and grounds for apprehension for the future. The African slave-trade went on for more than 150 years and died hard, very largely out of the efforts of the redoubtable Wilberforce who had to fight no inconsiderable measure of public opinion, especially among the beneficiaries of the slave-trade who included many wealthy and titled people in England. Indeed, these formed an organisation called "The Society Against the Abolition of the African Slave Trade," and through its activities and those of other supporters of the iniquitous traffic Wilberforce's life was at one time actually in danger. It was a long history of oppression, beast-of-burden existence, human exploitation paralleled only in the Dark Ages. Yet the average West Indian today is not, as might be expected from such a background, a sullen, ever-discontented, morose fellow. Quite the contrary, as a matter of fact. He requires guidance and direction, truly, but it should be characterised by kindness and sympathy instead of imperiousness.

The economic problem is hardly less serious in the case of the mixed-bloods, "half-castes." All aspire to the "white-collar" class, which intensifies the problem. For when they do attain it their earnings are often less than those of physical workers, yet each feels that his education entitles him to a higher living-scale. Lesser government positions, of which of course there are far too many in all the colonies, have to a large extent been created to provide "jobs" for educated coloured and partly-coloured. But this is not a sound system and has already gone beyond reasonable limits. Nevertheless, the educated mulatto is often a more enlightened man than officials of similar ranks sent out from Home. He is, too, far more interested in the country and the future. For it is *his* country whereas here, even as in most colonies of all colonising Powers throughout the world, the official from home is much too often only holding down a job and thinking of it in terms of the possibility of promotion to a better or, if along in years, of retirement. Many of the faults, and the weaknesses, and they are all too obvious, of administration

in the British West Indies, are attributable to this.

The half-caste official, too, is not infrequently an engaging person as an individual, conducting himself with dignity, abstaining from the careless habits of many white men in warm countries, taking pride in his position, and devoting all effort to filling it competently and fitting himself for a better. It is right to put more and more of official responsibility into his hands. He knows the value of knowledge that comes from education, and he has striven long and hard to acquire it. What he has acquired he rarely forgets. He is anxious for the welfare of the dark peoples and he does not, like half-castes in many other lands of mixed races, ignore the full blacks and try to ingratiate himself with the whites. These can accept him or let him alone. In the West Indies they rather generally accept him. Outside of Bermuda and the Bahamas, that is, where everything is subordinated to the susceptibilities of rich American tourists, many of them from the southern States, who support the fantastically-priced hotels, no one is ever refused entertainment because of his "colour." Extremism, though it may be called "Communism" at one end and "Nationalism" at the other, is often no more than a gesture of revolt at difficult or, as in British Guiana, almost impossible living-conditions. This can be met, and very likely combatted successfully, by accepting the fact that the coloured peoples are also human beings and entitled to treatment and consideration as such. That will not, of course, solve the problem of over-population, but it will make for a readier acceptance of conditions that problem creates, until some way shall be found of solving it.

For half a dozen years the talk has been of federation, of a West Indian Federation that should form a unit, and an important one, in the British Commonwealth. The probable advantages of this are more apparent to some of the present colonies than they are to others. The main objection comes from the prosperous ones, like Jamaica and Trinidad. These dislike the idea of a kind of pooling resources for the purpose of strengthening the shaky economy of non-self-supporting colonies like Barbados. That is the greatest obstacle to Federation, though never openly declared. What it comes down to is the same barrier as that which retards political or economy unity everywhere, refusal to yield anything of one's own sovereignty, either political or economic, to the good of a united whole. It is, of course, a short-sighted view, here or anywhere. Regarded with complete realism, it is a selfish view, and those influenced by it may by and by find it disadvantageous to themselves. But the West Indian colonies are jealous of their individual rights and indisposed to yield anything of them. This includes the objection to being ruled from another colony. For example, British Guiana is up in arms at the very idea of being under Mr. Alexander Bustamante, Chief Minister of Jamaica, as possible Prime, or "Chief," Minister of a West Indian Federation. The same feeling prevails in prosperous Trinidad, most prosperous of all the British West Indies, with its wealth of asphalt and minerals supplementing the sugar and copra which are the main economic resources of the other islands yet in Trinidad subordinate to the former.

Port of Spain feels it should be the capital of Federation. So does Kingston. Nor would Bridgetown or St. George, Grenada, present seat of the Windward Islands Government, shrink from the honour. But it is

certain that Mr. Bustamente will never agree to anything that doesn't give him the primacy. He has said so in no uncertain terms, also that any possible Federation "must" be administered in the West Indies and not from England. The somewhat boisterous Chief Minister of Jamaica is also ardently pro-American. He has often asserted that America is the "land of the future" and that the West Indies should "look toward it." Mr. Bustamente pays lip-service to Britain readily enough, but his heart is American, and no doubt at all exists that he really entertains some such idea as a close link between possible Federation and the United States. To what extent Federation would benefit the island peoples themselves, the masses, if indeed it would benefit them at all, is debatable. It might bring about a better population-distribution, for example, a transfer of some thousands of Barbadians to British Guiana where there is plenty of room. But the dominating population-factor there is the East Indian element and it is certain to oppose any large-scale importation of blacks from other colonies. Moreover, the present living-standard in Guiana is the lowest in the entire region. Why that is so opinions hotly differ. One American investigator has written that "British Guiana is 'Tobacco Road' and worse." "Tobacco Road" is an American play portraying the shocking conditions under which "poor whites" in some parts of the South live, even in today's "super-prosperous" America. Even a British investigator, and an official one too, reported that "many of the workers and peasants of British Guiana live in a fashion to which a self-respecting English farmer would not commit his pigs." Extremists, of course, attribute this state of things to "exploitation," and while that is not one hundred per cent correct, yet unmistakably there has been a good deal of it. The picture isn't one that looks very alluring even to the poorest black of over-crowded Barbados.

This problem of over-population must be solved in some way. Granting of larger measures of self-government, such "ministerial government" in Barbados, will not go very far toward a solution. In fact, those who contend that it is nothing more than a "sop" to native stirrings about "independence" are not far wrong. Toward improving economic conditions, the greatest need of all and more important than the rest together, there is no reason to suppose it achieves anything. In fact, there are those who argue the contrary, since this change in Barbados has materially increased the cost of administration by vastly advancing the salaries of Ministers, most of them native or part-native, and minor officials likewise. But some 50,000 blacks in this teeming island are still living below what is considered a "subsistence-minimum" in countries like the United States, Sweden, Switzerland, or even Great Britain.

One of the major interests in all the islands, from an economic viewpoint, has come to be tourism, but it is being handled with a singular lack of discretion, foresight and appreciation of its possibilities. There is too much tendency to exploit the visitor, most of all in Jamaica. Here the leading hotels charge tariffs unknown anywhere else in the world, except perhaps southern Florida. Rates of forty and fifty dollars, U.S., are common, with no commensurate value rendered, if indeed it is possible to provide anything worth so much. The result is that the tourist-traffic in this colony has fallen off markedly. The Government has made no

attempt to curb prices, and indeed encourages them since the Chief Minister frankly says that he desires his tourists to come from America because these "bring plenty of money with them." A few years ago numerous small country inns and guest-houses provided reasonable entertainment for as low as a guinea a day, but now few demand under three. All other costs, at least those likely to concern the visitor, have advanced as a reflection of what has unmistakably become an all-the-traffic-will-bear policy in Jamaica. The island has come to be known in the United States, and in England, too, for that matter, as one of the most expensive places in the world, which is bad for its economy. Other islands and colonies are cheaper. At an extreme is Santa Lucia, far and away more attractive than Jamaica and entirely "unspoiled," where a few small but comfortable guest-houses charge only four B.W.I. dollars a day, the equivalent of about seventeen shillings. This unit of currency prevails in all the Windward and Leeward Islands, but Jamaica, though nominally a sterling country, has turned entirely to the U.S. dollar, and everything likely to concern the tourist is associated with that currency. Barbados, Grenada, Dominica—the most "unspoiled" island of them all, with a small colony of pure Carib Indians—Antigua, Santa Lucia, St. Vincent, and Trinidad, all use the B.W.I. dollar, which is four shillings, tuppence, and Trinidad, all use the B.W.I. dollar, which is four shillings, tuppence, each. In these the average tariff at hotels below the "luxury" class is from eight to fifteen B.W.I. dollars, but there is everywhere an unfortunate tendency to develop the type of hotel called a "residence club" with accent on bar and Americanised entertainment, and tariffs on the American scale.

Out of all this there is little or no benefit to the native islander, for his wage runs only from six to twelve dollars a week, though living-costs in most of the islands have advanced more than 150 per cent. in the past four or five years, wages generally less than half as much. Even the highest paid labour, that on sugar plantations and docks, receives but a guinea a day and is of course uncertain and irregular, averaging about two-thirds of the time. In places like these islands, especially the over-crowded ones, social services are appallingly inadequate, disclosing far too little concern of government with the condition of the masses of people. Housing in many parts is wretched, no better than it was half a century ago, by no possible standard anything but primitive and archaic. Government protection and aid to industries, such, for example, as flying-fish catching in Barbados which supports thousands of blacks yet is carried on in the dangerous and inefficient fashion of fifty years ago with no government aid at all, either physical or financial, is lacking in a degree that cannot be excused or explained away. So inadequate is the fishermen's equipment and so entirely lacking government protection of the fleet of hundreds of old-fashioned and unseaworthy shallops that a score of boats and the lives of eleven fishermen were lost between the months of October, 1953, and April of the present year, and that is the fair weather season. In the present government of all the islands there is far too much apathy, too much *laissez-faire*, too much tendency to let things slide along as they have slid for the past hundred years. But it will not do any longer, and even if government finds it difficult to solve the over-population problem, there is much that it can do to make life easier for the indigenous peoples for the time being. MARC T. GREENE.

JUST as British manufacturers have had to search for new processes and adopt new inventions and materials to meet industrial development abroad, so will British farmers have to find ways of making our varied soils and erratic climate yield more food at lower cost. Otherwise the growing appetites of other races will leave progressively less for us. The war years showed us that we could, at a price, make our fields produce half as much again as before. But now, being mostly townsmen, we are becoming increasingly interested in the price we are paying. Ought it not to be possible to buy home-grown food without having to pay £150 or £200 million a year for the privilege out of the taxes? In particular there are many who ask: Would it not be sounder policy to contribute, say, £100 millions for better drainage, water supply, roads, electricity, farm buildings and perhaps fertilisers, rather than £150 millions in price subsidies which favour the better-placed farmer? Either by pressure of world population or by political pressure at home it seems likely that a rising standard of efficiency on our farms must become general, because so urgently demanded. In what directions can we expect to see greater production achieved with less effort, remembering that of all farm expenses labour shows the steepest and most continuous rise? Last year (1953) the yields of wheat, barley and oats per acre were the highest ever recorded in England and Wales. The acreage sown with barley and oats was actually smaller, but the total harvest was heavier. This suggests that in corn growing we are on the right road, thanks largely to the help of botanists and chemists in providing us with better seed, fertilisers and weed sprays. The yields per acre of potatoes, turnips, swedes and mangolds were also the highest recorded.

