

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

VOLUME CLXXXV

JANUARY 1954—JUNE 1954

CONTENTS OF VOLUME CLXXXV

JANUARY 1954

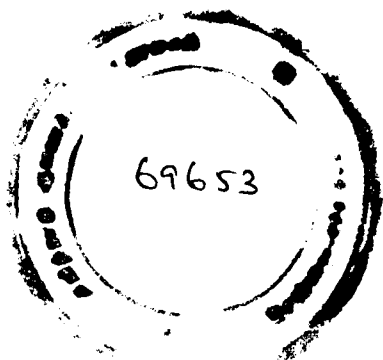
	PAGE
The Middle East. By M. Philips Price, M.P.	1
Disillusion in Yugoslavia. By G. E. R. Gedye	6
Surprises in Portugal. By George Bilainkin	9
The German Army in Politics. By Dr. E. Stern-Rubarth	13
The South African Territories. By H. W. Davey	16
The Making of Canberra. By E. R. Yarham	19
A Victorian looks back. By Harold Picton	22
Dr. Johnson's Letters. By W. H. Graham	26
Solidarity versus Freedom. By Esmé Wynne-Tyson	28
A Century of Christmas Cards. By Henry Baerlein	31
An American Thinker. By Joan N. Harding	34
Tycho Brahe. By Stephen Clissold	39
Treasure From The Sea. By David Gunston	44
Oysters. By James E. Carver	46
In Galilee Today. By Marc T. Greene	49
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	52
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	58

FEBRUARY 1954

France Elects a President. By Sir John Pollock, Bart.	65
The Sudan Elections. By Observer	71
Testing-time in Indo-China. By David Ingber	76
An Austrian Diary. By Dr. Ernst Benedikt	80
The U.S.—Greek Agreement. By Thomas Anthem	83
Electoral Reform. By Dr. J. F. S. Ross	89
Communism in India. By S. Mookherjee	92
Thomas Chatterton, The Hoaxer. By Dr. J. B. Price	95
Mill: The Man and the Thinker. By Ruth Borchard	99
Africa's Chief Problem. By A. E. Haarer	104
Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. By Bryan Bevan	107
Cornish Pilchards. By R. H. Ferry	111
The Creative Poor. By Denys Val Baker	114
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	117
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	123

MARCH 1954

The World Outlook. By The Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence	129
The Djilas Case. By G. E. R. Gedye	133
Lord Simon as Foreign Secretary. By A. L. Kennedy	136
America's Economic Outlook. By John Brown	141
Gibraltar and Anglophobia in Spain. By C. A. M. Hennessy	145
Chinese Communism Abroad. By Sayed El Hashimi	149
Coleridge and Mrs. Gillman. By Lucy Poate Stebbins	153
The Canadian Indian. By E. H. Rawlings	158
Henry The Great of France. By H. P. Collins	161
Peoples in Trust. By Eric Ford	166
Nature Study in the Holy Land. By Eric Hardy	170
Flowers From Classic Fields. By E. G. Salter	173
Russia's New Consumers' Deal. By K. F. Feldman	174
Prefaces in Novels. By Marion Troughton	177
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	181
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	188



69653

APRIL 1954	PAGE
The World Outlook: Berlin to Geneva. By Wilson Harris	193
Impressions of Egypt. By Mary Rowlett	196
The Magic of Morocco. By George Bilainkin	200
The U.S.—Pakistan Pact. By A. Jacobs	206
The Faith of an Age. By Professor George Catlin	209
Feeding Japan's Millions. By J. Y. Lumgair	211
The Legacy of Louis XIV.—I. By G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A.	214
The Diaries of Victor Hugo. By Victor Cohen	220
Reform Socialism in Scandinavia. By A. J. Fischer	223
Dark Ladies of Literature. By John Munro, O.B.E.	227
Racial Fusion in South America. By J. L. Alexander	231
Venezuela: Country of Contradictions. By Max Gordon	235
The King of Birds. By Clive Beech	237
The Cedars of Lebanon. By E. R. Yarham	239
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	242
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	249

MAY 1954	PAGE
The Budget. By The Rt. Hon. Graham White	257
Italy's Successes and Worries. By George Soloveytschik	260
Impressions of Ethiopia. By Dr. V. V. Tilea, C.B.E.	266
Justice in America. By John Brown	270
The Plight of Indonesia. By Lt.-Col. H. E. Crocker, D.S.O.	273
Confident Spain. By Axel Heyst	276
The Legacy of Louis XIV.—II. By G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A.	280
The Father of Russian Marxism. By Sydney D. Bailey	286
Robert Bridges. By Dr. F. B. Price	290
Spengler after thirty years. By W. A. Townsley	295
The Doukhobors. By E. H. Rawlings	298
Northern Nigeria. By Peter Dry	302
The Blue Damsels. By Leslie Reid	304
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	307
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	313

JUNE 1954	PAGE
The International Scene. By M. Philips Price, M.P.	321
The French Outlook. By W. L. Middleton	326
Liberals at Buxton. By Deryck Abel	329
Problems and Prospects in the Sudan. By John Hyslop	333
The Last Year in Czechoslovakia. By John Appleby	338
St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. By Robert Sencourt	342
The Legacy of Louis XIV.—III. By G. P. Gooch, D.Litt., F.B.A.	346
The English in South Africa. By L. E. Neame	351
And so to Madeira. By Henry Baerlein	355
Remy de Gourmont. By G. W. Harris	358
The Fourth Giorgione. By Joseph Kalmer	362
What lies behind Fairy Tales. By G. A. Wood	364
Hérons. By David Gunston	367
Foreign Affairs. By George Glasgow	370
Literary Supplement: Review of Books	376

LONDON:
THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW COMPANY LIMITED,
46-47 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2

1954.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

JANUARY, 1954

THE MIDDLE EAST

THE people of the Middle East are divided roughly into three linguistic groups which also have a certain racial basis, though the latter is much less clearly defined than the former. The linguistic groups are Turkish, Arabic and Persian, and round them have clustered the political systems of the Turkish Republic, the kingdom of Persia and a number of Arab states, not a Confederation but a group in loose co-operation with each other.

The Turkish Republic arose out of the ruins of the old Ottoman Empire, and represents the national consciousness and creative energy of the Osmanli Turks who founded the old Empire. This Empire has now been rejuvenated by the great revolution led by Mustafa Kemal ("Ataturk"). Great changes have taken place in recent years, and I have noticed that one does not now compliment a Turk when one tells him that his is the most stable and progressive political unit in the Middle East. Such a remark brings forth no response, for the Turks tend rather to look down on their neighbours and to feel themselves Europeans rather than part of the Middle East. Certainly as regards their general outlook and progress of development the Turks can be regarded as Europeans. But the facts of geography cannot be gainsaid, and the fact is that geographically Turkey is part of the Middle East. In political and economic matters Turkey is progressing by leaps and bounds. The last General Election showed that it was possible for a party which had been in office and had ruled the country for 27 years to be defeated at a parliamentary election and quietly to hand over power to the victors and retire into Opposition. That was the measure of the progress that Turkey had made politically since the Revolution in the Western tradition of parliamentary government. It is true of course that the same degree of civic liberty as with us does not exist today in Turkey. There is no *habeas corpus* Act, and the Minister of the Interior can arrest and hold a citizen without trial if he is suspected of being dangerous to the State. But Turkey is not the only Western country where that applies, and there is always the parliament where questions about such imprisoned persons can and are asked. The press too can and does take up such cases. Another interesting development today is the gradual drift back towards the State recognition of the Mahommedan religion. Nominally the republic is secular, but by slow degrees in recent years the State has taken action which indicates that it cannot be altogether indifferent to religious and moral teaching in the schools and that the people need some spiritual food along the traditional lines of Turkish history, namely the Sunni form of Islam. Thus the teaching of the Koran in the schools has now

become obligatory, unless parents do not wish it, though the trouble is to find the teachers, because in the hiatus that followed the revolution all religious training establishments were abolished and few can now be found to comment intelligently on the Koran. The preparation of a school syllabus is one of the problems which is puzzling the political parties, who are suspicious of each other on the grounds that either might make a move which would be interpreted as undermining the principles on which the National Revolution was founded.

The feature that strikes one most about Turkey today is the great economic development that is taking place, especially in agriculture. The area of cultivated land in Central Anatolia has been rising steadily for several years, and so has the tonnage of cereals grown for home consumption and export. A few years ago after a bad season Turkey had to import corn. This year she has an export surplus of two million tons. This is not only due to the extended area of cultivation. The yield per acre has been going up too. More artificial manure is being used than ever before and better strains of cereals are being sown. The government has established all over Central Anatolia state farms whose job it is to sell at moderate prices to the peasants improved strains of wheat. Then there has been an increased use of machinery especially of tractors which enables a larger area to be sown in a short time, thus making better use of the time between autumn seeding and the onset of severe winter weather. The Agricultural Research Stations have been working all out on plans to determine the type of wheat and the kind of soil cultivations for a given area. The result has been that sleepy little provincial towns in Asia Minor, the scenes of historic struggles between Parthia and Rome, between Byzantine and Ottoman in the ancient world, are now like West American boom towns of the Middle West. The result of all this is likely to be that Turkey will become an important factor in the international grain market, and the once great granary of former times after centuries of stagnation during the period of decline of the Ottoman Empire is being regenerated under the twentieth century Republic. The Turks are showing the world that they have in even greater measure than before that quiet organising efficiency which enabled them to build up that great political system the Ottoman Empire to its heyday in the reign of Sulciman the Magnificent. The decay of the Empire came when the rigid sacred law of Islam prevented the modernisation of Moslem society, while the Christian minorities of the Empire changed under the influences of Western Europe. The Liberal outlook on religion and society which characterised the reigns of the early Sultans became stultified in the regime of the Manderun and of the Janissaries in the 17th and 18th centuries.

It is important that Great Britain should participate in the increasing import and export trade which is now growing between the industrial countries of Europe and Turkey. Turkey has imported in the last three years over 30,000 tractors, and there has been a large increase of general agricultural machinery. Great Britain has had a share of this, but is having to meet heavy German and American competition. We are holding our own in small tractors in the cotton fields, fig orchards and vineyards of Western Turkey, but we are not doing well in supplying machinery to the great wheat growing areas of Central Anatolia. I

visited farms and villages recently where American and German caterpillars are being extensively used, but there was no sign of any British make to be seen. Moreover we do not seem to have designed trucks to meet the transport demands of this great and growing area. It is time that our machinery exporters sent out delegations to study conditions on the spot and design what is needed for this market, or the Germans and Americans will be so dug in that it may become almost impossible for us to get our share. The Americans of course have been supplying much of their machinery under the Marshall aid and Truman schemes. As dollars are relatively scarce in Turkey, the quantity of machinery that can be imported from this quarter and paid for is limited. But there is no such restriction on the import of German machinery, and Germany is the really formidable competitor that we have to meet all over the Middle East. While we are engaged in the luxury of demonstration strikes, considering go-slow campaigns, and quarrelling over the division of profits between shareholders and skilled engineers, the German industrial concerns are quietly extending their markets and getting what should be going to us. German workers are more docile and hardworking, though they are less skilled on the average than ours, but they are aiding a policy which enables Germany to have a large export credit balance while we still have deficits.

Actually we have an export credit with Turkey at the present time, but it is being used against our deficits elsewhere. Moreover Turkey is in the throes of a foreign currency crisis. Turkey has been importing more capital goods than she has been able to pay for out of her exports. Up till now she has refused to contract loans to finance these transactions, and so has been forced to restrict the amount of foreign currency which Turkish merchants are being allowed to settle their trade debts. This has led to a slowing down and indeed a virtual cessation of all imports for the time being, and Turkey has been accumulating a commercial debt because she has refused to contract long-term loans. The fear of being indebted to foreigners is due to the memory of the days when Sultans sold their country to foreign concessionaires. The Revolution put an end to that and now there is a general prejudice against long term debts to foreigners. But the Turks have got to realise that they cannot finance a great capital development programme by the revenue from exports. Turkey will have to work out a system whereby foreign capital will be able to operate in the country under reasonable control in such matters as repatriating profits and instalments of capital. The Turkish parliament is considering a measure of this kind at the present time. The sale of Turkish agricultural products abroad requires some attention too. The Turks have been trying to sell their wheat at above world market prices in order to pay their peasants the price which politicians have promised them. The result has been that much Turkish wheat last year remained unsold and was only finally disposed of under bi-lateral agreements with Italy, Spain and Germany. This year wheat will be sold at world market prices and the peasants compensated for the difference by a state subsidy at the expense of the taxpayers. Turkish grain generally is considered by the trade to be below standard as regards cleanliness and grading. In consequence much Turkish grain goes for livestock fodder and at lower prices. This however is in process of being rectified because grading and

cleaning machinery is being installed at collecting points in Anatolia and at the ports.

When we come to the Arab world we find an altogether different situation from that of Turkey. Some Arab countries, like the Syrian republic, are economically and socially well advanced. Considerable material progress has been made here in recent years. New industries are starting up and agricultural development like that of Turkey is taking place. But politically the country is much less stable than Turkey. There was a good deal of corruption in the ranks of the government, the civil service and the parliament, but the intervention of the army, as in Egypt, has helped to clean up politics in recent years. On the other hand Irak is a more primitive type of country. Large areas are under the patriarchal rule of sheikhs and of religious and tribal leaders. But a new government of young and progressive men has been recently installed in Bagdad. It is believed that this was due largely to the influence of the Regent, the uncle of the young king. The future of the country depends much on whether the government will succeed in introducing the necessary reforms which will enable Irak to become a modern state and develop the latent wealth of the country. Another Arab country is Jordan which is even less developed than Irak, and moreover is economically less viable because it has no oil resources to finance its planning schemes. It is burdened also with 400,000 Arab refugees from Palestine which, in spite of assistance from the United Nations Works and Relief Administration, is a drag on the economy of the country. Only a British subsidy makes it possible for Jordan to carry on at all.

In general it may be said that Palestine and state of Israel dominates all Arab thinking today. It is the one thing on which all Arab countries unite and put aside all differences and jealousies. The 800,000 refugees which are scattered about all over these Arab lands are a constant irritant to public opinion and are exploited to the full by Arab politicians and bazaar demagogues. No Arab government dares to do much to settle these refugees in Arab lands and provide new homes for them but would rather see them rot and exploit their sufferings for political ends. The feeling against Great Britain and America seems to be getting more bitter with every year that passes. The Arabs are throwing the responsibility for their own faults and failings on the Western powers. The prospect of trade and the development of an export market for capital goods is being affected by this anti-European feeling. This is particularly bad in Syria which is exceptionally anti-British. Irak being further away from Palestine and having long been used to us is much more amenable, while Jordan is definitely dependent on us for her continued existence. The bitterness of Syria is probably to be explained by the fact that along with Egypt their army was badly beaten by the Jews, while the armies of Irak and Jordan put up good fights and even gained ground from the Jews which was not given up. Nevertheless, with the possible exception of Jordan, one cannot expect that any of the Arab countries will come into any United Nations scheme for the defence of the Middle East and of the Eastern Mediterranean. Neutrality in the cold war and even a certain benevolence towards Russia is the price which we and the Americans now have to pay for the creation of the state of Israel. It is purely wishful

thinking to expect that any Arab state will abate its boycott of Israel. Jordan may agree to open up negotiations over the rectification of the armistice line with Israel, but the Arab countries as a whole would rather harm themselves than do anything which might assist the continuance of the state of Israel. It will be a generation or more before the memories of the Arab-Jewish war and of the 800,000 refugees dies down.

The third political and cultural area of the Middle East is Persia. Here the outlook is definitely more hopeful for better relations with the West, especially with Great Britain. It is necessary to understand the history of the last two years. Dr. Mossadeq was not just an hysterical actor. He had 99% of the people of Persia behind him when he nationalised the oil, and took over the Abadan properties. But he soon became a prisoner to the most extreme Nationalists like Dr. Fatemi and religious fanatics like the Mullah Kashani, who wanted to expel all foreigners, especially the British, and would rather see the whole oil industry collapse than come to any agreement with the oil companies for the sale of oil and compensation. Consequently moderate Persians, who up till then supported him, began to drop away on the grounds that there must be some agreement with the companies on compensation and future sales. Mossadeq thus became more and more a prisoner to these fanatics and to the Communist Tudeh party who of course exploited this situation for their own ends. Under their pressure he took action against the Shah and this was the primary cause of his downfall. For the Shah is undoubtedly popular, not only because the ancient institution of the Persian monarchy is popular, but because the present Shah is a young man of progressive views who not only sees the need for social reforms but is taking the lead in these reforms by distributing large parts of his great estates among the peasants.

Meanwhile the task of restoring Persian economy will be no easy one. For the great source of revenue on which the Seven Year Development Plan was based, namely Persian oil, is no longer wanted on the world markets. In these last two years the oil companies have made other arrangements and other Gulf oil fields have been expanded to replace Abadan. It will take a long time to restore the Abadan refinery which in any case is now largely out of date compared to the new refineries now being erected all over Europe and in India, Australia and the Far East. The policy now is to transport the crude oil and to refine near the centres of consumption. Not only is this a cheaper method but it does not involve having valuable refinery plant in areas of political instability.

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that the world can get on very well without Persian oil, the Western Powers cannot afford to allow Persia to fall a prey to economic anarchy which will happen when the American subsidy of 5 million dollars a month to the Persian treasury comes to an end in March. At the cost of some sacrifice a group of oil companies, British and American, should agree to take a percentage of Persian crude oil and market it. The price arranged might contain a discount which could form a fund to compensate the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. This question of compensation is vital not only for Persia but for the whole of the Middle East. Indeed the whole question of the investment of capital for development and the raising of the standard of living of Middle Eastern peoples is at stake. These countries cannot improve their

economic status unless foreign capital is invested in them. Yet the growth of Nationalism and the memory of abuses from former times, when foreign concessionaires robbed and plundered these countries and bribed corrupt rulers, is so strong that a reverse movement has for some years set in and foreign capital is more and more fighting shy of coming to these countries where sudden bazaar riots and political demagogues can seize valuable plant and destroy capital investments overnight. But the Middle East countries need foreign capital and they know they must have it, if they are to cease to be primitive and feudal backwaters in a modern scientific world. Turkey alone has made some progress in solving this problem. Having successfully beaten off the foreigners, who after the First World War threatened her with disintegration, and having founded the Republic, she has now gone some way towards making it possible for foreign capital to operate in Turkey without allowing it the license which it once had. This problem is not yet solved in Turkey, though progress has been made. But the Arab countries and Persia find it hard to give that security which all capital, whether private or state owned, must have if it is to operate abroad. That now is particularly the dilemma facing Persia. In the near future some way must be found through a consortium of oil companies for the solution of the oil problem and possibly through the International Bank for Persia and the Arab countries to finance development projects in agreement with the governments concerned. But the right atmosphere must be created and confidence that the investment is reasonably secure. The Persians have had a lesson and so has the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company which was far too much out of touch with public opinion in Persia. But it is possible now that a new era is opening in which progress at last in Turkey, and one hopes more, in Persia, can be made. The same cannot unfortunately be said of the Arab world, where so much is bedevilled by the Arab-Israel quarrel.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

DISILLUSION IN YUGOSLAVIA

UNTIL such time as the archives of the British Foreign Office covering the last couple of years are made available to historians, the guiding principles of British policy towards Yugoslavia must remain incomprehensible. The bitter comment heard last month in Trieste that the decision of October 8th to split the Free Territory and hand over Zone A to Italy immediately was "the most noteworthy achievement of British diplomacy since Lord North lost the American colonies" was certainly exaggerated. It remains true that the visible expression of recent British policy towards Yugoslavia has dealt a blow to British prestige the unhappy effects of which will be felt for many years to come. Neither the "normalisation" of the frontiers—i.e. the restoration of the lesser tension existing before October 8th which it has taken two perilous months to bring about nor even the opening of a Five Power Conference can heal the self-inflicted injuries to British prestige. In the unlikely event of Italy and Yugoslavia reaching an agreed solution on Trieste, our ears will be assailed with assertions that the shock therapy, the boil-lancing

of October 8th, has been a brilliant success. Unfortunately that will not be true. When, after October 8th, they staged a great mock funeral in this city of a corpse labelled "Trust in the West", it was more than an effigy which was buried. With it was laid to rest a new and promising development in Yugoslav foreign policy, which was based sincerely on faith in Britain as an understanding friend who would bridge the gulf between the Yugoslav left wing experiment and the old established capitalist democracies.

America has suffered no great set-back in this country. She has furnished material aid, in the belief—as any Yugoslav appreciates—that it would pay good dividends in increased resistance to Russian imperialism. Apart from that she has acted with reserve verging upon coldness. Nothing more was ever expected from the very stronghold of uncompromising capitalism towards a country which had abolished private capitalism and prevents by a one party dictatorship any effort to resuscitate it. This attitude was fully understood here, aroused no resentment, and was felt in the circumstances to be perfectly reasonable. That America should tend to sympathise with Italy, a country where long overdue social reforms are suppressed in the interests of feudal survival and capitalist profits, also aroused very little resentment. That was the way it had to be. It was just one of those things, as the Americans would have put it.

The attitude towards Great Britain was very different. When Tito refused any longer to toe Moscow's rigid line and broke away from the Cominform, there ensued for Yugoslavia a period of 7-8 months complete isolation, when the country was confronted by active or passive hostility from every direction. Almost at once she was deprived of all her principal supplies and markets, relations with which were based on a series of commercial agreements and treaties. The current five year plan broke down, the industrialisation programme came to a standstill, an acute lack of rolling stock made itself felt, and, intensified by severe drought, there was a shortage of foodstuffs which practically amounted to famine. All day and most of the night a barrage of threats and intimidations was maintained by press and radio of the mighty Soviet Union and all her satellites. The burden of it all, of course, was that Tito had sold out to the West and to "fascist imperialism". How completely untrue that was the starving Yugoslavs knew to their own cost; if Tito had "sold" out, he certainly had not received even a loaf on account to still the hunger of the people.

In this isolation and peril the greater part of the non-Communist (suppressed) opposition in the country rallied to him. "Until his replacement becomes practical politics," one old regime figure told me in 1949, "and until communism can be altogether overthrown, we prefer it made in Belgrade rather than in Moscow. If the Russians or the satellites invade, not a finger beyond those of de-nationalised cominformists will be raised to help them. The greater number of us anti-Titoists will fight—not for him, but for Yugoslavia under his leadership. Afterwards we shall see. But against any external foe we stand together". Today, this half-year's complete isolation successfully withstood ranks in national self-esteem with the instant overthrow of the Yugoslav regents

who signed Hitler's Tripartite Pact at Vienna in 1941, the national defiance of the conqueror of Europe, and the ensuing years of ultimately triumphant resistance. "These people are impossible: they are still living in the Heroic Age" one irritated observer commented to me the other day. There is a germ of truth in the jest. If British policy had always taken account of that germ and had recalled that this little country believes that by its recent successful defiance, first of the mighty Third Reich and then of the vast Soviet Union, it has proved its ability to survive isolation, the dawning, hard-won trust of this still primitive race of superb warriors would not so lightly have been jeopardised.

In seeking a new orientation for his policy after the break with the Cominform in 1948, it was naturally towards Britain, with its strong Labour Government, that Tito looked first. Fortunately for the prospects of the West, Britain was represented in Yugoslavia by a diplomatist of exceptional ability, Sir Charles Peake. The very last person who could be suspected of sympathising with communist ideas, he seems to have grasped instantly the complete change in the relative strengths of East-West which might grow out of Russia's rounding on Yugoslavia. It is doubtful whether it was he or Joseph Broz Tito who displayed the greater skill in handling the thorny problem of how an anti-cominform yet still self-proclaimed communist Yugoslavia could be dovetailed into the new-born system of defence against Russian aggression. Probably honours were even. Between them the task was so well accomplished that by the time the Labour was replaced by the Tory Government, Yugoslavia was confident that she could still rely on the friendship and good will of a Tory-governed Britain. There followed the tremendously popular visits of Mr. Eden to this country, of Marshal Tito to London, and the presence of the chief of the Imperial General Staff at the summer Yugoslav manoeuvres. All this was managed without the Cominform ever getting an effective anti-Tito slogan out of the change-over.

Then came the inexplicable action of October 8th—the almost contemptuous intimation that the Anglo-American trustees appointed by the United Nations to administer Zone A had, without consulting the U.N., Yugoslavia or Italy, decided to terminate their trust and hand Zone A to Italy. Not only does there appear to be no legal basis for this decision. The high-handed declaration that it had been decided to do exactly those things which Tito had again and again said that Yugoslavia could never accept was more than wounding. It finally destroyed all belief in British good faith which had so painstakingly been built up since 1948. Did London (and Washington) imagine that there could be any other reaction but a military one by Tito, in view of his Okroglica pronouncement of September 6th? In it he had said categorically "I am telling Italy today, openly, before the entire world—'You shall not occupy Zone A. We could not permit this to happen.'"

Despite the "normalisation" on the frontiers, the deadlock continues. Tito's speech on November 29th, at Jajce, though it proposed the withdrawal of troops from the frontier, offered Italy sovereignty over the city of Trieste, and expressed yet again readiness to attend a conference if he was satisfied that it was not aimed at arranging a surrender of Zone A to Italy, was filled with a new note of deep suspicion of the West. He

quoted Sir Winston Churchill's memoirs to establish that in 1945, had not the Yugoslav troops withdrawn from Trieste, "the Western armies would have used their guns against them," adding that hundreds and thousands of Yugoslavs would have fallen who had earned not bullets from the West but decorations for valour in the struggle against the Fascist invaders in what would have been treated as a mere frontier incident. He publicly charged the Western allies with having secretly agreed to divide Yugoslavia with the Soviet Union into two spheres of influence. "But the Yugoslav people said 'We demand 100 per cent. for ourselves and nothing from you. Let that be a lesson not to try such things again'". This language dramatises the deep conviction among the average Yugoslavs that the policy of trusting the West has proved a failure, and that from now onwards its every move must be watched with deepest suspicion. Yugoslavia is still governed, from a Western point of view, dictatorially, because only one Party is tolerated. Admitting that, it must also be admitted that there have been a series of liberalising moves which have made the Yugoslav experiment in "imposed socialism" something quite foreign to the systems of Soviet Russia and her satellites. At the recent elections which I witnessed the ballot was really secret; it offered an opportunity to express disapproval of the regime, and there were a very few mostly hand-picked alternative candidates.

In the field of economics and finance, as in that of politics, decentralisation and "de-bureaucratisation" has gone very far: the central power of the Communist Party has been diminished in many respects; "private initiative" has been recreated in the shape of genuine competition between concerns, involving the controlled adoption of some aspects of the capitalist system without capitalists. True, there are recurrent campaigns against excessive "Westernization" and displays of "communist vigilance". Press and radio are controlled by the Communist Party, but there is widespread toleration of criticism and the expression of hostility by individuals unthinkable behind the Curtain. The new wave of distrust of all things Western may result in a recrudescence of central control by a once-again all-powerful bureaucracy directed by the Communist Party. This would be only a little less deplorable than the present exaggerated suspicion of every action of Britain which, Britons in Belgrade complain, make it almost impossible to discuss any issue calmly with the Yugoslavs. One can only hope that this revulsion of feeling towards the West in matters of foreign policy will not involve a reversal of the liberalising trend at home. The existence of this cannot be challenged, far as the Yugoslav system still is from our own ideas of democratic liberty.

Belgrade, December 9, 1953.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

SURPRISES IN PORTUGAL

IT is difficult for a travelled writer to imagine the existence of a modern Ruler who never rides horses, who shuns uniforms, who forbids the representation of his picture on postage stamps, who ridicules proposals for the construction of statues in his honour, who does not "review" crowds or troops, who effectively avoids publicity, who ignores

popular applause, and who is as severe about time allotted to any callers as is the Cistercian Abbot I know in the lone forests of Charnwood set in gentle Leicestershire. Perhaps the swiftest and best clue to the character of the professor who has ruled Portugal for over a quarter of a century is contained in the answer he recently gave to one of my many questions. I had asked Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar what sort of epitaph he could write at the night of an astonishing career, of brilliance at school, unique achievements as an undergraduate, of meteoric successes as a professor at Coimbra, and his (till now) quarter of a century as ruler. Dr. Salazar, who sat easily by my side in his modest study, and spoke frankly but with ultra-meticulous regard for words, answered in excellent French, "I am confident I will be finally laid to rest in the cemetery of my village, by the side of my parents, under a simple stone devoid of inscriptions of any kind. Why thwart this desire by giving others the idea of an epitaph?" There was no puny pomp about the humorous, greying-haired Prime Minister of 65, no visible effort during the happy 70-minute conversation to impress. I was conscious infectiously of a remarkable, nay, among rulers, unique peace of mind and heart; a knowledge of the chasm in perception between the intellectual governor and the governed, also of an unusually realistic, harsh, evaluation of popular reflection, mob applause, and criticism. The mind soared slowly into the platonic realms with an ease that makes a conversation with Salazar a memorable exercise. *Clichés* and small-talk, conventional or vote-impressing phrases, are absent. The speech, on which Portugal's rule has been fashioned, resembles the austerity of clean walls in a modern hospital.

Portugal does not pretend to be a classical democracy and so its ruler is not like a celebrated French Premier who spent his waking hours receiving party leaders, to keep them friendly and informed. Democracy was tried here by 43 cabinets, under eight presidents, in 16 bankruptcy-riddled years, after a bloodthirsty revolution. Then Salazar came on the scene, as a ruthless, absolutely arbitrary Finance Minister, having been invited to resign his chair of Economics at one of the most thought-spreading universities in the world, nostalgic and influential Coimbra. Portugal awoke to find in a few months its Budget balanced. Within a few years Finance Minister had become Prime Minister. Throughout his uninterrupted reign the Budget has remained on the "right" side. There is a current fashion to deride belief in a Deity, to treat the word God as if it were old chewing gum in a khaki-clad warrior's tired mouth. The fashion has not reached Salazar. He is candid about his devotions; I know no comparable ruler in this category, save King Haakon, and, till his recent sad passing, King Ibn Saud. Every Sunday the Cardinal Patriarch of Portugal, an old friend of Salazar's for over 40 years from their days in Coimbra, co-operates with the Premier, sends a companion of theirs, who also took a degree in Law, to celebrate the Office. And to correct an impression left with me about the recluse Premier by a celebrated diplomatist, Salazar explains, "There is no permanent Priest in my house. Two small girls live with me, and I am bringing them up."

How is Portugal, rich metropolitan territory with many rich overseas possessions, ruled? Let Salazar explain. Every morning the Prime Minister works with the Secretaries; the afternoons he spends with each

Minister, on questions in that specific Department. He told me, "We do not have in Portugal the custom of joint work by all the Ministers in Council, Cabinet meetings being relatively rare, fortnightly, and being solely for information and general policy. The remainder of the work is carried out in private sessions with the Minister concerned." The Ministers' hours seem Churchillian. While I was with the Minister of Justice, an unusually conscientious and imaginative lawyer of 44 who had held office for 9 years, the telephone bell rang. Our conversation, on the building by convicted murderers of new prisons, in the Cape Verde Islands, also the planning of agricultural settlements in Portuguese Africa, was interrupted at 7.30 p.m. The Prime Minister desired to see the Minister, later in the evening, to go over a project mentioned in documents earlier in the day.

Portugal, our ally over the centuries, is a republic of surprises. I had imagined that the roads would be like others, in neighbouring Spain. Instead, I found that limousines, British and American, racing to the choicest beaches in Western Europe, at flamboyantly luxurious Estoril, easily maintained speeds of 50 to 75 miles an hour on dual carriage ways. The tarmac was of Bournemouth standard. I had imagined that the prisons were packed with political detainees, for membership of the proscribed Communist Party is in itself an offence; I was assured that the total is 60 to 70. I was given permission to visit any prisoner in any establishment, any time I chose. One lesson I learned in candid and detailed conversations with many women and men convicted of murder. The State ensures that there shall be as few miscarriages of justice as possible, and itself insists that every person convicted of murder in the High Court shall appear afresh before a Court of Appeal, and then once more before the Supreme Court of Appeal. I saw the notes of all three trials in every prisoner's dossier. The barbarous death penalty is not known, and after 18 to 25 years the prisoner is generally released. When I asked a successful (but unlucky) forger whether he was not nervous in the big shaving saloon of a remarkably modern convict establishment—the gentleman wielding an open razor at his beard was a notorious homicide—he answered readily, "Why should I be?" The Minister of Justice assured me, as we surveyed big ships on the Tagus gently passing his windows at the further side of the decorative square, packed with British and American cars and efficient tramcars, "Several homicides are busy repairing the corridors in this building, on this floor."

Britain's tourists are, I was assured, "vital to our industry." At various times, and in sundry hotels, I had reason not to be so thankful for all our exports. But, as an authority on hotels in the British Isles, I must add a note of envy or humiliation at the examples shown me not only in Estoril (30s. a day for all meals and for a room with private bath overlooking the fabulous beaches), but in the idyllic mountain forest where Mr. and Mrs. Eden spent part of their honeymoon in 1952. The architects' devotion to detail in the bedrooms, sun loggias, and the bathrooms is on a scale unknown even in our "show" resorts. And, incidentally, the too modest Portuguese taught one careful lover of wine, in one Lisbon establishment, that the number of ports is somewhat higher than two or four. Here alone 276 kinds were immediately available, for opening and for ending a

meal. State institutes safeguard the development of important industries, among them of course, sardines and wine. The Sundry State Plans are meant to ensure ever-widening extension of power utilisation, roads, ports, civil aviation. In every Ministry the blue-prints appear to lead to action. But more finance in the future, will have to be provided by the United States, for European friends, "Socialistically weakened Britain" among them, have lost the means. And British influence has been, till now, ostentatiously preferred. However, while Salazar remains in power, say three or four more years, conditions will be laid down to ensure that Portugal's independence is respected. How far this applies, for instance, to the new monster aerodrome on the Azores, said to be the world's largest and busiest, I am not certain.

There is, I was assured, a hyper-efficient police watch on political undesirables in Portugal, on curious foreigners, on smugglers, but the harsher sides of the Corporative State, if they exist, were not easy to discern. There is political censorship of the Press, which is, by the way, free to report all legal cases except those chosen for elaboration by certain Sunday newspapers, far from Portugal. In the towns wages may be low, and subletting of apartments is resorted to for enhancing income. In some offices exceptionally short shifts are worked to spread out the number of posts. The appearance of the young men and women in the splendid, wide, tree-lined, gay streets in the towns does not suggest fear or oppression or real poverty. The cafés and cinemas are always packed. In country lanes the clothing is less satisfactory, and footwear, in a semi-tropical climate, is sometimes absent. But, I must add, the children to whom I spoke in villages did not appear starved or hungry. The standard of housing in the countryside was much better than in several neighbouring Spanish provinces. Overcrowding in some older parts of Lisbon is said to be severe, but, I cannot omit mention of the imposing Vienna or Belgrade-style workers' residential blocks that have been, and are being, constructed in the Capital. Trains to the wonder city of Coimbra, where the ancient University is being extended, run on excellent tracks at high speeds. Meals served on the trains afford several lessons to British Railways, in tidiness, hygiene, standard of cuisine, variety. Electric trains from Lisbon to Cascais, attractive fishing port chosen for his residence in temporary exile by King Umberto, arrive with exemplary precision. The fares are low and the carriages in all three classes are clean.

Studied in repose the majority of the Portuguese seem satisfied with life. In the evenings the better-off families listen at dinner to the two guitarists and the woman singer of sad ballads popular at the more costly restaurants. But these are tourist attractions, of no major significance. The emphasis is on plain living, on domesticity. Taxes on luxuries are high and cars are the privilege of the few. This does not detract from the fact that the drivers of the Lisbon taxi-cabs are polite and express thanks for a threepenny or sixpenny tip. Centuries of leadership and colonisation in various parts of the world (some of them now warmly challenged), have given the Portuguese a poised charm that is rare in this bustling, uncertain world. Their courtesy and hospitality is unforgettable. And as I rose from the modern airport in their capital, I could not help pondering over the words of Salazar, in which he criticised the world's obsession

with war, "the neurosis of war in which international society is being burnt up." I also recalled, "Western civilisation, or better still, perhaps, the relative political value of the West in the World, shows a strong depression in our time. But I am not convinced that Europe has definitely entered on the evening of her decadence; rather do I think that, once the present crisis has been overcome, she will show she possesses material and moral resources to enable her to resume her forward march. What Europe seems to be suffering from most at the moment is a disease of the will."

GEORGE BILAINKIN.

THE GERMAN ARMY IN POLITICS

ONCE more Germany's military force—non-existent at the moment, emphatically eradicated "forever" in 1945—plays a dominant part in the world's political development. The right idea, European, western, integration—the last dot behind the chapter of anachronistic nationalism—has brought forth a somewhat complicated and artificial scheme, the European Defence Community whereby another German *Wehrmacht* would be created, yet so enshrined in the continental and connected with the transatlantic forces of other nations that it could only serve a common cause and not become a separate force potentially endangering its new comrades, foes of yesteryear. Tempting by itself, this idea encounters fears and objections, especially from thrice invaded France, and requires co-operation and guarantees, especially from the Anglo-Saxon nations, such that clear thinking and renewed scrutiny of all available teachings of history seem indicated, even if one rejects such platitudes as "the leopard does not change its spots."

German generals, politicians and others have already produced a wealth of material meant to affect the judgment of history as to the German Army's past record. From Ludendorff, Falkenhayn and Seeckt to Guderian, Rundstedt, Geyr von Schweppenburg, Kesselring, they have presented us with their apologies; more specific studies of their school and breeding place, the General Staff, were published by Rosinski, Ebeling and Goerlitz. The Papen, Dirksen, Krosigk, Schlange-Schoeningen, Weizsaecker and many other memoirs, German and non-German, shed light upon recent military chapters. Searching historical studies, such as Trevor-Roper's, Chester Wilmot's, Bullock's and Heiden's, reveal one particular aspect or another of the great drama enacted by what Mirabeau once described "not a land which has an army, but an army which has a land." None of these reconstructions, however, and not even the competent, often bitter critics from among the generals themselves, Hossbach, Foertsch, Schlabrendorff, Westphal and, recently, von Faber du Faur, show the whole picture, let alone the intricate web of its background. This, for the first time and with a depth, a clearness and a balance hardly ever to be surpassed, is done in John W. Wheeler-Bennett's huge study¹ exploiting all of them, and about 200 more documents and files, in parts unaccessible hitherto.

¹J. W. Wheeler-Bennett: *The Nemesis of Power: The German Army in Politics, 1918-1945*. 829 pp. Macmillans. 50s.

There is no prejudice and no rancour in this book of a scholar whose past works, "Hindenburg: The Wooden Titan," "Munich: Prologue To Tragedy" &c have given him ample opportunity for acquaintance with his milieu and the mostly sad heroes of the tragedy he unfolds. A tragedy which he rightly ascribes to the "politicisation" of the German officers' corps—begun long before Hitler, under or even before Wilhelm II. In a brief sketch of the army's and the General Staff's development from Napoleonic days, on the lines laid down by Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, wisely retrenched by the reformers Stein and Hardenberg, to Bismarck whom it thus served, and the Kaiser whom the Praetorians finally "dropped," the author starts his 400,000-words account of a body which slowly and progressively sacrificed its strict, honourable code, finally its very soul to the bribe of a power which was to destroy it. The three parts of that account are logically built up: 1918 to 1926—the Army in its relations with the Weimar Republic; 1920 to 1933—its attitude towards Hitler, frequently and gradually changing; 1933 to 1945—its subjection or surrender to Hitler.

The story itself turns around three military figures. Col.-General Hans von Seeckt, from scattered remnants of the old, powerful armies beaten in World War No. I, assembled and built up the *Reichswehr*, not as a harmless security force of professionals and mercenaries dreamed of at Versailles, but as a cadre-army, a precision instrument for which he knew how to procure the prohibited modern and heavy arms, the potential reservoirs of recruiting. This he so trained and inspired that the State, not the government so frequently changing, replaced the figure of the monarch as its Supreme War Lord, and that its loyalty to him, Seeckt, personally, permitted him to answer to President Ebert in a critical hour as to whether it could be relied upon: "The Reichswehr, Herr Praesident, sticks to me." Seeckt's antithesis, second of the *dramatis personae*, is General Wilhelm Groener, the sincerely democratic Swabian of bourgeois extraction, yet as deeply imbued with the spirit of the caste (if not the class) and the General Staff training. He, tragically burdened with all the unpopular tasks from that November day at Spa when he, instead of Hindenburg, had to force Wilhelm II into exile, until the belated attempt at outlawing Hitler's Brown and Blackshirt armies, tried hard to weld the Reichswehr into one with the Republic itself and failed. Yet both Seeckt and Groener unswervingly adhered to the old ideal: the soldier, especially the officer who has to pay for the honour of being the cream of the nation with unquestioning devotion, has to keep out of politics.

It was the third of that trio, Kurt von Schleicher who disregarded that rule of what, in a way, was a monkish discipline. A gifted bureau general, intriguer by nature, he overthrew his superiors and patrons one after the other, ever since as a major he had made a position of power for himself in the Defence Ministry. His own tragedy began when, after playing Hindenburg against Groener, Papen against Bruening, and Hitler against Papen, he was forced into the open and into the chair of the Chancellor himself, too late to stem the Nazi tide, and murdered by the "Bohemian corporal" on June 30, 1934, with all other "potential dangers." But by then most of the younger officers had fallen to the lure of pseudo-patriotic slogans, the promise of advancement in a re-established great army, and

"glorious" future career of a remilitarised fatherland. And among the generals, old and Hitler-made, there were but a few with enough character and far-sightedness to resist; none with the "civil courage" Bismarck found lacking in the whole nation, which might then have provoked an open resistance of all decent Germans to the evil of Hitlerism. All sneaked away or took cover behind the necessity of an order from above—presumably senile, camarilla-surrounded Marshal-President von Hindenburg.

The writer of this article, 38 hours before Hitler's appointment as Chancellor, asked Col.-General Baron Hammerstein, the Weimar Reichswehr's last C.i.C., whether it would shoot if ordered to do so in conflict with the S.A. and SS rabble. "They'll shoot," he answered emphatically, 'and not over the heads either. If only I could get that order!' Yet Hammerstein, though proverbially lazy, was one of the most intelligent and well-intentioned of the Old Guard, and receives a deserved attention in Wheeler-Bennett's pages. What came after him were Blomberg, nicknamed "Hitler Youth Quex," Baron von Fritsch, the "waverer" whose appalling slander and disgrace by the Nazis his comrades swallowed, as they had swallowed the assassination of Schleicher and Bredow; was von Reichenau, a clever opportunist until, too late, he tried to "step out" and lost his life; were Hitler's obedient tools, von Rundstedt, Guderian, von Manstein, von Brauchitsch, Rommel, etc., with his own mandarins, Keitel and Jodl, merely aping the once all-powerful General Staff, and appropriately forgetting all its principles, rules and code of honour, cowed or fascinated by the vulgar if occasionally shrewd "genius" of a megalomaniac tyrant.

How he broke the backbone of such men who, under fire, displayed the greatest bravery and, under orders, were ruthless enough, is here shown with an art that combines the scrupulousness of the true historian with the psychologist's and analyst's delicate touch. Their moral fibre, itself the result of a severe school, the source of their social supremacy and that collective symbol and bond of the officer's class, the General Staff, was disintegrated by personal ambition, favouritism, vitiation with Party minions. Their once high principles had given way to utilitarian considerations: not the justice of a cause, an action, a war itself, but its chances of success had become the motive of approval or criticism, so far as that, mainly behind the back of their master, survived. Their attitude varied in degree, and in step with the course of military events or the power left to the individual C.O. and his political awareness. But even their ultimate revolt, after 11½ years under the authority of the vulgar ex-lance-corporal and amateur strategist, is sadly lacking in fiery, moral indignation of true rebels, vacillating and badly organised, if not without a final heroism.

To them and to the widespread—too widespread!—circle of their co-plotters, Wheeler-Bennett rightly devotes a large part of his study. Their two conflicting schools of thought centre around Col.-General Beck and his activist group, which, as this writer can state from personal knowledge, started its dangerous work from the very day when Hitler assumed power, and Count Helmuth von Moltke's *Kreisau* circle which, deeply religious, and embracing such men as the late Pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the Jesuit fathers Roesch and Delp, trade unionists like Julius

Leber and, beside some of the younger staff officers, bearers of historic names, quite a number of Foreign Office and other civil servants. The Beck group sought with a remarkable series of failures, the eradication of Hitler and his gang in order to replace it by a shadow government of his own men. The Moltke group attempted a compromise with the western Powers, and it is not the least disheartening of the many sad chapters in this world tragedy, how such efforts, ever since before the war and even before Hitler's "coup" on Prague, were frustrated by the Allied statesmen. It is not merely the long list of subsequent martyrs—of both these circles and their widespread ramifications—and the great number of the proudest names in German history, but the speculation of what might have been which gives to this heavily documented scrutiny of a German *résistance* a particular weight and a redeeming virtue in an otherwise rather depressing picture. Men such as Field Marshal von Witzleben, Col.-General Beck, Generals Hoepner, von Stuelpnagel, von Hase, Olbricht, Colonel Count Schenk von Stauffenberg and many junior officers—still branded as "traitors" by Nazis like Remer—have by their martyrdom done more perhaps for the cleansing of the German Army's shield than the success of their plot might have accomplished, with Hitler as the martyr and prohibited victor in the memory of a gullible people.

Theirs, and their civilian comrades, von Hassell, Goerdeler, Count Moltke, Bolz, Count Bernstorff, Kiep, von Kleist, von Haeften, Count Schulenburg and dozens of others' gruesome end is but one chapter in a verily antique tragedy elucidated and re-enacted in Wheeler-Bennett's powerful and searching work. It can well claim to be the standard work on the German Army in our time, and it must be hoped that its teachings will be learned on both sides, for the good of what ought to become a European, a democratic defence force of the future.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TERRITORIES

ADDRESSING the Cape Provincial Congress of the Nationalist Party on September 16th, 1952, Dr. Malan said: "Incorporation of the High Commission Territories of Bechuanaland, Swaziland, and Basutoland will be made an issue at the next General Election." "There is no need", he continued, "to convince anybody of incorporating the Territories; it is a matter of general agreement between all political parties in this country, and it was the intention of the provisions of the South Africa Act that they should be ultimately incorporated." He was right up to a point, because there can be no doubt that the incorporation has been the subject of negotiations with Great Britain by every Prime Minister of South Africa since 1910. But he conveniently overlooked the fact that transfer involves agreement by the inhabitants. This point was made abundantly clear by Mr. Gordon-Walker, a former Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, at a banquet given in his honour by the South African Government in 1951, when he reminded Dr. Malan that there was an aspect of the problem which involved the consent of the inhabitants of the Territories, without which no transfer could be effected.

"We believe", he continued, "that no people anywhere, whether we are responsible for them or not, should simply be moved from one jurisdiction to another without full consideration of their own views in the matter. The South Africa Act places no obligation on Britain to hand over the territories to the Union".

It can be argued that at the time of the Act of Union Britain gave at least an implied promise that at some very indefinite time the Territories would be incorporated into the Union of South Africa; but, unfortunately, times have changed and in the intervening forty years race-relationship has taken on a new significance. Even Native territories cannot these days be bartered at the whim of great nations; the rights of small countries have been firmly established, and it is sheer folly for South Africa to claim these territories without the express wish of the people. *Die Burger*, the Nationalist newspaper, took Mr. Gordon-Walker to task for his stand on the Protectorates Question, and whilst agreeing that the South Africa Act places no obligation on Britain to hand them over to the Union, points out that the very fact that a schedule setting out the method of handing over was appended to the South Africa Act implied that this would happen. "In negotiations over many years", continues *Die Burger*, "Britain accepted from the start that the South Africa Act contemplated incorporation, and that all that remained to be done was for Britain and the Union to reach agreement. In this there was an understanding and one which successive British Governments have evaded for contradictory reasons. Mr. Walker holds that incorporation could only follow consultation with the inhabitants of the Territories, but he fails to say that Britain has never moved a finger to consult the inhabitants; and he is silent on the not unimportant point that consultation by British acceptance does not mean that the inhabitants should have the right of veto—just as little as Britain now gives the Natives of Rhodesia a right of veto in the consultations about the creation of a Central African Federation".

It cannot be said that the British Government is in any way unsympathetic towards the Union's aspirations, and this was made clear by Mr. Oswald Pirow in his Newsletter of June 1952 in which he states: "No British Government would dare hand the High Commission Territories to Dr. Malan or the Nationalist Party. If Dr. Malan makes the ceding of the Territories an issue at the next General Election, and if the majority of the voters express themselves in favour of this, Britain, with every justification, will be able to say that nearly half the voters are against the step. Further, if the Nationalists are returned to power on this issue, what will happen? Britain must refuse, of this there can be no possible doubt. Will South Africa then appeal to U.N.O. . . . apply economic sanctions . . . declare war . . . or what?" Mr. Pirow leaves his questions un-answered.

Another legal difficulty is that the South Africa Act provides a schedule of guarantees of African rights should transfer take place. It was assumed at the time of Union that these guarantees would be absolute, because they could not be amended without the consent of the United Kingdom Government. The Statute of Westminster, however, by repealing all such reserve process, automatically removed this guarantee. The South African Government then claimed that it could by its own

legislation provide equivalent unimpeachable guarantees; but, one might ask, as Mr. Pirow did in his Newsletter of June 1951: "who would trust a government that has questioned the integrity of the Entrenched Clauses of the South Africa Constitution, and the right of the Courts to uphold them?" In view of these legal difficulties, added to the seething unrest among Africans occasioned by recent Nationalist discriminatory legislation, one wonders why Dr. Malan should choose such an unpropitious time to raise the Protectorates issue. But, there may be method in his "madness". He has far more important issues in mind than the Territories, as such; but in view of the coming elections this issue could be turned to serve as very useful propaganda.

In raising the issue Dr. Malan is appealing to every shade of political opinion, and the Nationalists can be relied upon to present the problem with all the chicanery at their command. What does it matter if they are pursuing a forlorn hope, chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, so long as they can gather votes on this universally popular issue? It may be that he sees in the Protectorates Question the means to strengthen public support within the Union for a Republic; it may serve the Government as effective camouflage for failure to implement territorial segregation and the Group Areas Act. The Territories constitute an important link in giving effect to Apartheid. When the Status Acts were before Parliament, the late General Hertzog planned to re-enact the Constitution as a South African document, but discovered he could not do so unless the Union surrendered all claims to the Territories. This he was not prepared to do, so this particular Bill was dropped. Is it not possible that Dr. Malan wishes to resurrect the Bill without the Entrenched Clauses because of the bitter hostility to the High Court of Parliament Bill? Does this explain his anxiety to have the Protectorates issue settled so that he can proceed with his plan should he win the next election? In an election speech he stated that "the foundation stone of Nationalist policy is Apartheid". Does he intend to use Britain's refusal to hand over the Territories as a contributory cause to his failure to implement Apartheid? Professor A. van Schalkwyk of the University of the Free State, giving evidence to the commission on the socio-economic development of the Native Reserves in October 1952, said that the Protectorates should be used to enable the Union to segregate its Natives territorially. The chairman of the commission, Professor Tomlinson, had said that only seventeen million more were available for Natives in the Union. "With such a small area was it possible to provide for the development of the Native while implementing a policy of territorial segregation?" he asked. Professor van Schalkwyk replied: "If the Protectorates were available and were added to the existing areas in the Union, segregation should be practicable".

The Nationalist Party is so antagonistic to anything British that it cannot see the wood for the trees. It is quite incapable of seeing that membership of the Commonwealth and friendly relations with the Western Powers offer South Africa the security of which she is so much in need in a dangerous world. The White Paper recently issued simultaneously by Britain and the Union of South Africa on the High Commission Territories make the same broad impression that the Territories have had a lucky escape. "If", as the *Manchester Guardian* observes, "the war had not

intervened, and the Swazis, say, had been induced to accept incorporation in the Union ten years ago, they would be bitterly repenting it today. But Dr. Malan was not then foreseen; and there can be no progress towards transfer of the Territories until there is a government in the Union that will obliterate the impression made on the people of the Protectorates by Nationalist policy, which will take not a few years but a generation". The crux of the controversy is that, if the transfer of the Territories were made now, the schedule of the safeguards of Native rights would not be binding because the Union Parliament, since the passage of the Statute of Westminster, has had power to amend the South Africa Act. Unlike the clause securing the Coloured franchise, the schedule is not even "entrenched". It is abundantly clear, despite all Dr. Malan's machinations, that the future status of the Territories must await a change of government in the Union, a government that will abolish Apartheid in its present form, and formulate a common Native policy acceptable not only to the Union of South Africa but to the Rhodesias and Nyasaland.

Since this article was written the Nationalists have been returned by a substantial majority, and the Government is committed to implementing its Apartheid policy. The fanfare with which Dr. Malan heralded his claims to the Territories some months ago gradually faded out as the election grew nearer but, Apartheid had to go forward as the main plank of the Nationalist policy. He was left in a quandary, but could only hope for some miracle that would take him out of his dilemma. His first move was to seek support from the Opposition, ostensibly to enable him to obtain a two-thirds majority to abolish the Entrenched Clauses in the Constitution; but he has made little reference to the all-important question of the Territories on which the whole policy of territorial Apartheid hinges. A two-thirds majority government, he hopes, might be strong enough to bring pressure on Great Britain; alternatively he could blame Britain for his failure to implement Apartheid. If it ever succeeds, it is still in the distant future, but the odds are that it will have to be modified very greatly in any case.

Member of the Provincial Council for Natal.

H. W. DAVEY.

THE MAKING OF CANBERRA

ON her Australasian tour the Queen and the Duke will spend some time in the Australian capital—Canberra. Certainly no lovelier environment could be imagined than this southern capital, where the first sod was cut in March, 1913. Fourteen years afterwards her Majesty's father, the late King and his wife, then Duke and Duchess of York, were there, and the Senate and House of Representatives met for the first time. Little more than a century before that the site of Canberra was a wild and almost uninhabited countryside. The "Government Gazette" of 1832 carried this notice: "Leases by Auction. County Murray . . . 1320 acres bounded on the south by the Molonglo River. Lease put up for sale at the rate of 20/- per section of 640 acres for the year, and the

highest bidder of that sum or more, if free, will be accepted as the tenant." Three acres for a penny a year!

On that same estate to-day has arisen the capital of Australia, a position which has been justly claimed as one of the loveliest in the world. It is a splendidly laid-out garden city and since the late King George visited it has quadrupled its population to 24,000. So far about £20,000,000 has been spent on the capital, which it is hoped will become for Australia what Washington is for the United States.

It is an open secret that when the plans for Canberra were first put forward they met with opposition from various quarters. A host of opprobrious and scornful epithets followed the very mention of its name: a "White Elephant" (in actual fact it is, from its appearance, often called "White City" to-day), "Bush Capital," "Australia's Sink," "The Twelve Million Pound Capital," and even "the illegitimate offspring of an unholy union between New South Wales and Victoria." The critics declared that Canberra was too remote from the great centres of population—200 miles from Sydney, 500 from Brisbane, 1,500 from Perth—for Parliament to keep its finger upon the pulse of the nation. Those favouring the scheme asserted that it is vital for a national capital to have its own home, dissociated from State interests, and it was for this reason that Australian Capital Territory of just over 900 square miles was transferred to the Commonwealth by New South Wales. That was on January 1, 1911. Since that date revolutionary developments in transport have practically wiped out Canberra's geographical isolation which was undoubtedly a grave drawback originally. Good motor roads have been built and it is within short flying time of all the eastern capitals. Radio has brought Canberra within a fraction of a second of any part of Australia and television will bring it within more realistic range than ever. It can be said, indeed, that during the last quarter of a century a marked change has come over the way in which the majority of Australians regard their capital. Before the war it was becoming a great tourist centre, and better communications enabled thousands of people to visit the Capital Territory. They returned captivated by the charm of the countryside and the loveliness of the young city.

Canberra is a capital without a slum, unpolluted by factory chimneys, embowered in trees, adorned with gardens, and set amid an amphitheatre of hills knee-deep in wild flowers, those blossoms that are the glory of the Australian bush. One of the English boys evacuated in 1940 summed it up when he said Canberra was "one huge botanical garden, with roads, buildings, and small shopping centres set on it." It has over 40 miles of trees, including oaks, ashes, beeches, elms, planes and poplars. Mr. James Maxwell, of Stirlingshire, Scotland, was sent out to plant the trees in an experimental nursery to ascertain what trees and shrubs would be suitable for the future street planning and parks. The old nursery garden is now covered by the waters of a lake formed from the Molonglo River. In summer fragrance from a million roses fills the air, and from fields sown with English seed the larks rise and carol in the blue skies. Native birds of brilliant hue, parrots, cockatoos, rosellas and honey-eaters flash and flurry in the dazzling sunshine. There is perhaps some ground for the assertion of the workers and hard-headed business men in the

coastal cities that in such a paradise politicians must find it hard to have any heart in their work, and that it is why they won't get down to brass tacks.

Despite its short history, and the handicaps and prejudices it has to contend with, Canberra has made notable progress. At the beginning of the century the site had altered little since its original settlement last century. It was nothing more than a sheep run, with sunburnt grasslands intersected by the windings of the Molonglo River, and flanked in the distance by the blue line of the Murrumbidgee Ranges. The first owner was Joshua John Moore and the land was known as Camberry, Canberry and then Canberra. One of the pioneers there, born in 1834, left record that the proper way to spell it, according to native pronunciation, was Kumbora, or Kumburra. It is possible that Kumburra was a meeting place for the Burra Burra blacks, at the foot of the Black Mountains, which are situated just opposite Canberra. Bora means a great ceremony or jamboree. In the open country beyond the Yarralumla homestead of the Campbells, Canberra's first settlers (although Moore bought the land he does not seem to have lived there himself), stood, to quote Mr. R. G. Menzies' words, "a little English village church, its spire pointing a lonely figure to a blue Australian sky." It is one of the most historic churches in the Commonwealth and a tragic story surrounds its early years. It was built in 1844 and the first clergyman was the Rev. J. Gregory, a popular and athletic parson in the little community. He had been "outback" on a long and dangerous trip, crossing the big Murrumbidgee both ways. Proud in his youthful strength, he stripped to swim the little Molonglo. A companion watched him, and sang out as he was near the opposite bank, "Are you all right?" "Yes," came the reply; but immediately afterwards, up went his hands, and he went under to his death. His body was never found. Drowned within a month of his intended marriage and not 200 yards from his home. The spot was where Commonwealth-bridge crosses the Molonglo. In the churchyard is a tombstone recording the death of one of the earliest inhabitants of the district, Sarah Webb, who died in 1845, and her husband, who followed 20 years later. The epitaph reads: "For here we have no continuing city."

This was the place chosen for the capital, and when instructions were given by the Government for the preliminary survey, it emphasised that, in addition to giving full consideration for practical needs, no effort should be spared to ensure that "the Federal Capital should be a beautiful city occupying a commanding position, with extensive views and embracing distinctive features which will lend themselves to the evolution of a design worthy of the object, not only for the present but for all time." Even the most virulent critics of the plan admit these requirements are admirably fulfilled. Man and nature have worked hand in hand in the laying out of Canberra, which is richly endowed with beauty. The Government invited designs, in a world-wide competition, and it is a matter of interest that of the 137 submitted that chosen (with certain modifications) was sent in by Walter B. Griffin of Chicago.

In the heart of the city stands the Federal Parliament House and there is the nucleus of a university. Yarralumla, mentioned earlier, was originally built by Robert Campbell in 1836. Additions were made down

the years, and it was in 1926 that the Commonwealth acquired it as Government House. A unique plan has been originated for the naming of the streets of the 24 different districts, each of which will bear the name of some outstanding man who has contributed to the development of Australia as a nation. The streets will then be named under special categories. One district will have streets named after Australian explorers, and others after other leaders, including Navigators, Artists, Litterateurs, Scientists, Statesmen and Administrators. Near the Australian War Memorial the streets commemorate the part played by the Commonwealth in War, Gallipoli-street, Ypres-street, Pozieres-street, Anzac-street, and so on. One district bears the names, charming ones, of wild flowers, such as Boronia, Banksia, Bottle Brush, Waratah and Wattle. Rightly many aboriginal words such as Jerrabomberra, Mugga and Narrabundah, are not forgotten, and some are extremely poetical, among them Alinga (Son), Girrahween (Place of Flowers), Lowanna (Beauty), Allara (Butterfly), Elimatta (My Home), Boolee (Star) and Akuna (Flowing Water). Canberra is an example of town-planning at its best. But it is more than that—truly a "City Beautiful," with a glorious destiny awaiting it.

E. R. YARHAM.

A VICTORIAN LOOKS BACK

CONDEMNATION of sin was one of the most pronounced features of the Victorian yesterdays. The delight in condemnation and punishment was intensely vivid. If the sins we personally "had no mind to" were sensationally in evidence in a case before the law-courts, there was at times a hideous revel in the eternal damnation of a fellow-being.

The bells of Hell ring ting-aling-aling

For you, but not for me.

Victorian society was founded on exclusions rather closely allied to this kind of Pharisaism. If the bells of poverty rang for others, that, after all, belonged to the order of things. We could quote the Scripture: "Ye have the poor always with you." Those of us who were not poor were better educated, and it was right that we should have more power in directing affairs. If we were only very modest members of the middle class, we had, as a matter of course, two domestic servants who could be called on for service from when they got up till when they went to bed. We easily get used to one-sided arrangements that favour us personally, and one-sidedness is by no means absent from the enlightenment of today—not even amongst workmen and those who wish to get their votes. But the change has been, on the whole, towards more comprehension. Some fifteen years ago a still older Victorian complained bitterly to me, because his charwoman had as much voting power as he himself had. He was a cultured person and a distinguished man of science. Without doubt that constituted an important difference, but the twentieth century does see something in the charwoman that was not to be found in us comfortably sheltered Victorian voters, the simple fact of her direct experience of hard economic realities. Today, when we ancient Victorians find our cultural

lives taxed away from us, we should repeatedly remind ourselves that, when things were so good for us, that was partly because employers had it almost all their own way and used their power with a selfishness that is now amazing to think of. Would the workmen, if they had it all their own way, behave any better? Probably not. But that simply illustrates the words of Chatham, that "unlimited power is apt to corrupt the minds of those who possess it."

How far has the change in working conditions since yesterday been a gain? Some sixty years ago I was talking to a Buckinghamshire farm labourer who was quite eighty years old. "They talk about the good old days," he said, "but in my boyhood we worked from the first light till dusk, and often and often I've worked the whole day in the fields without a morsel passing my lips." "Do you think people are happier now?" "Ah," he replied, "if you ask me that question, I don't know. Sometimes I think they're not so happy. They're always wanting amusement." The point was the amusement had to be brought to them, they were forgetting how to amuse *themselves*, and work began to bore them. The happiest child I have known was one who was not provided with toys but was encouraged to amuse herself without amusements. In an empty room she used her imagination to make up tales for herself—for instance about the pattern in the wallpaper. Imagination now is too little called upon to make up things for itself, and when it loses that power life becomes totally uninteresting. I doubt whether there is any certain answer to the question: Are people happier? If we live through a period of difficulty and into one of improved conditions, most of us appreciate the change, and memory helps to keep the appreciation active, but if we are born into the improved conditions, we take them as a matter of course. There are some who are daily astonished at the beautiful daily wonders of life. Do such people grow rarer?

Any estimate of the losses that are mingled with the beneficial changes is inevitably a personal estimate. I personally feel that there has to some extent been a coarsening of motive. Though I was very young then, I vividly remember the intense interest shown in early elections to the School Board for London. It was definitely interest in education, and men like Thomas Huxley (who made a lasting impression on the young boy I then was) were not elected as members of a political party, but because of their passionate interest in the cause of education. At local Council elections today one votes for a muddled mass of drainage, housing, rates, schools, and so on, and I personally have a feeling of vagueness and ineffectuality in the whole business. May such feeling not account for the frequent lack of interest in these elections? Some seventy-five years ago a large East End chapel was every Sunday afternoon packed with workmen who had come to hear historical talks. That chapel is now a cinema. Elsewhere a cultural Centre was recently brought into existence after years of self-sacrificing struggle. When a local Councillor visited it, his only comment was, "But where are the bread and butter subjects?" He simply could not realise that the Centre existed for the sole purpose of helping its members to look up from their bread and butter and see vistas of spiritual adventure more attractive than even cinemas or coshing.

Disappointments at times bother one, but Today is better than

Yesterday. I hate barriers, and many have vanished. Yesterday the shop-keeper was barred from the circles of middle-class gentility. That is one example of the barriers that have crumbled. Others remain, and some are in the nature of personality and some a moral-selfish complex. Efforts to get Borstal training recognised as part of trade apprenticeship were, alas, hindered by the Trades Unions. This lack of response from bodies that are so necessary a factor in our whole social life was acutely disappointing, but a more helpful attitude is developing. Few to-day wish to add to legal penalties the more lasting extra-legal ones. We sympathise with A. E. Housman:—

There sleeps in Shrewsbury jail to-night,
Or wakes, as may betide,
A better lad, if things went right,
Than most that sleep outside.

When I was visiting a sensitive lad in prison, I expressed this thought in talking to him, and the old warder nodded. The boy felt, I knew, very lonely and outcast, and so, when I said good-bye, I kissed him. I expected protest, but there was silence. And then the old warder came up to me, took my hand, and said nothing. Undoubtedly this was an unusual prison, and the Governor was an unusual man, but the attitude to the prisoner is wiser than it was.

If we compare the biographies of to-day with those of yesterday, we learn a good deal from the comparison. One does not turn to a Victorian biography, if one wishes to get the truth. It was, for instance, part of the convention to omit or blur episodes in a popular career that were not just laudable. In Victorian days poets were popular figures, and in the case of Wordsworth the conventional blurring was easy. In the case of Burns it was awkward, and in that of Shelley almost impossible, yet this "beautiful and ineffectual angel" proved disconcertingly effectual in deeply influencing many lives. His curiously wavering sense of responsibility is not only often a weakness of men of genius but also quite obviously of us all. Slowly we began to realise many rather uncomfortable things, and the fairy tale façade of Victorian respectability and morality vanished. Nothing "shocking" has been told of Robert Browning, but in the earlier biographies we do not meet the man himself, while in Betty Miller's *Robert Browning* we do. Browning could be fretful and selfishly ungrateful in his youthful ambition and gladly a fashionable figure in later life. When, as a boy, I saw and heard Browning talking to a duchess in an Engadine hotel, his loud voice and society manner—a rather strange combination—left a disappointing impression. Yet such things are the inevitable smallness mixed with all greatness. If one reads how, long after his wife's death, Browning wrote proposing marriage to the beautiful and wealthy Lady Ashburton, and frankly told her that his heart was buried in Florence, but that marriage with her would end anxieties about his problematical son, Pen, one is really drawn to this queer, honest chap. If we pass on to recent biographies of those whom we had cast out, we find in them records of self-effacing deeds of kindness that make the Biblical preference for the harlot compared with the self-righteous seem disconcertingly personal.

Our old sins of self-righteousness can always take on new forms. Sometimes they are an essential part of political method. They are most

abominable when they call themselves "patriotism." In 1940 a former soldier said to me, "I went through the whole of the First World War, and ever since then I've said that the greatest evil in the world is patriotism." Those who remember the indiscriminate vilifying of all Germans, the refusal of legally won scholarships to their English born children, and like occurrences, may sympathise. By the Second World War the public had learned much and the politicians had learned something. My older Victorian friend considered that twentieth century youth lacked respect. I do not believe that. My personal experience is that if you respect youth, youth will respect you, but it does not to-day believe in a one-sided respect. One result is that youth talks frankly, and therefore startlingly. Startlingly, because the putrifying mixture of humbug, concealment and ignorance of Victorian days has been swept away. The unpredictable development of future morals will at least produce something better than that.

I must recur to the recrudescence of old defects. "What do you, as a foreigner, think of our cities?" asked an amiable German of the English lady on a Rhine steamboat. 'I'm not a foreigner. I'm English,' was the inevitable reply." (Henry W. Nevinson, *The English*, 1929.) To this good lady the foreigner was an inferior being. She herself, being English, could not be an inferior being. Another defect of ours is reinforced by this one. We are rather inclined to regard work as an unpleasant interruption of life, and when some "bloody foreigners" actually like work and work harder than we do, there is plainly something wrong with them. A skilled German craftsman who was brought over to England recently, commented, "*Aber hier wird doch überhaupt nicht gearbeitet.*" ("Here, you know, people simply don't work.") A good-humoured exaggeration of course, and yet *cela donne bien à penser*. I have met many such friendly critics. They much like the English, *aber* . . . English workmen keen on their craft say the same more strongly. But this, and our wastefulness, are an old story. "To see how they live and waste here, it is a wonder the whole city does not 'bankrape and go out o' sight'," wrote Carlyle's shrewd wife in 1834. In 1940, whole loaves were being thrown away, while people complained they had nothing to eat. One of our evacuees threw loaves over the hedge, because, if she took them openly to the pig bin, "people might talk." Lately workmen lodgers near by threw away all crusts and all bread more than two days old, and women employees drove home in a taxi, while pumping their over-kind hostess for money to buy food and being correspondingly extravagant in other directions. A Welfare State can save thrifty citizens from undeserved want, but, if its citizens are *not* thrifty, the Welfare State can only ruin itself. A young Dane, stopping with a workman friend of mine, would scarcely accept a cigarette. "My father allows himself only one smoke a week," he said. Talking to me, Edward Carpenter said that saving and investment should be taught as a school game. A wholly good notion, but our ingrained wastefulness may need sharper lessons.

I do not believe that life has a fixed goal, and I suppose that few now do. There is a large element of haphazard in all development. Our most workable British Institutions have been the result of what has—by no means disparagingly—been called "muddled growth." So too are the products

of evolution. Evolution is a "muddled" organic method that takes account of factors to which reason is blind. An evolution planned by reason would have had results that were immobile and dead from the start. The exciting thing about life is that it is uncertain and unfinishable. The idealists who think out for us a perfect system are curiously blind to the fact that life is much too great to be got into their little heads. In the end they become cruel or contradictory, or both. Life is a continual experiment and a continual paying of the price of a precious development that is beyond the scope of reason. If we determine to bring it strictly to reason, we destroy it.

HAROLD PICTON.

DR. JOHNSON'S LETTERS

IN a letter to Mrs. Thrale dated October 27, 1777, Dr. Johnson writes: "In a man's letters you know, Madam, his soul lies naked, his letters are only the mirror of his breast, whatever passes within him is shown undisguised in its natural process. Nothing is inverted, nothing distorted, you see systems in their elements, you discover actions in their motives. . . . This is the pleasure of corresponding with a friend, where doubt and distrust have no place, and everything is said as it is thought." This confession is, in brief, the effect on one when reading through the monumental collection of the Doctor's letters brought together by Dr. R. W. Chapman after over thirty years devoted and loving labour.

In these machine-driven years handwritten letters of quality as a means of personal record and expression are rare, and this makes the Johnson correspondence so valuable in arriving at a closer view of the man himself and his gossips. His letters have the same characteristics as those of Madame De Sévigné. They are at one and the same time intimate and informative. If there is any difference between her letters and his it is the indication of a cheerful temperament and close family interest in the one and the more serious outlook on life in the other. This no doubt is due to the Doctor's wide experience of trouble all through life of one sort and another, although the Marquise had early in life met serious reverses. There is one thing they have in common. They had read widely and deeply in the great classical literatures. Sir Walter Raleigh says: "The chief interest of a study of the great letter-writers is that it introduces us not to literary works but to persons. In their pages we find their portraits . . . a subtler likeness of the writer than we can find in the more formal achievements of authorship." The Doctor's letters have revealed more than ever before his extraordinary range of knowledge and interests. They lay bare his attractive sympathy with and affection for young people of both sexes, more particularly those of the female sort. His letters to Queeny Thrale and her sisters Susy and Sophia for instance are couched in a charming strain. The many quoted letters to his stepdaughter, Lucy Porter, and to his lady friends at Lichfield, in particular, Mrs. Aston, shew a tender, and delicate, not to say uncommon, solicitude.

The correspondence carried on by Johnson with Mrs. Thrale and her replies, are, of course, the cream of the collection. It shews them to have

been on a most affectionate, almost loving footing, of long standing. The personalities of the man and of the woman are thus revealed in an easy flow of day to day conversation. Johnson's business acumen asserts itself, and his grasp of finance is shewn in his handling of the details concerning Thrale's brewery and the firm's eventual difficulties which he helped by his advice to put straight. His sensitiveness to any apparent slights by his friends is made bare, and even with Mrs. Thrale he becomes petulant if he thinks she is not paying him proper attention. His concern with his health, which is constantly being attacked in various ways, crops up in practically all the letters, and most of his correspondents must have been thoroughly acquainted with all the various ills from which he suffered. Moreover he was always ready to offer advice to those who had informed him of their own infirmities. To Miss Langton he says: "To preserve health is a moral and religious duty: for health is the basis of all social virtues; we can be useful no longer than while we are well." Death is ever present with him. Indeed, to use a Churchillian phrase, "he walked with death." And whenever the opportunity occurred he would remind his correspondent of their future life in the hereafter. In spite of his philosophy there is a permanent note of pathos running through the letters.

Notwithstanding his gauche manners and infirmities of all kinds it is evident from these letters that Johnson's worth made him welcome everywhere. He was entertained and loved by the leaders of society and the men and women of note in all professions. Amongst these are Sir Joshua Reynolds and his sister to whom his letters are here found. Dr. John Taylor is very well represented in this collection. This is perhaps all the more surprising in view of the Doctor's record as a pluralist in church livings and Johnson's reverence for church observances. The Canon was much more of a farmer than a parson. He was far keener on his bulls and crops than on saving souls. Johnson was quite aware of this and references to this farmer-like attitude are made in his letters to Taylor. However here is a friendship of many years standing which Johnson was eager to keep in being. Taylor compares unfavourably with the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, another of his correspondents. The letters to James Boswell are fairly numerous. Most of them deal with James's tendency to melancholia, and his troubles with his father over money. Johnson repeatedly warns him against extravagance and bankruptcy. "All that you have to fear from me is the vexation of disappointing me," he says in one letter. Mrs. Boswell is referred to and the Doctor appears to fancy—quite wrongly—that she has a fixed dislike for him.