The way farmers have tackled this summer the worst harvest for 50 years has earned the grudging admiration of critics. We may concede that on the Eastern side of the country the best arable farmers have not left much undone to raise the level of efficiency. As to the West we find that in the difficult Duchy of Cornwall in favourable seasons since the war the average yield per acre of wheat, as well as barley and oats, has been higher than over England and Wales as a whole. While costs rose by 65 per cent output went up by 70 per cent. The net income of the working Cornish farmer and his wife had nearly doubled by 1951. One morning last winter I went to look at a farm of about 250 acres on the North Devon-Cornish border. The land was high-lying, but fertile and well-drained. The highest field was watered by a newly-installed ram from the stream in the valley. In the absence of the farmer his young wife showed me the Danish-style pig house, built by her husband and one man, where a hundred young pigs from Large Black sows by a Large White boar, were being fattened for various bacon factories on a cold meal mash. The farmer told me later that feeding only occupied him about a quarter of an hour a day. He considered he owed much of the succulence of his clovery young grass to his pigs. Against the side of the piggery was a deep litter hen house, also built by the farmer, containing a couple of hundred pullets—Black Leghorn and Rhode Island crosses. Hundreds more hens in their second year were feeding in the pasture

outside among the huts from which the Large Black sows were grazing. The most regular source of ready cash on this farm, as on so many others nowadays, was the milking herd of Dairy Shorthorns, milked by machinery. One of the cows had come all the way from Cumberland. "Now we are within reach of the London milk market", the farmer explained, "we have not enough tuberculin-tested cows in the West". Milking of the 17 cows was done by the farmer and one man, with another on alternate weeks. The farmer liked to drive into Plymouth sometimes on a Saturday afternoon in his new car to watch a football match.

Feeding provides a useful additional income. The farmer had sold five North Devon steers the previous day at £80 apiece. Several more were grazing in watered fields, containing open sheds. Others were in the yard by the cowshed. Calves were bought whenever milk was cheap and there was a nurse cow to spare. At the time of my visit—mid-January—the cattle were on mangolds. Cabbage was nearly finished. But I think the main interest of this upland farmer was his sheep—Devon Longwoolled ewes who had already dropped 19 lambs, a fortnight earlier than usual. Their only protection at lambing was the earth bank under the thorn hedge between the fields. Some black-faced lambs by a pure-Suffolk ram, used as an experiment, seemed even hardier than the pure-bred Devons, the farmer said, and more lively from birth. He now had 60 ewes, whereas his father only had 40. He has 50 fat lambs for sale in December at an average of 66 lbs. A score of ewe lambs are kept for replacement, and about ten old ewes are sold. The fleeces of Devon Longwools are of course an important source of revenue. The young farmer told me with pride that his land was carrying 50 per cent. more cattle than when he inherited it, as well as sheep. He thought he had now raised its productivity as high as it would stand. How had he done it? He pointed to his row of stacks—mixed barley and oats—and his Dutch barns packed with good, baled hay. Like other short-handed farmers I know he fights shy of silage. He resows his leys usually every four or five years. I came away wondering whether this pattern of intensive, mixed stock farming could be carried further up the hills of the West than it is today.

During the summer I returned to the West, to the South Hams district of Devon, east of Plymouth. Here I found big South Devon cattle lightly treading the steep-sided, grassy valleys, or lying, half hidden by bracken and thistles, near the rock-strewn stream at the bottom. The land might not look highly farmed, but conditions evidently suited these South Devons, which yield high quality beef, premium-carrying milk and the best Devonshire cream. Crosses from the native cattle in South Africa are popular as draught oxen as well as beef in the remoter districts. I had often wondered why this dual- or triple-purpose breed had not spread further up country. The farmer I visited told me he had that morning sent away a new-born bull calf for £100 and several of his best seven month heifers at £200 each to a man starting a herd in one of the Home Counties. With such prices in prospect, and a growing overseas demand from countries like South Africa, Spain, Brazil and the West Indies, the economics of pedigree cattle breeding seem to be on a sound basis, at any rate if the breeder is a working farmer with a good eye. A week later I

received a similar impression at the Oxfordshire farm of a Tamworth pig breeder. His pigs, fed cheaply on home-grown barley, middlings and swill, go to many countries in Europe, Africa, and America and also to Australia and New Zealand. Sows were grazing rough pasture overgrown with nettles. The farmer told me that these hardy foragers are a great help in reafforestation, especially of oakwoods. They loosen the old roots and while fattening on the acorns drive underground others, which in due course spring up as seedlings. The flesh, he assured me, was as white as any bacon curer could desire, although the skin is covered with golden-red hair. This outdoor type of pig could be at any rate a useful aid in raising the fertility of upland and woodland areas. Pigs are a sore point at present. They would be less so if Englishmen could acquire an American taste for a pork chop, and would not insist on curing the whole side for bacon.

On the other side of Oxfordshire, where the Cotswolds begin to rise into Gloucestershire, I saw some of the last existing Cotswold sheep. It was sad to have to search for this one remaining flock, and to see at last a few of these great animals stalking over hills formerly grazed by so many thousand head. A barn at the foot of the hill contained feeding troughs, and evidence that it had been used at lambing time. Nowadays the trend is all towards smaller-jointed sheep who can fend for themselves and lamb in the open. A few miles across the valley I visited a flock of hardy Kerry Hill ewes from the Welsh Border. They are crossed with Suffolk rams to improve mutton quality. Kerry Hills are free-ranging grassland sheep, but this particular flock was folded behind an electrified fence made of wire netting, the invention of the shepherd manager, who had just won a silver medal for it at the Royal Show against all comers from home and overseas. Folded sheep raise fertility more quickly than sheep freely ranging; but the movement of hurdles is too costly nowadays. Instead of four wagon loads of hurdles, costing £360, the electric fence makes only one load and costs £120. It saves two thirds of the cost and two thirds of the labour of moving. It took the inventor over twelve years to perfect, and is certainly an example of how farming efficiency can be raised.

In mid-September, on a small, low-lying farm in the Kentish Weald I was drawn in with the rest of the village to help pick hops. It was a race against the mildew, which was sweeping across the hop garden. Some rows of bines had already been cut down as useless. The young farmer told me that the new machines used on the larger farms reduced picking costs by two thirds. But he could not afford a £4,000 machine. His capital was sunk in the land. He took me to the oast house and asked me to watch the fire and thermometer while he went back to the garden to measure the picked hops. The cost of an expert dryer was this year too high. The farmer had brought his own bed into the oast house. As I looked round at the tall pockets of pressed hops, and remembered that each ought to be worth £40 and might not fetch half that, I felt that the farmer was probably right when he prophesied that small growers of this most expensive crop would gradually be squeezed out. Later I found the farmer giving an eye to his eight-year-old son, who was driving the side rake through a late hay field. A contractor's baler was following close behind, driven by a girl. "Average crops don't pay me," said this young,

college-trained farmer. "If I could drain every field I could raise the value of the land by 50 per cent." He knew well what the land wanted, but was hampered at every turn by shortage of resources, accentuated by the small scale of operations. He could only use the costly rake for a few hours now and then during the year; but he must have it. And he must leave it exposed to the weather when idle, for lack of buildings.

Greater efficiency on such farms as these is to be expected from a larger unit of production, through some form of co-operation, either by treating large estates as one farm, by greater reliance on contractors for the use of machinery; by co-operative buying and selling; or by nationally organised marketing. As the Milk Marketing Board has shown this can transform a drug in the market into the mainstay of the farmer, can double the consumption of a product and raise the average school weights of children. Milk will become cheaper when cows live longer and give us more beef calves. The introduction of new crops cannot be ruled out. Fifty years ago economists argued that a place could not be found for sugar beet in the crop rotation of the Eastern counties. What is certain is that great improvements will continue to take place in the general treatment of our most important crop, which will still be grass. Strains will be further improved, and swards will be more frequently renewed and fertilised. More grass will be artificially dried or made into silage, for self-feeding where possible. Heavier yields will be largely the result of heavier stocking, and still heavier stocking will be necessary in the growing season to cope with the grass. Controlled grazing behind movable electrified fences will become the rule. This prospect offers the best hope for the uplands of the West; for it is from these uplands that the store stock to graze the lowland grass must come. Here, below the level of the cattle ranches and mountain sheep walks, the small farmer may be the most economic. The breeder's eye will remain of first importance. To obtain the full benefits from this traditional system we must have more cattle on the hills and more sheep on the plains. And however long we can extend our grazing season we shall also have to extend our cold stores. Our climate will always have the last word; but our moist Atlantic winds bring into our high latitude infinitely greater good than harm. We should make them more of an ally.

A. W. DELL.

CRABB ROBINSON AND OTHERS

ON December 5th, 1824, Crabb Robinson wrote in his diary:—"Walked back to Islington and met there with Mr. and Mrs. Talfourd and Miss Mitford, the dramatist and poet, a squat person but with a benevolent and intelligent smile; scarcely any conversation. This meeting took place in Colebrook Row, a house to which the Lambs had removed a little more than a year before from rooms over the brazier's in Russell Street, Covent Garden, "a white house with six good rooms. . . and behind is a spacious garden with vines (I assure you), pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, cabbages, to delight

the heart of old Alcinous. You enter without passage into a cheerful dining room, all studded over and rough with old books; and above is a lightsome drawing-room, three windows, full of choice prints. I feel like a great lord, never having had a house before."

Lamb had for months been suffering from low spirits. "Oppressed with business all day", he longed to have a little leisure. Moreover the affairs of *The London Magazine* were not going well. Towards the end of the year however he was more cheerful, and Mary, except for cold and toothache, was well, had "had an exempt year, a good year" and was reading "novels all day long". So there was a party at "Colebrook Cottage, left hand side, end of Colebrook Row, on the western brink of the New River, a detach'd whitish house", on the fifth day of December, 1824, and we may suppose that the conversation was of "books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whims-whams". A few glasses of wine loosened Lamb's tongue and he was "merry". The company was congenial. The square, sturdy Crabb Robinson was often at the Lambs' house, for he was a very old friend. Mary Russell Mitford was staying with the Talfourds in Castle Street while preparations were going on with Macready for the presentation of *Rienzi*. She was a great admirer of Thomas Noon Talfourd, the son of a Reading minister, who had been Dr. Valpy's head boy, and Miss Mitford had considered him a prodigy as a lad, called him "my friend and crony" and "our highly gifted townsman", thought his articles "exquisite" and said he had "a talent for admiration and enjoyment".