Towards the end of the 2nd volume (1775-82) there is a distinct change of tone in Johnson's letters with Mrs. Thrale. The death of Henry Thrale in April 1781, which Johnson felt most deeply, made a great difference in the lives of both his widow and the Doctor. The family circle is disrupted and a happy meeting ground has vanished. In the Doctor's letters now there is a more frequent appeal to sympathy and a larger note of pathos. Johnson feels more sorry for himself than ever as old friends like Thrale pass on. In June 1783 he writes to Mrs. Thrale "I am sitting down in no cheerful solitude to write a narrative which would once have affected you with tenderness and sorrow, but which you will perhaps pass

over now with the careless glance of frigid indifference." He then proceeds to describe in detail his latest and very serious attack or "paralytic stroke." He finishes his letter in this strain: "I hope you will sympathise with me . . . I hope that what, when I could speak, I spoke of you, and to you, will be in a sober and serious hour remembered by you . . . I have loved you with virtuous affection, I have honored you with sincere esteem. Let not all our endearment be forgotten, but let me have in this great distress your pity and your prayers."

There are two instances of contemporary history mentioned in the letters: the Gordon Riots and the threatened invasion of the country. Johnson had no fear whatever of the latter. Writing to Dr. Taylor in October 1779 he says: "there are those still who either fright themselves or would fright others with an invasion; but my opinion is that the French neither have nor had in any part of the summer a number of ships on the opposite coast equal to the transportation of twenty or of ten thousand men." And in November of the same year he is trying to comfort his old friend Mrs. Aston in Lichfield by writing: "The invasion has vanished for the present as I expected. I never believed that any invasion was intended . . . We have nothing to do but to serve God and leave the world submissively in his hands." The Gordon Riots are referred to in a letter to Mrs. Thrale in June 1780. The Doctor gives details of the Rioters' acts and notes; "The sight was dreadful . . . some people were threatened, Mr. Strahan moved what he could, and advised me to take care of myself. Such a time of terror you have been happy in not seeing."

The Doctor was always ready to help those who applied to him for a recommendation when they sought employment or advancement of any kind. Moreover he never used his known fame in this way unless the applicant had satisfied him with suitable credentials or was a person well known to him. In these volumes there is a noticeable absence of the so often quoted gruff "No, Sir!" attitude always attributed to him. The letters consistently exhibit an entirely human and kindly approach to his correspondents. It is true he can be very downright to some when he thinks the bludgeon appropriate, as for instance, his crushing letter to James Macpherson over the Ossian forgeries and the sad and bitter letter sent to Mrs. Thrale on learning of her intended marriage with Piozzi. But these are exceptions and in the latter case he offered a contrite apology to the lady for his outburst. Altogether this collection of letters presents us with the many-sided character of a great 18th century man. Our perception of this is aided by the wide scholarship and meticulous care of Dr. Chapman.

W. H. GRAHAM.

SOLIDARITY VERSUS FREEDOM

TO the free man life without liberty of thought is a denial of his manhood and a living death. To the under-privileged slave of circumstances solidarity appears to be the only way to achieve the security which will enable him to live at all, and for this he is willing to pay any price, even that of total mental surrender, to a system that promises

him sufficiency. These are the opposing viewpoints in the present war of ideologies, and unfortunately the slaves, especially in Asia, mightily exceed the numbers of free men. In that amazingly prophetic essay, *The Spiritual Conflict*, written in 1915, in which he clearly foretold the coming of the domination of the State, and the idea that the individual exists for the State instead of the opposite Liberal belief that obtained at the time he was writing, A. E., the Irish writer and mystic, diagnosed the unrest and troubles of humanity through the ages as being essentially due to its oscillations between these opposing ideals of solidarity and freedom. He reminded us that the conflict could be traced throughout history, and it is interesting, as well as alarming, to do so. Especially in the case of Athens in her prime which, as Dr. Gilbert Murray has recently pointed out, was, in her Liberal outlook although not of course in social conditions, so very like England before the outbreak of the 1914 war. And just as her fine liberality and freedom of thought was forced to give way to the solidarity made necessary by long drawn-out wars, conflicting ideologies and the resultant cult of violence, so has true Liberalism in England fallen by the wayside in our own era.

Plato's *Republic* also provides a blue-print of the decline from freedom to solidarity, from government by the Good-Principle, or King-Philosopher, through oligarchy and democracy to government by the tyrant or Bad-Principle who always comes to power when the lower elements of a State get the upper hand and fight among themselves. Violence can only be physically overcome by a greater violence, which means that the greater violence, in the shape of a tyrant, is always enthroned by this method. But A. E., himself, cited as an example the 17th and 18th centuries in France, when the solidarity of a totalitarian Church was being undermined by well-meaning exponents of free thought, in particular the Encyclopaedists; a dangerous freedom, with no clear sense of direction, no foresight nor super-wisdom by which to assess the effect of unrestricted thought on mentalities unprepared for the impact. And what would Voltaire do in this world whose foundations he so assiduously helped to lay? What would he, an individualist, think of the enforced indoctrination of dialectical materialism? Precisely what he thought of the imposed superstitions of the theology of his day. But then there were loopholes. The total thought control aimed at by Ecclesiasticism was, in that age, by no means absolute. People could and did escape to no worse hell than the Church's displeasure. But how would Voltaire survive a People's democracy where to be a non-conforming individual is to sin against the Holy Ghost or the whole spirit of the termity-state?

In reading A. E.'s essay one is at first reassured by the thought that this has all happened before many times throughout the ages, and that the reaction from solidarity to freedom, from freedom to solidarity, is inevitable, and the present situation a mere passing phase. But then one remembers that never before in the world's history have there been such efficacious and diabolical means to implement the condition of solidarity as there are to-day. Not only, or even primarily, the material armaments—the worst bomb invented has never and will never kill an idea while there remains one man in the world to hold it—but the mental weapons, the propaganda,

the psychiatry, the indoctrination, the devilish modern means whereby a character may be changed or assassinated. These facts cause hope to falter, and one remembers Ouspensky's suggestion in that remarkable book, *A New Model of the Universe*, that the ants and bees are degenerate forms of consciousness that failed to evolve and develop into individuals, which this writer considers was the aim of the evolutionary urge. This fantasy, which Ouspensky's admirable reasoning makes almost to seem a probability, is alarmingly convincing. He traces the devolution of the thinking being who deliberately turns his back on the development of his mental and spiritual nature, and concentrates on collective living and progress, achieving with his fellow beings, through such single-mindedness, the perfect termitary state. "In the course of time their thinking capacities, absolutely unnecessary in a well-organised ant-hill or beehive became atrophied, automatic habits began to be handed down automatically from generation to generation, and ants became 'insects' as we know them." As he points out, when efficiency reaches a certain pitch the termitary runs itself automatically. No individual intelligence is requisite or desirable. In fact it imperils the utilitarian community. "Intelligence could forget, could distort, could add something new. Intelligence could again lead to 'mysticism', to the idea of a higher intelligence. . . ." And therefore intelligence had to give place entirely to the automatism of the perfect collective life.

As one considers the trend of the modern world, one inevitably finds oneself wondering if this is not indeed a pattern of history, if insect life, so closely resembling the totalitarian states, is not in truth a failure of the evolution of some higher species, and whether such a thing could happen again. It is all too apparent that men have lost much of their humanity and humaneness in this scientific age. Absorbed in their technology which somehow colours their whole lives, they remind us of the warnings of the clear-sighted brothers Kapek whose *Insect Play* startled the world in the 30's. This is true even in the Western world. The Communist community with its purely utilitarian outlook and absolute materialism already has the psychological ingredients for the perfect termitary life. It is, therefore, with a sense of relief that we turn again to A. E.'s essay, written in what seems in comparison with the present day, a peaceful, leisurely age, even in the course of the first world war, and find him prophesying, with the optimism of his period, the arising of a synthesis whereby the conflict of the two ideologies may yet be satisfactorily resolved. "What we ought to realise," he says, "is that these reactions take place within one being, humanity, and indicate eternal desires of the soul. They seem to urge on us the idea that there is a pleroma, or human fullness, in which the opposites may be reconciled, and that the divine event to which we are moving is a state in which there will be essential freedom combined with an organic unity."

So far, in the course of history this synthesis has failed to make its appearance. Or, more truly, it has failed to be recognized whenever it has appeared. For in point of fact it has always been provided by the Avatars, Saviours, prophets and seers of the human race who all taught that the Kingdom of Heaven could only be realized within the individual man's consciousness; that man himself and not the external world was

what needed changing and regenerating. But those obstinately seeking to solve the problem of conflicting ideologies on the level at which it exists have always refused to consider the obvious metaphysical solution offered by the greatest thinkers of all ages. Yet, looking at the situation to-day, how can it be doubted that the problem to be solved must be transcended? Neither side in the present ideological conflict could conceivably give way to the other. Those who value what Charles Morgan has called the liberties of the mind will die rather than submit to total thought control, while totalitarianism cannot possibly survive the inclusion of free thought. In referring to "a return to mysticism" Ouspensky provides a clue to the way out of this "impasse". "Mysticism" in his sense of the word, implies a living belief in a higher intelligence than that of the collective human intelligence, an intelligence that informed the great World-Teachers of the past, who left definite instructions and rules whereby men might find themselves at one with this higher Mind, and so practise the only safe and successful government possible to man—self-government by God-government: liberty within the laws of divine Wisdom, Truth and Love. The most universal and essential of these laws, stated explicitly in all the major world-faiths, is that known in Christianity as *The Golden Rule*. This one law alone would, if obeyed, ensure the security of mankind. Had it been kept by those professing to accept the creeds which teach it, there would have been no atom bomb, or indeed, any warfare at all between men agreed upon this fundamental decency of life. So far, however, only lip service has been given to this and the other universally beneficent laws embodied in the great metaphysical systems of the Masters. The alternative to the termitary is now quite obviously their acceptance and, for the first time in history, their practical application by mankind as a whole. This would provide both A. E.'s synthesis and Ouspensky's evolutionary necessity.

ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON.

A CENTURY OF CHRISTMAS CARDS

IF you ask an habitual drunkard what it was that started him on his downward career he will seldom say that it was due to Christmas cards. Yet the first Christmas card, which showed a picture of a gay family party, all of them holding wine-glasses filled to the brim, over the words "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year to you!"—this card was severely criticised by the zealous friends of the temperance cause who claimed that it would tempt people to take up the drinking habit. But, as only one thousand of these cards were produced, it may be that they did not appreciably add to the inebriate population. This card appeared in 1843. Made at the suggestion of Henry (later Sir Henry) Cole, the first director of what is now the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington, it was designed by J. C. Horsley, a well-known artist and Royal Academician of his day. This card was coloured by hand and was published "at Summerly's Home Treasury Office, 12 Old Bond Street,

London" by Joseph Cundall, a friend of Cole's, who called himself "Felix Summerly" in his various enterprises aiming at the improvement of public taste and art education. Messages of goodwill had been sent many centuries before this. You will remember, for instance, that St. Paul, one of the greatest of letter writers, used to begin with the phrase: "Grace to you and peace", while in the Dark Ages, when a knight would often be illiterate, his thoughts would be conveyed by the dispatch of a glove, a garter, a kerchief or some other trinket. But Horsley's above-mentioned card had few successors until 1862 when the fashion spread and costly drawings were made use of. Even as the Prince Consort brought from Germany the idea of Christmas trees, so were "Chromos", mounted on cards with decorated borders in gold and colours, imported from that country. Then Mr. William Ward of Marcus Ward and Co., who for many years dominated this field, discovered Kate Greenaway, while other artists of repute, such as the Royal Academicians—George Clausen, E. J. Poynter, G. D. Leslie and W. T. Yeames—did not regard the designing of Christmas cards beneath their dignity. They were well rewarded; the firm of Hildesheimer and Faulkner, for example, offered £5,000 in prizes and it was said that before one copy of the prize-winning "A dream of patience" by Miss Alice Havers was printed this card cost £750.

It is a curious fact that the most popular cards of that time had no particular Christmas significance. Very little holly was used and the pictures of a religious nature are far outstripped by landscapes, children, flowers, kittens, fairies, birds, even fish and reptiles in every conceivable design. The four quarters of the world were searched for motifs and some strange cards were produced. It is difficult indeed to know what the fickle public wants in any class of merchandise and cards are no exception. Many designs that would seem to have little or no merit were among the best sellers; others of real beauty fell flat. We may look upon as rather flat a good many of the sentiments which Miss Helen Marion Burnside, the so-called "poet laureate" of Christmas cards, poured out in such profusion. This lady, who became totally deaf at the age of twelve, flourished from the late eighteen-seventies onward; a shy and reserved woman, her seasonal verses were immensely popular. Here is one of them:

"Radiant as a fairy dream,
Happy Christmas time doth seem;
May God lead thee by the hand,
Safe through childhood's fairyland."

On the other hand there was a demand for cards of a somewhat crude humour; and for us today it is hard to understand the childlike pleasure with which so many people enjoyed the, to us, often too transparent little transformation tricks, etc. which they considered great fun. Mr. George Buday, the well-known artist—his wood engravings are magnificent—last year turned his Chelsea studio for a time into an Exhibition of Original Victorian and Edwardian Christmas Cards, of which he possesses thousands of interesting specimens, included among them scented flower-cards and, at the other extreme, a card picturing a pair of weather-beaten and worn-out shoes, with the legend: "We twa hae paidl't in the burn". A popular practical-joke card preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum consists

of an imitation postal label, including the untied string and postage stamps. The wording is thus:

"Attached to this label a turkey you'll find
To greet you on Christmas Day,
But if you don't get it, you mustn't blame me,
It must have come off on the way."

Unlike the turkeys, certain articles were attached to cards in the effort to obtain variety and originality. Those that permitted a play on words, such as matches, were the most popular. A card appeared in the 1890's with the legend:

"A Christmas Filled with Joy and Love
Your Heart with Gladness Cheer,
And may Good Fo(u)r-Tunes wait you
Thro' Many A Joyous Year."

The play of words Good Fortunes—Four Tunes alludes to the four miniature seasonal music scores stuck on the card in such a way that the tiny pages can be turned. Frosted cards had been published in the 'seventies and in the 'nineties came cards with silk fringes. Sachets and padded cards had their vogue, while at the time of the so-called aesthetic craze there was a good market for satirical cards designed in the spirit of "Patience". Their illustrations show fashionable men and women caricatured in affected postures and unworldly expressions admiring sunflowers and lilies, adoring teapots with suitable captions, such as "A Most Intensely Utter Christmas and May the New Year be Almost Quite Too Jolly."

True to the social conception of the prosperous of the Victorian age, Christmas was the season to show charity towards the poor and destitute who, in exchange, were to provide the comforting "innocent mirth" and other signs of fundamental good nature and gratitude, thus silencing the conscience of those who began to be aware of the warning symptoms of the social and economic contradictions of the age. Underclad and hard-working children, errand boys, crossing sweepers and so forth are accordingly not absent from Victorian Christmas cards. They were pictured and, in the accompanying verses, described in an idyllic manner as enjoying their "simple pleasures" and in this way are, somehow, made to appear rather enviable, although some of their rougher habits were deprecated. There was the card showing a small boy and girl, street musicians, with the verse:

"Dear child, may Christmas time to you appear
Sweetly enchanting like a fabled dream
And may you in the fast approaching year
Be happy as these little children seem."

The happiness of the two little musicians, trembling in their rags, consisted in being regaled, now and then, with a penny. Another card, in which to us there seems some discrepancy, displays three children shivering in an icy and snowy landscape, bent under the weight of evergreens carried on their backs, while the legend reads: "May sweet contentment bless thy Christmas cheer."

In America, as we learn from "The Romance of Greeting Cards", a book published in Boston in 1926, written by E. D. Chase, the most

prominent producer of greeting cards was Louis Prang, who sought refuge in the States after the unsuccessful German revolution of 1848. He lived in a suburb of Boston, where he in 1866 perfected the lithographic process of multi-colour printing. His reproductions of oil paintings were of such excellence that many times none but an expert could tell the print from the painting. In 1874 he started shipping Christmas cards to England, where they had a ready sale. But one may mention that the crowning event of his long and useful career was not concerned with Christmas cards, but with a book of plates illustrating the famous collection of Oriental ceramic art which belonged to Messrs. Walters, father and son, of Baltimore. Some of the plates required no less than 50 different stones, each supplying a little bit of colour or design, and for the 116 plates 2000 stones were needed. Talking of great numbers, there was Jonathan King who, round about 1894, was the best authority on the subject of Christmas cards. His collection was contained in some 700 volumes that weighed collectively between six and seven tons and included 163,000 varieties. To many, even in Victorian days, the verses of the average card must have seemed platitudinous or clumsy; but occasionally came one that is to be admired. Thus under a picture by A. M. Lockyer, in 1886, of ducks skating on their frozen pond (or river)

"When Fortune fails them, ducks, like man,
Contrive to do the best they can."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

AN AMERICAN THINKER

FIFTY years ago, in 1904, appeared the First Series of *The Shelburne Essays* by Paul Elmer More. Today both author and his work are shrouded by an undeserved obscurity, but during the opening decades of the century, More's writings seemed to herald a new era of American critical achievement. In 1908, that keen observer of the world of letters, Charles Eliot Norton, could write: "It is a great misfortune for us nationally that the tradition of culture is so weak and limited. . . . But I hail a book of Mr. Babbitt's as an indication of a possible turn in the tide of which another sign is the literary essays of Mr. Paul More from time to time in *The Nation*."¹ "In the history of American civilisation there is no more important event than the rise of the critical spirit during that quarter of a century between the publication of the first volume of Paul Elmer More's *Shelburne Essays* in 1904 and Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Modern Temper* in 1929," is the judgment of a later critic.²

Paul Elmer More was born of Colonial stock in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1864, and graduated at Washington University in Classics. As a youth, he had rejected his family's Calvinistic beliefs, and sought to evolve a philosophy of his own, combining German romanticism and contemporary science. Finding the two elements incompatible, he fell into a mood of spiritual unrest which persisted throughout his college days. He relinquished his first post, at the Smith Academy, St. Louis, to visit

¹ Charles Eliot Norton, *Letters* II, 401, to H. H. Furness, 5 May 1908, (Boston & New York; 1913).

² Ludwig Lewisohn, *Expression in America*, (London, 1931), p. 415.

Europe, but new surroundings failed to resolve the inner disharmony. Eventually, the work of a German theologian, Baur's *Manichäisches Religionssystem*, with its clear-cut emphasis upon the dualism of spirit and matter, profoundly affected his outlook, and he entered Harvard to prepare linguistically for studies in comparative religions. There he met Irving Babbitt, already a convinced dualist, who succeeded, outwardly at least, in releasing More from his "bondage" to romantic sensibility. The two became close friends and colleagues in a campaign against the effects of the influence of Rousseau and his fellow-romantics on Western thought, waged under the name of "New" or "American" *Humanism*, in contrast to "Humanitarianism," one of the sentimental heresies springing from Rousseausim.

More's interest in Oriental thought was later tempered by a growing admiration for Platonism which he felt at the time of *The Shelburne Essays* offered the highest expression of the dualist position, as opposed to the monism of contemporary naturalism. After lecturing in Sanskrit at Bryn Mawr, he retired in 1897 to Shelburne, a secluded village on the Andros-coggin, and there attempted to set his thoughts into some coherent pattern. Although he did not immediately realise that aim, he returned to civilisation with ample ideas for those essays which were to be named after his retreat. In 1901, he became literary editor of *The Independent* and later of the *New York Evening Post*, and in 1909, editor of *The Nation*, a post he resigned in 1914 when a legacy to his wife secured for him a life of independent scholarship. He left New York for Princeton where, during one term a year, he lectured at the University on Classics and Greek philosophy until three years before his death in 1937. The greater part of his time, however, was devoted to writing the later series of *The Shelburne Essays*, the three volumes of *The New Shelburne Essays*, and the six volumes of *The Greek Tradition*, his final attempt to find a way of thought acceptable to an age which had so far failed to replace the traditional sanctions of religion by any tenable positive faith.

The New Humanists themselves claimed *The Shelburne Essays* to be their finest original creation³, and so in seeking to assess their permanent place in literature it is not only More's own reputation that is at stake but that of the whole movement which grew up around him and Babbitt. He himself acknowledged two masters whose influence had moulded his conception of the critic's task, Sainte-Beuve and Arnold, and he has been frequently compared to one or both of these famous predecessors. Ultimately, indeed, it is by the way in which he measures against such world critics that More's reputation must be lost or won. Upon his sincerity and devotion as a student of life and letters even his fiercest opponents would agree. Where many feel his criticism fails is in its ability to rise to the point where criticism becomes literature. His factual knowledge of so many literatures, ancient and modern, Oriental and Occidental, Christian and pagan, affording him scope for marshalling extensive ideas and drawing out unexpected analogies, equipped him to become one of the most learned critics of modern times. He was in a position of the greatest advantage for making known the best that had been

³ Gorham B. Munson, *Destinations: A Canvass of American Literature Since 1900*, (New York; 1928), p. 14.

thought and said, but, in the last analysis, the question remains whether he had the capacity for making it loved.

"More," wrote Kazin, "could write with great sympathy of all world literature up to Proust and Joyce. He had a natural love of literature where Babbitt thought most modern writers merely wilful and even a little mad; and though he always discussed writing within an ethical framework, his appreciation of it was often passionate and, in the great passages of *The Shelburne Essays*, even moving."¹ The whole series was "a monument to More's profound absorption in world literature and to a search for salvation and a craving for the ideal that are without precedent in the modern literature of criticism."² But such high praise is not given without reservation.

"There was," continued Kazin, "something persistently small in him, something curiously provincial and strained, that lies like a shadow over his ambition, his stupendous learning and his so carefully wrought essays in human failure. . . . Though he loved literature as he loved nothing else in life, he was *always a little suspicious of its testimony to human frailty and disorder*."³ In spite of himself, More remained the child of his Puritan lineage, demanding such moral probity, such mental precision in every aspect of human activity that he frequently forgot the *sprezzatura* he tried so hard to cultivate.

Whatever the mood of the essay, More's treatment tends to be intense and over-serious, imposing a strain on the reader's emotions inherent, not in the subject, but in the writer. Nor does he concede anything to his audience's taste by using any of the usual allurements. Each essay presses steadily to a conclusion under the impulsion of its controlling purpose. The broad underlying basis of all his evaluations is the presence of a dualistic attitude to life; but in individual essays, the touchstone is not dualism in general, but one concrete aspect of it, the One and the Many, Altruism *versus* Egotism, False *versus* True Illusion. This use of *master ideas*, as opposed to the more superficial use of master phrases adopted by his famous mentor, Arnold, at once lends coherence to individual essays and cohesion to the whole series. But there is a danger of repetition of themes becoming as monotonous as repetition of formulae.⁴

Nevertheless, the substantial, even stolid, texture of his work is relieved by flashes of rare insight or beauty, or even sustained passages of striking descriptive power, as in some of the miniature allegories with which he occasionally rounds off his thoughts. Skies and seas and fire flash and gleam through his imagery almost as much as in the pages of the most choate of Romantics whom More criticises, but whereas in a Shelley or a Francis Thompson, we are frequently dazzled by the grandeur of such images wheeling in almost ceaseless motion, in More's ascetic prose they burst in with the beauty of an unexpected constellation upon a bare sweep of sky.⁵ Moreover, his use of natural phenomena in his imagery emphasises, not the permanence and solidarity of the physical universe,

¹ Alfred Kazin, *On Native Grounds*, (London; 1943), p. 306.

² *Ibid.*, p. 307. ³ *Ibid.*, loc. cit. (The italics are mine).

⁴ Cf. G. M. Harper, *Atlantic Monthly*, Oct. 1906, pp. 562-63.

⁵ Cf. More, *Shelburne Essays* I, (Boston & New York, 1904), p. 182. *Shelburne Essays* II, (Boston & New York, 1905), p. 76. *Shelburne Essays* III, (Boston & New York, 1905), p. 111.

but its transitoriness and illusion, as in his description of Morris' *Earthly Paradise*.¹ No one can enter more fully into the magic of the *Mâyâ*, false illusion,² but he knows it for what it is. He is like George Herbert returning through the Salisbury Fields, after a day's music in the Cathedral. "It is an afternoon of early autumn, when the grey sunlight shimmers in the air and scarcely touches the earth, brooding over all things with a kind of transient peace. . . . In his heart is the quiet afterglow of rapture, not unlike the subdued light upon the meadows, and *he knows that both are but for a little while*."³

Although More dwells frequently on the confusion and disenchantment of the natural world, he is master too of phrases that bring serenity and release from its tension. Of Longfellow he wrote: "He himself, if he did not, like Dante and his peers, build at the great cathedral of song, did add to it a fair and homely chapel, where also, to one who comes humbly and reverently *the eternal ages watch and wait*."⁴ Or again, there is the companion to the Herbert portrait: "I think of Vaughan as travelling his quiet rounds in his Silurian hills, with an eye open to every impression, and a heart like Thoreau's always filled *with the waiting wonder of the dawn*."⁵ These suggest a central peace amid much that necessarily relates to the stresses and strains of mortal life. We are apt, says More, to take our poets too seriously, searching them for deep and complicated meanings, thereby losing "the inner serenity and untroubled faith which it is the mission of the poet to bestow."⁶ It may not be the mission of the critic to bestow such peace, but if, through the dissection and analysis of literary processes, he is able to bring us into an attitude of acquiescence towards our world which is founded neither on ignorance nor on a wilful refusal to face the facts of life as they actually appear, then surely criticism has achieved the highest purpose of art, to bestow upon the reader the benison of man's lost harmony whereby he is purged of his individual "separateness" and brought into a vital and unbroken relationship with his universe.

That More was able to sustain uninterruptedly this high standard of attainment not even his most bigoted admirers would claim. Supreme moments of literary insight are evanescent even in the experience of the creative artist, and more so with the critic who works normally on the plane of the discursive reason at whose cold touch visionary gleams fade into the light of common day. At the heart of his so-called "provinciality" lies a far deeper spiritual *malaise*, resulting from the conflict between his native instinct to pass definite, incisive judgments, especially on moral issues, and his intellectual determination to hold judgment in suspense. On account of the religious "climate" of his day, he was, at the time of *The Shelburne Essays*, unable to accept those beliefs which would have given an intellectual content to his moral code. For a living faith he could substitute only that mood of Socratic scepticism which questions and reserves judgment. Hence, on the one hand, the reservations and recantations, and on the other, the sweeping assertions and sudden assumption of authority which lend to his style that undertone which his opponents dismiss as harsh and crabbed. Kazin is right when he describes More's

¹ More, *Shelburne Essays* VII, (Boston & New York, 1910), p. 114.

² *Ibid.*, p. 116.

³ More, *Shelburne Essays* IV, (Boston & New York, 1906), p. 90.

⁴ More, *Shelburne Essays* V, (Boston & New York, 1908), p. 157.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 131.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 156.

style as "an uneasy style, the style of an enormously learned man who had worked too hard to get himself a style, as he had worked too hard all his life to attain a perfect faith and spiritual repose."¹

The reserve which his critics frequently mistake for coldness and sterility is not the reserve of a man incapable of imaginative passion, but of one who had stifled such passion in his attempt to attain to that detachment from the world of ephemeral beauty which he thought necessary to an apprehension of truth and the practice of "the good life." But his attempt remains incomplete: "The icy scholasticism of temper which he affects is so often broken by a cry as of the heart and by the echo of a mystical experience, from the quality of which no man can withhold his respect."² In spite of his constant condemnation of Romanticism run amok, More remained at heart a Romantic, "a scholar gipsy, wandering in a strange and hardly hospitable land."³ "It is wholesome at times," he admitted, "to withdraw from the struggle for existence and wander by the lonely shores, where the sharpness of life's outlines is blurred by floating mists, and the voices of the world are lost in the lisp and clamour of the tides; where the hard sense of our individual personality dissolves into the flux of vague impersonal forces, and the difficulties of thought and the pangs of unattained desire are soothed into inconsequential reverie."⁴ Yet in his innermost being, More still knows that such an escape is illusory, and man's identification with the natural beauty he so loves will only leave him more closely bound in the toils of the naturalism which, under the guise of modern science, has laid its chill touch upon the human spirit.

His problem is essentially that of Gerard Manley Hopkins who also had been haunted from his youth onwards by a fear that his attachment to beauty was inordinate, and strove to integrate his craving for beauty in a spiritual vision which both included and transcended the physical. At first he was tempted to relieve the tension between the divine and the natural by denying the natural and plunging into an austere asceticism, but he passed beyond this to find his poetry and religion reconciled in a truer vision of the world which saw "God in all things and all things in God," in an "imaginative or sacramental view of nature," delicately poised upon the tension of attachment and detachment, a polarity always hard for the artist to maintain, in contrast to the mystic who, while still aware of the tension, can attain through it to peace with God and himself.⁵ "Hopkins," says I'Anson Fausset, "was not a mystic. He was rather a noble scholastic, in whom pride of intellect and intense physical sensibility strove for a concordat under the unrelated control of a lofty spiritual will. . . . *He was of those who are compelled to take the Kingdom of Beauty, as of Heaven, by violence, because there was division in his soul.*"⁶ This was equally true of More in his twofold relationship to nature and the supernatural, and the intensity of the inner conflict made him the more critical of the superficial romantic solution of pantheistic reverie. His reaction against it was in proportion to its erstwhile attraction for him, and although by the time of

¹ Kazin, *op. cit.*, p. 308.

² Lewisohn, *op. cit.*, p. 429.

³ J. Middleton Murry, *The Dial*, July-Dec. 1921, Vol. LXXI, p. 236; Cf. Kazin, *op. cit.*, p. 305; Bonamy Dobrée, *Modern Prose Style*, (Oxford, 1934), pp. 70-71.

⁴ More, *Shelburne Essays*, VIII, (Boston & New York, 1913), p. 141ff.

⁵ Hugh I'Anson Fausset, *Poets and Pundits*, (London, 1947), p. 109ff.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 112.

The Shelburne Essays, he had ostensibly passed beyond its influence, he still felt it necessary to expose its speciousness if he was to carry his contemporaries with him on his journey towards spiritual health in his quest for the "good life." But to exorcise the demon of romanticism was only to make room for demons more menacing, unless he could offer his age an alternative attitude to life.

There is a noticeable evolution within *The Shelburne Essays* themselves; at first, Hinduism seems to offer the solution of More's problem of the "good life," both for the individual and for society; then a Platonism retaining certain elements of Oriental thought. But neither could completely satisfy his own innermost need, nor could it therefore hold the answer to the dilemma of the age. At the end of *The Shelburne Essays* More's attempt to find the "good life" by the light of purely human knowledge is left unfulfilled; the seeker must abide in his scepticism. Only later in *The Greek Tradition* is it consummated in his new found faith in Christianity, and only in the light of that final answer to his problem can we fully appreciate the direction in which his thought was moving in *The Shelburne Essays* themselves. That such a quest should have been made is important, not only for More himself, but for his generation. *The Shelburne Essays* give expression to an eternal longing for a resting place for man's soul, and thereby lend to American criticism a fourth dimension, an infinite perspective, which lifts it above the merely social or ethical issues of the day into the purer, rarer atmosphere of true art. Whatever its superficial failings, More's critical thought moves on a plane where Goethe, Arnold and Sainte-Beuve would not be out of their element.

JOAN N. HARDING.

TYCHO BRAHE

LOOKING northwards up the Sound, from the lovely coastal road which links Copenhagen with Elsinore, I had often observed the wooded contours of what I took to be a promontory of the Swedish coast but which I later discovered, one day when the weather was clearer, to be an island. This island, which lies nearer to Sweden than to Denmark, once belonged to the latter country but it has been Swedish for nearly three centuries. It is called Hveen in Danish and Ven in Swedish. Today, there is nothing very remarkable about it. It has a small population of farmers and fisher-folk, and few visitors bother to explore it. But nearly four hundred years ago it was converted by the genius of one man into a unique place—a sort of island university and centre of disinterested scientific research, where students gathered from all parts of Europe to sit at the feet of the master, and royalty came to stare at its marvels and to bestow, and receive at his hands, curious and costly gifts. Little remains today of Uraniaborg, the palace-observatory of Tycho Brahe, for after his fall from favour, it lost its instruments and was given to one of the King's mistresses and allowed to fall into decay. Only the smaller, bunker-like observatory of Stjerneborg has been partially restored by the

piety of Scandinavian scientists and preserved as a memorial to the great astronomer.

The personality of Tycho Brahe has a robustness which has survived the outmoding of most of his scientific work. There was nothing of the hermit scholar about him, and if his thoughts were often with the stars, his feet remained planted firmly on the soil of Ven, *his* soil, as he gave his peasant-tenants to know as he stamped his domain to keep an eye on their farms and to see that the fish-ponds were well stocked and the ornamental flower-beds laid out to his taste. The Junker, they called him, but he was more than that. He was engineer and manufacturer, as well as squire and savant. Paper was in short supply, so he started his own mill, and then built a press where he could print his books, and a tannery so that they could be bound. He had his workshops too, where old instruments could be repaired and new ones constructed. It was a mystery how and when the man slept, for the nights were spent in watching the heavens and in writing, and the days in supervising the work of his students and the manifold activities of his island state. And there was always time on Ven as well for the gargantuan meals and heavy drinking characteristic of the day.

The Junker of Ven was something of a phenomenon from his earliest years. He was born of a noble Danish family in 1546 and had a twin brother who entered the world still-born. In after years, he piously remembered his dead twin and composed a quaint epitaph in Latin for him, which terminated with the consoling thought that he, Tycho, was still alive by God's mercy and would see "strange things on earth and in the heavens." Strange things indeed befell him whilst still in his cradle. A few days after his birth, Tycho's uncle Jörgen, a rich but childless man anxious for an heir, rode over to ask his parents to let him adopt the child. When they not unnaturally declined, uncle Jörgen kidnapped his little nephew. The boy was carried back to his castle and allowed to grow up a spoilt and headstrong child.

By the age of fourteen Brahe was a student in the university of Copenhagen and witnessed a total eclipse of the sun. That one could actually predict such a dramatic event seemed to the boy an almost miraculous thing, far more significant to his mind than the barren studies of law and rhetoric that he was forced to pursue. So the nights were given over to stargazing, mathematics, and the conning of the Ptolemaic tables which, even by his own rough and ready methods of checking, he soon discovered to be far from accurate. With what passion he must have devoted himself to these pursuits we may gather from an unfortunate incident which occurred when he had gone to study at Rostock university. An argument with a fellow student over, it is said, a point of mathematics ended in a duel, in the course of which most of his nose was cut off. "As Tycho was not accustomed to going around without a nose, and did not like to do this," wrote a contemporary, commenting on the affair, "he went to the expense of purchasing a new one. He was not content—as others might have been—to put on a wax one, but as he was a wealthy nobleman, he ordered a nose to be made of gold and silver so skilfully painted and adjusted that it seemed to be quite natural." Another account tells us that this nose, though impressive, was sometimes inclined to wobble, and

its owner had therefore to keep a jar of glue handy for running repairs when it worked loose. At all events, the metal nose did not detract from his handsome and imposing appearance. Portraits show him to have been a strongly built man, always richly attired, with a long, elegant beard and gracefully drooping moustache. Still, malicious tongues claimed that no lady would marry a nobleman, however rich and handsome, without a proper nose of his own, and that was why Tycho Brahe took the simple Kirstine, a farmer's daughter, to wife, to the great scandal of the Danish court.

While studying in the German universities, Brahe also had an opportunity of acquiring the instruments which he needed for his own observations; sextants, a giant quadrant for measuring the altitude of celestial bodies, and—most marvellous of all—a great five-foot brass globe, on which to mark the position of the stars. Galileo's invention of the telescope was not announced until Brahe had made the last of his innumerable observations. But the exact observation of the heavenly bodies—the field in which Brahe accomplished his most useful work—was but a part of an astronomer's duties, for the claims of astrology were still insistent and highly regarded by the great. Bologna and Padua still retained their chairs of astrology and Galileo himself cast horoscopes in the court of the Medici. Brahe, though little interested in the business himself and prone to avoid it wherever possible, was largely employed for the same purpose by his royal patron, Frederik II of Denmark. "He cast reliable horoscopes for all of my sons," Frederik said of him with satisfaction, "and gave me notice throughout my life as to all heavenly portents sent by God Almighty for a warning to me and my kingdom." Not all these horoscopes cast for the king's sons proved of happy augury. Of Prince Hans it was predicted that he would die at the age of 18, and die he did. Prince Ulrik was to marry twice, once a quarrelsome and once an easy-going wife, and such indeed was his lot. Of Frederik's son and heir, who afterwards became the famous Christian IV, Tycho Brahe prophesied that "Venus will make him pleasant, courtly, courageous and a friend to the arts; Mars will make him war-like, while Mercury will add skill and adroitness to his other faculties. He will be of sanguine temperament . . . of good health, crowned with fortune, riches, and honours . . . more prone to amours than to matrimony . . . but will not have many children." This, on the whole, was no unfair appraisal of a remarkable personality. Only in one respect was the seer wide of the mark. Christian IV fathered a large family, and the number of his illegitimate children became, as it has been said, a national problem and a European joke.