Talfourd looked upon his host, Charles Lamb, and saw him as he was afterwards to describe him. "A light frame, so fragile that it seemed as if a breath would overthrow it, clad in clerk-like black, was surmounted by a head of form and expression the most noble and sweet. His black hair curled crisply about an expanded forehead; his eyes, softly brown, twinkled with varying expression, though the prevalent feeling was sad; and the nose slightly curved, and delicately carved at the nostrils, with the lower outline of the face regularly oval, completed a head which was finely placed on the shoulders, and gave importance and even dignity to a diminutive and shadowy stem." His face was full of "quivering sweetness", he met his guests with a cordial smile. Five days later Crabb Robinson went in the evening to the Talfourd's house, and found Charles and Mary Lamb and Benjamin Haydon and his wife, and again enjoyed pleasant talk.

Miss Mitford was still staying with Talfourd, and, writing of the party in his diary, Crabb Robinson said that he liked her looks but he complained that she had nothing to say. On her own showing she was nervous in London circles, found social gatherings of any kind irksome, and was, by fits and starts, desperately shy, in spite of her "age, rotundity and rubicundity". It was not until Crabb Robinson met Miss Mitford on her own home ground that he enjoyed really "lively conversation". "Some of our Berkshire friends are nice people," she said, and so Crabb Robinson found them, when in June 1829 he was staying at Bear Wood with John Walter. He had known the latter long in Printing House Square and had been foreign correspondent for *The Times* while Talfourd had been law correspondent. As country gentleman John Walter lost some of the

austerity with which he skilfully governed a great paper and in the years he had been at Bear Wood had made himself well loved. So to Bear Wood came Crabb Robinson. Having arisen early, as was his wont, he packed his few things for the short journey. He enjoyed a small agreeable breakfast party with friends all in good humour and then he went to Wokingham, where the Walters met him. Arrived at Bear Wood, he spent most of his time in strolling about the grounds, which he found greatly improved, and, as it was June, he admired the rhododendrons. One evening the Mitfords made a journey of six miles to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Walter and Crabb Robinson. The evening was enjoyable and Crabb Robinson's opinion of Dr. Mitford was, on this occasion, less condemnatory than afterwards. He was content to describe him as "an old Whig of more than seventy whose magisterial propensities are counter-acted by very liberal opinions, so that he is a protector of village sports on the Sunday in opposition to the religious party. He likes his bottle, laughs and talks loud, but is on the whole a pleasant man. His daughter, Miss Mitford, in spite of her rotundity and literary pretensions, seems to be an amiable woman. I was pleased with her. Her conversation lively, but with no arrogance or pretence".

The early antipathy which she showed to the Walters as new-comers and to their "improvements" as innovations was quite forgotten and she had long been a friend and admirer. She always did hate changes in accustomed haunts and so years before she had written disparagingly to Sir William Elford, "Did I ever talk to you about Bear Wood, a spot about six miles from us, of remarkable beauty? It was within *donkey-cart distance* of Mr. Webb's and Mary and I used to take books and work, and sit there for whole mornings. About a year ago this estate was sold, under the Forest Inclosure Act, to Mr. Walter, one of the Editors of the 'Times' newspaper. He immediately resolved to build there, and employed a certain Mr. Crabtree as his agent, steward, etc. The first operation performed by Mr. Crabtree was to cut down all and every one of the straggling old beech trees, whether single or in clumps, rounding the wood territory as completely and as smoothly as ever Buonaparte rounded the territory of some favoured king; the next, to make in two directions and across two commons a fine, level, straight gravel road to the wood, nicely bordered by a pretty little plantation of larches and firs. In about a month down came Mr. Walter and a landscape gardener (name forgotten), who execrated the poor Mr. Crabtree's cutting-downs; and as it was impossible to make the trees grow again outside the wood, contented himself with forming magnificent plans for the interior. Accordingly he formed a plan for a lake where the pool used to be—or, rather, for two lakes, united in the middle by a cascade! (really it is well for the man that his name is forgotten!)—and sixty persons were set to work to dig and trench and level for this magnificent design! All the spring, all the summer, all the autumn were these people at work; and now Mr. Walter (either by the benefit of his own lights, or by the advice of some third professor), having discovered that these lakes would spoil his place has set all his sixty workmen to fill them up again, and intends to have instead a small natural rivulet winding along the glen. I dare say he will come back to the pool—How often one is reminded of that admirable and philosophical distich—

"The King of France with twenty thousand men
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

During successive visits to Bear Wood Crabb Robinson found his regard for Miss Mitford increasing. In a homely country atmosphere and in the presence of a courteous host she was quite at her ease. Intercourse between the Walters and the family at Three Mile Cross was constant—Mrs. Walter took Crabb Robinson over to call and they found the daughter without the father. Crabb Robinson "found her amiable enough alone". Baxter was making drawings to illustrate a new edition of *Our Village* and he and the Mitfords were asked to meet the Walters at a friend's house. Bowles had died after a short illness and a most affectionate letter from Mrs. Walter communicated the news. Lucas was painting Mary's portrait and such was his success that "half Berkshire" wanted portraits by the same hand, and he agreed to paint the children of the Walters and Lady Madalina Palmer. On one occasion Crabb Robinson, having walked over to Three Mile Cross, found Mary Mitford unwell and instead of talking to her had a chat with her father, and the interview resulted in some scathing observations. "In the morning he is conversable. He has the air of a gentleman of the old school, an aristocratic air with which he masks his poverty. Living in a miserable hovel, he has been maintained by his daughter, who now writes popular books for their support after he had spent £20,000 she gained in the lottery."

A letter from Miss Mitford, a remark in Crabb Robinson's diary or reminiscences, a call with John Walter Junior at Three Mile Cross, bear record of frequent meetings. Mary Mitford was in London, staying once more with Mr. and Mrs. Talfourd, this time in Russell Square. The young lawyer was passing from success to success both in the legal world and the literary and Mary was lionised. Her father was also there, but Crabb Robinson called him disagreeable and foolish, and said tersely that wine made him a nuisance. Friends connected with the drama and the law, all the leading poets and literati, supped with the Talfourds, Wordsworth and Crabb Robinson were in and out constantly, and Mary Mitford found the days crowded with gratification and herself a literary lion. *Ion* was performed at Covent Garden for Macready's benefit, and, at the supper party which followed at 56 Russell Square, Mary Mitford enjoyed a gossip with Crabb Robinson and a chat with Miss Tree. Somehow a coolness arose between the Talfourds and the Mitfords. Crabb Robinson said that Mrs. Talfourd bitterly resented Mary Russell Mitford's envy at the success of *Ion* "which betrayed her to unfriendly criticisms that have ended in a breach". . . Mary Russell Mitford herself said that the Talfourds were jealous of her because of the lionising she received. However a couple of years passed and the cloud had gone. Crabb Robinson was again staying at Bear Wood and in the evening Mary Russell Mitford came over. Her father had been ill and she had not been out for ten months but on August 9, 1840, he was sufficiently recovered for her to leave him, and she drank tea with the Walters and Crabb Robinson. Then the latter was full of praise. "She talked with great warmth of Kenyon, with kindness of Talfourd, with kind feeling of everybody. She is really an amiable person, most generous, Kenyon says. She seems disposed to be kind to everyone."

Talfourd was once more on friendly terms. He was constantly in Reading, became M.P. for the borough in 1835, was staying at Farley Hill or paying a visit to the Walters. He sent an undated letter to Miss Mitford. (The date is probably 1842 and the writing strangely legible). He wrote to say how concerned he was to hear of Dr. Mitford's illness and how sorry all were not to see father and daughter at Bear Wood. Mr. and Mrs. Walter "expressed great regret for the absence of their friends of Three Mile Cross and still more for the cause." It is probable that father and daughter never again went together to Bear Wood to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Walter and to see there Crabb Robinson and Talfourd. But Dr. Mitford recovered sufficiently to be present at the stone-laying of the Reading reading-room on September 1, 1842, and the Walters and Talfourd were there. *The Reading Mercury* had an account of it and Miss Barrett in Wimpole Street heard all about it in an enthusiastic letter sent from Three Mile Cross the next day. Dr. Mitford had not long to live, for he died on December 11, 1842, and John Walter lived only until 1847.

Visits to Bear Wood did not cease with its owner's death, and we get one last pleasant glimpse of the charming Mrs. Walter in her home. On August 29, 1849, she cordially received her husband's old friend, and Crabb Robinson spent an enjoyable day or two strolling about the lovely grounds at Bear Wood and Mrs. Walter took her guest into the "very pretty Church". Mr. Wilmott, the incumbent of Bear Wood, spent some time in conversation, and the visitor found him most agreeable and proceeded to read what he had written, including the funeral sermon on Mr. Walter. So we may leave Crabb Robinson and his friends in that pleasant corner of Berkshire which the Walters enriched by their presence, and whose scenery Miss Mitford described so gracefully in her letters and country sketches.

MARJORIE WILLIAMS.

MEXICO'S NEW REVOLUTION

MEXICO is now witnessing the kind of revolution which is probably making more fundamental changes in the pattern of her national life than any of the political revolutions of the past. While some of the old ways of life in the Indian and Spanish colonial institutions still manage to survive in some parts of the country, the Mexican people are supporting their Government in the drive to revolutionise industry and agriculture. Already changes are taking place in the national pattern, and though an attempt is being made to retain the heritage of the past and the picturesque elements of Mexican life, they are in the process of being discarded. Yet it may be possible for Mexico to achieve industrialisation with a difference because of the strong national character and personality of her people. That part of her tradition which gave to popular legend such figures as Francisco Villa and Emiliano Zapata is now a thing of the past. In their place Adolfo Ruiz Cortines took office as President in December 1952.

However, his predecessor as President of the Republic Miguel Aleman retained some flavour of the past during his six years of office in which he announced or undertook a series of imposing plans and projects with all the acclaim that could be produced by newspapers which were remarkably unabashed about thus advertising the fact that they were receiving Government subsidies. While industrialisation was being pursued, costly dams or plans for the development of large areas were planned or actually undertaken; roadbuilding was pushed forward; and impressive skyscrapers were built on the outskirts of the capital to house the National University. Undoubtedly much worthwhile was done during this period, but these impressive public works did nothing to strengthen the country's economy, which showed signs of declining for the population was increasing at a rate faster than the increase in national wealth and many campesinos were driven across the border to seek work in the United States. Thus, the public turned to President Ruiz Cortines for a more sober approach to the nation's problems, for his main emphasis was on quiet hard work rather than theatrical display.

President Ruiz Cortines embarked on a programme to rid the Government of graft and excess expenditure, but he worked steadily to obtain the most out of Senor Aleman's plans. For this purpose he completely overhauled the Federal District administration and suspended Government support for the press. His immediate problem was to increase the purchasing power of the peasants, who comprise 60 per cent of the population, but receive less than 20 per cent of the national income. Droughts in the northern area would continue, as they did last year when over a million Mexicans were forced to try and cross into the United States to seek seasonal employment, unless land was irrigated in the north and reclaimed from the jungle in the south. Moreover, Mexico's urban population has risen by more than 40 per cent, while the rural population has increased by only 15 per cent in the past twelve years. Furthermore, the famous ejido system of collective farming was breaking down as the land for each community did not increase with the population, and could not give a greater yield because there were not sufficient farm credits to provide the necessary materials for better farming. The Government had to take measures to improve this position, for Mexico had to import maize and other staple foods to feed herself for food production had been neglected in order to increase cotton production to earn foreign exchange.

Still the gigantic irrigation and electric power projects undertaken under President Aleman to stimulate agricultural production and increase the income of the farmer will not have any effectiveness for some time, but those of his predecessor's projects close to completion have now been put into operation. On the other hand, some of the other plans have been revised, including the vast scheme for the development of the south-eastern portion of Mexico in the Papaloapan region, known as Mexico's TVA. The Government is now concentrating upon projects which can be finished and give quick results. Wells are being drilled to supply parched villages and their lands with water, farm credits are being extended, and a plan is in hand for the immediate resettlement of farmers in new colonisation areas. It is hoped that these will prove effective in helping to solve the country's immediate economic problems.

The Government has taken the view that industrial development cannot succeed unless it is supported by continually increasing purchasing power. A number of measures have been adopted for this purpose, which include ceilings on the prices for basic foods and the raising of wage levels despite complaints by employers that the higher labour costs would put the marginal producer out of business. But the Government explained that it could not allow the proportion of workers' wages to fall while profits rose as has been the case for the last ten years. The new programme has the support of many Mexican industrialists though it is unpopular in some quarters. The Government is in fact doing all it can to expand private production. Industrial enterprises are granted bank loans through an Industrial Guarantee Fund which has been set up. Tariff protection, better fuel supplies, power, transport, and communication services and better tax concessions have been extended to industry to encourage the re-investment of profits. If 30 per cent of the profit is re-invested it is not taxed, and small industries have a lower rate of taxation. Industries making a contribution to the national economy were already granted with provisions for tax and tariff exemption during the first ten years of their operation. It is hoped that these measures will strengthen the internal economy and provide work for thousands entering the labour force every year.

According to the experience of recent years, Mexico must incur an annual investment of over \$400 million if the programme of industrialisation and agricultural development is to provide jobs for her population. Over a quarter of this sum came from direct foreign investment, besides substantial loans and credits from abroad, chiefly the United States. Since 1945 total private foreign investment has more than doubled and is now estimated at about \$700 million, the chief attraction for investors being manufacturing. Foreign investment in industry amounted to 1,565 million pesos in 1951, with mining as the second largest recipient of foreign capital. This type of investment was stimulated by the demand for minerals after the beginning of the Korean war.

The United States has been the chief supplier of foreign capital for Mexico. The leading development bank of the Mexican Government had by the end of 1952 borrowed a total of \$261 million from the United States Export-Import Bank, the World Bank and a few private United States banks. Direct private United States investment is estimated at over \$500 million. American manufacturers have also opened factories for the production of foodstuffs, chemical and toilet articles, rubber goods and consumer goods. United States retail shops have established branches in Mexico, while subsidiaries of United States motor car companies assemble about 30,000 vehicles a year, and there are also branch assembly plants for refrigerators, electric ranges, radio and television receivers, and other major appliances. This demonstrates that the Mexican Government has welcomed the investment of foreign capital. The present law on foreign investment in Mexico is that 51 per cent of the ownership of an industry established in the country must be vested in Mexican citizens, especially in publishing, films, radio, transport, fishing and beverages, but most other kinds of industry are exempted. The rising number of industrialists and manufacturers created by increased industrialisation

are pressing the Government for a new form and direction to foreign investment. The National Industrial Chamber suggests a new law ensuring that Mexicans control the basic industries, and that preference should be given to foreign credits over direct investments. They contend that this is necessary because of the rising interest and dividend payments abroad, which are threatening the already precarious balance of payments.

During the past year the participation of foreign capital in Mexican enterprise has taken a new pattern. It was stated that in future Mexico will not accept foreign credits if they are conditional on the purchase of machinery and equipment from the lender country. Thus, offers have been made from foreign concerns in Europe to go into partnership with Mexican industrialists. An example is a large cellulose factory now being established as a joint Mexican-Italian venture with the assistance of the Mexican Government. Moreover, a Mexican-German consortium is to expand the steel industry, while plans are put forward by four groups from the United States and Europe for the establishment of a heavy chemical industry. The north-western state of Sinaloa has been offered a seven-year loan of \$69 million by a group of European bankers for developing agriculture through electrification and irrigation projects. A Fiat assembly plant for lorries is also being built in Mexico. There will, however, be ample scope for United States capital if it is restricted to industries not competing with national capital, and the same applies to other foreign investment. Opportunities for investment in complementary industries do not exist at present, but there will be openings in this direction with the advancement of Mexican industrialisation. United States petroleum companies have returned to Mexico after being absent some years following the expropriation act of 1938, first as sub-contractors for *Petroleos Mexicanos*, the nationalised oil concern, and recently as suppliers of lubricating oil and aviation fuel. Grants have been made to four American companies to work out a Government sulphur-concession in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; one of the companies has invested over \$5 million in the first sulphur plant to be built outside the United States to use the Frasch process. The Government is willing to welcome enterprises for extending chemical and fertiliser production within Mexico, but it is not so enthusiastic about another foreign operated soap or detergent factory.

Though many Europeans still remember the Mexican revolutionary period brought on by an irresistible land hunger and the need for a measure of land reform, Mexico's agricultural problems have largely faded into the background though they are still of great importance. The drive today is for the development of industry and this has attracted public attention both inside and outside the country. Still there are many Mexicans who would like to see industry developed exclusively by domestic capital; but despite the fact that various measures have been and will continue to be taken to encourage domestic capital, foreign capital has been the backbone of Mexican industry for the past twenty years. The immediate post-war boom years resulted in increased investment by Mexicans themselves, but foreign investment also followed suit. As commodity prices are now falling the amount of local investment is decreasing, so foreign capital is again becoming necessary for the advance-

ment of industry. The Mexican Government does not intend to extend control to industry. Though the State provides assistance in various forms to local enterprise, it supports a policy of encouraging joint investment by Mexican and foreign capital; it also seeks to enable foreign capital to be invested into specific areas of development helpful to the national economy. The Government's policy is designed to make agricultural and industrial development contribute to the strengthening of each other; therefore, the country has entered upon a period of constructive consolidation and extension. Mexico's progress will be eagerly watched throughout the western hemisphere, for her gifted cultural heritage and integrity will help to build up a powerful modern nation, which will provide a better standard of living for its population. Now that the race for industrialisation has begun there can be no turning back.

E. H. RAWLINGS.

AN OLD CORNISH CRAFT

WHEN Jeanne Stanley was a tiny child her Welsh grandmother had a butter-basket, made for her by her husband from field rushes. The basket was roomy and cool for the butter and it had two lids. Jeanne loved that basket, and remembers opening and shutting the lids and stroking the satiny sides. Unconsciously she was noting its structure, for years later she was able to reproduce it from memory. Another basket which must have influenced her thoughts was her mother's "pilgrim" basket. This was made of woven rushes, not twisted like the butter-basket. The amount that basket could hold was astounding. It went with the Stanleys on every holiday. Its shape was the fore-runner of the expanding suitcase. Its deep lid fitted completely over the container. It often figured in nursery games, but in spite of much rough treatment that basket had a long life. Rushes can stand up to a lot of use. These childhood memories go back a long way. But it is significant that they always remained vivid, and may well have been the seed from which has sprung an exciting movement here in England to revive a dying industry. In fact, Jeanne Stanley's work with rushes began, as all primitive crafts must have begun, with a need. The need became a joke, the joke developed into a pastime and the pastime into a serious business. "The need was a sun hat for my husband. In 1938 we lived in Hertfordshire. One afternoon in July I went for a walk along the canal bank. There grew long green rushes. Idly I picked a few and plaited them together. The feel of the rushes brought the rush baskets of childhood to my memory. If rushes could make baskets then they could make a hat. I gathered a big bundle. That first gathering tore my fingers to ribbons. So I learnt my first lesson. I must use a knife to cut rushes. The hat was made. I sewed the plaited rushes together with thread. The thread loosened as the rushes dried and the result was an untidy affair. I still have that hat, now

rather shapeless and brown. My husband dressed himself up as a brigand to match the Mexican cartwheel of a hat. And so the joke came into being. 'Dad's hat' became a family saying whenever anything appeared ludicrous." But Jeanne Stanley's neighbours were intrigued. They asked her to make them hats, and table-mats as well. Later she went on to weed-baskets, still sewing with string or strong thread (a great error as she discovered, for the sewing of rushes should be done with rushes).

Then came the war, and rushes gave way to other needs. Jeanne Stanley went to work part-time in an aeroplane factory, making small parts. As the machines whirled and banged she thought of the quiet peace of her rushwork. As the smell of oil filled the factory she dreamed of the fresh smell of new cut rushes. And, as the machine turned out part after part, all exactly alike, she said to herself: "This machine may be wonderful, it may be speedy. But give me the use of my own fingers and the joy of creating something." When the war ended she took up rushwork again. She made baskets as presents for her friends, baskets for using in the house, of many shapes and sizes. Now, she says that none of them were at all beautiful and they were mostly bad productions. It remained for Cornwall to make her realise the true craft. The Stanleys had known and loved Cornwall for some 30 years, and in 1946 they came to England's most westerly county to live. They settled in the lovely valley that runs between Grampound and Tregoney. There, on the lower fields which border the River Fal, grow large quantities of rushes. The farmers do not like them and are delighted at any offer to cut them down.

"The farmer's wife needed a waste-paper basket. I gathered the rushes, dried them, and sat down on a stool in the farmyard to begin my work. A neighbour was passing. He watched me for some time. Then he said, 'Did 'ee know that be an old Cornish job?' And he told me how the old folk used to 'traace' the rushes and make them into maunds for field work. 'Traacing' I discovered to mean plaiting or tressing the rushes—'Just like 'ee do traace a maid's hair.' This neighbour told me how in the old days they used to take out the pith and rub it in their hands to make the wicks for candles and fish-oil lamps. Farmers used rushes to thatch ricks. The housewives made mats for their blue-stone floors. Cornish farms have cold floors but there is a surprising amount of warmth in a rush mat." Perhaps it was at this moment that rushcraft became alive for Jeanne Stanley. She had found something which appealed by both its craft and its history. She had been a professional musician in the past, and so her fingers were nimble. Her music had also taught her a sense of proportion and design, two essentials to any craft. The only tools she wanted were sack needles, a ruler and sharp scissors. She could, in fact, make rush baskets with no tools but her fingers, just as the American natives did. She had no text-book, but then no book can teach as well as practical experience. She began to search for information about the old craft of Cornish rushwork. Apparently the craft had died out. She found that many Cornish people remembered it being practised fifty years ago. Then it was entirely confined to the needs of the household. The use of willows had become universal and had superseded the gathering of rushes.