In return for such services as casting royal horoscopes and preparing an annual almanac, where shrewd practical advice mingled with doubtful prognostications, Tycho Brahe was granted the island of Ven within easy sailing distance of the royal residence of Kronborg, in Elsinore. There the astronomer was able to mount his instruments, train the pupils who came to him from many parts of Europe, and to build up the tremendous corpus of remarkably exact measurements which was his most considerable contribution to the development of the science of astronomy. It was in November 1572, when mainly engaged in certain chemical experiments (for chemistry he regarded as "the astronomy of the earth") that he

observed a new star in Cassiopeia, which remained visible for 17 months. He studied it ardently and devoted his first book to it. The work made him famous, and he was soon in correspondence with learned men from all parts of Europe. To comets he devoted special study, and was the first to establish that they too are true heavenly bodies moving in fixed courses, and not just atmospheric phenomena. The fixed stars however were the most constant objects of his study, and the compilation of his star catalogue, listing the position of 777 of them, is his greatest achievement. It is on this painstaking work, rather than on his attempts at formulating a philosophic explanation of the universe as a whole (for he never accepted the theories of Copernicus) that his fame chiefly rests. The vast mass of conscientious detail which it contained provided the data for the brilliant deductions and speculations of his friend and disciple Kepler. The Junker of Ven himself kept one foot in the Middle Ages and one in the Renaissance. He was famous amongst his contemporaries for the invention of an elixir potent against all ills, specially if strengthened by the admixture of a few grains of gold, tincture of corals, or saphire, or garnet, or a solution of pearls. His sister, a devoted friend and collaborator, directed her researches to the quest for the traditional philosopher's stone which would transfer base metals into gold.

Ven seems to have been anything but an ideal choice as the site for an observatory. In the log in which Brahe's scientific observations were meticulously kept (political events and trivial domestic details like the birth of a son or daughter being noted in the margin), night after night is dismissed as "stormy" or "overcast." The violent winds which beat down from the mountains of Norway or lash the grey waters of the Baltic into angry foam interfered so seriously with some of his instruments that he decided on the construction, mostly underground, of a second observatory called Stjerneborg, but Ven's greatest drawback proved its nearness to the fortress-palace of Kronborg, where Frederik II, and Christian IV after him, loved to reside. So long as the monarch and his court took no more than a perfunctory and patronising interest in the Junker of Ven and his extraordinary pastimes, all was well. But as Brahe's fame grew, and Uraniaborg came to glitter with new and ever more magnificent instruments, so did the desire of the great to visit the place and see its legendary wonders for themselves. If scholars came, Brahe was not displeased, for the exchange of ideas was hampered in those days of difficult communication and a personal visit afforded the best opportunity for prolonged discussion. But the visits of royalty were more trying. They wasted much precious time and huge sums for entertainment. The presents which a Royal Highness might bring with him were usually mere pretexts for asking for a globe, a quadrant, a sextant, or some piece of ornament or equipment which the astronomer could ill spare. The visitors, for their part, seem to have been genuinely moved to ecstasies of delight and admiration. "Since the world was first created," Frederik's consort, Queen Sophia, exclaimed after a visit to Ven, "The like has not been anywhere seen nor found, nor has anything before been read, seen, or known, of any such marvellous instruments." It was natural that James VI of Scotland, with his love of learning and with Frederik's daughter Anne to wife, should have been equally enthusiastic. As a token

of his regard, he inscribed a complimentary ode in Latin to the astronomer and his wonderful domain, and left with him two of his favourite Scotch mastiffs.

Frederik's heir, the future Christian IV, also visited Ven, as he was interested to see whether the science and instruments of Tycho Brahe could be turned to good effect in his ship-building plans. The meeting seems to have passed off cordially enough, for the prince bestowed a splendid golden chain and took back with him, in return, a brass globe which revolved by clock-work to imitate the movements of the heavenly bodies. But once he had ascended the throne, Christian's admiration for Ven turned to displeasure. Perhaps the royal autocrat found all that magnificence and learning flaunted by another almost within sight of Kronborg castle too much of a provocation. For another thing, it cost a lot of money. In theory, the emoluments and privileges enjoyed by the Junker of Ven were bestowed in return for certain services rendered to the Crown, and Brahe was notoriously dilatory in attending to some of these services. As the proprietor of the island, for instance, he was supposed to see to it that a lighthouse was kept in good working order; but the light was allowed to go out, and fishermen were wrecked. Another of Brahe's omissions could only be construed as an affront to the memory of his late patron, King Frederik, who had made him a canon of Roskilde Cathedral, where the kings of Denmark had their last resting place. Brahe's canonical duties were virtually non-existent, except for the obligations to see that the roof of the royal chapel was kept in good repair. But the roof was allowed to deteriorate; King Christian protested, Brahe prevaricated, and only when Frederik's own tomb was exposed to serious risk of damage did the astronomer turn his attention to his terrestrial duties. Such failings did not endear him to his new monarch, and following the crowning insult of a royal commission of investigation being sent to Ven to go into the various complaints laid against him, Tycho Brahe made the momentous decision to leave Danish territory and seek a new home elsewhere.

On 29 April, 1597, Tycho Brahe sailed away from Ven with his numerous family and disciples, his books, and such of his instruments as were not too massive to be dismantled. He went first to Rostock—the same university town, it will be recalled, where he had sacrificed his nose to his passion for mathematics, and there waited for some weeks in the hope that his royal master would relent and have him recalled. But Christian IV had his own ambitions for making his kingdom great and renowned, and saw no reason why he should conciliate a disgruntled and troublesome scholar. So Tycho Brahe betook himself to Prague where he found an enlightened patron in the Emperor Rudolf II and a brilliant disciple and successor in his friend Kepler. He died in Prague and was buried there in the Teyn Church. When, in 1901, his tomb was opened and his well-preserved remains exhumed, no trace of the famous gold-and-silver nose could be found. The thieves who relieved him of it must have thought that he would have little use for such trifles once his soul was free to roam the vault of heaven which his eyes had so often and so earnestly scanned.

STEPHEN CLISSOLD.

TREASURE FROM THE SEA

IF one were asked to name the direct connection between expensive feminine perfumes without which no fashionable woman would consider herself well-dressed, and giant whales searching for food in the murky depths of the world's oceans, the question would sound fantastic. Yet it is not, and the answer is ambergris. Now the most important ingredient of all the best perfumes, ambergris is more valuable than it ever was, and it remains one of the strangest of all the products of the seven seas. Picture its origin. Sperm-whales alone among their kin produce ambergris, those sixty-foot monsters with the enormous ugly barrel-shaped heads and saw-like lower jaws armed with formidable jagged teeth, the like of *Moby Dick*, and without doubt among the most ferocious denizens of the oceans. Largest of the toothed variety of whales, and not content to feed on vast shoals of shrimp fry like their more docile cousins the big-oil-bearing whales, sperms feed upon bigger prey, largely the great squids and cuttlefish which teem on the ocean bed.

Defying all the known laws of the effects of pressure which increase as you dive under the sea, the whales plunge headlong down to sixty fathoms and beyond seeking the succulent squids, themselves fearsome enough customers in all conscience. Once a giant squid has been sighted by a hungry whale as it wanders lethargically along the sea bed far beyond the reach of man's knowledge, the fight is on. Few sperm whales get their dinners without a ghastly struggle. As the whale advances with its trap-door of a jaw wide open, the squid jinks and evades, and brings its deadly tentacles into play. These terrible defences may bring a large squid's total length up to forty feet, and each one is heavily armoured with suckers. No coward, the squid doesn't go down without leaving its mark on the whale, and in a flurry of jaws and beak and tentacles the whale often gets some nasty gashes about its head and neck. These leave scars till the day of its death, and whalers will tell you of badly lacerated and scarred sperm whales they have caught. Rarely does a squid escape, for the great jaws of the whale snip off parts of its person as if they were cotton, and at last the torpedo-shape body of the cephalopod somehow finds itself half in that cavern of a jaw, the teeth close in, and the whale has secured a good feed. But strangely enough, the prey that was so much trouble to the whale to secure alive causes it further discomfort in death. Each squid has a large, horny beak, shaped rather like that of a parrot, and these are swallowed whole by the whale. Now certain individual sperm whales seem to be allergic to these squid beaks, and once they reach the intestines an acute irritation is set up which must cause even a tough old whale no little discomfort. The result is that a thick mucoid secretion is given off by the whale's intestines by way of protest. This is brought up into the water—and is pure ambergris.

Dark grey or blackish, waxy, soft to the touch but hardening in time through contact with the air, ambergris floats on the surface in chunks of a few pounds to masses weighing several hundredweights. Melville thought it rather like "rich mottled old cheese," "very unctuous and savoury," but opinions differ as to its original attractiveness. But no one doubts its worth. Current trade prices vary from £4 to £10 an ounce,

depending on world supplies which turn up. And as sperm whales, once so plentiful, have been getting scarcer for many years, a bad year may result in only a few pounds at most coming into the market. All the same, lucky finds are still made from time to time. Although they are rather better paid than their old-time predecessors, modern whalers always keep a weather eye open for the stuff, and they have the advantage of possibly landing an adult sperm whale and finding masses of ambergris inside it, as has sometimes happened. Not so very long ago a tanker on her regular run to Rio chanced on a mass of it floating on the surface. Carefully brought aboard, it fetched nearly £350,000 on the market. Classic finds of ambergris still echo round mess-rooms and cabins. The Long Island fishing smack whose canny skipper noticed a grey lump in the water brought in 252 lbs. of high-grade ambergris, worth about £125 a pound at the time. Two lumps which caused something of a sensation when they were offered for sale in London and Paris respectively in the 'nineties brought their fortunate finders close on £10,000 and £18,360 each. And beachcombers—not always the professional kind—occasionally strike lucky. No one would grumble at the unusual find of a girl whose dress stuck on to a lump of ambergris on which she had innocently been sitting: it weighed some 90 lbs. and realised £7,700.

The high price paid for this drab flotsam is caused not only by its rarity but also by the fact that only the minutest quantities suffice to satisfy the needs of perfume manufacturers. Not noticeable for its own pleasant smell, but possessed of an unmistakable muskiness, ambergris still defies detailed chemical analysis but has the unique property of fixing any other scents and making them last a very long time, if not permanently. Consequently a tiny drop of ambergris, made into an alcoholic essence, will set the rarest flower perfume. Nowadays synthetic gums and balsams often have to be used for the cheaper scents, but nothing is quite so good as real ambergris. The experts test and grade it like connoisseurs of wine, and can detect false substitutes at once. As is hardly surprising, specially prepared fakes are often put up for sale, while hopeful people offer quantities of what they fondly hope will prove to be fortune-making ambergris, but which are usually dead jellyfish, rotting fish, bits of rock, refuse and other unsavoury flotsam.

The name "ambergris" dates back some way in time. Literally grey amber, it was coined by early merchants to distinguish it from real amber, of vegetable origin, which was also washed up on the shore in some quantities. Quite early in history men began to take notice of this queer grey stuff, although just how its manifold uses were discovered, no one can tell. Until quite recently in its long and bizarre history, large amounts of ambergris were cast up on many favoured coasts, especially those of India, the Mediterranean, Madagascar and North and East Africa. They were always collected, sold by barter and ended up by being used as rich and rare food, as savoury ingredients of the best wine, as a general cure-all, even as a potent and efficacious love-philtre. Many Oriental peoples used ambergris in cooking until quite recent times, and the Turks sought it especially for its aphrodisaic powers. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries saw it in some demand as an alleged cure for hydrophobia, epilepsy, rheum, heart and brain troubles, and much else besides. Writing

in 1691, a medical authority was full of praise for what he called "An excellent corroborative, strengthens heart and brain, revives and creates spirits natural, vital and family." Milton mentioned "gris-amber steamed" at the Satanic banquet in "Paradise Regained," and it is known that one of Charles II's favourite dishes was egg and ambergris. It was held to be a good defence against the plague, and only imagination can visualise how much of the stuff must have been eaten—largely by the wealthy, for it was never cheap to buy—in such beliefs as this.

Before America was discovered, Arab sailors venturing out into the Indian Ocean in the frail dhows were probably the first to discover it on the open sea, and for centuries afterwards Arabs, aided by Moors, Malays, Chinese, Indians, Spaniards, Persians, Turks and French, hawked it up and down Asia, Europe and parts of Africa. The later New England whalers knew all about it and, what is more, they knew its source, which most of these earlier ambergris traders did not. They were well aware of its value as a product of their extensive (and eventually disastrous) sperm whaling, and one of their number, a Captain Coffin, from Nantucket, had the singular experience of being called before the Bar of the English House of Commons in 1791 to tell the members all about this rare and mysterious substance. So long as a few sperm whales survive in the warm seas of the world, we shall still see small quantities of what early English sailors erroneously called "ambergrease" coming into the limelight. But even if these not extensively hunted whales do finally disappear into the limbo of extinction—itsself no far-fetched impossibility—their fantastic product will always be remembered for the touch of pure magic it has brought to history.

DAVID GUNSTON.

OYSTERS

A SEPTUAGENARIAN Deal boatman named Tom Adams (of the same family as that mutineer of the "Bounty," John Adams who afterwards turned patriarch, schoolmaster, and kindly despot of a healthy and pious community on Pitcairn Island) was left £2,000, a garden and an orchard by the late Mr. Justice Charles not very long back. The two men were friends for over 40 years, and one of the stories commonly told about the Judge and Tom concerns oysters. Whenever Mr. Justice Charles gave a dinner party he included oysters in the menu if they were in season, and his guests sometimes remarked, "These are the best oysters we've ever tasted." And their host would comment, "Yes. Old Tom's sitting out there now by the sink opening them as fast as you can eat them. That's the secret—they must be freshly opened." Even in these days of austerity and crippling taxation we have not been robbed of that inestimable and unique solace—oysters. It was a red letter day when, in October, 1951, Colchester put on the first of its historic Oyster Feasts for a dozen years. It was as popular as ever and the company of nearly four hundred people represented almost every

aspect of the public, business, and cultural life of the country, together with members of the diplomatic and military services. No one knows exactly when this venerable institution was inaugurated, but for long it was associated with the St. Denys Fair which Edward II established in 1319.

The Romans are reputed to have been familiar with the merits of Colchester oysters. It is believed that in Saxon days the fishery had become an appenage of the Crown, and it was already a long-standing possession of the town when Richard I granted a charter. There is probably something in the claim that the Romans knew about Colchester oysters. In "Caesar and Cleopatra" Shaw makes Caesar say: "I have been in Britain, that western land of romance. . . . I went there in search of its famous pearls. The British pearl was a fable; but in searching for it I found the British oyster." Then Apollodorus, who was a sensible kind of fellow, answered, "All posterity will bless you for it." When, not very long before his tragic death, the late Duke of Kent attended the Colchester Oyster Feast as the chief guest, he proposed the toast of: "Colchester—the oldest recorded town." He confessed that he was not an authority on Roman remains, but remarked that it was particularly interesting to know that the shells of oysters which undoubtedly came from the Colchester oyster beds were found in large quantities among the foundations of the ancient buildings of Rome. Caerwent is the only known Roman "town" in Wales, and fine houses existed within the walls, some having forty, and even fifty and more rooms. Arsenals and armouries, built when the town was first constructed, were in later and more peaceful times converted into shops. One was presumably an oyster bar, for besides oyster shells there were numbers of unopened oysters still on the ground. As long ago as the first century the Legions were refusing their home-produced oysters for those fattened in our northern islands. But a good many of the Romans thought little of Britain as a land to live in, and were of the opinion that about the only good things that had come out of it were hunting dogs and oysters. Mr. Hector Bolitho has written one of the classics on the fish, "The Glorious Oyster," and it was Sallust, he reminds us, who, writing of the "poor Britons" about 50 B.C., declared of them that "there is some good in them—after all—they produce an oyster. . . ." The Romans, who had the good sense to eat brown bread with their oysters, were at great pains to get the English oyster at its best. The fish were transported from England to Rome by sea, and "it was the fashion sometimes to pack them in sacks of snow so that the shells were held together, keeping the oysters wet and fresh in their own liquid."

To the first man to swallow an oyster alive the epicure owes a deep debt of gratitude. He has not been entirely forgotten, as his problematic likeness has been portrayed by Watts in his picture representing this hypothetical event, and which can be seen in the Tate Gallery:

The man had sure a palate covered o'er

With brass, or steel, that on the rocky shore

First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat

And risked the living morsel down his throat.

The late E. G. Boulenger, Director of the Zoological Society of London's

Aquarium, carried out valuable research. According to him the first man to take oyster culture seriously was known as Sergius Orata, who established a "farm" about 100 B.C. in the Lucrine Lake in Northern Italy. Records show that he annexed part of the lake for his experiments, and in consequence he became involved in a successful law suit. His counsel declared that, rather than give up oyster culture, he would grow them in tanks on the roof of his house.

Many eminent Romans declared the oyster the finest of all fish, among them Cicero, who describes its charms. Some of the Greeks, too, appear to have appreciated its glories, among them Callisthenes. Going back to the Romans, the Emperor Vitellius boasted that he ate hundreds of oysters a day. He would have been no favourite with Thackeray, who regarded the eating of them as nothing less brutal than "swallowing a naked baby," and bluff old Dr. Johnson compared the fish to "children's ears in sawdust."

If Cicero nourished his eloquence on the oyster, Caligula, the Roman tyrant, also fed abundantly on it, and an entirely different race, the French, have also been very partial to the dish. Turgot, the eminent eighteenth century political reformer and financier, is said to have taken one hundred oysters before breakfast just to whet his appetite. Napoleon is reputed to have liked fifty at a time. Other famous Frenchmen who loved the oyster were Diderot, Voltaire and Robespierre, while Louis XI, with great good sense, feasted the learned doctors and professors of the Sorbonne on oysters once a year, lest their scholarship should become deficient.

The eighteenth century was a great age of oyster-eating, and among the immortals who indulged in the habit in England were the poets Pope and Swift. What said the latter, characteristically, of them? "They say oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive; then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace." However, these awful truths did not worry the Dean, for he, like the other great men named, never went a day when oysters were in season without swallowing several dozens of them. Then, of course, the fish were much cheaper than to-day. Veterans can still recall the days of the early nineties when three kinds of oysters were on sale at 6d., 8d. and 10d. a score.

The numbers of oysters accounted for by some gourmands is almost incredible. Twelve dozen at a sitting was the boast of Bismarck. His grandson, Prince Bismarck, one-time *Chargé de Affaires* in London, revealed this at a Colchester Oyster Feast, and then confessed that he had gone one—no, a few dozens, better. On one occasion he ordered twenty-five, followed by another fifty. "And then, finding them excellent, I decided to eat nothing else, and ordered another hundred." In his opinion a British oyster was worth three from anywhere else in Europe. The Bismarcks did quite well, but their feats were by no means world records. An English cricket captain, A. P. F. Chapman accounted for 208 non-stop before witnesses. Even this pales before another achievement. It is mentioned by Brillat-Savarin, the French gastronomist, of a M. Laporte, who "swallowed oysters steadily for more than an hour, and I had to stop him after thirty-second dozen, just as he remarked that he was beginning to enjoy himself."

Prices have been mentioned, and in his day, over a century back, oysters were far cheaper than now, when Sam Weller declared "poverty and oysters always seem to go together." It is a sad reflection for the gourmet to-day who has to dip so deeply into his pocket to remember that a century ago oysters were the food of the poor, selling for as little as eightpence a bushel. An enthusiast of the time pictures for us the traffic in the shellfish: they were had "pickled, stewed, backed, roasted, fried and scolloped; oysters made into soups, patties, and puddings; oysters with condiments and without condiments; oysters for breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper; oysters without stint or limit—fresh as the pure air and almost as abundant, are daily offered to our palates, and appreciated with all the gratitude such as a bounty of Nature ought to inspire." Fortunes have been made—and lost—in oyster farming, but there is only one known case on record of a single oyster bringing fortune to its owner, although, alas, it was the cause of the death of thousands of its fellows. Something over a century back the keeper of an oyster bar in Drury Lane discovered that one of his oysters produced penetrating whistling sounds as the result of exhaling and inhaling water through a hole in its shell. This canny keeper saw wealth in the whistle, and at once widely advertised the phenomenon of the singing oyster. He succeeded in attracting all the wealth and nobility of fashionable London to his bar. Dickens and Thackeray—despite his compassion for the shellfish—were among those who gathered to behold the whistling wonder and, incidentally, stayed to consume large numbers of its less distinguished and less fortunate compatriots, to the pecuniary advantage of the owner of the bar.

JAMES E. CARVER.

IN GALILEE TODAY

THE accessible part of divided Palestine now of most interest to people of the Christian faith is the land of Galilee, Tiberias and the shores of the sacred sea, Capernaum, the "second home of Jesus," the rich plain of Esdraelon, Nazareth, today inhabited nine-tenths by Turks, and all the northern extremity of Israel to the point where it reaches the "closed" boundary of another new state, Lebanon. Throughout this region you find the largest of Israel's agricultural development, more especially across Esdraelon which is the eastern part of what is known as the Emek Jezreel. This is the more remarkable inasmuch as no more than twenty years ago most of it was a swampy, disease-ridden area. It contained only a few precariously-existing Arabs and even these were given to calling it "The Gates of Hell." Yet here today is another example of what sturdy and determined endeavour, aided by the utilisation of nature's dormant resources, can do with land that has long been considered useless to man. For most of the dreary Emek Jezreel has been made to bloom in its rich cultivation, and the Plain of Esdraelon, half as old as time, venue of many Biblical episodes and region of Scriptural tradition of thousands of years, gives out of its rich, black, loamy soil even more than fair return for the labour put into it.

Leaving Haifa along an excellent highway, which is filled with produce-trucks going and-coming from dawn until dark, you cross the alluvial plain east of the city, much of it reclaimed land, and pass a huge oil-refinery, also various other industries. This is the road to Nazareth and along it you encounter a contrasting variety of traffic, some such as has traversed this highway for 4,000 years, the plodding donkey with his over-heavy burden, bullock-drawn carts, and an occasional camel, together with produce-trucks, oil-tanks, and modern taxicabs bearing the tourist along the road the Master trod. Below, as you descend from the hills, lies the fertile plain, white groups of "kibbutzim" settlements scattered all across it. Around them are richly-producing lands, development made possible largely through "Keren Hayesod," financial-agency of the World Zionist Organisation.

In the United Israel Campaign this agency has provided modern tractors, dug hundreds of miles of irrigation-ditches—no rain falls here from April to October—purchased cattle and sheep for sale to the farmers on easy terms, brought from America thousands of miles of water-pipes for irrigation, and furnished all the other things, lacking which, the settlements must have been failures. This organisation, of course, antedates the present Israel by a good many years, having been established with the purpose of implementing the Balfour Declaration. But since 1948 it has become all-important in the maintenance of Israel, financing immigration, feeding and clothing needy newcomers many of them entirely indigent, providing homes and jobs, also schools, small shops in the kibbutzim, modern sanitation, even entertainment. Having crossed the plain you ascend somewhat by a winding road to come presently into modern Nazareth, home and youthful abiding-place of Jesus Christ. Yes, and if you alight here for a little and fall into the clutches of a "guide" you will even be shown the carpenter-shop where He worked with Joseph and his brethren! Some fellow, too, has returned from America and opened a "modern" lunchroom to which he has given the name of the Nifty Coffee Shoppe. Moreover, there are twenty Turks in Nazareth today to one Jew, and very few Christians, about the only indication of whom is a small Baptist chapel, American-supported of course. Otherwise Nazareth is like any Middle Eastern village, in Palestine, Syria, Greece or Turkey. Houses of plaster, many half-decayed, narrow winding streets not very clean, various Oriental peoples gathered in coffee-shops, not very clean either, a good deal of dust—in the rainy season ankle-deep mud—innumerable dogs existing how or upon what is a mystery, pretty nearly as innumerable children not exactly neat or clean but apparently not under-nourished, a blend of odours some identifiable and others not but especially pungent in warm weather, all under a blazing sun and stagnant air discouraging undue exertion. Still this is Nazareth, and even if it is like to a hundred others, a thousand, throughout the Orient the fact remains that, in effect, it gave us the Christian faith, the world's last best hope.

And then, after a few miles more, from a hilltop which bears the surprising sign-board, "This is Sea Level," behold, you look down upon the Sea of Galilee, and the city of Tiberias clustered among palm-trees along its blue waters.

The road descends windingly, now below sea-level, to the historic city

founded by Herod Antipas, probably the lowest community of any size or importance in the world. Yet through at least half the year this is hard to realise because the climate is delightful, no extremes of heat or cold, and almost constant sunshine. On the shore just between the modern, relatively modern, Tiberias and the Roman city of which nothing remains but a few stones of the old walls is a large and very modern tourist hotel. Hard by it are the hot springs known to the Romans and today much modernised for the benefit of such persons as believe they can find in them a remedy for sundry of the ills to which flesh is heir. Upon the hill above the town are other hotels, new and quite up-to-date in their amenities, but all strictly "kosher." You are a little startled, being a Christian, to learn that you can have no milk with coffee if meat is served at the same meal, likewise no butter under similar circumstances, only margarine. Moreover it is insisted that you dine at seven, punctually, when dinner is served, also breakfast promptly at eight. And so on, sharp and sometimes uncomfortable contrasts with European hotels where you eat when the spirit, or rather the stomach, suggests. But in Israel you are supposed to live like the Israeli.

As you stroll along the highway which lines the lake three or four hundred feet above it, you can see in the distance to the north a clump of trees. These surround what little remains of Capernaum, scarcely more than ruins. Of these the chief interest lies in what is left of the oldest known of Jewish synagogues which dates from long before the birth of Christ, and in which He taught. A little to the south of Capernaum is the low hill, in spring so golden with wildflowers that it seems as if the sun himself had come down and rested here for a bit and left his impress, which is said to be the place of the loaves-and-fishes miracle. Two or three other small hamlets lie between this hill and Tiberias, and a lakeside highway links them to the town. Capernaum itself, though, is gained only by a rough trail passable but on foot or by donkey, except that a little steamer plying about the sacred sea goes there occasionally and also across to the section of Israel that lies on the farther shore, Ein Gev. Here, in 1948, Czech, Balt, German and Austrian Jews resolutely kept at bay for several months Syrian troops armed with artillery, stubbornly refusing to abandon their settlement. The Arabs, even with the artillery, were unable to drive out the Jews, and after the armistice, again turning their attention to the arts of peace, the inhabitants immediately resumed their intensive cultivation of bananas and other tropical and semi-tropical products. Today they even hold, here in this isolated spot entirely cut off from the rest of Israel except by water, an annual musical festival in a huge shed, where world-known virtuosi have performed. The stage has over it an inscription, quoted from Nehemiah. "For the builders, everyone, had his sword girdled by his side, and so built . . ." not far from a literal description of Ein Gev and its founders.

When the days are clear, as they are through most of the year, you look up the lake from the heights above Tiberias, and in the distance, beyond the Lebanon frontier at the north end, easily discern the snow-covered heights of Mount Harmon, seventy miles away in a straight line. And when presently, as the sun is sinking, the little fishing-boats with their flares set forth, just as they have been doing for centuries, you fancy that

down yonder on the beach may be the spot where—"Simon Peter saith unto them, 'I go a-fishing'." So that all this is indeed holy ground. Yet despite it, the fact that Tiberias and its locality, especially the heights above the inland sea, has become a favoured winter resort not only for the Israeli but for foreign tourists, has introduced a lamentable note of disharmony. On warm evenings, when a million stars are reflected in the deep and tranquil waters of Galilee, there is the rather shocking atmosphere of a modern beach-resort. Dance-halls blare forth the dreadful noises of "jazz," cinemas with outside voice-amplifiers compete in a sorry din, itinerant peddlers of sweets and dubious beverages greet motorcars coming and going until after midnight. So the thought occurs to you that it would be a most salutary thing, if all this area could be made a kind of national park, a reserve, freed forever of the worst manifestations of "modernity," sacred, so that men might come here for rest and quiet meditation, fleeing for an hour or two the present in reverent contemplation of the historic fact that on these shores, by these blue waters, in this fair land of Galilee, walked and talked the Master.

MARC T. GREENE.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

PROGRESS IN A GENERATION?

THERE is something salutary, if perhaps a little painful, in retrospect. At the beginning of a new year it is a general habit to cast one's mind over the twelve months just ended, to make a review of the old year and to assess the prospects of the new. Hope at such a time is apt to spring, or to revive, eternal. But what if we should cast our mind, not over one, but over thirty years, and try to estimate the progress, if any, that has been made by the humankind in a whole generation, so far as international relations are concerned? Are peace and decency on earth any nearer to their fulfilment or even less far away? It happens that the present writer has been writing this particular section of the *Contemporary Review* for more than the said thirty years. He can look up the sort of thing that he himself was writing in this place a generation ago. The accident of what was a typical subject of comment then, and is now, comes as a surprise even to weather-beaten minds.

At random, for instance, is it not a sobering fact that at the beginning of 1923—thirty-one years ago—Lord Robert Cecil (as he then was) spoke about the success with which the League of Nations was helping Austria to her feet? He went on to remark that it was a new thing in the history of the world that a conquered nation should be rescued from ruin by the combined efforts of her conquerors; and Lord Balfour at the same time was describing the League's action as "the greatest constructive effort so far undertaken to extricate Europe from the economic embarrassments which are affecting every nation in the world." What of Austria today? The promise of 1923 was destined not to be fulfilled. Another war (incredible as it be) was to intervene. Today, after the second war, it

has so far been found impossible even to make a peace treaty with Austria. The victorious "allied" Powers are concerned more with their own vendettas than with help for third parties. The economic embarrassments of the world, though partly hidden by a world-wide rush of competitive inflation, are as disturbing now as they were in 1923, though their incidence has shifted.

Today's repetition, in a worsened form, of the predicament that afflicted Austria a generation ago is remarkable enough; but it is still more remarkable to recall the startling analogy of the negotiations about the Sudan that went on through 1924 between the British Government of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the Egyptian Government of Zaghlul Pasha. Zaghlul came to London for the negotiations. Before he came Mr. MacDonald made a statement in the House of Commons (June 30th, 1924) which in today's light holds all the irony and pathos of a generation of diplomatic frustration. In the course of it he said: "I have been hoping that the questions still outstanding between an independent Egypt and ourselves might have been settled in the calm condition of personal negotiation between Said Zaghlul Pasha and myself, when, by facing the realities of the situation we might have come to an agreement which recognised the interests and responsibilities of both countries. It is essential if this hope is to be fulfilled that both his Majesty's Government and the Egyptian Government should in the meantime honourably and rigidly observe the *status quo*. . . . I regret that statements have been made to the Egyptian Parliament and action taken to create trouble in the Sudan which can only be explained as an attempt to force my hand and deprive Zaghlul Pasha of the liberty to negotiate. I was looking forward with pleasure and expectation to a meeting with Zaghlul Pasha and discussion with him on the best interests and accepted responsibilities of our respective countries, and I have desired to say nothing which would have limited the freedom of discussion which we ought to claim. But in view of what has happened, it is necessary that I should make it clear to all concerned that I do not believe that this House would accept any arrangement which would break our pledges given to the Sudan or jeopardise the present administration and development of that country. I believe hearty goodwill between Egypt and ourselves is of the utmost importance to both of us, and I still trust those responsible for the Governments of both countries will refuse to countenance the impossible demands which will destroy the prospects of such settlement."

A generation has passed and the substantially same things are being said in London, or were still being said up to the day, November 30th last, when the full results became known of the first general election to be held in the Sudan. The prescribed goodwill is as lacking today as it was then. The terms of the 1899 Convention (which reserved to Great Britain a "share in the settlement and future working and development" of the Sudan); the report of the Milner Commission of 1920 (which excluded the Sudan from its scope on the ground the Sudan was "a country entirely distinct from Egypt in its character and Constitution"); the British declaration of Egyptian independence in 1922 (which expressly reserved the question of the Sudan): none of those instruments had any more effect on Egypt then than now. But Zaghlul Pasha did come to London for the

conversations. He arrived on September 23rd, 1924, and was greeted at Victoria station by an organised chorus of Egyptian students shouting "Long live Zaghlul! Long live Egypt and Sudan! Long live King Fuad, King of Egypt and Sudan!" Do times change in diplomatic history? Do we make progress? Zaghlul left London in the first week of October, 1924, having refused to modify Egypt's demands—those demands which are still being pressed today—for the withdrawal of all British forces from the Suez Canal zone and the surrender of all British influence in the Sudan. There was no agreement then. There is no agreement now.

In still another sphere, namely on the continent of Europe, the situation is worse, much worse, now than it was a generation ago. At the end of 1923, on the eve of his taking office Mr. MacDonald made a review of the European situation as he then saw it after a tour of the main European countries. If he had been living now he would not have been able even to make such a tour. Among other things he said: "Europe is getting sick of Napoleonism. Therefore, my general conclusion is that whilst in Governments there may be no change, whilst vain men gain some reputation from vociferous sections in their own States for empty triumphs, the general mind turns away from them and looks for other voices and other leading. Things have been allowed to go so far wrong that they cannot be righted in a day; wisdom will be frowned at at first as hostility by some Governments, perhaps; but the supreme need of Europe now is that the liberal elements in all the nations should be drawn together, should be made to live, and should get a lead in a comprehensive policy of pacification and reconstruction." (His full statement was published in the *Daily Herald* of October 26th and 31st, 1923.)

Such were a few of the straws in the wind, a wind which has not changed, but blows stronger. Indeed Europe today has been struck by a blizzard the force of which could not have been imagined a generation ago. It has cut Europe in two. It happens—tiresome though it be to relate—that the true comparison between then and now centres upon the relationship between the western Powers and Russia. For our sins the main issue in world affairs has crystallised in that relationship. It also happens that it was in Mr. MacDonald's Foreign Secretaryship during 1924, exactly a generation ago, that the first serious attempt was made by the West to reach a *modus vivendi* with Russia, the full details of which attempt were chronicled in the present writer's book "MacDonald as Diplomatist" (Cape, 1924) to which Dr. G. P. Gooch, the editor then as now of the *Contemporary Review*, wrote a foreword. The really interesting thing in our time has been the rise and fall—maybe "fall" is a little premature, though it is none the less inevitable—of communism. Such an issue was not even foreseen a generation ago. It needed a second world war to precipitate it. It happens that the *Times* lately provided some documentary ground for the diagnosis of a fall in communism by publishing a review of "Communism in Free Europe." It was based mainly on reports from its correspondents in the countries concerned, from which can be traced the causes and course of the decline of communism in that free Europe since 1945. (*Times*, November 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th.)

Let it be remembered that communism is a product not only of the second world war, but of the two world wars, of the century. Before 1914

there was no such thing as communism as an organised political force. There was a handful of black-bearded desperadoes darkly plotting in obscure Continental cafés, their plotting being as obscure and as harmless as the cafés themselves; but Marx had not struck any responsive chords in human breasts. It was the first world war that gave him his chance. Today, less than half a century later, the communists control about half the world and their tentacles reach out through the other half. They have, however, lost some of their power. Let it be remembered also that, deriving as it did from the evil of war, communism has always been closely connected with war as a method of its own expansion. The horrible slaughter of Russian troops on the eastern front during the first world war gave Lenin his approach to the attack on the established order which landed him in power in 1917. The inherent cynicism of his exploitation of the suffering at that time in no way differs from the modern cynicism which enrols misguided youth under banners of "peace" for aggressive purposes. Lenin was a militarist. His immediate successor, Alexei Ivanovich Rykov, in his first public statement (1924) observed that Russia had still to put her faith in the Red Army. Under Stalin Russia amassed a greater volume of armaments than history had ever known.

We have in our time experienced many attempts on the part of the West to reach a *modus vivendi* with communist Russia. Mr. MacDonald made the first of them. He made his bid for peace in a frankly pacifist spirit, knowing that Russia by contrast was militarist. The first step, taken on February 1st, 1924, when Mr. Hodgson presented the Note to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics then sitting in Moscow, was to recognise Russia *de jure* and to begin normal diplomatic relations, thus to take up again the threads left loose by the Trade Agreement of 1921. Mr. MacDonald described the incidental object as the bringing to an end of the "pompous folly" that had kept Britain and Russia apart. The business now was to negotiate the "formal general peace treaty between the Governments of these countries," which had been postulated in the preamble to the 1921 Agreement.

The resultant conference duly met in the London Foreign Office on April 14th, 1924. Those who had the privilege of attending it will never forget the irresponsible charm of the chief Russian delegate, Mr. Rakovsky, who began by demanding for Russia "large quantities of industrial products and credits" (a demand which he combined in a superb technique of gymnastic agility with a refusal to honour Russia's existing debts) and went on to prophesy that the conference, before it ended, would embrace in its scope "the fundamental problems of the political life of the whole world," in particular involving the integral revision of the Treaties of Versailles, Trianon, St. Germain, Neuilly, and Lausanne, as well as of the Covenant of the League of Nations. At that time it was still possible to be charmed by Russian waywardness and irresponsibility, for there had not yet emerged from Moscow that menace to civilisation which now dwarfs every other factor in world affairs. The conference of 1924 was, however, duly confined to the practical limits set by the British Note of February 1st and failed (of course) to reach any of them.