In those days Cornish children made their toys of rushes, for bought toys were too expensive for the meagre Cornish purses. A friend of

Jeanne's still has a small doll's bonnet which she made from rushes more than 50 years ago. It is as good as new. The children also made toy whips from rushes. Tiny baskets were favourites—filled with flowers made from the white pith. The old Cornish miners, too, had a use for rushes. They made mine-fuses by filling the rush with bruised powder (a very dangerous procedure). In some cottages it is still possible to find maunds of rushes hanging up as souvenirs of "Granfer's" work. Then again, long strips of matting used to be made from sea rushes—a development that was eventually discouraged because the rushes were a good defence against the shifting sands. Going much further back into history, the Ancient Britons made rush baskets which were so much admired by the Romans that they took them back with them. And to this day the Italians make rush trays in which to carry their fruit and vegetables. Another interesting fact is that the first attempts at pottery were made by coiling the clay round and round as in basket making. If this be true then the baskets must have been made of rushes or grass since no other countryside material would coil. These early pots and jars were ornamented with patterns which suggest the primitive stitch joining the coils. Like the true craftsman she is, Jeanne Stanley has steeped herself in all this ancient lore and detail of rushwork. It is necessary for every craftsman to become a part of the flowing stream of his craft before he can successfully interpret and perhaps expand its activities. In the case of rushwork both the craft and its products have changed very little over the centuries. Today Jeanne Stanley works in an old 18th century shed at Grampound, not so very far from Devoran, a village which was once the home of a whole rush factory. She picks her rushes from the fields and stores them in the shed, and when she has made her baskets and mats she lets them dry off in the sunshine in the garden outside the shed. Jeanne Stanley's work is, of course, traditional in style. In addition to baskets and mats, she makes hats, trays, bowls, seats for stools, and a number of children's products, such as doll's furniture. She also makes an interesting rush-covered jar which shows how pottery designs were originally copies of basket designs.

Since she began her work in Cornwall in a modest way some six years ago, Jeanne Stanley has developed business all over Britain. Her work is exhibited in various parts of the country, and recently her stall at the Cornish Industries Fair won a silver medal for the outstanding exhibit. Also recently, she was made a Bard of Cornwall, at the annual Cornish Gorsedd (a gathering similar to the National Eisteddfod of Wales) being named appropriately enough Gwyadores Bronnennow, or Weaver of Rushes. As part of her aim to keep alive, and spread, local interest in her ancient craft, she arranges displays of her work in small villages all through Cornwall. "But this is not a success story. I am far from reaching my own standard of quality. Proportion and design still keep me thinking hard. The rushes take natural curves of their own which must be used to the best advantage. Strength is necessary. It is no good making a basket which won't wear well." There speaks the voice of all true craftsmen. Not for them the shoddy and temporary products of so much of our mass-production factories. Their work is produced, indeed, to wear well.

DENYS VAL BAKER.

Penzance.

A COMMUNIST UTOPIA

WE have known for some time that the new world-faith based on the philosophy of Dialectical Materialism closely follows the patterns of the older religions and has incorporated into itself most of their promises and prophecies in modern forms including the lure of bringing the Kingdom of Heaven to earth; but a definitive picture of this Ideal State has been missing. We are now indebted to the non-agenarian Soviet geologist Academician V.A. Obruchev for supplying this deficiency. In the *Soviet Weekly* of April 15th 1954 he is quoted as having published a message to the rising generation of his countrymen in the popular science magazine *Knowledge is Strength* in which he describes to them the nature of the Paradise into which they may one day hope to enter if they are faithful in their allegiance to that most modern of Gods, technological Science, Who may eventually solve for them the problems of how "(1) To lengthen the life of man to 150-200 years on the average, to wipe out infectious diseases and cut down the non-infectious to a minimum, to conquer old age and fatigue, and to learn to restore life in cases of untimely and accidental death; (2) To put at the service of man all the forces of Nature, the energy generated by the sun and the wind, subterranean heat, to employ atomic energy in industry, transport and construction, to learn to store energy and to deliver it to any place without the medium of wires; (3) To foretell and finally render harmless natural calamities—floods, hurricanes, volcanic eruption and earthquakes; (4) To produce in factories all substances found on the earth, including most complex protein, and also substances not found in nature; (5) To develop new breeds of livestock and plants; (6) To reduce, make habitable and master inconvenient areas, marshes, mountains, deserts, the tundra, and perhaps also the bottom of the sea; and (7) To learn to control the weather, regulate the wind and heat, to shift clouds, to command rain and clear weather, snow and heat as required."

It would seem that Academician Obruchev must have made a very careful study of the God of the Old and New Testaments before detailing the potentialities of the new Deity. For here, at first glance, we appear to have it all: The Lord who sitteth upon the flood, and causes to come down the rain; who levels the mountains and raises the valleys and holds the wind in His fists; who dried the sea and gave man dominion over the fish therein, and cattle; the All-seeing, the All-knowing; He who casts out devils and heals the sick and raises the dead. But on further inspection, not quite all. The new God, for instance, does not go so far as to guarantee eternal life—200 years might, perhaps, prove sufficient in a purely technological heaven even for a Science addict. And He conveniently makes no moral stipulations as a condition for the receiving of His benefits. There is no Sermon on the Mount in the new God's programme to ensure that the man to whom all these external blessings are promised shall ever be any better inwardly than he is today. But why, indeed, should he be? For when that happy day of technological perfection dawns, when Science has answered all the questions, there will be nothing else for man to do except to press the right button—and even a robot may be trained into this function.

What then will the centenarian of the scientific age do with himself for the last fifty or a hundred years when he has already had a century of weighing the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance in true deific fashion but without any trace of what has been commonly supposed to be the deific character? He will hardly be what is at present thought of as "good company". His conversation, like his literature, will be mainly confined to the very latest technological know-how. May he not have grown a little tired of himself and his tricks? Not physically tired, for the new God will ensure that he will faint not, neither be weary—a necessary benefaction if a "cell" is to toil efficiently and unremittently—but a mental weariness induced by the unchanging pattern of the daily round? Will the thought, after a hundred years or so, of plankton eating and commanding the sun and the wind to obey him still delight him sufficiently to induce in him the desire for a further century of button-pushing, or snow-producing, or foretelling earthquakes?

Even magics by repetition are apt to pall. And where is the supreme magic in Academician Obruchev's formula that will provide our new citizen of the Ideal City with an incentive to live? To what end? More energy-producing, more temperature-regulating, more raising of the prematurely dead in order that industry should not be deprived of their services until every ounce of usefulness has been extracted from them? We are told that the materialists are realists—the only realists. Yet real questions such as the above never seem to be posed by them, and therefore are never answered. We cannot doubt the possibility of the Kingdom of Lenin being established on the earth, but what, in the founding of it, will have happened to the citizens? It is at this point that the prophets of the New Faith break entirely with the ideas of those of the older religions who were one and all primarily concerned with the character of the citizens who would one day objectify the Ideal City. They did not teach the new "realistic" dogma that material forces and conditions external to himself make a man; they still suffered from what we are now taught is the reactionary delusion that man is basically an evolving spiritual being capable of making his own conditions or rising above those of which he does not approve. And in a manner which must be slightly embarrassing to the materialistic hypothesis all the great Teachers, including Gotama, the Buddha, Jesus Christ, Paul as well as many of their followers, demonstrated this theory in their personal lives in proving themselves to be an extremely superior type of manhood without any help whatsoever from technological Science, and achieving a moral perfection quite undiscernible in the most dedicated Party Member of today.

It is quite understandable, therefore, that these scientifically untrained Teachers of the past should have approached the subject of the Kingdom of Heaven from a diametrically opposite angle to that of the materialists. They, too, were evolutionists but, unlike the Marxists, they were disinclined to believe that humanity had arrived at the culmination of the evolutionary process. They saw, indeed, a vital need for improvement and believed that men could and should become more like the highest idea of good that they termed "God". More, in fact, like themselves, whose very existence proved that men could evolve to a far better, wiser, purer and more compassionate type of manhood; to a man released from

animalism and attachment to materialism and so free to enter into his higher nature of true *homo sapiens*. Then, and then only, they taught, could the Ideal State or heavenly City come into existence, since a world, a State or a society could never be intrinsically better than the citizens who composed it. Plato confirmed the vision of the Seers on the philosophical level and supplied positive directions for attaining citizenship in the Kingdom of Heaven, for after admitting that the Ideal City was nowhere established on earth, he suggested that it was "laid up in heaven as a pattern for him who wills to see, and seeing to found a city in himself. Whether it exists anywhere or ever will exist, is no matter. His conduct will be an expression of the laws of that city alone, and of no other."

Always the important thing to the thinkers of old was the citizen rather than the City which would of necessity be the outcome of the caliber of the men who inhabited it. The modern artificial plan of making an efficient technological cage to be inhabited by soul-less robots is new to man though perfectly familiar to bees and ants. Both forms of paradise take time to achieve. The non-achievement of the former concept of the Kingdom of Heaven is the materialists' great talking point, his justification for labelling it "Pie in the sky". But in fact the time it takes depends always on the willingness of the builders to found the city in themselves and to be obedient to its laws. Possibly, therefore, when those who value the liberties of the mind face squarely the alternative to founding the Ideal City in this difficult but only adequate way, they will be induced to pay more attention to the demands and rules of the older Faiths which provide the necessary blue-print. For there is a spirit in man undreamed of in materialistic philosophy that, having glimpsed the evolutionary goal in the Perfect Man of his faith, will never be able to accept the position of cell in a scientific territory as an alternative. This spirit informs him that if he is ever to experience the more abundant life of his heart's desire, it will not be enough for the external world to be perfected by technological evolution; he must himself be perfected by means of spiritual evolution. And for this process our scientific technicians can offer no "technique". In a word, the basic flaw in the scientific Kingdom of Heaven must ever be its lack of saints and angels, for these cannot be turned out by laboratory methods as our baffled and weary psychiatrists are now coming to see. And a technically perfect city inhabited solely by button-pushing robots guaranteed to last from 150-200 years has hardly more appeal for most of us than the deserted shell of a hermit crab.

ESME WYNNE-TYSON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

TALK AS A SAFEGUARD

A RANDOM cross-section of what is taking place in the world at large reveals an odd but salutary paradox. On the one hand the muddled animosities go on creating the sort of disturbance, major and minor, to which we have been accustomed for half a century. They are no worse and no better than is usual in the international field. On the other hand diplomacy by conference increases its output, produces

agreements of varying substance followed by verdicts pronounced upon them by leading statesmen of a gratifying and almost mellifluous import.

After the recent nine-Power conference held in London for instance, Mr. Dulles pronounced it "one of the great conferences of all time"; President Eisenhower called it "one of the greatest diplomatic achievements of our time"; Sir Anthony Eden said "we have built well for the future of Europe". One can hardly help being reminded of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's post-Munich diagnosis of "peace in our time" made on the eve of the second world war. It looks, however, as if the talk in this present series is of a probably constructive quality, in that it tides us over the contrasting menace of what is actually taking place. So long as the international politicians can meet and talk, so long will any breakdown in relationships be averted or postponed. In international affairs a postponement of breakdown is of practical value, because the prolific muddle of the actual relationships is as likely to throw up an unexpected diversion as to concentrate the bad blood upon a single issue. Time gained is danger averted. In the recent instance Sir Anthony Eden (the Knighthood being conferred upon him in recognition, popularly applauded, of his initiative and resource) succeeded in bringing together the western Powers and thus in concluding a juridical instrument for the more effective defence of western Europe against Russia. The Russian propaganda machine greeted the achievement with a prompt use of the routine abuse which is held in abundant readiness for such emergencies. We are so accustomed to such abuse that no flesh creeps. Mr. Mendès-France and Dr. Adenauer put a crown upon the work of Sir Anthony Eden by reaching an amicable agreement on the future status of the Saar, such as was calculated to remove that disputed territory from the effective control of either party. Both men were promptly attacked in their separate capitals; just as other muddles pursued their courses.

In Alexandria Colonel Nasser, while addressing a huge gathering of his Egyptian admirers, was shot at, but missed, by a fanatic of the Muslim Brotherhood; and on the following day the headquarters of that Brotherhood in Cairo were set on fire by the infuriated followers of Colonel Nasser. Further west in that same troubled continent a new outburst of terrorism caused the French Government to send by air a military force to Algeria, while the parallel terrorism continued its havoc in Morocco and in Tunisia.

These are random instances of what takes place. There is something in politics that inflames men's blood and unbalances their minds. Twice in this century the madness has reached a climax in open world-wide war fought for purposes which were soon forgotten, if they were ever known. Russia, an ally of the West in the second world war against the common enemy Germany, soon emerged as herself the common enemy against whom Germany, or one half of Germany, was now mobilised as an ally of the west. No sooner had the nine Powers in London agreed upon the restoration of sovereignty to western Germany and the inclusion of that country in the Brussels and N.A.T.O. combination than the Moscow strategists concentrated their tactics upon a diversion. They proposed that an immediate Four-Power conference be convened to discuss ways and means to peace and harmony. The crudity of these reactions and

contortions in high diplomacy is so ordinary and familiar that it goes unnoticed. It might well be thought, if anyone gave it a thought, that as Russia at this time constitutes in herself the main obstacle to peace and harmony in the world-wide scope, a simpler method is available for the "relaxation of tension"—one of the fashionable clichés of the diplomatic jargon—than that of another conference. All that would be necessary would be for Russia to agree, in the discussions still taking place at the United Nations, to the proposed scheme of disarmament which she has blocked for so many years.

In the ordinary relationships of life it is wrong and mischievous to be suspicious of another's motive, faith being the better instrument and indeed a contributing instrument, of harmony. In international affairs, however, the difficulty is that ordinary human commonsense holds little sway. It is as though the vast scope of the relationships drowns the individual sense of responsibility. In this present case the best will in the world could not escape the certainty that Moscow's intention was the sidetracking of western unity of purpose, as achieved at the London conference, an intention which had a prompt effect in London and Washington alike. Sir Winston Churchill was bombarded with questions in the House of Commons, and likewise General Eisenhower in the first press conference he had given for ten weeks, on the question of a meeting with Mr. Malenkov. Thereby the subtly suggested doubt arose in many minds whether there was any need, after all, for western unity in defence. Sir Winston and General Eisenhower were neither deceived nor "drawn", but the mud had been duly thrown by what General Eisenhower called "these frantic pursuers" of the communist purpose. On the positive side the facts of the contemporary tension in world relationships are tiresome enough; but the talk and the contacts between the nations' representatives, in another sense tiresome, are none the less a safeguard against something worse.

THE "RED GOLD" OF 1926

The recent strike in British and Australian ports was serious enough in some of its consequences and puzzling enough in some of its aspects to make many minds revert to another great strike which took place a generation ago. In particular the general strike (so-called) of 1926 is remembered because of a curious incident, popularly referred to at the time as the incident of the Red Gold, the details of which are perhaps worth recalling, if only as a matter of international curiosity. It was not a true general strike, but a general transport strike, which none the less dislocated the industrial activity of the country. At that time the trades unions were in complete control of strike action. There was no such thing as an unofficial strike; and therefore the enterprise was waged and financed by the trades unions concerned. Hence it was that the closing of the Stock Exchange, ostensibly decided on because members as a whole had no means of travelling to the City of London, had the incidental effect of breaking the strike in its second week, because the trades unions were thereby prevented from selling securities to meet the bill for strike pay. By contrast the dock strike of 1954 resulted largely from the enterprise of unofficial strike leaders, who were able to mobilise not only an unofficial following, properly so called, but a following of members of a union who

acted against the advice of their own union and of members of still another union which in sponsoring the strike went against the general policy of the trades unions.

There were therefore many thousands of strikers who received no pay from their trades unions. The statement made in the House of Commons on November 1st by the Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, that about £35,000 had been paid in national assistance grants to families of persons involved in the strikes had its ironical quality in the sense that the government was partly financing with public money a strike which it condemned and which was aimed against the public interest; but the amount involved was obviously too small to meet the needs of the dockers. Some curiosity has therefore been aroused as to exactly how the strike was financed. We do not know the answer.

But it is interesting to recall that in 1926 an offer was made from Moscow to finance even an official strike, although the trades unions correctly and indignantly rejected it. In the summer of 1926, after the May strike was over, the British Government sent a note to Sir Robert Hodgson, British Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow, for presentation to the government of U.S.S.R., protesting against the action of the U.S.S.R. in attempting to subsidise the Trades Union Congress during what was regarded, with ample reason, as a revolutionary strike. From the Russian point of view the motive was not only obvious but was later confirmed (as will be recorded below) in Moscow itself; and evidence had already accumulated at that time of what Russian intrigue could do to British interests in such widely scattered fields as China, Persia, Egypt and India. The cheque sent from Moscow to the Trades Union Congress in London was duly torn up and ceremonially consigned to the waste paper basket when it was received.

But the interesting thing was what followed. The British Note was delivered to the Government of U.S.S.R. on June 10th 1926. On that same day Sir William Joynson-Hicks (as Lord Brentford then was) was pressed with questions in the House of Commons about the British Government's intention in the matter of what was openly referred to as the Red Gold. He announced that the Government had not finished its investigations and asked for a week's grace before he made a statement. He did, however, say as a result of the further pressure brought upon him by questioners, that the Foreign Office was convinced that the Russian Government did send money to Great Britain for the purpose of the so-called general strike. The position thereupon taken by the British Government was this: that the strike in Great Britain was illegal, unconstitutional and revolutionary in quality; Russia's action was therefore unfriendly to the British Government and therefore (Britain being a democratic country ruled by a freely elected parliament) unfriendly to the British people. The British Government therefore sent a formal protest, simple and dignified in terms, to Moscow.

On the evening of June 11th, Mr. Rosengolz, Russian Chargé d'Affaires in London, issued a statement to the press, which was duly published in the following morning's papers, thus: "Mr. Rosengolz, Chargé d'Affaires of the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics, has just received instructions from his Government to protest against the unfounded statement of the Secretary of State for the Home Office (*sic*);

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, in the House of Commons, June 10th, that during the general strike the Russian Government did send money to this country transferring funds for the purpose of the strike". Now the Moscow strategists are adept at the delicate art of quibbling. It was the fact that the Russian cheque had been sent, not by the Russian Government, but by the Central Council of the All-Russian Union of Trades Unions. That body was controlled by, and was virtually a department of the Russian Government; and moreover no money could be sent out of Russia without the consent of the Government; it being necessary to obtain a license for that purpose from the State Bank. The second quibble was to the effect that money could not be "sent" if it was not "transferred", and it was not transferred because the cheque was torn up.

The incidental fact of money sent and actually received for the specific purpose of helping the miners' wives and dependents during the 1926 coal stoppage which the British Government regarded as legal, was ignored by the British Government. The fact, fully known and established, despite Mr. Rosengolz's statement, was that during the general strike a vast amount of money was raised in Russia to help in financing it. It was the Central Council of the Russian Trades Unions that decided that the money should be raised, the local unions decided how much they should severally contribute, and after the Russian manner, there was no option in the matter for the workers. In some districts a quarter day's pay was impounded for the purpose, in others a half-day's, in others a full day's. Levies were made on the receipts from football matches and theatrical performances. It is true that money came into Britain also from other countries besides Russia, from Germany, Mexico and Palestine: but in those cases it was privately contributed charity, and was no concern of the governments.

On June 24th 1926 there was published a British Blue Book which gave details of Russia's revolutionary activity in Great Britain ("Communist Papers: Documents selected from those obtained on the arrest of the Communist leaders on the 14th and 21st October 1925. Cmd 2682. 1926"). It will not surprise many students of Russia to be reminded that while Mr. Rosengolz in London was denying Russia's part in the British revolutionary strike, Mr. Bukharin in Moscow was boasting of it. The text of Mr. Bukharin's indiscretion was recorded in a State Paper issued by Sir Austen Chamberlain on February 23rd 1927, which took the form of a Note sent by Sir Austen to Russia on that day. Soon after the British strike was over, Mr. Bukharin addressed the Executive Committee of the Communist International during a conference of the Russian Communist party. He said, "Mighty masses are marching under the banner of communism. Comrades! Our proletariat is ready to do everything 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". The sufficient footnote to that episode, which took place nearly a generation ago, is given by two dates involved. The strike took place in May 1926. In May 1927 the British Government broke off diplomatic relations with the Russian Government. The year

that separated the two events was alive with recrimination passing between London and Moscow in which the strike was merely one of many counts in the British indictment of Russia's activities.

The full count was given in the British Government's "Russia No. 2 (1927). Documents illustrating the Hostile Activities of the Soviet Government and Third International against Great Britain (Cmd 2874)". One of the differences to be noticed between the years 1926 and 1954 in this matter of communist activity is that in the former year it caused twelve months of diplomatic upheaval ending in a diplomatic rupture, whereas now it is almost taken for granted and hardly any comment is made upon it. Another difference is that whereas in 1926 the communist role had to be organised directly from Moscow, in 1954 it was organised by a fully developed Communist Party in our own country. Mr. Deakin made a public statement in which he accused the communists of responsibility for the strike, but no one took much notice of what he said. He said it partly because he is in a position to know the full weight of the communist aggression upon our country—for such it undoubtedly is—and partly because in this latest strike his own union was directly concerned in what took place. That union disapproved of the strike; and many of its members were inveigled into "unofficial" action against the advice of their official leaders.