The most human and the only practical point of contact discoverable at the conference was a warm agreement between Mr. Rakovsky and Mr.

MacDonald about fishing. Mr. Rakovsky happened at one moment to be arguing in his expansive and comprehensive way the case for the Russian fishermen off the Murmansk coast. (There had been some clashes between them and British fishermen off that coast.) He observed that the fishing was a matter of life or death to the inhabitants of Murmansk and that therefore the presence of steam trawlers as distinct from fishing boats as near as three miles to the coast spelt ruin for the Russian fisherman. Mr. MacDonald gave him the surprise of his life by agreeing with him, explaining that there was an exact analogy in the controversy between trawlers and fishing boats off Mr. MacDonald's native village of Lossiemouth.

The conference had no other surprises in store. Mr. Rakovsky and Mr. MacDonald did draft a sort of treaty, after four months of deadlocks, suspensions, resumptions and irrelevancies, about financial claims and counter-claims; but it never came into effect, for Mr. MacDonald himself fell from office after his brilliant few months as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, and his draft was repudiated by Mr. Baldwin's Government which came after him.

In 1924 it was still possible to extract amusement from the hopeless incompatibility of temperament between Moscow and London. But there is a world of difference between a Rakovsky and a Vyshinsky. To compare Russia's influence on affairs in the years 1924 and 1954 respectively is to compare a devastated countryside before and after a flood. The world has indeed been flooded by Russia and her works during the past generation; and the occasion of the flooding was the second world war. Although, before the first world war there was no such thing as a communist menace, despite Marx and Engels, yet the menace was foreshadowed by the end of that war, and as the direct result of that war; but it was still at that time contained within innocuous limits. By the end of the second world war, and as the result of that war, it had established itself as an operative tyranny over a large surface of the globe and as a threat to the world at large.

At last, however, the flood has begun to recede. While it has not receded, so far as is reliably known (for the Iron Curtain is still a substantial barrier to information) from those European countries—east Germany, the Baltic States, Poland, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia—which it has overthrown; yet it is less strong than it was in the Scandinavian and Benelux countries, in Switzerland and in Great Britain. It has lost its specifically Russian complexion (though the substance remains) in Yugoslavia, and is still firmly excluded from the four countries which have legally banned it, namely Spain, Portugal, Greece and Turkey. There is cause for satisfaction in that achievement, limited as it be, on the part of the free peoples. There remains, however, the obstinate and deplorable fact that in Italy and France, two of the distinctive pillars of the Christian tradition, the communists seem to be as strong as ever, and continue to constitute a major political factor in affairs. In the case of France, it is true, the communist vote in the last general election went down a little, being 25 per cent. of the total votes cast as compared with 26 per cent. in 1945. (These figures are taken from the *Times* articles aforesaid.) But in Italy the communist vote has increased. In 1945 it constituted 19 per cent. of the total vote; in 1953 it rose to 22.6 per cent. In Italy

there are 143 communist deputies in parliament out of a total of 590 deputies, in France 92 (out of 627) in Finland 43 (200), and fewer than 10 in the other countries of free Europe. There are none at all in western Germany, or Great Britain, including Northern Ireland. In Eire (which country was not included in the *Times* survey) there is not even an awareness of the existence of communists, and in Spain, where the attempted communist coup was crushed in 1935, there is no apparent danger of a communist revival.

It is therefore possible to discern a turning of the tide. The turn would be quicker and the prospect brighter if the peoples of the free West were alive enough to the true nature of what is at stake. The *Times* articles above referred to confined the investigation and the diagnosis to the materialist factors. It is not yet the fashion, though the beginnings of the fashion can be detected, to regard the political circumstance of mankind as of any but a materialist concern. It has not yet dawned upon Western opinion that there is logic as well as strategy in the systematic attempt being made by the Kremlin to cripple the Christian Church. Yet it is, or should be, obvious to any lively mind that there is no province of human activity that can be excluded from the overriding supremacy of the spiritual factor. The communists are right, from their point of view, when they calculate that unless they can root out Christianity, they themselves must be rooted out, from civilised life. The westerners are wrong and foolish when they persist in ignoring the essentially religious aspect of the issue. The divisions of Christendom are an asset to the atheist aggressor. The odd thing is that it should be necessary even to make such a remark. Yet the fact, unaccountable as it be, remains that the Christian West has shown itself to be unconscious of the danger inherent in divided forces.

Christianity is on its defence. The worst enemies of any cause are normally to be found among its followers. The worst enemies of Christianity are not the communists (for direct attack galvanises strength in defence) but the Christians themselves. It probably passes belief in the Kremlin that in October and November of the year just ending there was waged a wholly gratuitous vendetta between Protestant and Roman Christians in our own country. The new conflict was started by an attack upon Roman Catholicism made by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the very context of the communist attacks upon the Roman Catholics of Poland and other countries behind the Iron Curtain; whereupon the point of a certain warning notice posted in a French Zoo was again perhaps recalled to one's memory, this time, however, in the field of created life where it is most deplorable, namely among human beings: *cet animal est méchant; quand on l'attaque, il se défend*. If the Church of England had been the vehicle of Christianity in Poland, it would have been the Church of England upon which the henchmen of the Kremlin would have wrecked its atrocities.

This particular mischief, however, of Christian attack upon Christian in Great Britain, though serious in the general context of the world issue at this time, is not of great moment so far as what we call free Europe is concerned. What is more serious is the strength of communism in two such Christian countries as Italy and France. Italy causes the greater share of the concern. It is a bitter irony which makes of Rome the centre

at once of Christianity in Europe and in the world and of the strongest communist movement outside the countries controlled by Russia. The explanation is as simple as unfortunate. Under Mussolini's misdirection Italy fought on the wrong side in the second world war. Devastation and defeat, as always, played into the hands of the communists; and the communists, as a result of Russia's accidental alignment with the western Powers against Germany and Germany's allies, became identified in the popular continental mind with the defence against nazism and fascism. In Italy there was a strong reaction in defeat against fascist Mussolini, and on the strength of it the still greater menace of communist Stalin stole into the hearts of the people. Moreover, and in accordance with the devilish prompting which makes frustrated and desperate men turn to communism for redress, the economic difficulties of Italy became an asset to the Kremlin. Social distinctions, unemployment, poverty became the Italian breeding ground for communism.

In France too, though the economic factor was lacking, or not so strong, there emerged after the war and after the tribulations of defeat and division an accentuated phase of the traditional French propensity for revolt against the "upper" classes: the still lingering ghost of Madame la Guillotine. In addition, the monstrous Russian slogan of Peace with a capital P enticed thousands of the ignorant masses who were sick to death of Indo-China into the communist trap, ignorant as they were among other things of the communist part in all the Asian disturbances. In France as in Italy the communists wormed their way into control of the trades unions, and it is from that vantage point that they have been able to do their greatest harm.

In both countries it is the Catholic Church that organises and leads the defence against this communist atheist aggression, just as it is the organisation known as "Catholic Action" in all the submerged countries of eastern Europe that leads the campaign for liberation, and suffers the consequences in the imprisonment, torture and murder of priests and faithful. It is more than a generation since the communist aggression was launched from Russia upon the heritage of Christian civilisation. The assault has reached and has passed its maximum momentum. After all the incidental frustrations and failures that have to be admitted in a review of those events, the satisfactory major fact emerges that in the central issue there is some small achievement to be chronicled. Hope is justified. But the further achievement depends mainly upon a recapture of full Christian faith and union of purpose.

December 11th, 1953.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

STALIN

Future historians will most probably agree that Stalin's figure overshadowed not only Europe but the world during the fateful period of 1930-1950 to an even greater extent than did the evil genius of Hitler. It is equally probable that his influence on world affairs has been deeper and wider than that of any of the other dictators who appeared in the confused period after the first world war. We

are fortunate in England in having Isaac Deutscher's authoritative and balanced account of Stalin's life and for this reason it might be doubted whether a new biography so soon after was really required. The author of this study of Stalin is a distinguished French journalist who has certainly managed to write a lively and even exciting book on a subject that is admittedly exciting enough in itself to provide material for a dozen writers. Whether, however, he has substantiated his claim, implied in the title, of showing us the real Stalin, the man behind the scenes as it were, is a different matter. The book contains no startling revelation, which is a point very much in its favour, and in fact does not offer very much new information to anybody who has read Mr. Deutscher's book. It is rather disappointing that Monsieur Delbars only devotes 40 pages to the last phase in Stalin's life about which information still is extremely meagre, and much of what he reports is based on conjecture or on oral evidence given by refugees which cannot be checked. Some of his statements are even in flat contradiction to well-known sources and it is rather disturbing to find that no attempt has been made to reconcile these contradictions.

Two examples may be mentioned: All authorities on Stalin are agreed that he was expelled from the Seminary in Tiflis for political activities and this fact is confirmed by a police dossier on him. Monsieur Delbars denies this fact but makes no attempt to show why the police and, incidentally, even Stalin himself should have been wrong on this point. The second example concerns the fateful conference at Potsdam. Monsieur Delbars maintains that Stalin showed no interest whatever when President Truman informed him about the atomic bomb because he saw only a "bluff" in this communication. This is flatly contradicted by all the western accounts of the meeting in which it was emphasised how interested Stalin in fact was. It is of course perfectly possible that Monsieur Delbars is right but the serious student is perturbed to find important matters treated rather casually and begins to doubt the value of some of the evidence used by the author. The book, however, was quite obviously not intended for the serious historian but for the general reader and as it is well written and free from sensationalism of the type which writers on Russia so often indulge in it can be regarded as an excellent introduction into a very complex and difficult subject about which the last word has not been said yet and most probably will not be said for generations to come.

R. ARIS.

The Real Stalin. By Yves Delbars. Allen & Unwin, 25s.

STALIN'S SATELLITES

No term appears more often in the vocabulary of communist propaganda, so adept at vituperation and vilification, than does that of imperialism. All powers with colonial possessions are by definition imperialist, and if the United States or any other western country for that matter render financial assistance to less fortunate countries in any shape or form, even as a free gift, the warped mind of the communist can detect nothing but sinister motives behind such actions. It is of course in any case difficult to attach some precise meaning to this term, but if it has any meaning at all it surely denotes a state of affairs in which one country misuses its greater political and military power to use the resources of less powerful countries to its own advantage and to the detriment of the people of the weaker country. We have known for some time that Russia's hold on her satellites in Europe represents one of the worst forms of economic exploitation known to history, but it comes as a shock to read a detailed and carefully documented account of this Neo-Imperialism which parades under the name of communism. In this important and terrifying book Mr. Gluckstein has amassed all the evidence which significantly has been extracted almost entirely

from official communist publications. This study of Russia's new Empire is divided into three parts. The first part gives a comprehensive account of the economic structure of the satellite countries and shows impartially and convincingly how Russian policy has influenced and often completely changed the economic conditions of these countries to their disadvantage and for the benefit of Russia herself. The second part deals with the political conditions of the satellite countries and the third singles out the case of Yugoslavia, the rebellious satellite.

Of these three parts the first is by far the most interesting and important. We have had a number of reliable and comprehensive accounts of the political developments in the satellite countries, of the almost monotonous technique by which communists wormed or bludgeoned their way into power, and the story of Tito, the successful rebel, has been told almost too often. The author adds very little to our knowledge in this case, although he has undoubtedly rendered a useful service to the student of modern politics by having assembled the available material and by presenting it in a readable and intelligent manner. His description of the mass deportations which have formed such a depressing part of modern European history will provide material for all future historians of our period. Most serious readers, however, will be most grateful to the author for the enormous material which he has collected so painstakingly in the first part of his book. Here we have the irrefutable documentation of a fearful story of how Russia exploited ex-enemies and ex-allies alike, in the case of the former by direct confiscation and control, in the case of the latter by methods which were more indirect and subtle but equally brutal and effective. We have suspected all along that Russia under the cloak of an all-embracing mission simply continued Nazi Germany's policy of integrating a number of small European states into an economic order the sole purpose of which was the aggrandisement of the master country, regardless of the suffering caused to the victims. The author shows us with the help of statistical material and economic analysis how this is done, how Russia forces the satellites to adapt their economies to Russian needs, how she compels them to deliver food and raw materials at grossly unfair prices and in exchange makes them accept Russian goods at often grotesquely high prices. The very financial tricks she employs for this purpose had been employed before by Dr. H. Schacht in his dealings with Balkan countries. The author is objective enough to realise that there are a number of people, particularly amongst the poorer sections of the backward countries, who have benefited from the changes brought about by Russia. We should certainly underrate the strength of the Russian Empire if we disregarded this fact. The author, however, at the end of his book expresses his firm belief that this Empire based on a bureaucratic state capitalist regime has no future. He is equally emphatic in his conviction that Titoism has no future either.

R. ARIS.

Stalin's Satellites in Europe. By Ygaël Gluckstein. Allen & Unwin, 21s.

IRISH NATIONALISM

The influence of Irish agitation, constitutional and revolutionary, ever since the Act of Union was quite out of proportion to Ireland's intrinsic importance in the structure of the United Kingdom. But it was in the seventies, with the coming of Parnell, that the Irish Question was exalted into the extraordinary position of persisting prominence that it continued to hold until the Treaty of December, 1921. The most celebrated aspect of the Parnellite irruption into British politics was the use made of the defects of the parliamentary system of procedure. Under the pressure of Parnell and Biggar and their obstructionist

supporters a complete revolution in the procedure of the House of Commons had to be undertaken. The curtailment of the rights of individual members and of minority groups would have had to come anyway with the transformation of the Commons into the controlling body of a modern democracy, but the vexatious character of the Irish filibustering softened the hostility of conservatism to the change.

It is true that the Parnell "Split" inaugurated a period of disintegration for the Irish Party. It took time to patch together the fragments. In 1910 the Liberals were once again dependent on the Irish members, and the issue of Home Rule was at the core of the movement which ended with the Parliament Act. "I say plainly," declared Redmond in February, 1910, "that if Mr. Asquith . . . proposes to pass the Budget into law and then adjourn . . . the consideration of the House of Lords, that is a policy that I cannot and will not uphold." Mr. Strauss considers that Redmond in the Veto controversy became the most effective spokesman of British democracy in its hour of crisis, not through any deep-seated democratic convictions but through sheer necessity. But there was much more in the influence of the Irish Question than parliamentary history tells, and Mr. Strauss's absorbing study presents a most thorough and convincing analysis of the political development of Great Britain as affected by the economic and social aspect of the Irish Question as well. With admirable marshalling of facts he demolished the plausible thesis that preoccupation with Ireland's genuine or imaginary wrongs seriously hindered the advance of the democratic forces in British public life, and diverted the attention of the people from the crying need for social reform at home. He stresses too the important part that the underprivileged and insecure Irish residents in Great Britain played in the development of the New Unionism which preceded the formation of the Independent Labour Party in 1893. "The two most characteristic leaders of the dockers, Ben Tillett in London and James Sexton in Liverpool, were both products of the Anglo-Irish slums." The Dockers' Union differed from the older craft unions in that its officials were less subject to rank-and-file control. "The traditional machine methods of Irish politics . . . may have contributed to the growth of despotic union bureaucracies with autocratic bosses and devoted henchmen." Always within his terms of reference, Mr. Strauss contrives to throw a fine net widely on a rich water.

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE.

Irish Nationalism and British Democracy. By E. Strauss. Methuen, 21s.

POETS AND MYSTICS

The work of E. L. Watkin is by now sufficiently known and valued to make the appearance of this volume of religious and literary essays a welcome event for discriminating readers. For the writer is distinguished not only for his peculiarly attractive scholarly style, but also for his refreshing lines of thought. Though obviously a Catholic of the Roman Camp, he is singularly free from the more repellent brand of bigotry and can recognise with respect the Wind of the Spirit and its cleansing enriching power on the soul's garden, wherever it "lists to blow." Beginning with a chapter on the relations between Poetry and Mysticism—"The joys the poet indicates, the mystic possesses!"—he makes a calm and yet enthusiastic pilgrimage through a sequence of "Indicators" and "Possessors" of various periods and professions and seems to derive a generous pleasure from their appearance in unexpected and unprivileged places.

Some of his themes will be comparatively novel even to students—for example, the surprising discovery of a chaplain of Oliver Cromwell's—a certain Revd. Mr. Thomas Goodwin—as a pioneer of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart;

voiced, it is true, in Puritanical language and suffering from Puritanical limitations, but, none the less, earnest and genuine and well worthy of the appreciation which Mr. Watkin accords to it. Another little-known mystic (his over-familiar name may have contributed to the unfamiliarity of his personality) is the 17th century Cambridge Platonist, John Smith, lecturer at Queen's College, for many devout and studious years and possessed, apparently, of stupendous learning and "a noble English style" to which, indeed, his volume of *Discoveries*—a selection from Sermons preached in his College Chapel—testifies clearly enough. Many of us also will be glad to make the acquaintance of the young French Carmelite nun, Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, whose special and specialised devotion was to the social character of the Godhead as manifest in the mysterious companionship of three Persons. Dying in her convent in 1906 and in the 27th year of her age, Elizabeth could have known little of the outside world; but the strength of her spiritual vision seems to have released her theology from certain theological narrownesses, since she records how in her cloistered life she yet felt her horizon widen every day. There are, besides, of course, keenly interesting and informative accounts of such universal favourites as Julian of Norwich, Richard Crashaw and Henry Vaughan, as well as a charming "Defence" of that very loquacious and rather boring devotee, Margery Kempe, and altogether we must hope that many readers will sample this excellent collection for themselves, since the space at our disposal has not allowed us to do anything like full justice to its excellence.

G. M. HORT.

Poets and Mystics. By E. L. Watkin. Sheed & Ward, 21s. net.

EAST AND WEST

G. F. Hudson's book is a collection of 18 essays two of which have not been published before. As they were written within the last five years—eight in 1952, six in 1951, three in 1950 and one in 1948—we cannot reasonably expect the consistent architecture of a well-planned book. They are, however, well cemented together by their unity of subject, thought and interpretation. Indeed their dispersal in time provides a better test of inner consistency, and a lesser mind than Mr. Hudson's might have easily found itself involved in inconsistencies and contradictions. The balance of subject matter is well preserved, for ten essays deal with European and eight with Far Eastern affairs. The main connecting theme is communism in general and its Russian variety in particular. Though the author takes up a firm position against communism he remains free of the taint of fanaticism, refuses to adopt ready and convenient explanations, and never tries to apportion the blame one-sidedly. He shows that appeasement and expediency are the roots of our political evils, and he rejects Chester Wilmot's now popular conclusion "that it was all America's fault". In 1942 "at any rate it was not America but Britain that was prepared to consent to Soviet territorial expansion." This heart-searching argument is pursued and strengthened in the ninth essay, *Complicity in Aggression: A Problem in International Law*. No unbiassed student of the international scene can afford not to weigh its argument. For a world attempting to reconstruct its foundations a clear understanding of mistakes committed in the past is a basic necessity. In these "Studies in Current History" the treatment of Poland by the Allies is given the prominent position of a test case, for the fate of that country is discussed in three of the essays.

Other papers deal with the Soviet Union and are particularly important, not only because of the light the analytical mind of the author throws on certain events in Russia, but because of his insight into the nature of totalitarianism. It is only too true that "the successive aberrations and failures in the policies

of the Western democracies have been primarily due to the general inability of their statesmen and diplomats to understand the nature of modern totalitarian systems." Indeed knowledge and experience alone are not sufficient to deal with international problems. To understand a different mentality the intellect must be supported by imagination and vision, qualities not commonly associated with the political type of mind. These essays may help to close this fatal gap. Those who are familiar with Mr. Hudson's work on the Far East will not be disappointed in their expectations when they turn to the second part of the book. The student of Far Eastern affairs will find these essays packed with fascinating material, and the expert will consider them rewarding because of their imaginative and provocative approach to a set of problems far exceeding the complexity of those of our Western world. The urgent plea—made in May 1951—for a Pacific pact should find fulfillment in the not too distant future. He fully realizes the apparent as well as the hidden dangers of the Far Eastern situation and therefore is inclined to paint his picture in very sombre colours, a tendency which must be recommended as long as most people are inclined to regard the Far Eastern theatre as a side show. An index would have increased the usefulness of this valuable book.

VICTOR GROVE.

G. F. Hudson. *Questions of East and West, Studies in Current History.* Odhams Press. 15s.

JACQUES MARITAIN

"Jacques Maritain is," says T. S. Eliot, "the most powerful force in contemporary philosophy". Three of the world's most eminent philosophers, octagenarian or more, Dewey, Croce and Santayana, have just died and one has married for a fourth time. So Mr. Eliot's statement may approach exact description. To say that Maritain is in the same category with Newman and Mercier, and illustrates the same vitality of Catholic thought, would also be true. A philosopher, a teacher, an ambassador—it is a remarkable achievement. It was, therefore, the more astonishing to me to be told a few weeks ago, by a philosophy tutor at Oxford, that, apart from a little book on logic, he had never read anything Maritain had written—the kind of remark which indicates a certain mental provinciality both in Oxford and England, and explains why Hegel's thought effectively reached these shores only after a forty years' delay and Marx' ideas about eighty years after his body.

The present volume suffers from the customary defects of being a collection of papers, in most cases reprints of earlier publications. Perhaps M. Maritain's permanent reputation will be associated with his great schematic attempt to bring into one focus the intellectual approach, for example, of Thomism and the intuitive approach, for example, of the great Spanish Carmelite mystics and poets such as St. John of the Cross and St. Theresa—just as St. Thomas synthesized Aristotelianism with the Patristic Platonism of the earlier Church. In the present book we get only passing glimpses of this fundamental issue but rather more of the theme so vitally discussed in the most valuable of M. Maritain's more popular books, *True Humanism*. Some of the present work is philosophical in the technical sense, although the reader reaps the reward of striking *obiter dicta*, such as that on Logical Positivism. "The most important result of the works of the School of Vienna is, in my opinion, that it has shown, in a decisive way, that the assertions which have meaning for the scientist are not concerned with the substance of things, the nature or essence of what is", but with the designations or symbols we elaborate, with regard to mathematically interpreted experience, from data gathered by the senses and especially through the instruments of measurement. What we cannot so label is treated, by a

brisk pun, as nonsense. What Maritain indeed here criticises are the exponents of the most modern and most sterile of all scholasticisms, that of our contemporary Termists or Ockhamists.

At a time when many contemporary philosophies, when they transcend terms, are irrationalist, it is useful not only to have a book asserting the prerogatives of reason but pointing out the dangers of a confusion between knowledge, which is contemplative in its vision, and that species of instrumental, or magic or Faustian, knowledge which seeks from its union with events to beget power. In the conclusion Maritain offers us not so much a faith to live by as a faith to live for, while at the same time—and this is the noteworthy point—praising a “pluralistic co-operation” in social ideas, such as is able to emphasize the healthy living, main tradition of a free society, against those who would substitute the dead monolithic for free choice. He readily admits the infinite variety in perspectives which legitimately arises from human individuality and, indeed, from the necessary human ignorance, where the increase of the diameter of knowledge spells the increase of the perimeter of nescience. This book is an index to a wider treasury which can give comfort to the lovers of reason and pause to the lovers of rationalism.

PROFESSOR GEORGE CATLIN.

Jacques Maritain. *The Range of Reason*. Bles. 15s.

* * * * *

Henry Joseph Wilson: *Fighter for Freedom*, 1883—1914, by Mosa Anderson, (James Clarke & Co., 6s.) was a fine specimen of the Liberal Nonconformists who adorned the later Victorian era and helped to make England a kindlier, healthier and happier land. As a model Yorkshire employer, a gallant fighter against the state toleration of vice and the Indian opium traffic, a champion of Home Rule at a time when many so-called Liberals refused to follow Gladstone, a foe of Imperialism in the arrogant era of Chamberlain and Rhodes, Milner, Curzon and Kipling, he and his devoted wife left a memory of which his family have every right to be proud. As Lord Pethick-Lawrence writes in his Foreword “Without the sturdy virtues, burning convictions and selfless labour of such noble men and women, our easier society could not have come into existence.” “He is one of the salt of the earth,” declared John Morley, “because he holds his opinions without fear of majorities or numbers.” Readers of this little book will surely agree that these tributes are not undeserved. While ardent reformers are often aggressive and intolerant, Henry Wilson was gentle, kindly, modest, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*. Miss Anderson’s portrait of this valiant soldier in the army of humanity is no less convincing than her recent biography of Lord Noel-Buxton.

* * * * *

The second edition of *History of the World*, edited by W. N. Weech (Odhams Press, 13s. 6d.) is a miracle of competence, compression and cheapness. In a thousand pages, enriched by numberless illustrations and maps, the student is conducted under expert guidance from the dim origins of human life to the war in Korea. Almost all the writers are headmasters and teachers of history who know just what their pupils need. The architecture of this comprehensive survey is admirable, and Asia, ancient and modern, receives the detailed treatment which was generally denied to it in the older manuals. The new edition contains two additional chapters on the Second World War and the disappointments of the post-war years. The volume should find a place in every school library and will also be of use to readers of all ages as an up-to-date work of reference with a serviceable index.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1954

FRANCE ELECTS A PRESIDENT

“ON the dead man’s chest.”
Were there fifteen men on this, our latest version of Flint’s or some other pirate’s chest? Or were there five? Or eight? Or twenty? The matter was of some moment. Yet no one ever counted carefully the total of those who clambered, or sought to clamber last December on to the treasure chest shortly due to be vacated by M. Vincent Auriol, President of the French Republic. For the matter in question was the Presidential Election of France. Does this seem an irreverent fashion in which to allude to so august an event? It can only be retorted that the whole situation was made irreverent by the French themselves: grand opera turned suddenly into a music hall rout. How many sought to lead the rout remains a mystery. What is sure, is that a wave of desire swept through the French Assembly known as the Congress of Parliament causing unknown numbers to think, either for themselves or their friends: “Why not me?” And to act accordingly.

What is sure too, is that in the early part of the mangy dogfight that began on December 17, a vast murmur arose from the said Congress and its hangers-on that might well have been taken for Long John Silver’s “Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!” Not rum indeed was the liquor with which deputies and senators, greedy for success, inspired their bounding spirits and toasted the triumph they looked for, but champagne, bottles of champagne by the hundred, so that the restaurant keepers of Versailles had to send for heavy reinforcements as December 17 spread to the 18th, the 18th to the 19th, the 19th to the 20th, indeed, almost as the catchword in an old French comedy put it, *et ainsi de suite, Madame*—and so forth and so on. The Congress of Parliament numbered 946 deputies, that is, members of the Assemblée Nationale, and senators, who form the Conseil de la République, and compose together these 946, the Congress above mentioned, whose sole function is to meet once in seven years and choose a new President of the French Republic to serve during the next seven years, be they fat or lean. So on December 17 met at Versailles, nominally 946 thirsty gullets, though in fact diminished by some 14 absentees through sickness, real or diplomatic, with the gullets of their wives and families and friends and lady friends and supporters, all clamouring to seek wisdom from the bottom of a champagne glass, and to toast and to toast and to toast. It was an atmosphere of carnival, of general *liesse* in the old French word, the keynote of which was struck by the wife of a former Socialist minister who, being asked by the waiter of the restaurant of her choice what she wished to order, cried: “Oh, give me just your ordinary menu! We are proletarians, we are!” The “ordinary” menu

was priced at 1,500 frs., wine not included. A proletarian luncheon at 30s. per head. One nickname quickly attached to the performance was *les Folies-Versailles*. December 18 being a Friday, in view of the probability that the electoral proceedings would last for over four and twenty hours, the ecclesiastical authorities had, so that the faithful might not be put at a disadvantage, proclaimed a general indulgence and relaxation from treating Friday as a day of fasting. This paternal foresight was justified. Under the Third Republic no Presidential Election had gone beyond two ballots. In the first election under the Fourth, M. Vincent Auriol, due in January 1954 to leave the Elysée, had no serious competitor. But, with a suddenness hardly predictable, the dignified procedure maintained up to 1953 degenerated into a mêlée of party passion and personal discord, prolonged not for one but for six whole days. Even the prescience of the Church was at fault. Noting which, one critic remarked caustically that it would have been well had the Republican Congress imitated the rule for the election of Popes and had been locked in to the ancient theatre of the Château of Versailles until it should come to a decision. In view of the banging of the desks provided for the electors and of the occasional fisticuffs that marked the proceedings, it may be wondered how many in that event would have emerged with whole sconces at their end. Meanwhile members of the Congress thoroughly enjoyed themselves. In the first three days they despatched to friends or constituents some 150,000 postcards bearing the special stamp printed for the occasion. It was only when the stamps, like the champagne, showed signs of giving out, that tempers began to be frayed.

By Sunday, December 20th, "the first Sunday of the Presidential Election" as one wag put it, the situation had, in the eyes of Parisian onlookers, become frankly ridiculous, with an added touch of nausea. A dreary farce was turning into a vicious beargarden. "*Le Congrès s'amuse*" had been the title of a famous film about the Congress of Vienna: now the Congress at Versailles was scoffed at as *le Congrès qui n'amuse plus*: "we are no longer amused." There is a limit to the cynical enjoyment of even professional wits. These indeed had the fullest scope. "What are they doing now?" one was asked fresh from telephoning to Versailles. "Playing at *belote*,"¹ came the answer: "winner to choose the President. If that doesn't work, they're to try poker." Another put his head in at the door. "They're agreed!" "No! Who is it?" "Oh, not on a candidate! They've agreed not to have a ballot on Christmas Day!" Which day was still five days off.

As will be seen, the French with their flippant wit refused to let tempers be ruffled by the spectacle of their representatives kicking about the highest office of the State like a football. Among the players was M. Cornu, Minister of the Beaux Arts. Instantly it was gibed that if a "M. Horned" were elected it would be because he was cuckolded by Marianne.* The majority of educated Frenchmen are accustomed to look at politics as a game of snapdragon between parties, with the plums waiting to be snatched from the flames by the strongest and the most

¹The universal French game of cards.

*Marianne=the French Republic, as *John Bull*=England, and *Uncle Sam* the U.S.A. In her proper get up Marianne wears a red Phrygian bonnet and a short striped revolutionary skirt.

adroit. "How," said one, "do you expect us to be seriously interested in politics, when politics are in the hands of such puppets?" But it was not until the present juncture that the high office of the President of the Republic was thrown into the game. It has been remarked that no one is upset by the spectacle of fierce combat over the election to the office of President of the United States. But the American President holds a political office, the most important in his vast country. He governs. The French President does not govern at all. He is essentially a non-political personage. His election was never, till now, treated in a party spirit. He is a chairman, a figurehead, a sign manual for the State of treaties, laws and appointments, but without initiative, without power, without responsibility. He has far less influence than our own Sovereign, however constitutionally limited. His abstention from political action is pushed so far that once President Fallières summoned the political director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, to say to him: "I want to ask you to inform me, if ever you think peace in danger. Say nothing more. But inform me." No British sovereign, from Queen Victoria to George VI, could conceivably have been so aloof. One of George V's ablest ambassadors, to the present writer's knowledge, felt it necessary to mind his p's and q's on any subject likely to attract the king's attention. In France, Poincaré fretted bitterly at his utter impotence as nominal Head of the State.

This is not to say that the French President has no influence. He may have much. But the extent of his influence depends on outside circumstances. As Comte Charles de Chambrun, one of France's most brilliant ambassadors between the two wars, once said to the writer: "When a strong government is in power, the President is a mere cypher. But a succession of weak governments may give the President real influence and even a decisive voice." That the post war era in France has been under the seal of weak governments is the reason why President Auriol has had this real influence. A decisive voice might have been raised for the good of France and of the world at Bordeaux in 1940, had not President Lebrun been a man of exceptionally timorous fibre. He had the opportunity but not the strength to use it.

President Auriol, the son of a baker at Revel with 4,155 inhabitants, hard by meridional Toulouse, has had the advantage of unsurpassed experience in French parliamentary life. When he came to his exalted post in 1946, time and the German occupation had mellowed the judgment of Léon Blum's once ebullient lieutenant in the Chamber of Deputies. It may be that his private opinions have not changed. The militant socialist and atheist may still glare in the background. But throughout his septennate M. Vincent Auriol has said no word and made no gesture in public other than those of impartiality toward his former political foes and of courtesy toward the Church on whose protection reposes the conscience of over twenty-five per cent. of France's population. He has had to deal with sixteen parliamentary crises, an average of more than two a year. It may be in part due to the skill of M. Auriol's management that the two last of the fleeting governments born of them, those of M. Antoine Pinay and M. Joseph Laniel, have been the most worthy of respect and accomplished something towards the stabilisation

of France's tempest-tossed life. They at least sketched an improvement in her finances. But M. Auriol has been powerless to avert or mitigate the more sinister constitutional crisis revealed by the incoherence and spitfire back-biting of the Congress of Parliament at Versailles, the gravity of which is not diminished but rather aggravated by the sardonic detachment of the average French onlooker. This detachment is unsuspected by foreigners who judge mainly by extracts from French newspapers. These are written by professional observers, skilled at searching for underlying causes. The semi-mythical *Français moyen*, like his counterpart the legendary "reasonable man" of English law, does not look below the surface. Politics are regarded as a game, fruitful to the players, amusing or annoying to spectators, but, just because the players pocket the profits, unworthy of the attention of the sons of educated men and women, whose time is fully taken up with business, family interests, their household, the arts, literature, science and education. Not all politicians, evidently, are to be classed with such players. There are still honest and patriotic men elected to Parliament, in France as elsewhere.

One such is M. Joseph Laniel, Prime Minister and leading candidate for the Presidency until the 11th ballot. M. Laniel who, succeeding M. Pinay as head of the government last year, had done better in a time of much anxiety than seemed likely, possessed various assets to recommend him for the post. He is not too old: just over sixty. He comes of ancient stock, and is indeed, in the phrase given by Balzac to French idiom, a *grand bourgeois*, with the solid traditions of a race that has produced servants of the public since time out of mind. He is very wealthy, therefore is suspect of no personal interest; a Norman, therefore one of cautious judgment; a Catholic, therefore representative, politics apart, of a quarter of the nation; a successful industrialist, therefore a man knowing the modern world and its requirements. Yet these advantages were against him in the eyes of many parliamentarians. His success in office, certain if moderate, was against him with professional politicians who like a man to serve—especially to serve them—for a long term before taking the reins of office. His wealth and social standing provoked envy; his northern birth dislike from the Radical South; his religion, that of sectarian atheism; his industrial prosperity, the Socialist hatred of private capital. Socialists and Radicals had their knives into him from the start; and of course, the Communists, who fear and detest anyone they can have no hope of controlling. Thus, though leading in the ballots all along, M. Laniel, it was evident, could not achieve the clear majority required. The need of the moment was so acute that one prominent deputy shouted: "If I could find any Radical who was a Catholic, I'd get him elected in five minutes!" And another: "Only an incredibly obscure candidate could find favour with the Congress now!"

It was then that eyes and deputations turned to M. Edouard Herriot, President of the Assemblée Nationale and perpetual Mayor of Lyons, and to M. Vincent Auriol, outgoing President of the Republic. Either, had he stood, would have been elected by acclamation, such was their long repute. But M. Herriot is old, infirm, has long suffered from bad health. He was not in fit case to preside at the Congress as was his right and duty, but was replaced by M. Le Troquer, a Socialist and senior

vice-president of the Assemblée Nationale.¹ It was inconceivable that M. Herriot should assume the heavy charge imposed on every President of the Republic by diplomatic functions and public events. Nor was it any use appealing to M. Vincent Auriol: long before the election he had been approached to stand again and had categorically refused. That refusal had since then been more than once reiterated. Moreover the M.R.P., M. Bidault's party, was vehement against M. Auriol; they thought he had treated them scurvily in recent cabinet making. What too had M. Auriol to gain by compliance? He is 69 years old and has the right to repose after a lifetime of activity in the public eye. He has concluded a septennate of remarkable brilliance and personal success, and has smoothed over some awkward predicaments that with less skillful hands at the helm might have run the ship on the rocks: the future might be less sure. That all the ladies will regret Mme. Auriol as a singularly gracious hostess at the Elysée and one of the best dressed women in France, is certain; but the retiring President could not be expected to sacrifice comfort, ease of mind, and possibly health on the altar even of woman's taste. Whether the reforms effected by Mme. Auriol in the outmoded furniture and ornaments at the Palais de l'Elysée—the ferocious struggle with entrenched conventionality and embittered functionaryism is said to have cost her eighteen months before she won—will be maintained, the future alone can shew, but she herself will long be remembered as an ideal for other first ladies of the State to emulate.