What Mr. Deakin said on October 17th last was that "an attempt is being made by the Communist party to gain control and use the trade union movement for purposes which are not designed to serve the interests of trade union membership. . . . We are face to face with a conspiracy to create chaos and confusion. Communists have a vested interest in chaos. This is a communist attempt to bring about a stoppage of work for which I say there is no good reason. . . ." What was at stake, he said, was freedom of speech, freedom from interference and the right to take representative decision within the union. The industrial policies of the Communist Party were designed to destroy the confidence of the rank and file members in their trade unions by bringing discredit on branch officers, committee men, executive members and full-time officers of the unions. "These people" he said "are not concerned with getting settlements of properly formulated wage claims. Their only desire is to provoke and maintain a continuous agitation. The strong arm methods that are being introduced, the attempt to disregard obligations and commitments freely entered into, can and will destroy the trade union movement if persisted in. . . . My appeal to union members everywhere is to get into their branches and take vigorous and determined action in response to this attempt to subordinate the real interests of trade unionism to the political purposes of the Communist Party".

There is to be observed an interesting development in the revolutionary processes of this tottering century. In 1917 the mildly liberal Kerensky was swept aside in the flood of socialist zeal which he himself had started. He tried to retain some sort of parliamentary government, but was overthrown by Lenin's bolsheviks who made the clean sweep of all pretence of democracy and fastened upon the country that iron tyranny from which it has not yet, forty years later, been liberated. In our country Mr. Attlee's attempt to keep alight the socialist torch handed down by the

MacDonalds, Keir Hardys and Snowdens of half a century ago is battling for his grip of the party against a more leftish and near-communist wing behind him; and the trades union leaders of the Deakin type, having established what now appears to be the august and law-abiding function of respectable trade unionism, which among other qualities believes in, relies on, and honours agreements freely negotiated with the employers, now find themselves pushed aside by communist "unofficial leaders" who have no respect for agreements or engagements and who seduce the ignorant sheep of the rank and file by the bait of more wages and less work whenever their own legitimate leaders counsel caution, or restraint or propose to honour what has already been agreed. *La révolution dévore ses enfants*. Kerensky, Attlee, Deakin constitute the cavalcade of a "movement" (how well chosen was the word with which the early socialists launched their campaign!) which by its nature does not stop at its own postulated object, but sweeps on uncontrolledly beyond. One of the saddest interludes in that cavalcade is to be seen in the spectacle of Mr. Attlee's visit of courtesy to Russia, his gesture of a friendly impulse which fathers the wish, the wistful wish for something already doomed, the while his own followers are being undermined by that same Moscow behind his back.

The Moscow press plays up by a chorus of encouragement to Mr. Attlee's venture. In their contacts with Mr. Attlee, who was accompanied ironically enough by Mr. Bevan, and with the parliamentary delegation from Westminster that later continued the experiment, Mr. Malenkov, Mr. Molotov and their colleagues spoke warmly in support of "coexistence". The Soviet press, in particular the *Communist*, which is the mouthpiece of the Russian Communist Party, gave support to their leaders by publishing glowing articles on this same subject. Mr. A. Leontyev, for instance, one of Russia's leading commentators on foreign affairs, wrote a long article in the *Communist* after the British visits afore-said, headed "On the peaceful coexistence of two systems", in which he declared that coexistence had been Russia's policy and ideal throughout the communist phase of the past 37 years, and that its violation had not been committed by the Soviet Union, but by the capitalist countries!

Who can doubt that such tactics were the crude and also familiar method of egging on the socialist visitors from the west in their gratuitous provision of the smoke-screen behind which the communist plot was the more easily prosecuted: the plot against everything British, including British socialism and British Trades Unionism. Mr. Deakin at any rate has no illusions on that score. Even a grim situation, however, as Shakespeare so often illustrated, has its comic aspect. On the day when the dockers in the British ports went back to work (November 1st) another strike began in the London docks. It was an *unofficial* strike of dockers who refused to load lorries driven by men who did not belong to a union!

It is the normal attribute of political "movements" that they tend to disintegrate. There will one day arise, please God, in the communist movement a new faction which will react against the exclusively materialist motive, and will condemn the obvious nonsense of trying to encompass human welfare by suppressing the only source of such welfare

November 11th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LORD TEMPLEWOOD'S MEMOIRS

Among the Ministers who have been bringing out their memoirs in recent years none have so much to tell or more art in telling it than Lord Templewood. Our general impression of the last 25 years is coloured by the success of Sir Winston Churchill's many volumes, including his collections of speeches. In them he is inevitably set forward as being always in the right; since, however, he was not in the government between 1931 and 1939, his books, far from explaining what was happening in those fateful years, are more inclined to hide in the aura of one personality the actual conduct of affairs. Now, however, a Minister of great skill, in full possession of the facts, gives us a more accurate volume of history. He first deals with the question of giving a Constitution to India, showing how eager he was, as Conservative Secretary of State, to press forward to Dominion status, and how he won the trust of Gandhi as he himself was delighted with Gandhi's beautiful manners. He quotes an instance:—"Remember, Mr. Gandhi," said King George V at a reception at Buckingham Palace, "I won't have any attacks on my Empire!" Deferentially came the answer, "I must not be drawn into a political argument in Your Majesty's Palace after receiving Your Majesty's hospitality." This part of the book is enlivened by excellent sketches of Lord Willingdon, Lord Waverley, Michael, Lord Brabourne, Lord Hailey and the Mother of the Aga Khan.

In the second part the author has passed through the door which separated the India Office from the Foreign Office and finds himself trying to exert the power of Britain without any guns to lay on the table—at a time, furthermore, when the Foreign Secretary had to work in view not just of his own constituency and diplomatic experts, but of a British public sentimental and excitable and in the glare of flashlights on Geneva where excitement was not less intense and intrigue much more complex. He puts his finger on one main problem—the divergence between Germany and the other nations on the question of armaments; they wanted to reduce them as far as possible—the Germans insisted on them as the sign and proof of power. At the same time from quarters as far apart as *The Times* and Lloyd George came a campaign for the German cause increasing as Hitler announced aims that still sounded peaceful. Lansbury summed up the feeling dominant in England in the words "I would abolish the whole dreadful equipment of war and say to the world *Do Your Worst*." Against such a conviction a Government could do nothing. One "that forced an election that seemed both premature and unnecessary would have been swept from power and a pacifist successor put in its place."

And now, after an able defence of the Anglo-German Naval Treaty against such critics as Sir Walford Selby, we come to that crucial question, the Hoare-Laval Agreement. Lord Templewood omits to mention both that Italy had received old guarantees of a free hand in Abyssinia, that treaties with her had been broken, and that as a reward for her part in the war of 1914-1918 her economic balance had been upset by refusal to keep open the doors of Italian immigration into the Americas. He does make perfectly clear that Hitler was already proving so great a menace that Lord Vansittart insisted that we could not afford to alienate Italy and that Laval strongly agreed. The experts set to work on the details of a settlement which when announced occasioned a storm. Lord Templewood, seeing the mind of the Government, decided to face the storm alone. In a clear brave speech he explained why he had acted as he had:—"We did not wish to enter a unilateral war and call it collective action." Then, adds the writer, "My wife and I returned to Switzerland and my successor had the grim task of agreeing a few months later to the total withdrawal of sanctions,

the extinction of Abyssinia, and the annexation of the whole country under an Italian Emperor." Nor, of course, was this all. Mussolini had gone over to Hitler, and that soon meant the extinction of Austria.

And so to the case of Czechoslovakia. The arguments for going to Munich to negotiate have already been put with judicial force by Lord Maugham and Lord Simon. Lord Norwich followed them with a diatribe against it. Lord Templewood, ignoring this abuse of their old chief, demolishes the document on which that abuse was chiefly based—the notorious Grandi despatch in the Ciano Memoirs. That account was a fake—"it was one of those pictures which had every merit except a resemblance to the original." But that picture is related to something which happened before Munich, Mr. Eden's resignation. Here Lord Templewood gives the fullest information against Lord Norwich and directly contradicts Sir Winston Churchill. He shows that not only was Roosevelt's then proposal tentative, but that it was courteously dealt with and quietly withdrawn. Mr. Eden was given every opportunity to press for acceptance, but Roosevelt had changed his mind under the influence of his Secretary of State who, when he heard of the plan, found it both futile and dangerous. The question of Mr. Eden's resignation did *not* depend on that. It was affected much more by two matters on which Lord Templewood is perfectly frank: first that Eden and Mussolini detested one another, secondly that Eden regarded the Spanish War from the point of view of the Popular Front which was working in with Moscow; he therefore looked on their cause in Spain as a Crusade. But there was in fact another reason—that Mr. Eden, already closely in touch with Sir Winston Churchill, preferred his foreign policy to that of the Cabinet. As Lord Templewood gently puts it, the information received by Churchill was generally just the opposite of that received from the secret service and the diplomatic missions. Time has shown which was right.

This leads to the great issue which came to a head in the Spanish War, continued through Munich and up to the invasion of Poland—the issue whether Moscow was Britain's friend. Neville Chamberlain said No; his Cabinet and the immense majority of his party agreed with him. They felt that, great as the Hitler danger was, it was not the only danger. This book gives them solid support from documents. It shows that Moscow was doing her utmost, especially after Molotoff took over from Livinoff in 1939, to involve Britain in war while she sat back and waited. It also shows that at that time Roosevelt had no intention of overriding the Isolationists and taking part in a European struggle. The evidence given here is strong. It was summed up with crushing frankness by Roosevelt himself in words not quoted here. What is quoted is Roosevelt's laconic message to Chamberlain starting for Munich—the two words *Good Man*. It is a defect in Lord Templewood's narrative that it reads as though Hitler had already seized Austria when Mr. Eden resigned. The reason no doubt is that, knowing how great the danger to Austria already was, Chamberlain was anxious to do everything possible to save the situation. Indeed the greatest of the many merits of this book is that from inside it explains the mind and therefore the foreign policy of the great Prime Minister who worked so nobly to prevent war at a time when rash spirits were already impatient for it to begin. He did what he could to win Italy back from Hitler, at the same time he was aware of the hesitations of France. He therefore had no choice but to put a reasonable case to the Germans. But at the same time, he had the strongest distrust and dislike of Hitler whom he knew from the first was partially mad. It is hardly necessary to recall the universal and impassioned enthusiasm which greeted his return from Munich. But his popularity with his party was already immense. After Baldwin's delays, his despatch in dealing with affairs won eager approval. "His personal gift was due to his mastery of facts, his clear head and his inherited gift of incisive speech. Being a remarkably

quick worker he was able to keep in touch with every important question. His reputation in Whitehall was of a Prime Minister who kept abreast of everything which was happening and was always available to give his personal help in any personal difficulty. His private secretaries were amazed at his grasp of intricate detail." No wonder that with such gifts he kept the balanced view of the world situation which in succeeding years was lost. And, as this book shows, he was himself a radical reformer far to the left of many in the Labour party. Nor indeed was the plight of the poor ever absent from the mind of Baldwin.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

Nine Troubled Years. By Viscount Templewood. Collins. 25s.

GLADSTONE

Within a few years of Gladstone's death, John Morley had written a masterpiece that will long remain the basis of any subsequent biography and the standard by which it must be judged. This does not mean that the last word has been said. Aspects of that illustrious career were left undisclosed for sufficient reasons. Morley's own sense of his inability to enter into the deep spiritual experience of his hero led him to realise that his was not the hand to write its record, nor had the time come to divulge the tragic secrets of the Queen's animosity or to tell in detail the happier story of Hawarden and Carlton House Terrace. Moreover, the lapse of time that brings new perspectives into view and access to sources denied to contemporaries brings also the necessity for new studies. In these circumstances, with ample material placed at his disposal by Gladstone's grandson, assisted by Mr. Tilney Bassett's unique knowledge of Gladstoniana and supplemented for the later years by Mr. Hamilton's hitherto inaccessible diary, Sir Philip Magnus has written a new *Life*. Owing much to its predecessor, it is also in its own right a valuable contribution to the solution of many problems that Morley was unable to solve. Its interest and importance are great. Gladstone's noble life almost spanned the 19th century, and as the story with all its new evidence is unfolded the impression grows stronger that he was indeed more representative of its great evolutionary spirit than the Queen whose long and glorious reign has given it its popular name.

The psychological approach is not entirely convincing. Its weight would be greater if it were presented more in the light of the incessant struggle forced on Gladstone by those whose determined refusal to face the realities of the age would have exhausted the patience of Job. The tragedy of the picture on p.329 was poignantly described by his secretary: "Mr. Gladstone, paler even than usual and looking worn out with fatigue, sat writing his letter to the Queen unmoved by the habitual taunts and insults which were being hurled at him." Is it possible that the biographer sometimes places the wrong specimen under his psychological microscope? It would be neither fair nor pertinent to judge a work for general readers by all the standards of strict historical criticism, but even so a tendency to gratuitous judgment and failure to distinguish the dross from the gold in his copious material cannot be altogether ignored. To take one instance, because it illustrates the unrecognised complications that so often beset a Prime Minister, scant justice is accorded him in the account of the impossible situation created by Ayrton in 1872. Far from being guilty of perversity, Gladstone had an unanswerable case for retaining him in office at that time. The bitter-tongued economist held the trump card. He would have been on velvet in advertising his dismissal as the penalty for the part he was playing as the watch-dog of the tax-payer against the Queen's demands for undue expenditure on the royal palaces, especially with regard to the Windsor drainage. How could the Prime Minister have allowed all the criticism of her

neglect of her public duties and of the reputed size of her private fortune to be fanned once more into flame by dismissing Ayrton? Nothing would have induced him to resign, and transfer was out of the question. "No black sheep, however clever," said Argyll. On the other hand, the final summing up of the whole sad story is a monument of eloquence and truth as a statement of Mr. Gladstone's eventual justification, and in the many fine passages of the book, notably that dealing with the Eastern Question in the 70s, the author has shown with what mastery he can interpret the results of research to correct a partisan picture. It is because this book will be widely read and will mould men's opinion about Gladstone that we regret the occasional omission to hold the scales even.

Gladstone. By Philip Magnus. John Murray. 26s.

DR. WINIFRED TAFFS.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

This little book contains the six Reith lectures broadcast last year and it is satisfactory to see them in permanent form. The first five deal mainly with modern atomic theory, and the last with the author's philosophical ideas, though the latter aspect is found all through the book. It is one of many attempts of scientific specialists to branch into philosophical discussion. This particular attempt is very interesting, whether the author is dealing with his own speciality or with other branches of science. As a philosophical essay in general it is well worth consideration, but the weakest part seems to me to be that dealing with his own branch of science. This is natural because he is too near it to regard it from outside. So he brings into his philosophy assumptions which are not fully discussed, and which philosophers can hardly be expected to accept without fuller discussion and analysis. The most important of these assumptions is that known as the principle of uncertainty. On page 6 we get the phrase: "If in the atomic world we have learned—as we have learned—that events are not causally determined by a strict efficient and formal cause etc." In the first place these terms—strict efficient and formal cause—require very careful definition. In the second place the statement is much too dogmatic. I think modern physicists have got themselves into a tangle about this, and are far too ready to transfer subjective uncertainty to the nature of things. In any case when a point is so strongly in dispute that Einstein is in opposition, no one writing for the public should make such a dogmatic statement. Similarly on page 43 the author in discussing the function of the electron within the atom compares it to the alleged statement of Buddha about the future life. It is allowable to be mystical about the future life, but it is foolish to be mystical about the atom. Why not state the plain fact that our knowledge of the electron within the atom is rudimentary, and that some of the things we think we know seem to be contradictory? In spite of this and other faults, there are many points of interest in the book, and it is well worth reading. If we cannot agree with the author's conclusions, at least we can appreciate the high intellectual standard of the attempt.

H. S. SHELTON.
Science and the Common Understanding. By J. Robert Oppenheimer. Geoffrey Cumberlege. 10s. 6d.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE ON HISTORY

This already celebrated and enormous work, to which one of the most learned and brilliant of living scholars has devoted his much interrupted labours for a space of nearly thirty years, is at last completed with the publication of the third and final instalment, exceeding in bulk the second instalment (published in 1939) as the second exceeded the first (published in 1933). These

last volumes appear to have encountered a rather dubious reception. The dons "dissent with civil leer", which is what one would expect; the dons could no more be expected to like *A Study of History* than, forty or fifty years ago, they liked Gilbert Murray's poetical versions of the plays of Euripides. The less heavily-armed reviewer hopes that his Lord will make him truly thankful for the feast which is set before him, and he also hopes that in course of time he will be able to digest it. Praise of "a unique achievement" and "an unparalleled panorama" seems to be qualified by such faint damns as "love's labour lost" and "Poor Toynbee, such a well-meaning idealist—Victorian of course" and "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

A whimsical parallel might be drawn—and is not *A Study of History* full of whimsical parallels?—between the Toynbaean *Magnum Opus* (T.M.O.) and Mr. Gladstone. Both T.M.O. and Mr. G's parliamentary career are extremely long. Both of them reach conclusions which neither they nor anyone else anticipated at their beginnings. Both of them expose an enormous target, or number of targets, to reasonable criticism. Both present features which many find exasperating and absurd. Both are "God-intoxicated," and both introduce God in a way that exasperates the ordinary religious quite as much as it exasperates the irreligious. And yet, and yet:—In spite of all that can be said against Gladstone, there was about him a certain grandeur by reason of which, in retrospect, he towers above all his political contemporaries. If you doubt it, read J. L. Hammond's book, *Gladstone and the Irish Nation*. And so with *A Study of History*. Therein Arnold Toynbee has constructed the most impressive historical mythology since—probably since the composition of *The Old Testament*, another work which is open to a great deal of reasonable criticism; another work in which arguments of sky-scraping audacity are supported by an immense collection of rattling good stories.

Perhaps it may be useful to give a plain account of the contents of these new volumes and to show how they fit on to their predecessors. The first six volumes were rendered impressive by their symmetry. Here was, seemingly, an enormous scheme completely covered:—the Geneses, the Growths, the Breakdowns, and the Disintegrations, of the two dozen Civilizations, preceded by an Introduction in which the Civilizations themselves were collected from the four corners of Time and Space and introduced to the reader. It was a Five Course Dinner, and, so far as symmetry goes, the new volumes suffer by comparison. One might call them the Broken Pieces that remained—Eight Baskets' full. Why was there, as it were, so much debris left after our feast? Mainly because the first six volumes had treated the Civilizations as each a subject of intelligible study by itself, and had ended up by revealing the well-kept secret that they were nothing of the kind. Anyhow, here are the Eight Baskets, and I must assume that the reader recalls from the first six volumes the more elementary Toynbaean technical terms. I also use the Toynbaean numeration, which treats these baskets as further courses of the original dinner.

VI. *Universal States*. A lot of amusing information here, but no striking developments of the Myth.

VII. *Universal Churches*. Here are some very striking generalizations: churches as cancers, churches as chrysalises, and churches as higher forms of society. Religion is more important than anything else, but what religion? No extant church of today as we know it. This is the point at which the Roman Catholics discover that our God-intoxicated Toynbee is a poor benighted heathen.

VIII. *Heroic Ages*. Nothing much new here.

IX. *Encounters of Civilizations in Space*. Practically a whole volume, with a great deal of sound history in it, covering (along with much more) the same ground as Toynbee's Reith Lectures, and clearing up misunderstandings which

naturally arose from his use of such terms as encounter, aggression, assailant. It has to be realized that the missionary taking Bibles and medicines to, say, Indians is just as much a Western aggressor or assailant as the military invader.

X. *Encounters of Civilizations in Time*, a Toynbeeian way of describing "Renaissances."

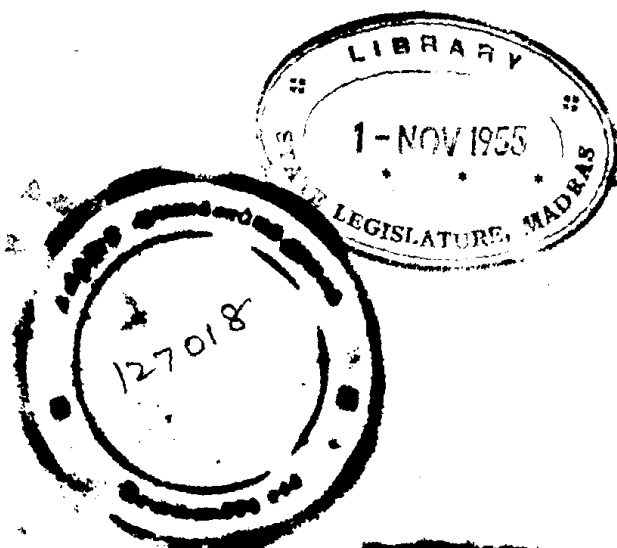
XI. *Law and Freedom*: the historical sub-division of the old philosophical conundrum. To what extent are the patterns of history pre-determined? Not so much as the reader might suppose. Can we find an intelligible middle ground between H.A.L. Fisher and Omar Khayyam?

XII. *The Prospects of Western Civilization*. What light does all this study of History throw on us? Is our "Modern West" just one of a batch or is it something unique, something new?

XIII. *The Inspirations of Historians*, a rather charming *apologia pro opere suo*. What is it that historians set out to do? After glancing at some of his great predecessors the author tells us how he came to conceive the general idea of his work.

D. C. SOMERVELL.

A Study of History. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Vols. VII—X. Oxford University Press. 7½ guineas.



This is Spain, by Ignacio O'Neil, translated with an Introduction by Walter Starkie (Cohen & West, 12s. 6d.). It is something between a guide-book and a treatise. Information on the geography, history and art of the peninsula in the first half leads on to vivid sketches of the pleasures of travel, including eating and drinking and popular festivals. The evolution and technique of the bullfight claim a detailed and lively chapter. The book closes with a brief glossary, a select bibliography and a map, and is enriched by twenty well chosen photographs. This attractive little volume, which can be slipped into the pocket, should increase the number of visitors to one of the most picturesque countries of Europe.