The solution of the electoral crisis was in fact, though doubtless all unconsciously, to take the tip of the scoffer who wanted to lock the Congress up like Cardinals in Conclave. For when M. Laniel retired from the fight and when it became certain that M. Naegelen, the Socialist champion, could not carry to victory the heavy Communist tail he was dragging (the Communists having declared that they would cast their 114 votes for anyone opposed to E.D.C., which was M. Naegelen's case), the Congress did what many a Conclave has done, and voted for a candidate so inconspicuous that no one could object to him. In the 13th ballot its choice fell on M. René Coty, an obscure parliamentarian from Le Havre known only for having served two brief terms as Minister of Reconstruction in shadowy post-war governments. After the liberation, the Ministry of Reconstruction was indeed an engine of first class importance, and so proved in the hands of that administrative genius, the late Raoul Dautry, who had also reorganised the French railways. Now it runs on well known, quiet lines, and doubtless M. Coty was just the man for the job. True, there have been Cardinals so elevated to the Papal throne who afterwards turned out tough customers. So, at the White House in far off Washington, did Teddy Roosevelt and Harry Truman. So may M. Coty yet shew himself at the Elysée. But he is 71 years old and assuredly no one beyond a very small circle had ever heard of him before. Thus, on M. René Coty emerging for the first time to be photographed with the wide smile of the *Français moyen* having just won a glorious prize in the National Lottery, the tumult and the shouting at Versailles died.

¹Since elected President of the Assembly by a combination of Socialists, Radicals, and Communists, who thereby took their revenge for Versailles.—J.P.

Now the whole lesson of last December's Congress of Parliament in France is not that worthy mediocrity always pays under a democratic régime. Rather it lies in the very trite dictum that as you sow, so shall you reap. Current events have their causes hidden deep in the past, and the quarrelsome misbehaviour of the Congressists, to which every reporter in the French press bore full testimony, is no exception to the rule. The debasement of the Presidential election from a consecration of the chief magistrate of France to an unseemly scuffle in which hungry egoists fought for the loaves and fishes was a flagrant example of the debasement of the French parliamentary system as a whole. Could the founders of the Third Republic, whose fond hopes were registered in its constitution, return to see the result of their work, its falsification would drive their ghosts to seek refuge in who knows what further mirage of political ingenuity such as was dear to the heart of their forebear the Abbé Sieyès. Already fifty years ago staunch republicans like Méline had begun to lament the decline of the system, and Poincaré wrote that the condition of a deputy had ceased to be an honourable contract between the deputy and his electors but had come to be a bargain and a trade. Thirty years later André Tardieu, the most luminous intelligence among parliamentarians, thrice Prime Minister, to whose prescience France owes her electric grid system, retired at the height of his reputation from the realm of office in order to persuade the French that they had been cheated of the fruits of their Revolution and that the power, alleged to be in the hands of the people, was in reality wielded by a close-knit set of political parties and of trade, manufacturing and producing interests. The Prime Minister, he wrote, was unable to govern his cabinet. "The Revolution must be made over again."

How, then, has this come about? Very simply. In their fear of autocracy, the fathers of the Republic made it virtually impossible for Parliament to be dissolved. When the Prime Minister is defeated he cannot go to the country. He merely resigns, to be followed by the nominee of any combination that can maintain itself for a few months—or maybe a few weeks. The executive is powerless against the legislative. The deputies, not the government, are masters. It follows, as the night does day, that the deputies, unafraid of their electors to whose judgment they cannot be sent save at four year intervals, or of the government, whose only method of pressure on them is by bribing the several groups by offers of office, have themselves come to be at the mercy of party managers, and of trade and industrial "lobbies", as Americans call such interests, banded together for their own and without any reference to the public good. Before the last war, this system, vicious though it was and big with consequences that led straight to France's defeat, as indeed had been foreseen by Tardieu, was run with a simulacrum of dignity that was perhaps only vice's homage to virtue but, at least till 1936, the year of Radical and Socialist subservience to Communism, maintained a front of decency. Since the second World War and after the vanishing of the hopes pinned during it on the Resistance movement as a renovator of French public life, this semblance has ceased to operate. Every party, every group, every fraction in the National Assembly and every "lobby" in the wings of that great stage, fights openly for its own hand. This is

the explanation of the Versailles likeness to a pack of wolves: it was a symptom of the degeneration of French politics.

One means and one alone can reverse the downward path: a revision of the constitution. This has been publicly and repeatedly recognised by virtually every political writer and thinker in France. It has become a truism that, to save French politics from disaster, the constitution must be changed. But the truth in this truism cuts far deeper than most French or Englishmen realise. Yet on the recognition of this, and on the hope of vigorous action in a conjuncture of exceptional complexity, depends perhaps the existence of the French Republic and even the continued force of the vital qualities so much admired by us in the French nation. And this is no more than has been said by some of the clearest minded of French writers and speakers today. The salvation of France from anarchy, or perhaps from servitude, is the stake on the board a glimpse of the players round which was given to the world by the show—for no other word will do—of the latest Congress at Versailles.

JOHN POLLOCK.

THE SUDAN ELECTIONS

THE National Unionist Party, desiring a "link" with Egypt, has won. One comment that can be made is that this result shows up the unrealistic attitude that has characterised the Sudan Political Service, particularly in recent years. Until a few weeks before the election the politicians still spoke confidently of an Umma (Independence) victory. Today they refer to Egyptian pressure and propaganda as the agents which produced a result which does not reflect the true state of Sudanese opinion, and they bemoan the "betrayal" of the Sudanese. But Egyptian influence emphasised at most a result which all but the Political Service expected. The Sudan Government expatriate officials are fairly sharply divided into two groups—the small but influential administrative group and a much larger, psychologically disparate and comparatively uninfluential group which I shall refer to *en bloc* as technicians. (They include engineers, agriculturists, teachers, doctors and members of other specialised professions.) By "influence" I mean the kind of influence exerted by public relations and administrative organs, with particular reference to high-level opinion in the United Kingdom.

The Political Service has been dominant in the Sudan since Kitchener's conquest, and it is only in recent years that this dominance has been challenged. The first task that faced administrators in the Sudan was the creation of law and order and the introduction of a trusted judicial system. This was done, and well done, and the administration has been widely praised for it. The trust of the native population was won by honest and dependable government. But the administration failed to take the next step wholeheartedly enough, or even, it seemed at times, to recognise that a next step was required. This was, having ensured the pacification of the country, to develop its economic and technological resources. To put it brutally, the Political Service was required to commit suicide by degrees. It is probably too much to expect such disinterested action from any body

of men. The technicians were slow in arriving, the development plans were too frequently shelved. When at last the administration realised what had to be done, and made hurried plans and appointments accordingly, it was too late. They had lost the trust of the more thoughtful Sudanese. Briefly, an irrigation engineer has been of much greater value to the Sudan than a British District Commissioner ever since about 1930. The Political Service resisted this valuation and are now being driven out by a people whom they imagined regarded them as indispensable.

The letters S.G. stands for Sudan Government but could be interpreted without malice as Smug Government. The smugness has been noticed and commented upon frequently by independent visitors to the Sudan and it has been recorded in many books and newspaper articles. The administration has been too confident of its own popularity, which was at one time real and well-earned. But there has been a mental stasis in the administrative mind over the last twenty years and the Sudan of its imagination no longer exists. The politicians long nostalgically for the old trekking and riding days when they were the benevolent fathers of primitive tribesmen. They dislike the semi-educated town product (a man must be semi-educated before he can become fully educated) and dismiss him as an agitator without influence. The technicians, unhampered by memories of a pastoral Golden Age and working in close contact with Sudanese officials who, whatever their capacities, will inevitably be the leaders of the new nation, never expected anything but a N.U.P. victory. This is one lesson of the Sudan elections, though it has been learnt too late so far as the Sudan is concerned.

My main purpose in referring to this characteristic of the Political Service is to explain that the N.U.P. victory was not solely or even predominantly the result of Egyptian pressure. The failure of the administration to follow up pacification and justice with economic and technical development is at least equally responsible. Technicians should have been sent to the Sudan in large numbers over twenty years ago; in fact, this policy was not adopted until after the last war. But in the meantime a new class of Sudanese had grown up, more sophisticated than their fathers, semi-educated and distrustful of the "coloniser." After fifty-five years of British rule they knew that there were practically no good roads. They knew that if they crossed the border into Eritrea they would find a built-up road, tarred for more than half its length, spanning the country from Tessenei to Massawa. The purpose of this road had been military, but you could not hide from the Sudanese the fact that it also had great commercial value. Khartoum, the capital city of the Sudan, still disposes of its human waste products by buckets and stinking camel carts. The administration is rightly proud of the Gezira cotton scheme, but the urban Sudanese tends to regard it as an adjunct to the Lancashire mills rather than the kingpin of his own economy. If you point out the latter he will say that it is a typical imperialist trick to make a country's economy dependent on the exploiter's needs. This is unjust, of course, but it is an administrator's job to take such sensitivity into account. What the Sudanese has really been saying is, "If only the Government had sponsored a scheme which was not so obviously to the advantage of the British economy, we would have been more impressed." The administration

has been too prone to rest on its laurels and to admire its own achievements, assuming gratitude which is obtained easily enough from the Umma politicians with whom it collaborated.

In fact, the Sudan Government never succeeded in coming to terms with the new class of Sudanese official whom it had helped to create. It showed a serious lack of imagination in its approach to this stratum of the population. They were mostly young men, almost entirely employed by the Government, and included students at Gordon College and the secondary schoolboys (who are usually of what would be regarded in Europe as student age and who have considerable influence because of the scarcity of higher education.) For the most part they are immensely ignorant of the outer world and this results in stupendous paradoxes and contradictions. For instance, they like to think of themselves as "advanced" but at times feel a psychological compulsion to dismiss the British as "backward." Anti-British feeling among this group is unrealistic and unjust and is fed on lies and rumours which are eagerly believed—but the injustice does not detract from the intensity of the feeling.

The class background of the Political Service is largely responsible for its ineptness in dealing with this problem. The Political Service has been mainly recruited from Oxford and Cambridge. When they were dealing with the primitive and the uneducated they found the relationship familiar. It was the relationship between the country house (more often the parsonage) and the village which they had known at home. They could also come to terms with the highly educated, as they had done in their clubs and common rooms. But there were no highly educated Sudanese. In order to create them it was at first necessary to take them through the stage of semi-education, the stage of the Council schoolboy in England. It was just this large bloc of the lower middle class and upper working class that the rulers had failed to appease or satisfy at home. It was therefore not surprising that they should find it equally difficult to come to terms with a similar class when it came into existence in the Sudan. There is no doubt that the Sudan Government has been very reluctant to encourage the growth of higher education. Even today there are only four Government secondary schools for boys and one for girls, catering for a population of about nine millions. There are also two "National" secondary schools for boys and a few foreign foundations. The products of these schools believe that "getting rid of the British" will bring the millennium, just as early English socialists believed that the elimination of capitalist proprietors would lead to the same goal.

During the recent elections many British journalists were shocked by the idea of even attempting to introduce modern democratic machinery into the South. They used words such as "farce" and "parody," and made much of Southern nakedness, illiteracy and ignorance. In harmony with the local administration they announced that the British Government had betrayed the South and the "admirable" or "brilliant" or "self-sacrificing" (they were very free with their adjectives) men who had worked for the South. This was not very clever of them. In fact, it played straight into the hands of the Egyptians and those Sudanese who at least pretended to be pro-Egyptian. Why is the South backward? they asked. Is not it true that the British feel that it is much easier to control

a primitive people than a sophisticated one? They maintained that the South had been deliberately kept as a reserve for British power-interests. Two years ago an Egyptian magazine published an article entitled "South Sudan—After Fifty Years of British Imperialism," complete with pictures of naked warriors. We know that they would probably have been just as naked under Egyptian rule, but this cuts no ice with anyone except a Sudan Government official on the defensive.

The problem of the development of primitive areas is an extremely delicate one. The activities of missionaries who taught tribesmen to wear trousers, and traders who taught them to drink hooch, led to a public outcry for the preservation of native cultural patterns. The Sudan Government has leant over backwards to satisfy this demand. It is very likely that the naked Nuer of today is much happier than his clothed son of tomorrow will ever be, but political considerations will never allow him to stay as he is. We may not like admitting this, but it is useless to dismiss political pressures. They are as real as cultural patterns, and in some cases (such as this one) much stronger. If the British will not clothe the Southerner they must make way for someone who will. It is distasteful to regard the Southerner as a pawn in someone else's political struggle, but that is just what he is bound to be. The dice are loaded against the sympathetic anthropologist because, when the majority of the human race are clothed, it is practically impossible to persuade a naked man that he ought to remain unclothed. I have concentrated on the circumstances that helped to bring the N.U.P. to power because they have scarcely been mentioned in the British press. On the contrary, far too much attention has been paid to Egyptian pressure in an attempt to explain away the failure of the Independence parties tacitly favoured by the British.

Now I come to the resultant situation which has received more publicity. There is no doubt that the parties are extremely fluid in their composition. They are divided less by political principle than by sectarian differences, although it is now obvious that many of the Ansar did not vote as they were expected to. The political issue was Independence or an Egyptian connection. It was represented by press and politicians as a struggle between Egyptian or British dominance, and none of the disclaimers of the Umma Party that they were as much opposed to British influence as to Egyptian had much success. The fact remained that many Umma politicians had collaborated with the British administration. But it would be very unwise to suppose that all the successful candidates who have adopted the N.U.P. label are genuinely desirous of a close link with Egypt. Labels were often adopted as vote-catching tactics, though few went to the extreme of one candidate who changed his party three times in not many more weeks. The Northern Sudanese wishes to evict the British as quickly as possible. He believes that this can best be done by making a preliminary alliance with the Egyptians. Then he imagines he will be strong enough to discard the Egyptians. Already N.U.P. leaders are stating that "union" with Egypt may actually be no more than a "link." It is quite likely that the new government will begin its life favouring some kind of union and that after three years it will stand solidly for independence. So far the Egyptians have not shown much subtlety in their methods.

Many English people must be wondering why, if the Sudanese really

want independence, they do not support the independence party. This is largely due to the historical accident that the patron of the Umma Party is Sayed Abdel Rahman El Mahdi, son of the man who drove the Egyptians from the Sudan and set up a personal régime. The Sudanese have a long memory where the Mahdiya is concerned. No statement by S.A.R. will convince the Sudanese that he will not set up a personal monarchy if his party succeeds. He may send his sons to Europe for their education and drive through Omdurman in a Rolls-Royce, but to the average Sudanese he is still a symbol of mediaeval terror.

I do not wish to minimise the effect of Egyptian interference, only to give it a true valuation. Hundreds perhaps thousands of Sudanese in Egyptian Government employ were given special paid leave (they had had their normal annual leave already) to return to their homes where they might act as a Fifth Column. The Umma Party alleged that they would have had to return their salaries and wages for this period if the pro-Egyptian party had been unsuccessful. Important Egyptian Officials chose this moment to transfer their activities to Khartoum and to distribute *largesse* to Sudanese schools and religious foundations. President Neguib toured the Southern border of Egypt and over one thousand Sudanese crossed it to acclaim him. Incidentally, this trip was the occasion for one of those crude Egyptian actions that has been typical of their campaign and cannot have passed unnoticed by thoughtful Sudanese, though a period of gestation may be required: Neguib suggested a rectification of the frontier to the advantage of Egypt.

The Electoral Commission has been highly praised for its conduct, but it would have had to have been guilty of some flagrant act of injustice or omission to have been treated otherwise. It rejected Egyptian charges of British pressure or intervention, though once the evidence had been examined it was obvious that it could not have upheld them. There were a few technical offences, but it is quite clear that the British administration behaved with extreme impartiality. These minor offences could not have influenced the result in a single constituency, yet Neguib's tourists (and the Egyptian Irrigation Department's launches) may have had a strong effect on the choice of many voters. Presumably no one had the power to prevent their coming or the distribution of money for ostensibly non-political purposes, but the Electoral Commission would not have been at fault if it had stated that such practices did not inspire confidence in the avowed impartiality of the Egyptian Government.

Everyone has now heard of the colours and symbols used in the Southern elections. Press reporters have pointed out the dangers of this system, deriving from preference for a particular symbol in itself or from colour-blindness. In one constituency there was considerable confusion as a mock election was first held with one set of symbols, which were changed for the election proper, and then two of these symbols had to be changed again at short notice as it was discovered they were unauthorised. A Catholic Father nearly got into trouble for displaying a cock on his motorcycle (a cock was the symbol of the plaintiff's opponent) and had to prove that the bird was the trade-mark of his Italian machine. There was a report that a N.U.P. candidate posed as pro-British among the anti-Arab Nuba.

The Sudan was hustled into a General Election. The British administration and its sympathisers have complained bitterly that their work has been brought to a sudden conclusion before it was complete. As I have tried to show, they must bear a large part of the blame. They entered the country in 1898 on the understanding that they would prepare the Sudanese for self-government. They were leisurely days and the Government proceeded in a leisurely fashion. Now the whole world is in a hurry, but the Sudan Government, snug in its African enclave, scarcely noticed. In 1953 it has been caught unawares. They gave the Sudan peace and a just administration and appeared to think that nothing else was required of them. This is uncomfortably true of their Southern policy. With the independence of Libya as a warning an alert politician should have known that the Sudan would not remain quiet. It is useless to complain that they were unprepared.

As for the Sudanese, a much more responsible note has been struck in their newspapers, even before the elections were completed, than had been heard before. Editors began to point out that they would not be able to blame foreigners for their own shortcomings much longer. They pointed out that none of the parties had a concrete policy and that no country can exist on patriotic sentiments alone. One paper even stated that the promises made by the parties could not be carried out anywhere in the world in a thousand years, let alone three. The Sudanese will have three years to think their problems over, and the question that dwarfs all others and must be answered is this: shall we control our own Nile waters or shall we risk Egyptian "partnership"? Prophecy is always risky but always enticing. My own feeling is that Ismael Azhari, N.U.P. leader and the probable first Prime Minister of the Sudan, will be overthrown and the Sudanese will reject even an Egyptian "link."

Khartum.

OBSERVER.

TESTING-TIME IN INDO-CHINA

IN recent months the political scene in Viet Nam has been dominated by a series of momentous developments. One of the most significant was a statement made by the rebel leader Ho-Chi-Minh in answer to a questionnaire sent to him by a correspondent of the Swedish paper "Expressen", in which it appeared on November 29th. In this Ho-Chi-Minh said *inter alia* that if the French government wished to start negotiations for an armistice and a settlement of the problem of Viet Nam his government was ready to consider the French proposals. This sudden announcement by the President of the "Democratic Republic of Viet Nam" was notable for three main reasons. First; it was indeed a new departure for Ho-Chi-Minh to answer questions submitted by a correspondent of a non-Communist paper and a Liberal daily at that. Secondly; it was in the best Communist tradition to use a press correspondent as the most suitable medium for conveying peace proposals. Thirdly; the tone of moderation and sweet reasonableness was in strange contrast to the militant messages of Viet Minh propaganda in previous months which rejected any alternative to military victory as wholly unacceptable.

Although no one knew at first what weight to attach to this peace offer the effect it produced was that of a world-wide sensation. But whereas in Paris official reaction was one of extreme scepticism in Viet Nam it was one of extreme alarm. And for good reason. It was not the first time that such a "trial balloon" had been released by the Communist powers and this particular one seemed to link up with what "Expressen" aptly described as "the peace cooings of Moscow". Could such an offer be taken at its face value? If so, what would be the price of a cease-fire? These were the questions asked by Nationalist opinion which was quick to point out that direct negotiations between France and Ho-Chi-Minh would mean the liquidation of all non-Communist-controlled parties as well as all those who for years had advocated cooperation with France. What (so it was asked) lay behind these proposals but a trap to secure by political bargaining what could not be obtained by action in the field?

Any fears the Nationalists might have entertained on this score proved illusory. The French government lost no time in making it quite clear that no talks could be held without the national governments of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia. Furthermore, Ho-Chi-Minh's professed readiness to negotiate was the more suspicious for coming hard on the heels of a serious crisis in Franco-Vietnamese relations. Though no irreparable damage was done the strained relationship produced a stock of surprises for both sides that gave rise to considerable resentment and mutual recriminations. The chief cause of the trouble was the meeting in Saigon in mid-October of a Vietnamese National Congress at which a resolution was passed recommending the withdrawal of Viet Nam from the French Union and a constitutional link based on nothing more binding than a bi-lateral treaty. The terms of this resolution aroused a storm of protests in France which was not allayed by a subsequent alteration in the wording to "... Viet Nam should terminate her membership of the French Union in its present form". When a week later a debate on Indo-China took place in the French National Assembly speakers from all parties combined in demanding an early end of the war and ex-Premier Daladier summed up the mood of the House in stating: "The Americans offered peace in Korea; why should not the French in Indo-China?" With feeling running high in press and Parliament the French government brought matters to a head by presenting Emperor Bao Dai and his government with a Note demanding an unequivocal answer as to whether Viet Nam wished to stay in the French Union. To this the Vietnamese government replied in another Note which simply stated what everybody already knew—that Viet Nam wanted her membership of the French Union to be that of a fully independent and sovereign state on an equal footing with France. In exchange for such a status Viet Nam was willing to accept French direction of the war on her territory as a matter of military necessity. These terms are in fact more complicated than would appear at first sight for they involve nothing less than the overhaul of the 1946 concept of the French Union which confers on the French government the right of assuming the direction of policy and the defence of the Union as a whole. It is not hard to see why such a concept should be unpalatable to the Nationalists of present-day Viet Nam. Fresh talks on this vexed question and the related problems arising from it are in the

offing. These talks should afford both sides an opportunity of working out a solution to end all temporary solutions. What such a final solution will be the next few months will tell.

So much for the political side of the problem. Now for its military aspect. That the military situation is still serious no one would dispute. The existing order of battle of Viet Minh's army is the equivalent of nine divisions; for the most part Chinese-trained, using equipment of Chinese, Soviet and Czechoslovak manufacture and possessing considerable mobility. On the Franco-Vietnamese side operations so far have been conducted in conformity with the "Navarre Plan", so named after General Henri Navarre, C-in-C. Indo-China. A former cavalry officer with a distinguished record in both World Wars, General Navarre's dictum has been throughout "attack is the best form of defence". Originally, the primary aim of his plan was to forestall a rebel offensive by taking the initiative himself as soon as the monsoon rains were over. In mid-October he launched "Operation Gull" in the borderland between North and Central Viet Nam. This he followed up a month later by "Operation Beaver" the object of which was the recapture of the Thai Country in North-Western Tongking. Successful though they were both these attacks were only two in a series of offensive operations none of which ever involved anything like the bulk of the rebel army. For that reason alone it was only to be expected that the Commander-in-Chief of the Viet Minh, General Vo Nguyen Giap, would stage a "come-back" sooner or later. On Christmas Eve came the Viet Minh counter-blow. A division-and-a-half of the rebels regular army swept from Central Viet Nam into Laos advancing at lightning speed right across that state as far as the Siamese border. In three days Indo-China had been cut in two at its narrowest point. The real object of this spectacular offensive was not quite clear unless it was planned to force the French High Command to fritter away its strength by seeking to be strong everywhere at the same time. Where the next major move of General Giap will be is still a matter of conjecture. The Viet Minh Commander may decide to complete his conquest of Laos, or, alternatively, undertake a diversionary drive into Cambodia. What is quite certain is that the next few months will produce a decision one way or the other if not in the political arena at least on the battlefield.

Under the Navarre Plan the national armies of the Associated States have been given a larger share of operational responsibility so as to relieve the French Expeditionary Corps for offensive action. The main task of static defence has been entrusted to the national army of Viet Nam which in the past twelve months has increased its strength through the addition of 56 special Commando-Battalions. Numerically, that army is now 200,000 strong; a figure which it is proposed to raise again by half before the end of the year. Besides the Land Forces the state of Viet Nam is also developing a Navy and an Air Force as well as an armaments industry capable of meeting the requirements of the Services in light equipment. The build-up of the national Vietnamese army was given an added impetus last Autumn when the National Security Council of the United States recommended a special appropriation of \$350 million over and above the \$400 million already approved by Congress under the Mutual Security Act. Apart from the psychological effect of this measure on both sides

of the Atlantic its practical significance was that most; if not all, of the cost of training and equipping the new Vietnamese forces will henceforth be borne by the U.S. Treasury.

It is, however, a melancholy truth that for all his tactical successes General Navarre can scarcely hope to inflict a "knock-out" blow on the rebels so long as the latter are backed by China. Whereas his own supplies have to be brought all the way from France and America, the Viet Minh enjoy the sanctuary of their common frontier with China to replenish and reorganise. Constant raids by the French Air Force on the supply routes from China to Tongking have not seriously impeded the flow of aid and equipment which in recent times has reached the rebels in growing quantities. As in Korea, the French Commander-in-Chief Indo-China is faced with the problem of the Yalu River and the Manchurian airfields in a different setting. But unlike Korea, the more favourable military outlook is not reflected in the political situation. How to end the eight-year-old stalemate remains as heretofore an unresolvable dilemma and such expedients as have been tried lead depressingly back to the starting-point. In reality, any genuine attempt at breaking the deadlock would require lifting the whole problem from the somewhat pedestrian plane of military operations on to the level of high diplomacy. Since the Viet Minh are kept in being by China and—to a lesser extent—by the Soviet-Union the end of the conflict depends primarily on whether the Communist powers are willing to discuss a settlement except on their own terms. So far there has been nothing to indicate that in the Communist camp the tide is running in favour of a truce acceptable to all the belligerents concerned. When the UN General Assembly re-convened last September, M. Maurice Schumann, leader of the French delegation, declared that his country was ready for talks with the Communist powers regarding Indo-China. This was followed by a series of similar pronouncements by responsible political leaders in France culminating in a statement by the then Prime Minister Laniel in the Council of the Republic on November 12th, that "the French government did not regard the problem of Indo-China as one that need necessarily receive a military solution". The reaction of the Communist powers was at first demonstratively discouraging. It was left to the Viet Minh radio to broadcast a downright rejection of the French offer together with an appeal by Ho-Chi-Minh for still greater efforts "as the road ahead would be long and stony". Then, with a consummate sense of timing came one of those spectacular reversals of Communist policy. Six days before the opening of the Bermuda conference the Swedish paper "Expressen" appeared with Ho-Chi-Minh's "let's-talk-peace" interview—a last-minute attempt to sow further discord between the Western powers in their approach to Far-Eastern complexities.

So far as France is concerned the mood of the moment is unmistakably one for winding up the war as soon as possible and the return home of the twelve French divisions bottled-up in Indo-China. Now that the transfer of power to the Associated States is proceeding apace the French plan is to reduce France's military contribution to the proportions of a "junior partner". The short-term prospect of German rearmament and the contingency of an American "peripheral" strategy have lent a new urgency

to the matter. Politically, it should by now be patently clear that only unconditional independence with a status modelled on that of India within the Commonwealth will keep Viet Nam in the French Union. The Vietnamese case rests on the premise that relations between Viet Nam and France be based on mutual friendship rather than legal documents. The ideal of independence has worked for too long like leaven in the minds of the Vietnamese to be sidetracked by palliatives or such conventional policies as the "modus vivendi" or the "status quo". The Declaration of Independence of July 3rd whereby France recognised the sovereignty of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia was a bold move in the right direction. It goes without saying that the novel concept of a genuine partnership free from "hangovers" of the colonial era will take time to find its own level. As for the truce overtures of Ho-Chi-Minh nothing more concrete has so far emerged from the original offer which suggested direct talks between France and the "Democratic Republic of Viet Nam". This in practice meant ignoring the very existence of the Associated States. France on the other hand is committed to enter into no negotiations without prior consultation of, and in agreement with those states. In other words, Ho-Chi-Minh's offer was tantamount to an invitation to France to repudiate her partners and an invitation to the Associated States to commit political suicide.

DAVID INGBER.

AN AUSTRIAN DIARY

JOSEF REDLICH was one of the very few Austrians in recent years who had international prestige and importance. Nobody could resist the charm of a conversation with a man who could equally teach and fascinate every listener. He was born at the frontier of Lower Austria and Moravia near the most fertile and beautiful part of this country. Here Sonnenfels was born, the son of a Jewish Rabbi who helped to abolish torture in Maria Theresa's time. Here in Moravia was the cradle of the best of Austrian politicians who fostered the spirit of compromise which made it possible at least in this part of the Empire to reach a real understanding between the Czech and the German element. Here at Goeding, at one of the Redlich family's country places, lived President Masaryk during part of his youth. Redlich inherited from his parents the clear views about economic subjects and the spirit of humanity with which he was imbued but not his fantastic versatility. How many British Members of Parliament know that the most reliable work on the procedure of the House of Commons was written by him? Together with the late Francis Hirst he also made a thorough analysis of English local government. A small but extremely valuable volume about the American Test Case System, an almost classical history of the Austro-Hungarian conflicts before and during the constitutional crisis in the sixties, an important if not altogether satisfactory biography of Franz Josef—these are the milestones of his academic progress which led him to be Honorary Professor in the Law School of Harvard University.

Redlich also found time and strength to devote a great part of his life to politics. Elected member of the Reichsrat he immediately rose above the average by his versatility and grasp of facts and an eloquence which held the Chamber spellbound for hours. I remember a speech about the necessity of a radical reform of the Administration, where nearly every sentence created laughter or cheers, when he gave practical instances of the bureaucratic backwardness of many officials. It was a grand display of vigour, experience and of the talent *ridendo dicere verum*, to tell the truth with good humour. Was the Austrian Government unconscious of these gifts? Did it never occur to them that here was a President of an Academy of Science, or an Ambassador for England or America, or a Minister of Education? When he became Minister of Finance for two weeks in 1918 he could only save the impoverished First Republic of Austria in releasing—against the law—one milliard schillings; and when he reached a second time the goal of his ambition he only could mitigate the crushing effects of the world crisis of the thirties.

The diaries of such a man—a walking Encyclopedia as many called him—must arouse considerable attention. Except the very one-sided writings of Conrad von Hoetzendorf, the Chief of Staff, we have very few reliable eyewitness accounts of the most decisive period of Austro-Hungary's "Decline and Fall." And even Redlich's diary is necessarily more a series of an impressionist sketches than real history. His position in Austrian politics was that of an outsider, for he did not really belong to a party or a group. He feels the most genuine contempt for the Babbitts of the "deutschnationaler Verband" to which he nevertheless adhered. He was a liberal in all his character and leanings, but the diary is full of vituperation against the liberal press, though he understood fully the "unique strength and intelligence" of my father, the Editor of the *Neue Freie Presse*. There were suggestions that he should educate his party whose president was the "admirable" Mr. Dobernig. "What do these people believe?" writes Redlich scornfully in answer; "that I should cope with this set of local 'celebrities' and know nothing? I would greatly prefer to write a book about Alexander Hamilton than to deal with loathsome political intrigues."

Redlich was too deeply involved in this hated political game to be able to return to his real vocation. He endorsed Count Aehrenthal's annexation of Bosnia, though he must have known that this was the greatest error Austria could commit: to create suspicion everywhere, to irritate Turkey, Serbia, Russia, England and even Germany without any material gain except a certain moral elation. According to the opinion of people who were thoroughly acquainted with Aehrenthal's ideas, the purpose of the annexation was to convince Russia that she had to deal with Austria-Hungary directly, not only, as was often the case, with Germany as an intermediary. Nothing was so much against Aehrenthal's intentions as the German ultimatum to St. Petersburg which brought Berlin into the forefront of the battle. Except Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who hated Aehrenthal because he had vetoed a preventive war against Italy as Conrad wanted, nobody was so dangerous for Aehrenthal as the German Ambassador, Tschirschky, with his "meddlings". Redlich, who was in close contact with Wickham Steed, knew that King Edward had called Aehrenthal

"a little slippery." He knew perhaps that his last word had not been spoken, and that the tragic death of this in many respects eminent statesman was the more tragic because it prevented him from turning a new leaf in Austro-Hungarian policy. I who lived through this crisis as a young and inexperienced journalist believed and still believe that the only means to Austria-Hungary's salvation was to assert with all necessary consideration her independence of Germany, especially regarding the conflict with England which meant a fundamental change in the meaning and purport of the Triple Alliance. A policy of democratic reforms in Hungary, a compromise between Germans and Czechs in Bohemia, and a reform of the totally unprepared and badly led army would have consolidated the Empire much more than spectacular "actions" with no result.

Redlich visited Aehrenthal as he lay on his deathbed and was moved to tears by his Socratic serenity and resignation. He sees clearly the superficiality of Berchtold and his lack of knowledge of international affairs. He deplores the inaction of Prime Ministers like Baron Bienerth or Count Sturgkh, with the evil spirit Sieghardt as a "grey Eminence" and as "Corrupter General." The Emperor is venerable but too old, too unreliable, too much surrounded by his camarilla, too inclined to absolutist methods. The Heir Apparent Franz Ferdinand is a miser, fond of slaughtering innumerable animals. He is governed by hatred against Hungary; with all his obstinacy he lacks real strength of character. In Hungary itself there is feudalism and corruption, an absolute unwillingness to come to terms with the other nationalities.

Such is the general situation which makes Redlich despair about the future of the Monarchy. He concludes that only a total change in the constitution of the Empire, a new division, according to national units, would guarantee the internal peace of the realm, but he fails to describe how this newly constituted federal Empire should function. He probably had the correct feeling that nobody, not even Koerber who criticised very freely the faults of others and gladly forgot his own, was able to force such a tremendous change through four Parliaments. Redlich concludes that only war could save not only the prestige but the very existence of Austria-Hungary. He shouts Hurrah when he gets the news of the very ill-timed departure of the Austrian Minister from Belgrade. He describes all who abhor the idea of an armed conflict as weaklings. He speaks scornfully about the "Friedensgeheul"—the howling for peace—of the liberal press when it protested against the possibility of a war on account of Serbia's occupation of this or that Albanian village. He was soon to learn how little real strength Austria could throw into this struggle, how ill-prepared the army was. Conrad, its commander in General Headquarters, longed in the depth of his soul only to live quietly with his wife in a little place in the Alps.

The account of his visit to General Headquarters after the beginning of the war shows Redlich as a master of description. The precision of his never-failing memory makes this chapter especially attractive. Every reader will also enjoy the report about his journey to Belgrade, suggested by Berchtold, in order to "explore every avenue" to come to terms with Serbia. He describes the thoroughly bad feeling in Bosnia against Hungary. He has a historic interview with Pasitch, who, like all the

functionaries of the Serbian Government, declares that a customs union with Austria-Hungary during the present crisis was impossible. Austria must first give Serbia free access to the Adriatic and a port such as San Giovanni di Medua, and remove the impression of hostility to Serbian aspirations. Then a commercial rapprochement, perhaps even a tariff union, could be contemplated. If no agreement can be reached Serbia will be forced to rely on Russia's help and sympathy. With this declaration the Ballplatz could clearly visualise the situation. Since no Austrian Minister was willing to fulfil the wishes of Pasitch without definitive and comprehensive promises, there was no room for a peaceful understanding.

Redlich is no unbiassed spectator of the political scene. When he speaks of Lueger, the chieftain of the Antisemites, who frequently used terroristic methods against the bourgeois element, he sees only the good and forgets the evil. He even indulges sometimes in the very jargon of Lueger's unworthy followers whom he cordially despises. I do not understand the need to publish such excesses of momentary temper. No doubt Lueger was a genius, but he was also a demagogue who helped, like so many others, to destroy the cultural standards of Austria and especially of Vienna and thus paved the way for the Nazis.

The Monarchy could only have been saved by a policy of steady economic progress, as Koerber had begun it, of higher education, of socially-minded liberalism. Even Redlich, with all his sparkling intelligence and enormous knowledge, was no builder of a New Empire, no author of new ideas to this purpose. His cry for war was an almost inexplicable error of judgment. To wage war was for Austria to commit suicide out of fear of death. The only excuse for this error was the absolute despair in the leading circles of the Monarchy. Of this feeling the diary gives a vivid description. We eagerly await the next volume of this important work which comprises the years from 1915 until the downfall of the Monarchy.

ERNST BENEDIKT.

THE U.S.—GREEK AGREEMENT

GREECE seems to emerge from one disaster after another not only with spirit unbroken, but with the will and an amazing energy to begin all over again. As catastrophies of a major kind have marked every decade of this little country's existence during the past half century, the miracle of her continued survival as an independent, self-governing democracy, is not to be explained only in terms of British and American aid. The secret rather is to be found in a slight adaptation of Odysseus's description of his home island of Ithaka, which suffered in the earthquake: "A harsh land, but a mother of *men*. I can think of no better place." The poverty of Greece, however, which has been with the Greeks since classical times, since merely one-quarter of the soil is cultivable, is not to be taken by the Western democracies, whose populations enjoy a very much higher standard of living, for granted. The formidable and harsh economic problems of Greece, spiritual inspiration of the tripartite military arrangements which are to safeguard the interests of world

democracy in South-eastern Europe, are not for Greece alone, either on a long term or short term view. Under strong Communist pressures, a small country which is sacrificing 48 per cent. of its national income for defensive purposes can hardly be expected to go continually hungry for the sake of an international ideal, however precious freedom may be. It is not that the Greeks would ever willingly accept a Communist regime; the danger is that persistent, eternally unrelieved poverty among the mass of the people might create a political atmosphere in which Communism would inevitably come in full flood to the Boule. Happily, recent events, such as the announced official cut in American aid and the unexpected, additional burdens of the earthquakes in the Ionian Isles, the economic barometer appears to be set fair at last for the ultimate realisation of the dream of Greece's patriotic Premier, Field-Marshal Papagos, that Greece shall stand eventually on her own feet.

Outstanding and most significant event—"the most important step in the history of the new Greece," to quote the Greek Premier himself—which occurred towards the end of the old year, was the agreement signed under Article 3 of the North Atlantic Treaty allowing American forces to use Greek air and naval bases. Behind the bare statement of the purpose of the agreement, which is to last until 1969, that "the United States will improve and use jointly with the Greek Government certain air bases and naval facilities, and develop Greek roads and railways," is the assured, immediate prospect of work for a long time for thousands of Greece's unemployed, for whom there seemed no future but emigration. With the "unparalleled security conditions born for Greece from the bilateral pact," as seen by Field-Marshal Papagos, the Greek Foreign Minister, Mr. Stefanopoulos, has the approval of the majority of Greeks in saying that Greece would benefit considerably from the large American funds to be spent in the country. For as the Greeks, excepting the Communists, see it, America will be merely taking over part of the heavy financial burden for Western defence which the Greeks, by maintaining an Army of a size far beyond their capacity to support, have hitherto had to bear themselves. The treaty provides for the establishment of an integrated force under centralised control and command, and one may expect that very substantial American armed personnel will ensconce themselves on the Greek countryside, thus enabling a fair proportion of the Greek troops to be demobilised.

The Greek reply to the inevitable Soviet protest was irresistible: that the treaty is simply the implementation of her North Atlantic commitments, based on collective security, and that since the military clauses of the Peace Treaties were being flagrantly violated by former enemy Balkan States, Greece did not intend to relax her defensive vigilance. Greece's sole concern, the Kremlin was told, was to recover from the effects of the last war, which for her did not end until 1949. While thousands of Greeks are to be given the opportunity of earning their own bread and butter, and helping their country back to prosperity, leaning less and less on American aid, which only touched the fringe of Greece's economic problems so far as the unemployed were concerned, the United States regards the treaty as fresh, new Allied strength poised against Russia's south-western flank, and constituting one of the strongest deterrents to

Soviet aggression. That Russia is gravely perturbed at the turn of events, which brings her greatest potential enemy virtually to her own door—the new pact will put American bombers on permanent fields only 1,400 miles from Moscow, 900 miles from Kiev, and 700 from Odessa—it is almost unnecessary to stress. And in turning from the international military picture as it affects Greece, neither the Soviet Union nor her satellites who are Greece's neighbours can derive any comfort from the Greek domestic scene. If the wings of Bulgaria's superior air power (not to mention those of Hungary and Rumania) have literally been clipped overnight by the American—Greek Pact, latent Greek Communism has received a severe setback in the striking progress made towards economic and financial stability since the Greek Rally Party of Field-Marshal Papagos came into power little more than a year ago, and which has enabled the Premier to say confidently, "We are laying the foundations for a great and peaceful revolution." A balanced Budget, a novelty in Greece, has been achieved, and the total of something more than £100,000,000 will show a surplus of £3,000,000, which, small by British dimensions, at least shows that the Government is in earnest.

Though drastic economies have been effected, taxation more firmly imposed on those best able to bear it, and 5,000 civil servants dismissed, the Government have immense obstacles to surmount if the masses of Greece's needy poor are to be decently fed and housed before the long term and ambitious industrial and agricultural projects have got under way. The patriotic Greek is a long suffering individual, but he has also a volatile political hunch for getting things done, and as the Greek Rally draws much of its support from the workers (although dubbed Right Wing), E.D.A., the extreme Left, might conceivably enjoy a considerable access of strength at the next General Election were the contrast between the ostentatious wealth of a comparatively small minority and the hardships of a great part of the population to be perpetuated. Strangers to Athens open their eyes at the building of luxury flats after they have seen something of the squalor of the Piraeus and read that 45,000 repatriated refugee families in the northern provinces have had to face another winter without a home. Many who have no friends with whom to live have had to shelter in mountain caves, old army tents, and disused Communist pillboxes.

Yet it is not criticism which the Greek Government merits at this hour, but sympathy—and the generous and unremitting help of the West. And the critics would do well to remember what Greek Governments had already done up to the new and overwhelming disaster of the Ionian Isles. In the repatriation of 700,000 refugees, the rebuilding of their villages, and the restoring of their agricultural economy—almost to pre-war levels—£10 million in local currency and the equivalent of 15 million dollars was spent, a large part of which came from American aid. By last autumn 170,000 houses of refugees had been restored at a cost of £14,300,000. The good work goes on, but Britain will have to play a much bigger part than she is doing at present if her own interests in the Greek strategic area and the Mediterranean are to be preserved. A gift in kind of £250,000 to the stricken Ionian Isles does not solve Greece's colossal economic problems; along with the revival of her agricultural

economy, Greece urgently requires export trade. The old pre-war balance of trade as between Greece and Great Britain simply won't do—not if Greece is to be the focal point in the collapse of Russia's satellite empire, as predicted by Mr. John Foster Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State. In that pre-war trade, Greece's annual trade with the British Empire amounted to a grand total of £8,250,000, against a total of Empire payments to Greece of only £1,920,000. Actually, the value of exports from Greece to the United Kingdom amounted to only £1,650,000.

Fortunately there are some fairly reliable pointers that Britain does not intend to see her political influence and prestige decline to vanishing point in Greece, where America now fills the role of chief patron, and where Russia has now entered the economic field, and is earnestly fostering better relations. A trade agreement for the exchange of 20,000,000 dollars worth of goods has been signed by Greece and the Soviet Union, and as a further gesture of good will a party of Greek M.P.s, journalists, artists and men of letters has visited Russia as guests of the Moscow Government. Greece has a very capable and energetic Minister of Co-ordination in Mr. Spyros Markezinis, and during his recent economic Odyssey extending through London, Paris, Rome and Washington, he met with a very cordial reception from the British Government, and seemed entirely satisfied with the promises made on the score of mutual trade. Greece's two principal exports are currants and tobacco, and if Britain can foster a wider taste for oriental tobacco, it will, of course, mean a saving of dollars expended on Virginian leaf. There is a ready market for currants and olives, and trade will be further facilitated as a result of Greece having been credited by the United Kingdom with a sum of 8,000,000 dollars which will be used for the import of various British commodities. Apart from trade, however, and the re-building of the Greek economy, Great Britain, still a very wealthy country, should take a generous share in the reconstruction of Greece and the Ionian Isles. Britain's historic position is under severe strain in Greece at present, particularly over the vexed issue of Cyprus, and in the economic sphere one cannot resist the thought that good will would be immeasurably strengthened if Great Britain were to cede the sovereignty of this purely Greek and extremely fertile island to Greece. There is good agricultural land in Cyprus's 3,600 acres, and although it has often been argued from the British standpoint that the Cypriots are far better off within the British Commonwealth than "poor Greece," the fact is that poor Greece would benefit considerably in nurture and the additional source of commodities for export which union would bring. There is an attractive range of agricultural products from the soil of Cyprus, including citrus and other fruit and wines, and it is ironical that in an island where the wages of the peasants are still very low and the farmers' profits small, these goods come on the English market at cheap "Empire preference" prices, whereas Middle Eastern countries, and especially Israeli, are willing to pay three times the prices at which the goods are exported to the United Kingdom and empire countries. Cyprus would be a substantial gain to the Greek national economy.

Sir Winston Churchill's view that the fundamental policy of the Soviet Union may have been changed by the death of Stalin seems to be reflected

in the political and economic re-orientation which is taking place in the Balkans, and which, if Russia is sincere, must be accepted as a good augury for the peace of the world. Russia's new and friendly approach to Greece has been followed by the surprising Bulgarian demarche to Athens, culminating in a trade pact, which is almost certain to contain conditions that Bulgaria shall honour the indemnity inflicted on her at the Peace Settlement, and restore to Greece the cattle pillaged and the railway rolling stock plundered during the war. It is difficult for the Greeks to believe that their hated enemy is sincere, but the Bulgars do not relish the military encirclement by Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey, and the mass of the dour, phlegmatic Bulgarian people are fully aware that the Russian association, far from bringing them economic salvation, has impoverished their country. Moscow promises no relief from the chronic shortages of food, clothing and fuel; on the contrary, Bulgaria continues to export all first class vegetables, fruit, tobacco, and dairy produce to the Soviet Union at low prices, based on a devalued rouble.

The Greek agreement with the United States is the climax to the fears, envy and general discontent of the Balkan satellites since American aid started to flow to Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia. Hungary and Rumania have never been willing appendages of the Soviet Union, and Moscow's hold is likely to grow steadily weaker as Graeco-American co-operation develops, and the military and economic ties of Turkey and Yugoslavia with Greece are strengthened. The Bulgarian move is symptomatic, and it may yet prove to be that the dictates of national trade will pay the way to a better understanding and peace all round. Greece already has trading pacts with Poland and Czechoslovakia, and in her long-term programme of economic development, France, Italy and West Germany are all to play an important part. Under the Bonn agreement, capital goods up to a value of 200 million marks (£17 million approximately) are to go to Greece, and German firms will participate in new Greek industrial projects. Italy, apart from honouring her reparations clauses by means of technical assistance and capital goods, will also provide Greece with credits through private firms. Industrial supplies up to a maximum of 15 million dollars will be provided, but this amount will be increased to 25 million dollars should Italian industry also take a share in the hydro-electric plants planned in Greece. The French Government has undertaken to give Greece credits totalling £5,500,000 for the supply by French industry of equipment and services for the same purpose. When speaking to Press correspondents on the warmth of his reception in France, Mr. Markezinis said: "What has given me particular satisfaction is the fact that Greece's credit abroad has revived after a generation, thanks to the enlightened leadership of Field-Marshal Papagos." The Minister made it clear that whilst the Papagos Government respected Greece's undertakings, the first prerequisite for the servicing of foreign loans must be the recovery of the Greek economy. One of the important measures taken by the Greek Government is a bill which protects foreign capital, and which clearly specifies that machinery and materials imported from abroad shall enjoy the classification of "foreign capital."

Mr. Markezinis is nothing if not enthusiastic. In the programme for land reclamation, electrification, mining and manufacture, much of which

has already been put in hand and financed by American aid, he sees works which will "change the entire face of the country," yield a higher living standard, save millions of dollars, and give employment to thousands. In its financial policy, the Greek Government has so far followed the lines of the report prepared about two years ago by the noted economist, Professor Varvaressos, who, however, emphasised that the main aim must be the early improvement of the standard of living of the poorer classes. Whilst some criticism may have been made justifiably that Mr. Markezinis was putting much more emphasis on long-term projects, the Greek-American agreement should rectify a trend which the professor would deplore. The benefits, as I have indicated, should be immediate.

Greece has performed prodigious feats of reconstruction and rehabilitation, in restoring communications and repairing harbours, and in resettling her uprooted peasants on the land, thus reducing the swollen populations of Athens and Salonika; but immense tasks still remain to be faced. The problems are being tackled with characteristic energy and courage. Professor Varvaressos considered that a very considerable increase of agricultural production was possible—with emphasis on improvement in the diet of the Greek people—and said that improvement in the exchange situation should be sought through an increase in exports. It is heartening, therefore, that Mr. Markezinis was able to report that in 1953 agricultural output had increased by 36.2 per cent. compared with the previous year, and that the adverse balance of trade, which reached a total of 156.9 million dollars for the first ten months of 1952, had been reduced to 103.5 million for the same period last year. Modern American techniques are being applied to coaxing additional production from the Greek soil, and rice and vegetables are being more extensively cultivated. It is one of the regrettable features of the Greek economy as a whole that whilst the Greek Mercantile Marine has been restored to pre-war dimensions, a very high proportion of the vessels run under foreign flags in order to avoid heavy Greek taxation. The Papagos Government has taken steps to alter this state of affairs, as a special provision in the Bill for the protection of foreign investments stipulates that vessels of over 1,500 tons gross registered under the Greek flag shall enjoy all the benefits applicable to foreign investments. The Prime Minister has expressed the hope that Greek-owned vessels under foreign registration will now transfer to the Greek colours and thereby contribute to their country's prosperity.

There is no danger of Greece being "colonised" by America, as foreign and native Communists assert; the Greeks, of all people, will scarcely tolerate undue American influence in Greek domestic affairs, but the great majority of Greeks are deeply indebted to the American people for their help, and Greece, by her efforts and her magnificent stand against Communism, has created a tremendous reservoir of good will in the United States. This was clearly demonstrated during the prolonged tour of the Greek King and Queen last autumn. Although American financial aid to Greece has been cut, the new agreement, as is obvious, will more than meet Greece's immediate needs in the period when existing funds are becoming exhausted. As regards the long-term outlook,

Mr. Markezinis returned from the United States with assurances that Greece's long-term economic programme would be assisted by the creation of "a suitable atmosphere for United States private capital investment," and also of the interest of the International Bank of Reconstruction and Development in future Greek projects. With all the schemes which are being promoted, Greece aims at the decentralisation of government and the delegation of more responsibility to the provinces, where light industries will be established to produce more consumer goods for the people, foster competition and bring down prices.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

ELECTORAL REFORM

IT is easy to slip into the illusion that *now* is the climax of time, the summit of history; and such an illusion seems widespread at present in relation to electoral reform. The achievement of "one man, one vote," the reduction of the franchise to a single qualification, and the unification of constituencies on a single-member basis, have given our electoral system a deceptive appearance of simplicity, and fostered the illusion that electoral reform is a thing complete and finished. But superficial simplicity may conceal major defects, and reform is never final. History continues to unfold, time goes on, and the achievements of yesterday do not cut out the need for further achievements to-day. The defects of our present methods of recording and counting votes are notorious and widely admitted. But by some who should know better they are glossed-over, or quietly ignored; while others, though perturbed by the situation, are at a loss how to cope with it. So nothing is done. Yet from time to time this surface tranquility is disturbed, and the system threatens to land us in disaster. Recent events in South Africa and British Guiana provide disquieting examples. Not all the blame for these ominous affairs can be placed on the electoral system—which closely resembles ours—but in each case that system has returned to power, with no corresponding support in the country, a party determined to use for ends incompatible with democratic ideals, and dangerous to peace and security, the power so acquired. With an electoral system more responsive to the expressed wishes of the voters, South Africa would have had a government of a different party, and British Guiana a government of the same party but with its majority reduced from three-to-one to so narrow a margin as to limit severely its capacity for harm.

Meanwhile conditions over here are far from satisfactory. The political life of the country is embittered by the ambitions and rivalries of great party machines, which seem more concerned to sustain and enhance their own powers than to promote the unity and well-being of the nation. This arises not so much from any evil intentions on the part of those in charge, as because the electoral system offers to big and well-organised parties the glittering prizes of a huge parliamentary majority, the sweets of office, and almost unlimited power and prestige—without the need to earn any corresponding support in the country. Dazzled by these entrancing

prospects, men find it all too easy to equate the success of their party with the good of the nation, and to sacrifice the ideals of the statesman on the altar of party success. Nor is the exaggeration and embitterment of party warfare the only evil product of the system. The concentration of power in the hands of two big party machines that it has brought about, and the stringent disciplinary control that it both necessitates and facilitates, have drastically restricted the opportunities for individual judgement and the candid expression of opinion, even within those two parties. The member of parliament—or of a local authority—is made painfully aware that any serious deviation from the party line, even at the dictate of conscience, endangers his political future. Further, the many electors who find in neither party any satisfaction of their own political ideals and aims are being increasingly deprived of representation, and even of the hope of representation. This suppression of minority opinion is as dangerous as it is unprincipled. To cut off so many citizens from all effective participation in political life, to make them feel that they count for nothing in the counsels of the nation, is to weaken the state, which, in these perilous times, needs all the strength it can muster. It is indeed an illusion to think that electoral reform in this country is now complete. So far from being a thing achieved and perfected, its gravest problems have yet to be tackled; and their solution is of vital importance, not only to the future of this country but also to that of the colonies and dependencies which are in process of achieving self-government.

What then is to be done? The first thing is to recognise the essential distinction between the political aspects of these problems and the technical. On purely political issues some differences of opinion can hardly be avoided, since judgement must depend so largely on what is considered desirable. But many of the problems of electoral reform are of a mainly technical character, and offer little scope for disagreement to informed opinion. Facts are stubborn things; and if we can bring to the light of day those that matter, and get them clear of misunderstanding and misrepresentation, we shall be a long way on the road to the solution of our problems, even those that are more political than technical. All men of goodwill can agree—and indeed should rejoice—to secure the thorough and impartial investigation of the hard facts of the case and the clearing-up of its technical questions; and when this has been done the area of disagreement will have been greatly reduced, since many disputes now are due to an imperfect appreciation of facts and figures. With such misunderstandings out of the way, it should not be difficult to agree on a much wider measure of electoral reform than seems possible at the present moment. What form should such an investigation take? On three occasions in the last forty years, proposals for electoral legislation have been preceded by, and largely based on, the report of a "Speaker's Conference." The first of these conferences was an outstanding success, the second a dismal failure, and the third about fifty-fifty. They were not called, however, primarily for fact-finding purposes—for which indeed they were ill-equipped—but for the reconciliation, as far as might be, of conflicting party interests. The method, as a method, is open to serious objections; but in any case the action of the government in 1948, when it enacted legislation directly contrary to agreed resolutions of the 1944

conference, has, whether justified or not, destroyed the basis on which such conferences were founded.

Other bodies to which questions connected with electoral reform have been referred include the statutory Boundary Commissions and various departmental committees, such as the Vivian Committee and the Carr Committee. But these bodies have been constituted mainly to advise on the detailed execution of schemes already approved in principle by parliament, and their tasks, though exacting and responsible, have been chiefly of a routine character. What is now needed is an investigation of much wider sweep and range, which would be concerned with the factual and technical aspects of issues on which political decisions had yet to be taken. What is required, therefore, is a body of greater scope and more generally authoritative character than any of those mentioned. The happiest solution would be the appointment of a Royal Commission. Such a commission "to enquire into electoral systems" was, in fact, set up in 1908, and reported a year and a half later. But time marches on, and the world of 1954 is very different from that of 1908. The electoral situation to-day bears little resemblance to the situation then, and in the intervening half-century an immense amount of experience and research has become available as the raw material for a new and authoritative investigation. A Royal Commission has the high standing necessary to induce people of first-rate ability to serve on it, and the authority required to secure exhaustive evidence and to give weight to its own findings.

One might hope that the terms of reference would be wide enough to cover the investigation of all the major technical problems connected with the recording and counting of votes, together with the elucidation of the way in which our own and other electoral systems operate in practice, and the effects, desirable or otherwise, that they produce. Finally a study of the methods by which improvements could be brought about, in relation to both parliamentary and local government elections, and both at home and in the colonies and dependencies, would round off a report of incalculable value to all who have at heart the cause of sound democratic government. The final decisions as to what changes, if any, shall be made in the electoral system are clearly political decisions that must be made by parliament; but the commission could supply the full and detailed evidence, and the authoritative comment, that would serve as the basis for the development of informed public opinion, and the enlightened planning of such legislation as might be needed. Perhaps it might be added that, since the commission would necessarily have to consider many matters of a statistical and mathematical nature, it would be desirable that a fair proportion of its members should have the type of mind and the kind of training to enable them to follow technical arguments in that field, and to judge for themselves the validity of the specialist evidence laid before them. The Royal Commission appointed in 1908, distinguished though its members were, seems to have been deficient in this respect: the handicap that this imposed is clearly evident in its report. Let us hope that it may not be long before the necessary Royal Warrant is issued and the commission gets to work. Its labours could be of immense value in securing the orderly solution of a set of problems of far-reaching importance and urgency.

J. F. S. ROSS.

COMMUNISM IN INDIA

COMMUNISM made its presence felt in India after the attainment of Indian Independence. Before that it had to yield place to nationalism. While India was fighting for independence it was possible for the leaders to rally public support round the banner of nationalism. It swept the whole field and all other "isms" had to recede into the background. Besides, the Communists lacked leaders—and even today they do not possess a leader of all-India fame and popularity—a man who could put their views before the public and influence them. The ignorant masses of India—and they are a majority—were under the illusion that as soon as India became independent all their grievances would be rectified and they would be living in an earthly paradise. But soon they realized that independence was something very costly to retain. It solved some of their problems but not all. Partition gave rise to greater problems. So the man in the street hardly finds his position better to-day than it was during the British régime. India's international reputation may have greatly increased recently. This does not matter much to the peasant, for he is more concerned with the problem of his food and clothing. It cannot, however, be denied that the Indian Government is trying its best to solve grave national problems. But the apparent lack of immediate progress is being exploited by the Communists.

Internal Danger: In India there is little external danger from Communism. The Indians are too proud of their hard-won freedom and would do all that is possible to retain it. They will oppose external Communist attacks just as much as they will oppose exploitation by capitalist countries. Besides, India does not have strained relations with any Communist country.

The last Indian elections have shown the danger zones in India. The Communists seem to be most powerful in the extreme north and extreme south. But, perhaps, the most dangerous zone is the north-east, particularly, West Bengal which always provides the brains for these movements and to a certain extent Assam where the Communists are trying to gain some ground among the tea-garden labourers. In India to-day the Communists, comprising mainly the lower middle class, exert more influence over the factory workers—who are more enlightened about world affairs—than over the peasants who are more conservative and ignorant. But unless the present State Governments in India can show good progress within the next few years the Communists will gain a stronger foothold. The main danger, therefore, lies within. Both Mr. Nehru and Dr. Radhakrishnan, the Vice-President of India, have repeatedly exerted that there is, in the world to-day, a revolution in progress which is quite independent of Communism. It is a sort of nationalism which demands drastic economic and political changes. Mr. Nehru observed: "It is no good going to a country in Asia on a stand of Communism or anti-Communism unless it fits in with their problems. You must appear as a liberating force from political or economic distress. Unless there is awareness of these changes in the mind of Asia you will not understand it". So if the Communists can once prove themselves to be "the champions of nationalism and enemies of imperialism" they will

easily win the support of the common man in Asia. Mr. Lester Pearson some time ago reminded us that active support for anti-Communist elements in Communist countries and strong support for any régime which is opposed to Communism is likely to be stigmatized as Western colonialism. He further said that Western Powers should help democratic Asian Governments to build up free and stable institutions which will defeat Communism by doing more for the welfare of the underprivileged and under-nourished millions of the East than Communism can ever hope to do.

Land is the primary question in India to-day. There is a great hunger for land. The man who tills the soil does not own it. He is becoming more and more conscious of his rights. India today is trying to remove the evils of landlordism by constitutional means. The "Bhoodan Movement" (free gift of land) is helping to a certain extent to solve this problem. But after all, it cannot go very far, nor is it expected that the problem will be solved that way. It requires a quick radical change. After some troubles in Himachal Pradesh—one of the danger zones referred to above—the Legislative Assembly (on June 17, 1953) passed the Himachal Pradesh Abolition of Big Landed Estates and Land Reforms Bill, 1953. The Bill seeks to fix a ceiling for owning land up to an area of which the assessed land revenue does not exceed Rs.125 per annum and enables the State Government to acquire all land above this ceiling on payment of suitable compensation in order to distribute it among landless and poor tenants. The measure also seeks to confer proprietary rights in land on occupancy tenants. The maximum rent payable by tenant for any land held by him has been fixed at one-third. The only trouble with constitutional processes is that they take too much time. Besides, the Congress Government has had to face so many other grave problems that it is impossible for them to bring about any drastic changes for this will only aggravate the situation. Therefore, they are left with no alternative but to carry out the land reforms by constitutional means. The progress is further retarded by the lack of Government funds to provide adequate compensation to landlords. The greater, however, the delay, the better for the Communists.

Still there are reasons to believe that India is unlikely to become Communist. It might seem rather strange to our English friends to hear that the Indians, too, are conservative. But it is a fact. They are conservative in their own way. The common man has to be convinced—and it is no easy task—of the necessity of the changes in his way of life. He is more often content with his lot and does not care or know much about the scientific advances of the world. He is more concerned with his spiritual well-being than with his material welfare. Of course, this does not apply to the more educated and more sophisticated Indians who are, as a matter of fact, moulding the future of India. But, nevertheless the common man, who constitutes the backbone of the nation cannot be ignored. And as such he has got to be enlightened about his welfare. The change for the better can be brought about by democratic means while there is still time to influence his views and convince him that democracy is the right means to the end—progress. Indians believe in change by evolution whereas mostly Communists believe in change by

revolution. Time is one of the prime factors.

Great changes must be brought about in the life of Indians as soon as humanly possible. It is only then that they can be convinced that progress is possible by democratic means. Otherwise the Communists can point to them the case of China. It is a different question whether or not the Chinese are now in a better position. The Communist victory in China is surely being put before them as an ideal. The Indian peasant is a drowning man and he will catch even at a straw. It is late but not too late to tell him and show him that progress is possible by evolution. Then there is religion. Mr. Dulles after his visit to India remarked: "On the basis of our observation it seems that the religious view held by the people of India already constitute a great barrier to Communism." It is a mistake to think that Hinduism—the main religion in India—is stagnant or dying. Hinduism, one of the oldest religions of the world, has never died. It has had several resurrections and remained a living, moving force. It does not quite accommodate Communism. The Indian Communists have done nothing noteworthy to better the lot of the Indian peasant or worker. All that they have so far succeeded in doing is raising a few angry mobs here and there and indulging in sabotage.

India's foreign policy has led Western countries to infer that she is "neutral". But Dr. Radhakrishnan has lately been trying to point out that it is a policy of non-involvement and not isolationism. "We believe that our non-involvement may increase our usefulness in the work of reconciliation. It gives us freedom and flexibility in our foreign policy." Mr. Nehru has time and again given a similar interpretation of India's foreign policy. Such a policy also gives India a fair chance to go forward with internal developments. The Indians can assure their Western friends that they believe in democracy and progress by democratic means. But if, to attain their goal, they are offered help from any country—Britain, the United States or Russia—they will gladly accept it. It is most unlikely that the Communists will dissociate their help from the object of spreading Communism. That is why India looks to the Western democracies for their aid.

Although the Indian Planning Commission while drawing up India's Five-Year Plan stated that most of the funds will be provided by India herself, it is not quite possible for India to bear the burdens alone. For this reason India seeks both technical and financial aid from the West. India must not only improve her agriculture but also greatly industrialise. There can hardly be any doubt that in this respect India has much to learn from the Western countries. The Western Powers might ask one question: Is the risk worth taking? The answer is that they cannot show any substantial reason why the risk is not worth taking and why their enterprises will not be rewarded. It will not be too much to say that of all the Western countries it is from Britain that India seeks greatest help. It is no good arguing whether Britain has any moral obligations towards India. Who could foresee during India's struggle for freedom that after independence India would still remain in the British Commonwealth of Nations? But now not only is it a fact that India is a member of the Commonwealth but also that unprecedented good relations exists between Britain and

India and also among the other Commonwealth countries. India does not intend to threaten the West by saying that without their help it will turn Communist. She can hold her own. But Western aid will certainly enhance her progress and help to make her a democratic stronghold. If such help and guidance is forthcoming from the West, particularly from Britain, there is every reason to believe that India, who is intelligently and sincerely trying to achieve real progress, is not likely to "go Communist."

S. MOOKHERJEE.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, THE HOAXER

CHATTERTON has reminded many critics of Keats, in his power of easily changing his voice of becoming many persons in turn, and of moving from one style to another while saying very little about himself. His double life as a writer began early and persisted almost to the end of his short span (1752-1770). We find it in his childhood during his apprenticeship to the attorney Lambert, and up to his departure from Bristol to London. His father, a sub-chantor in Bristol Cathedral, and master of a charity school, was a roystering fellow, yet a lover of books and coins, a dabbler in magic. The mother, a poor school-mistress, brought up her son and his sister beneath the shadow of St. Mary Redcliffe, where their forefathers had been sextons since the days of Elizabeth I.

In December 1762 he wrote his first poem, "On the Last Epiphany"; in the summer of 1764 the first of his pseudo-antiques, "Elinore and Juga," which he professed to have got from Canynge's Coffin in the muniment room of St. Mary's. Next, early in 1767, for a Mr. Burgome, a pewterer, he concocted a pedigree of the De Bergham family for which he was paid five shillings; and in 1768 he hoaxed the entire city of Bristol with a description "from an old manuscript" of the opening of the Bristol Bridge in 1248. An attempt to hoax Dodsley had failed, when in 1769, he sent Horace Walpole a transcript of "The Ryse of Reyncteyne yn Englande" "wroten by T. Rowleie 1469, for Mastre Canynge". Walpole quite taken in, wrote at once to his unknown correspondent, expressing a thousand thanks for the manuscript. By return post came a fresh batch of manuscript, and with it a sketch of Chatterton's own history. The poems, however, being shown to Mason and Gray, were pronounced by them to be forgeries; and Walpole's next letter was a letter of advice to stick to his calling with the attorney.

However disdainful we dislike forgers and hoaxers, yet we must give credit where credit is due, and Chatterton was a skilful metrist, with a clever gift of imitation and touches of real romantic feeling, sometimes expressed with delicate spontaneity, at others in purely conventional language. The inequality of his work, however, is a youthful quality that need not be dwelt upon; the imaginative power displayed in the Rowley Poems sufficiently remarkable, and his influence upon the poets of the Romantic Revival, though grossly exaggerated by some critics, was no doubt considerable. But his youth, his tragic circumstances, have created

around him an atmosphere of romance that makes us somewhat inclined to over-estimate the precise actual value of his work. Its promise is certainly great, its actual accomplishment interesting and remarkable, but more from potentiality than performance. His life in London was an extremely precarious and difficult one; always on the verge of starvation. He poured out with facility verse in the common forms of the time, and also the poetry by which he lives and will always be remembered. It is the difference between talent and genius, marked, on the surface, by that between ordinary and fabricated English. Chatterton's practice in imitative odes and heroics must have taught him how not to write the Rowley Poems. At the same time each of these styles bears some traces of the other. Echoes of Pope and Dryden, of Gray and Collins, intrude into Rowley's compositions, and do not do them much harm unless we still wish to believe in Rowley. Stripped of the fancy dress and the amusing spelling, there are passages that would hardly surprise us from some unknown imitator of Spenser in Dodsley's Collection.

Sir Herbert Croft, in that incoherent work "Love and Madness" (1780), which contains some information of value about Chatterton, gives the view of a contemporary on this point: "You shall tell me whether you don't think it easier for Chatterton to have imitated the style of Rowley's age (which he has not done exactly) . . . than for Rowley to write in a style which did not exist till so many ages after his time." It cannot be known how long Chatterton would have kept up his ambidextrous way of working. When he reached London from Bristol, his birth-place, he tried to live by prose and verse of the marketable kind, and produced it freely. For all we can tell, he had by that time done with Rowley. On August 24th, being then in want, and refusing in his pride to accept food from his landlady that he had not earned, he poisoned himself by drinking arsenic. The tragedy speaks for itself; Chatterton was seventeen years nine months old when he died; but he was aware, probably, that he had written for posterity; or, as he said in his angry lines to Horace Walpole, that he would "stand by Rowley's side."

Chatterton's acknowledged prose includes imitations of Ossian, Addisonian essays, and Junian invectives; and much of his signed verse is in the ferocious vein. "Kew Gardens" and the eight hundred lines of "Resignation" are modelled on Charles Churchill, and full of obscure personal allusion. If Chatterton had lived he might well, like Canning, have given a new lease to the measure of Pope and Dryden. He had little to learn upon the technical side, and the octosyllabic couplet and the quatrain came no less easily to him. He tossed off eclogues and "African fables," odes and hymns and squibs, with his native gift of mimicry. The clink-clink of the songs in the "Revenue," a Burletta, shows the long-persisting influence of the Beggar's Opera. Other verses illustrate the quality that struck Wordsworth and Dante Rossetti, who speaks of Chatterton as "akin to Milton through his Satan's pride." His "Will" is a medley of verse and prose written, whether sincerely or in bravado, a few months before his end, contains six inscriptions in prose, one of them in old French, and one in misspelt Latin, in memory of his forbears and of himself; and then, a wild and whirling rhymed testament of his several virtues to those of his acquaintance who are most in need of them. This

was almost the final flare-up of Chatterton's talent; his actual last words were addressed to his mother, and conclude:

"Have mercy, Heaven! when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive."

Many, though by no means all, of the Rowley Poems were published by Thomas Tyrwhitt in 1777 from Chatterton's manuscripts or from the best available copies. The editor, who was the best living judge of such a question, gave no definite finding as to the authorship, but in another edition of the following year flatly denied, on linguistic grounds, that the work could be Rowley's, and asserted that it was wholly Chatterton's. In 1782, having now further evidence, Tyrwhitt in a tract defended this conviction against various advocates of Rowley. Thomas Warton in his *History of English Poetry* devotes a whole chapter to these poems. He admits them, under protest, into his fifteen-century chronicle, but is driven as he proceeds to the conclusion, for which he argues at length, that they are forgeries. Vexed that he had ever been compelled to hesitate, Warton calls Chatterton "an adventurer, a professed hireling in the trade of literature, full of projects and inventions, artful, enterprising, unprincipled, indigent, and compelled to subsist by expedients." But in spite of this stony verdict on the boy, he perforce praises the poems, as "throughout poetical and animated," and as "sustaining one uniform tone of harmony"; and quotes at length some of the finest of the lyrics. In 1782 Warton produced a separate "Inquiry," in which Chatterton is denounced; this entire attitude shows the perplexed state of the controversy, which produced a prolonged dropping fire of pamphlets. The matter was really settled; but the philological and literary proof of Chatterton's authorship was clinched in 1871 by Walter William Skeat in his "Essay on the Rowley Poems." The Rowley language was now fully analysed and its sources exposed.

We now know the glossaries that Chatterton used, and most of the poets whom he read, and exactly how he perverted, mistook, or invented words and inflexions; and how the result is a no-language, of no period, disguised in an arbitrary spelling. Thus the independence of Chatterton's genius was finally proved for scholars. Meantime the poets and the public had also found out its quality. But Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Rossetti speak less of his poetry than of his personality and fate. They could hardly see as clearly as posterity that he was not merely a "marvellous boy," but one of their own lineage. Even now it is not so easy to forget the dispute and to approach the Rowley Poems simply as poetry. The spelling, the language, and all the other disguises and pretences were required for Chatterton's purpose. They are not merely the work of the schoolboy, imp, hoaxer and dreamer, but also of the other Chatterton, the juvenile cynic and satirist who knew his public. No one would have noticed him just because he was a poet. His work was admired not because it was good, but because it was thought to be old. To be read, he must deceive; and if the world was blatantly foolish, so much the better. If he had been found out at once, and discouraged, we might have lost some of his best things.

The Rowley romance, however, began as a piece of childish make-believe, formed itself into a poetic dream, and became, by easy degrees,

an elaborated hoax. The stages are not to be sharply distinguished or precisely dated, and all three were present to the end. The charm of black-letter, and of illuminated capitals, is said to have stirred Chatterton before he was seven; and the vellums, saved from the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe, are thought to have set him on the track of his inventions. Lack of space prevents me giving a detailed account of Chatterton's complete works, and can only make fleeting remarks on a few. "Elinoure" and "Juga," according to an authentic story, was written at the age of twelve. In any case, his whole mind came to be subdued, without scruple, to his creative fancy. The tombs and brasses, the science of blazonry, the historic figure of William Canynge the Mayor, the eighteenth-century glossaries of the younger John Kersey and of Nathan Bailey, the poetry of the Elizabethans and Chaucer—out of all this Chatterton came to build a fictitious world, peopled by poets and patrons of poets; and he began to pass off upon the local antiquaries, and on citizens concerned for the glory of Bristol, the series of poems by an imaginary Thomas Rowley, a monk and the confessor of Canynge. To Rowley he sought to give, in Mason's words, "a probable and fixed footing in history." He produced, carefully smeared and doctored, a few of the alleged originals. He also concocted much prose to illustrate the same Saga. His hoax about the Bridge I mentioned above. The opening of the New Bridge in 1768 was a chance not to be lost; and an account appeared of the friars, in Canynge's time, as they passed over the Old Bridge, and of Canynge himself, "mounted on a white horse, alight with sable trappings, wrought about by the Nunnes of Sainte Kenna, with Gould and Silver; his Hayr brayded with Ribbons, and a Chapteron, with the auntient Arms of Bristowe fastende on his Forehead." The Ryse of Peyncteynge yn Englande is a less lively sally. Many of Chatterton's manuscripts rest in the British Museum.

The Rowley fable is laid in the fifteenth-century, with many of its properties and decorations; but the models for prevailing style come from the end of the sixteenth; while the language, however, unhistorical and composite, has in the end a queer unity of its own. The study of Chatterton's metres in the Rowley Poems cannot be merely technical. It is one of the best clues to his genius, especially if they are compared with those in his avowed works. Some things in the Rowley Poems are more mediaeval in character than is always admitted. "The Freere of Orderys Whyte" is, at least, excellent pastiche, and the *musa proterva* of old roguish anti-clerical ditties is heard in it once more. In his ballad measures he follows closely the popular form and diction, as in a tracing. "Bristowe Tragedie," or the "Dethe of Sir Charles Bawdin," was acknowledged by Chatterton, who told his mother that he "found the argument, but versified it"; and the basis is probably historical. The poem has all the air of a good ballad which has been worn by many hands but has retained gleams of a finer version now lost. Chatterton had a sure instinct for this kind of effect, and carefully changes from one level of style to another. When he comes to colour, and pageant, and the delight of the eye, we are sure of him, just as we are of James Elroy Flecker; and they are part of his bequest to the poets, who took more courage after him to say what they saw when they shut their eyes and when visions defiled before them on the darkness. There is evidence that Chatterton

would on occasion write a poem first in Rowley's dialect and then turn it into ordinary language. For the benefit of Mr. Burgum, the pewterer, he produced:

"Down in a dark and solitary vale,
Where the curst screech-owl sings her fatal tale
Through the thick brake th' astonished champion sees
A weeping damsel being on her knees"

Chatterton steeped himself deeply in the spirit of the Middle Ages. He created original style. Historically, Chatterton's importance is considerable. His passionate love of mediaeval legend and antique English anticipated the great broadening of taste which took place in the nineteenth-century. To scholars and poets alike, to Coleridge and Keats, to Rossetti and Morris, the Middle Ages were a source of inexhaustible delight, and to this day the age of Dante and Chaucer continues to enrich our art and our thought. This youthful hoaxer who discovered by instinct this new field for the imagination must always be accounted a genius.

J. B. PRICE.

MILL: THE MAN AND THE THINKER

J. S. MILL shared in the general eclipse of the Victorians but he seems to be one of the last leading figures among them to emerge from it. How, indeed, is one to cope with a thinker of whom the *Cambridge History of English Literature* tersely states: "John Stuart Mill is, on the whole, the most interesting and characteristic figure in English philosophy in the nineteenth century. . . . For more than a generation Mill's influence was dominant in all departments of philosophical and political thought; he had the initiative, and set the problems for his opponents as well as for his adherents; and his works became university textbooks. This holds of politics, economics, ethics, psychology, and logic." All this, however, was only a sideline. From 1823, his eighteenth year onwards, until 1858 his working day belonged to the East India Company and in his hands lay—it is no exaggeration to say—a major part of the administration of the Indian States insofar as they were administered from London in those days.

The material for knowing the thinker was at least available, but the record of his work as Indian administrator is quite inaccessible, and so were his private papers until recently. Thus the intimate picture of the man behind this imposing edifice of work was practically unknown. On the basis of a recent book by Professor Hayek and family papers which are still unpublished it is now, for the first time, possible to appraise the personality of the man who so strongly influenced the thinking of the generations following him and hence our own time. True, there was Mill's *Autobiography*. It is an outstandingly truthful and deliberate book, but it has induced most writers to accept his own one-sided version of his personality. The fact that he relates his personal development as a purely mental one is revealing. Even the great passion of his life for Harriet Taylor is depicted as an intellectual relationship. Gladstone

called him "the saint of rationalism". The *Autobiography* gives the story of the making of this saint, but the story of the very human being who imposed the rigours of this saintship upon himself is not to be found in its pages.

Mill was essentially a father's son, in the individual as well as in the psychological sense. We all know about the pathetic little boy of three lisping Greek words under the impatient tutoring of a high-minded father engaged in rearing a rapidly growing family by writing articles for unpopular causes. By the age of fourteen John had reached university degree standard in the classics, philosophy, economics, not owing to brilliance but by sheer unremitting application. "I never was a boy," he sadly writes. Even in those harsh times when infants were working in factories and the poor were considered "worked out" at thirty, the educational experiment tried out on him was considered excruciating. John's ideal of a personality was modelled entirely upon his father while everything connected with the mother-side was from the earliest age experienced as inferior and was neglected and repressed. The parents' marriage was unhappy and without tenderness; James Mill soon reduced his pretty vivacious wife to abject fear of his cold sarcasm; with nine children to bear and rear genteely on very little money none but her exacting son could be surprised that she, while kind, merely exhausted herself in toiling for them all. Although he, too, was living in greatest fear of his father John looked up to him: strict, righteous, fearless, intellectually independent, and of exceptional strength of character and willpower he fulfilled all the boy's conceptions of a superior being. Trying to live up to his father's demands which were always beyond his utmost capacity John acquired the hard way his enormous industry, his thoroughness and patience, his painstaking accuracy, his methodicalness, and above all his ability to think. Only by giving the whole of his energies to his intellectual aspirations did he achieve the almost scientific precision of his reasoning processes. These, as well as his mental development as a whole were dialectic. To proceed from thesis to anti-thesis and hence to a synthesis was as inescapable to him as his urge for mental classification.

There were three distinct periods in his life. Up to the age of twenty he was the wholly satisfactory product of his father's and Jeremy Bentham's educational efforts, holding earnestly the one and only right set of ideas on every subject. There followed about ten years of almost violent reaction against the rationalism in which he had been brought up. He felt himself to be "a changed man". But, in fact, this reaction also took place entirely on the intellectual plane. His intellect was the only organ differentiated enough for him to register experiences. After which he settled down to his life's work of integrating the two modes of thought; of bringing about the synthesis between progressive rationalism and historical tradition, of striking the just balance between democracy and authority, individualism and collectivism, freedom and discipline. This endeavour and his extraordinary receptiveness for new ideas made him probably the most comprehensive thinker of his century. His sensitiveness towards mental stimuli was extreme. His whole organism partook in the effect. Significantly, the transition between the first and the second, and again between the second and third phase of his development was

marked by a serious and protracted nervous disorder. The story of the depression which overwhelmed him when he was twenty years old is told movingly in the *Autobiography*. Except for Bunyan's account of a like experience I know of no more touching description of a young heart helplessly and hopelessly in the throes of deep and bitter melancholia. But even these nervous crises were not yet the whole price he had to pay for the one-sided forcing of his energies. To achieve this concentration he had to push another part of his being onto the shadow side of his life, to choke its natural growth to beauty and fulfillment and to starve and deform it. An analysis of this kind is bound to show up also the neglected and less attractive side of a man's personality. But to have been possessed of such a side in no way belittles the man or his achievement. Perhaps, without paying some such price, greatness is not possible.

Compared to the grand domain of ideas, abstractions and universal laws in which he tried to live with his strong father, everything which is psychologically represented by a man's mother seemed petty and futile, in his own nature as well as outside. Personal feeling, attachments, physical sensations, pleasures and pains, seemed to him like so many senseless and mostly inconvenient or embarrassing trifles. Weakness set him on edge and provoked the worst in him. He had no pity or tolerance for it, either in himself or in others. Characteristically, his reform ideals did not spring as with so many Victorian reformers from pity for the poor but wholly from abstract ideas. While all his aspirations were for the betterment of humanity he loathed everything human; most of all his own human nature. It required his utmost in will power to submit his natural impulses and urges, particularly towards daydreaming, to the constant discipline of work and thought. Especially as a child and youth he would frequently be overcome, in the midst of a purposeful intellectual pursuit, by sullen moodiness, despondency, irritation. He suffered, and made those around him suffer, a great deal under these emotional upsets. He realised so little of his own inner life that he hardly realised when (let alone why) such moods laid hold of him. By slaying all his animal spirits he was utterly cut off from his instincts—instincts for life, instinctive understanding of nature, of human nature in general and of his own in particular.

His lack of contact with his own feelings made his understanding and evaluation of character as infantile as his intellectual judgment was mature. He was the worst possible judge of character. Furthermore, this enmity to all feeling debarred him from all intimate emotional contacts. "My father's older children", he wrote later, "neither loved him nor with any warmth of affection anyone else". He was reluctant to give affection even to the extent of meanness. In his personal relations he took shelter in conventionality; he behaved according to the accepted pattern, particularly before others, not according to any inner promptings. His immature feeling-side prevented him from ever outgrowing an infantile dependency on another strong personality. The yoke of authority to which his father had accustomed him from infancy was indispensable to him. He was well aware of this: "Another evil I shared with many of the sons of energetic fathers. To have been through childhood under the constant rule of a strong will is certainly not favourable to strength of will. I was so well

accustomed to being told what to do . . . that I acquired the habit of leaving my responsibility as a moral agent to rest on my father and my conscience never speaking to me except by his voice."—Throughout his life the craving never left him to give whole-hearted subservience to a domineering personality to whom he could look up absolutely as formerly to his father. This craving also accounts for the genuine modesty he always showed in contact with strong characters which has so often been described as his sweetness of manners. His youthful mental crisis was probably aggravated by the fact that his father was losing his hitherto iron hold over him; he felt lost, lonely, aimless without this mainstay. During his very gradual emergence from his depression he was casting about for just such a new sheet-anchor for his personality. From his letters to Carlyle, which abound in admiration, it seems as though for a time he was ready to assign him this role of super-being. However, very soon, at the age of twenty-four he was to meet with the forceful personality, enhanced by all the magic of the utterly unknown other sex, who was to answer all his needs for a stronghold and whose orbit he was never to leave again. I have no doubt that it was this psychological need in Mill which constituted the strongest tie between them.

Thanks to Professor Hayek's book *John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor; Their Correspondence and Subsequent Marriage* their relationship has at last emerged from obscurity. Mill has devoted many pages of extravagant eulogy to her; he claimed her to be more of a poet than Shelley, more of a thinker than himself, a more forceful character than his father, and only under her guidance did he recognise Carlyle's limitations. Literary history justly discounted these ideas as a delusion on his part. And undoubtedly his defective judgment of character combined with his craving to adore a higher being produced this strangely life-less though over life-size image of the woman he loved to the best of stunted faculty. The same two tendencies produced the obviously wrong picture which he drew of his stepdaughter Helen Taylor which she had the good sense to omit from his *Autobiography*. It is even legitimate to ask ourselves how far his representation of James Mill may have been coloured by these same faults. But while the real Harriet was far from what he saw in her it is certainly true that she exerted the strongest influence over him as a thinker and, hence, on our own time. He accepted her as a sort of infallible oracle and, whenever his deliberate judgment and her pronouncement differed—even if she contradicted a former opinion of her own—he bowed to her judgment. Their relationship was entirely of her shaping. The impossible positions imposed by her forceful personality on her long-suffering husband, on her three children, and on Mill during their twenty years of most intimate and yet platonic friendship exactly fitted this difficult woman who maintained and made all concerned believe that she sacrificed her happiness to her sense of duty. This high-minded, self-consciously above vulgarity entanglement was of the very nature to prevent Mill from ever evolving a mature human relationship. The grown-up man who realised so little of sexuality that he advocated abstinence as a means for raising workmen's wages was unhappily happy in intellectual intercourse with the woman whom he loved passionately according to his nature. This fascinating, gifted, and beautiful woman,

of inquisitive mind, most elevated moral sentiments, and morbid sexual interests was proud to the last of their peculiar relationship. In literary history theirs is sure to go down as, at once, the most conventional and the most unconventional of all true Victorian love stories.

There existed in John Stuart Mill between the exalted realm of abstract thought and the despised level of instinct a veritable gap. I believe it is safe to consider him a split personality. This gap widened as he grew older. The musical hallucinations which he experienced as a child, the "distinct voice within" which the youth heard at the beginning of his mental crisis, his leanings towards a hermit's existence and his strange cruelty towards his family in later years all accord with this view. After his marriage to Harriet in 1851, when he left the family home, he never visited them; he received his mother only at India House. Enough letters are preserved to show how inexplicable his behaviour was to his sisters; for years they refused to become estranged from him, but no apologies for unintentional slights had power to move him. We are left with the tantalising question whether, without his father's training, his feelings, instincts and sensuality would have found their natural outlet? And whether, in consequence, the *Logic*, *On Liberty*, *Essays on Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy*, *Principles of Political Economy*, *Representative Government*, and *Utilitarianism*—would never have been written as they stand? For there can be little doubt that without the continual repression of his human and animal nature Mill's thinking processes would have run differently. The insecurity he felt psychologically, the more the repressed side of his nature upset his balance and happiness, the more urgently did he feel called upon to establish abstract universal laws and systems; the more the irrational dynamic processes of life disturbed him the more did he try to explain them away. Life to him was an imperfect organisation rather than an organic process.

But neither his tremendous exaltation of Logos over Eros, nor the lucidity and comprehensive range which he achieved at such high personal cost, suffice to account for the greatness that was undoubtedly his. His greatness was founded in true and original inspiration. He had a creative intuition that was not the result of his reasoning power, but rather the substance on which his reasoning fed. His ideas emerged from the deepest unconscious layers which reach below the individual down into the collective or racial level. They "flashed in" upon him. It was this which gave these intuitions their absolutely convincing power in his mind. As the stars in their courses so the thoughts in his mind obeyed for him universal, eternal laws. It was this origin which, furthermore, gave to his intuitions their general and universal significance for the thought of his time and the generations following him. In them the *Zeitgeist* was manifesting itself. Mill was neither the deepest nor the most original spirit of his age. But more than any other thinker he represented the nineteenth century as a bridge towards our own. It was also due to these mighty springs of his unconscious that, from boyhood, he harboured a strong, almost haughty sense of vocation. He felt himself the bearer of a message. It was to fulfill his destiny as a thinker that the natural man in him was so painfully crucified.

RUTH BORCHARD.

AFRICA'S CHIEF PROBLEM

THERE are many problems in Africa that must be solved one by one, and then, without a shadow of doubt, they will be found interrelated and dependent on each other. It is necessary to take these problems separately because the sum total is too complex. Water is, perhaps, the chief problem except in those few localities where, on account of high altitude and cloud, or nearness to the sea, the rainfall is more evenly distributed. Supposing the rain fell over most of the United Kingdom during only four months of the year, leaving us with an eight months dry season and a blazing hot sun, we should then immediately have the same complex problems at home, the chief one of which would be to conserve enough moisture to last through the eight dry months, and to keep the water table stationary in the sub-soil. No matter how rich is the soil, it becomes useless without moisture.

The source of all moisture on the land is rain and cloud mist derived by evaporation from the open waters of the globe, and also, of course, from the land. The amount of evaporation determines the amount of cloud, and the direction or strength of the wind currents determine the amount and frequency of cloud that passes over the land. Beyond these simple facts there are others which exert their influences, such as land at high altitudes which intercepts the clouds and causes them to precipitate, or trees which intercept the mist and cause the cloud moisture to condense. The clouds may pass over at too high an altitude because of the rising air currents from a wide expanse of hot country below, or they may be brought lower down by the cooling influences of rivers, lakes, and forests, and condense into rain because of a change in temperature. To account for a great change in the volume of precipitation one would have to believe that the sun had increased or was losing its power, or that the earth had wobbled more violently on its journey round the sun. Any progressive astrophysical change would probably be too slow to be noticeable in our lifetime.

East African mountains are generally wet and forest covered on their south-eastern slopes, and dry to the north-west, because the south-east trade winds pile up the clouds against these prominences. The land north-west of Lake Victoria has a heavy rainfall which can be graphed in curving lines and shown to diminish rapidly at a little distance from the influence of the lake. The writer has stood in a mist-drenched forest along the ridge of an escarpment and watched the moisture condensing on the leafage, so that rivulets ran down each tree trunk to supply the soil with more than it might have received from a steady rain. Had the forest been cut down the mist would have passed over without giving up its moisture. Indeed the forest had at one time been obliterated, since it stood in country where the Wahehe people lived, who were decimated by the Germans when they rebelled in 1891/1894. The forest was, in fact, a secondary one, for it grew on abandoned land that had been ridged everywhere for the cultivation of root crops. The trees had grown so big and fast that they might have been thought virginal and primeval if it had not been for those ridges of soil so evident beneath the undergrowth.

Much of the land west of Lake Victoria, and on the lower slopes of

Kilimanjaro, and other highlands throughout Africa, has been denuded of forest by human agency in the past; by tribes who have settled, and fought, and died or have passed on. It is far more likely that human destructiveness has caused a steady and accumulative effect upon the moisture holding and the moisture gaining capacities of the land. Many parts of Africa are said to be getting drier. Shallow lakes are drying up, rivers no longer fill their beds and cease to run in the dry season, and the water table in parts of South Africa is being lowered by too much pumping for irrigation, or due to some other cause. There is a tendency to blame anything and everything but man himself. Natural influences have just the reverse effect, because the wild vegetation grows from one climax to another, manufacturing soil. From lichens and mosses on bare rock, to grass and herbaceous plants, to bush and then trees, the vegetable cover progresses and creates fertility, prevents run-off, absorbs, and holds, and captures more and more moisture from that which passes over in the atmosphere. Thus a land becomes well-watered, or loses moisture if the vegetation is destroyed.

Nearly always nature is in balance, if one excepts temporary disturbances, and when it is not it is in transition from one balanced community to another. Sometimes that balance is poised on a knife-edge, as it is in widespread regions of Africa where the rain only falls for short periods, and is followed by those long hot and dry seasons. The land rises somewhat rapidly from the sea, and of the total moisture precipitated per annum only a very small amount sinks into the sub-soil to provide a reserve water table within reach. Most of the water runs off the land into the sea; a fair proportion is used by the vegetation and is transpired back into the air, or is evaporated from the surface soil during the long dry seasons; while only a ridiculously small amount is held in reserve to allow a natural progress of the vegetation from one climax to the next. Man has disturbed that delicate balance. He has always attacked the ultimate climaxes where the soil is fertile, and where free water exists, and by cutting down forests and altering the structure of the richer soils he has started erosion, increased the run-off, and helped to rob the lower and more arid country of its potential reserves. It is not surprising that rivers run dry, that lakes are declining in size. Nature only needs a small push to upset that precarious balance. Even the moisture-preserving shade provided by the mats of shrivelled grasses is burnt off annually to keep the grasses at a standstill and secure grazing at the expense of tree growth.

The writer once worked over eroded grass-lands and contour-ridged and ditched the undulating country-side at a place called Mwasita, in Sukumaland in Tanganyika. As a result of this the rain water ran sluggishly off the land, and was held for much longer on the surface, allowing more to be absorbed. The result was greater than had been anticipated because the grasses grew taller in the first year and remained green long after the dry season had begun, and long after the grasses of the untreated country had shrivelled and turned brown. Man has it in his power to check the evil that he has done, and such work has a two-fold purpose, for it halts erosion at the same time as it conserves moisture. Now that mechanical earth-moving equipment has been evolved, the task

should be much easier. For the result of man's sublime indifference to posterity is accumulative. Populations are increasing more rapidly than they can be taught sense, and the pressure on the land is becoming greater. The cutting down of tree growth, irrespective of whether it has a value for timber or not, and chiefly for firewood; the irresponsible treatment of grazing land for the atavistic practice of ranching as opposed to balanced farming; the unchecked erosion and the breaking down of soil structure, are hastening a decline from which it will be ever more difficult and costly to retract. That decline has not just begun. It became noticeable three decades ago, and is now in head-long progress, increasing in momentum. Soon one might as well try to make a desert grow food-stuffs and raw products as to depend on much of the unused land of Africa to provide exports of such things.

How can the water supplies be safeguarded? How can the damage be repaired so that nature can resume its progress everywhere, in a way that will benefit mankind? How can the water supplies be increased? The aims must be at intercepting the mist and cloud as much as possible, and at preventing run-off, so that much more water is permitted to soak into the sub-soil on any and every slope. This would keep the soil moist and help to provide a greener and more luxuriant vegetation. Water must find its own level, which it does by emerging at lower levels as seepages and springs. If more water is held in the soil the springs and streams become permanent: moreover the flow in rivers is gentle rather than torrential, and clear rather than turbid with mud on account of erosion. All steep slopes should be planted with trees and be permitted to mature with a natural undergrowth. The present forests need safeguarding at all costs and they should be increased in size. Watersheds, springs and the banks of all rivers should be protected with trees, and whenever new forest plantings are envisaged the land should first be developed along the contours with graded ridges and ditches at appropriate spacings to hinder the velocity of run-off.

All the cultivated land ought to be brought under erosion control by a more thorough system of broad based contour ridging and ditching to break the velocity of the run-off which causes erosion, and to conserve moisture by holding it for longer on the land. Neighbouring grazing lands ought likewise to be ridged along the contours as far as is possible, so that the whole of the inhabited countryside is corrugated with these ridges at right angles to the slope. Such teaching has begun, but the work accomplished is on far too small a scale. It is wise to keep the soil shaded from the sun under a vegetative cover, disregarding the additional transpiration which makes the air more humid and is returnable as dew. A moist atmosphere creates more cloud and mist, and a greater precipitation for the good of all. The primitive African is a good cultivator in this respect, for he interplants his taller crops with carpet crops of legumes, cucumbers and sweet-potatoes. Soil cover preserves the crumb texture of the soil, and thus keeps it porous. The thicker the vegetative cover the more will run-off be slowed down.

This is noticeable in some valleys when they are filled with swamps; just Nature's method of throwing barriers across the water flowing down. To make them healthy without destroying their usefulness the sides of

these swamps may be drained towards the centres and the good soil used, but the centres should be made open pools at successive levels to hold the reservoirs of moisture in a healthy state. Barriers and dams built across rivers at the higher levels keep water lying for soakage purposes and increase the supply for the lower reaches from the overflows. The practice does not rob lower levels of water, and river beds are less likely to dry up. In many places the sandy beds of rivers are laid bare in the dry seasons, and the inhabitants must then dig for the water that is still flowing beneath the sand towards the sea. If clay barrages were buried at intervals, water would be held, and the flow brought to the surface. Excessive pumping from bore holes in any region is likely to lower the water table. The results of this are not immediately apparent but there is potential disaster awaiting the perpetrators in future years. A much wiser practice is the construction of earth dams or tanks on gentle slopes to catch and store the surplus water that runs off the land during the rainy seasons. There cannot be too many of these, for if they are of proper size and construction they may be stocked with fish and there is little danger of mosquitos breeding. Such pools are best protected from contamination by fences to prevent both men and cattle from entering the water. The water should be pumped or siphoned away for distribution to drinking troughs and storage tanks.

Lastly the practice of irrigation must help to make use of water which would otherwise be wasted. The very fact that water is being used on the land means that more moisture is being conserved, not only to grow good crops but to increase the humidity in dry country. No one living in a European climate who has not travelled in Africa can appreciate how important water conservation can become, and how great is the influence of a slight rise in humidity if it is made permanent over a wide area of country. It may take a great deal of teaching and endeavour, and an attitude of altruism on the part of the present population for the benefit of future generations. Willy nilly it must be done, either now or in the future, and the sooner the better.

A. E. HAARER.

HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS

EXCEPT for the devoted care of her nurse, Lady Dalkeith, it is probable that Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles I and his French-born wife Henrietta Maria, would never have survived her infancy. She was born on June 16th 1644 at Bedford House, Exeter, at a highly critical stage of the Civil War. Two months before on the eve of the Battle of Newbury Henrietta Maria had parted for the last time from her husband at Abingdon and made her way by easy stages to Exeter. When the queen managed to escape to France from this besieged City she left her favourite daughter in the care of Lady Dalkeith. The infant, as might be expected, owing to the privations she had to undergo, was delicate from the first. Eventually after many adventures they escaped to Dover, the Princess much to her disgust disguised in a ragged suit of boys clothes. From Dover they took a French boat to France where they

rejoined Henrietta Maria. At the French Court the exiles were in a difficult position, for they depended for charity on the widowed queen of Louis XIII, Anne of Austria (sister-in-law of Henrietta Maria). Although most generous and anxious to help, she had her own troubles. France in 1648 was involved in the Civil Wars of the Fronde. Once when Cardinal de Retz, visited Henrietta Maria and her daughter at the Louvre on a bitterly cold winter morning in 1648 he was shocked to find no fire in their apartment because they could not afford to buy fuel. The Princess was in bed, shivering with cold. To his lasting honour he pleaded the cause of the royal exiles so eloquently in Parliament that the Queen was sent 40,000 livres.

Henrietta, or Minette as her brother Charles called her, grew up a clever, vivacious child. Even at the age of nine she seems to have fascinated everybody who came into contact with her. Her mother gave her an excellent education and entrusted her religious education to her French chaplain, Père Cyprien de Gamaches, who in his *Memoirs* gives us some information about Minette's early years. There was bitter recrimination when realised by Charles (then in exile at the Hague) and by his Chancellor Sir Edward Hyde (later Earl of Clarendon) that Queen Henrietta Maria intended her daughter to become a Roman Catholic. Had not his father given instructions that his baby daughter should be baptized according to the rites of the Church of England? However, the Queen had her way and during her most impressionable years Minette was brought up in the Catholic faith.

She sang well, played on the guitar, and danced brilliantly, performing sometimes at the ballets, which were then fashionable at the French Court. When Charles II was a wanderer in various parts of Europe he would visit his mother and little sister either at the Palais Royal or at the house at Colombes on the Seine, which her mother had taken. Undoubtedly the close links of sympathy and devotion between Minette and Charles were forged during these years of adversity. What a fascinating companion this swarthy eldest brother—fourteen years older than herself—must have been for the little girl.

It is fortunate for us that after his accession to the throne in 1660 Minette and Charles were separated at long intervals from one another. Otherwise we should be the poorer for lack of the letters which passed between them. Minette visited England twice during the period 1660-70, whilst Charles II never travelled abroad after his accession. Unfortunately many of her letters have been lost, but seventeen have been preserved in the Collection of Royal M.S. Letters in the library of Lambeth Palace. Nine more written to him by Minette are among the French State Papers at the Record Office. Among those in 1659 is a letter in French which starts with an assurance of "my respect for Your Majesty" and thanking him "for the honour you do me in writing to me so often". Charles in his charming reply chided her for treating him with so much ceremony and addressing him with so many majesties. One thing is certain, that he loved Minette with a tenderness and a constancy which endured to the end. Perhaps surprising in a man of such fickle temperament.

Of Charles' letters to Minette—and he was a most amusing, if somewhat indolent letter-writer—ninety-eight survive. They were published about

1884 by M. de Baillon in a volume called *Henriette Anne d'Angleterre, Sa Vie et Sa Correspondance Avec Son Frère Charles II.* They are of absorbing interest. In his characteristic way Charles in the same letter would discuss the choicest scandal of the day together with events of great political importance. In her letters she sometimes reproached him for his indolence and extravagance. He always took her advice in good part. She was better informed about events at Whitehall than anybody in France. When the Lord Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, was dismissed in 1667 she protested. On occasions Charles knew well how to stand up for British interests. When Louis XIV tried to make him dispense with the customary salute yielded by ships of all nations to British men-of-war Charles firmly maintained the right.

Besides her letters contemporary *Memoirs* provide much information about her life. There is her intimate friend Madame de La Fayette's *Histoire de Madame Henriette*, a far less known work, the *Memoirs* of Daniel de Cosnac, Bishop of Valence and many others. The standard biography of her life by Julia Cartwright was first published in 1894. Strange irony of history if Minette had married Louis XIV instead of his effeminate, gossip-loving brother, Philippe Duke of Orleans. She would have been more suited to Louis than his insipid wife Marie Thérèse. Louis, however, turned a sulky ear to his mother, Anne of Austria's suggestion that he should marry Minette. When she was a child he once rather unkindly called her "the bones of the Holy Innocents" to mock her thinness. Later, before her marriage to Philippe Duke of Orleans when she was sixteen, Minette grew into a beauty. All her contemporaries are enthusiastic about her charm of manner, her Stuart gaiety mingled with a touch of melancholy, and, above all, her gentleness and goodness. Her marriage in 1661 was unhappy. How could it be otherwise? Philippe was ruled by his favourites, especially the odious Chevalier de Lorraine. About this time Louis grew really attached to her, developed a high opinion of her tact and ability, and often sought her advice concerning delicate diplomatic questions.

In the early days of her marriage Minette enjoyed brilliant success at the French Court, taking part in the fêtes and hunting parties held at Fontainebleau. She has been accused of frivolity. It was the life at Versailles which was frivolous, not her. Some of the most intellectual men and women living in France at this period—scholars like M. de Tréville and the Abbé de Bossuet, and women like Madame de La Fayette and Madame de Sévigné—were among her intimate friends. She had the Stuart gift for inspiring devotion in her friends. She was probably happiest in the exquisite gardens of her country home at Saint-Cloud, in conversation with her dear friend, Madame de La Fayette. She had a fine discriminating taste in drama and literature. She became a patron of Molière and Racine. When Molière was attacked for his play *Tartuffe* she hotly defended him. His play *Misanthrope* was widely misunderstood at the time, but Minette always appreciated his genius. Racine also owed much to her.

Despite her exceptional success Minette became involved in a series of amorous and political intrigues, which caused her deep distress. More and more she turned to Charles. She had a vital mission to perform—to

make Charles and Louis friends, to bring about an Anglo-French alliance and influence Charles to acknowledge himself a Roman Catholic. Both Charles and Louis had little confidence in their respective ambassadors and preferred to conduct diplomatic business through Minette. On occasions she intervened with considerable skill to avert clashes. Such an occasion arose concerning the so-called quarrel of the coaches when the new British Ambassador, Lord Hollis, in 1663 claimed precedence over the Princes of the Blood in a ceremony known as the public entry. Minette solved this delicate matter by suggesting that the Ambassador should be presented to Louis at Saint-Germain. Minette's health was always delicate and Charles often refers to it with anxiety in his letters. In 1670 they had not seen each other for ten years and longed for a meeting. When England signed the Treaty of the Triple Alliance with Holland and Sweden in 1668 he hastily explained to his sister that "he had done nothing to prejudice France in this agreement". Temperamentally Charles disliked the Dutch and wished to make an alliance with the French. He realised, however, the great need for caution, for the mass of Englishmen of his day heartily disliked the French.

In the long and secret negotiations which preceded the Treaty of Dover Minette took a principal part. Aged only twenty-five she was entrusted with secrets of State, concealed from the British and French Ministers. Even Buckingham and Arlington, two of Charles' closest advisers, were only partially acquainted with the Treaty. In substance it provided that Charles should join Louis in the invasion of Holland and co-operate with his forces both on sea and land. So long as the war lasted Charles would receive subsidies from Louis and ultimately a share in the conquered provinces. A most important clause provided that Charles agreed to make a public confession of his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. When they met at Dover, however, Minette and Charles agreed that it would be more prudent for Charles to defer this declaration for the present. Whether he was sincere or not in his intentions to become an acknowledged Roman Catholic is disputed. He was fully aware of the dangers. Among the very few people to whom Charles dared to reveal the religious clause were his brother the Duke of York and Lord Arundel, a Roman Catholic peer. Ralph Montagu, English Ambassador in France, a close friend of Minette's, and Colbert de Croissy French Ambassador in London were only aware of the commercial clauses of the Treaty. So that the secret should be more secure Minette and Charles corresponded by cypher, the key of which is today preserved in the French archives.

Among the envoys whom Minette sent over with letters to Charles was an Italian astrologer called the Abbé Pregnani. It is possible he was sent to sound whether Charles really intended to acknowledge himself a Roman Catholic. Charles with his sceptical nature was not impressed. As he wrote to Minette "Cattle of this sort are not to my taste". When Pregnani wrongly predicted the winners of the races at Newmarket Charles was highly delighted. Later, however, Charles became quite fond of the Abbé. In a letter written in 1669 he mentions "I had almost forgot to tell you, that I find your friend, l'Abbé Pregnani, a man very ingenuous in all things I have talked with him upon, and I find him to have a great

deale of witt, but you may be sure I will enter no farther with him than according to your carracter." Charles' meaning may be a little obscure, but he probably meant that he had no intention of trusting him with secrets of State.

At this period Minette's domestic life was most unhappy. Philippe ill-treated her. Half grudgingly he allowed her to cross over to England for three days. On May 24th 1670 she sailed for Dover with a suite of 237 persons. During her visit, which by Louis XIV's orders was prolonged to three weeks, she stayed at Dover Castle. There on June 1st the Treaty of Dover was signed. This was her crowning triumph, the realization of all her hopes. Already, however, she was possibly aware she had only a short time to live. Time was precious. Charles took her to Canterbury to see a ballet, followed by a sumptuous collation in the hall of St. Augustine's Abbey. Sometimes he took her for expeditions on the sea. When the time came to say goodbye he loaded her with presents.

On her return it seemed that Minette's strength had been overtaxed. Louis was delighted with the success of her mission, but Marie Thérèse remarked how ill she looked. She spent the last days of her life in the house at Saint-Cloud, which will be always associated with her memory. The summer of 1670 was exceptionally hot and Minette, against her doctor's advice, bathed in the Seine. One day after drinking a glass of iced chicory water she was seized with violent pains. The doctors could do nothing for her. It was widely suspected that she had been poisoned through the agency of the Chevalier de Lorraine, who was her enemy. Today it is more or less certain that her death was owing to natural causes such as an acute attack of peritonitis. Louis and his Queen were summoned to her bedside. The room was crammed almost to suffocation with Courtiers. Though in terrible pain, Minette showed wonderful courage as she had done throughout her life. She told Ralph Montagu, who was present, to give her last messages to Charles. "I have always loved him better than life itself, and now my only regret is to be leaving him."

Her death came as a thunder-bolt. Life at Versailles without her gaiety and brilliance was never the same again. After her death Charles II presented her portrait, painted by Sir Peter Lely, to the City of Exeter. Today it hangs in the Guildhall—a permanent tribute to the beloved princess, who passed her first adventurous days in that Devon City.

BRYAN BEVAN.

CORNISH PILCHARDS

A SHOAL of pilchards had been signalled a little way off shore by a watcher on the cliffs. We slipped quietly out from the Cornish harbour where the anchored boats were chattering and nudging each other on the flow as the basin filled, and the evening breeze whispered through the riggings. The moon was young, but throwing sufficient light to make the sea look milky—a sea as flat and mellow as Cornish cream in a bowl. The herring gulls, so querulous and noisy when the

fish market is open, were now quiet and sleepy spectators. A few old birds squawked in protest at the disturbance before placing their heads again beneath their wings. They knew the outgoing boats were empty.

At the point of a jutting rock on our port side three bottle-shaped cormorants stood dead still, the moonlight catching the metallic green of their oily feathers, and their greedy eyes shining like blood red jewels. With each chug-chug of the diesel engine we drew nearer to the shoal. My livelihood did not depend on the result of the expedition, but the fascination of pilchard fishing by moonlight in a calm sea filled me with excitement and expectancy. The smell of ozone seems stronger in the darkness when the sea stealthily spills over the sand bars and mingles with the brackish estuary water. Every little sound had a conspiratorial air . . . the sudden cry of a wakeful bird, the gentle lapping of the water against our bows, even the striking of a match added to the scene's subtlety. Though the fishermen must have been out innumerable times, they too seemed tense and averse to conversation. Though short men of Celtic type, they loomed large in the half light as they went deftly about their business of clearing the seine net ready for shooting. I do not know why the net was paid out in a particular place for to me the sea looked the same all over. I saw the faintest gleam that might have been oil, and a flash of iridescence that might have been a shoal of fish cruising shallowly below the surface, but it was probably the luminous plankton on which pilchards feed. To all landlubbers the mysteries of the sea and the art of fishing must remain a mystery. By day there are visible signs when fish are about, but by night fishermen have to rely on a sixth sense inherited through generations. But even I felt that the night was "sweet" and the sea "fat" and pregnant.

Later when the seine was drawn in or "tucked," it seemed a pool of silver—quick-silver, for it moved this way and that with a liquid flowing hard to describe. Soon too the scuppers were flowing with a molten fish harvest, and the sea boots of the fishermen were scintillating with flashing scales of mother-of-pearl. There was little talking, a few short commands quickly carried out, and grunts as the men heaved on the ropes, that was all. This was a job of work, not sport. Yet there was something in the eyes of the men in the boat that told me they were not unfeeling of the quiet artistry of their calling. For the casting of nets for "little fishes" has an unsurpassed beauty of thought and action that has pertained since fishermen first cast their nets in the Sea of Galilee. As I sat in the thwarts watching these humble but stalwart men at their task, I thought I knew why Jesus chose fishermen to be his closest disciples.

Pilchards are nothing more or less than big sardines. In fact in the old days Cornish pilchards were exported to Continental canneries and sold back to us as "sardines." I talked to an old longshoreman about the slump in Cornish pilchards. "I reckon," he said, "that someone has been giving salt away and that's brought us a packet of bad luck." I do not know the origin of this old superstition about salt, but all salt for pickling fish was once imported from France and I suppose it was a sin to give it away to anyone not employed in the fishing industry. Pilchard fishing and curing is a very old West Country industry. It is small man's inshore fishing and very largely in the hands of families of fisher folk who combine their

savings to buy seine nets, boats and more modern power driven drifters. But this does not mean that pilchards are an easy harvest—all those who get a living casting their nets are up against the great elements of the sea. Old Father Neptune is a moody fellow and Davey Jones keeps his locker tight shut. Only those with the patience of Job, great fortitude, and with a knowledge of fish have any chance of success. Sometimes the nets come up empty from a sea as clear as gin, sometimes the seas are "fat" and the nets are so heavy with pilchards they cannot be shaken out at sea. On a good night 12,000 tons of "sardines" have been landed at Looe—720,000 fish. One of the most beautiful sights on the coast is the united fleets of the little Cornish ports "drifting" on a clear, dark night, with their riding lights twinkling. So peaceful, and not a sound reaches the shore, for deep sea fishing is a silent occupation. Fish are supposed to be very sensitive to sound, and it is one of the deadly sins to whistle or sing on board a boat when nets are in the water.

Even if the sea is kind, the fishermen have to contend with raids by "dogs"—small sharks that hunt the shoals and rip the nets to pieces or roll them up in "round-turns" so that it is quite impossible to unravel them. Though these predatory sharks do their best to rob the fishermen of their harvest, the gulls and diving birds help the drifters to find the shoals. Keen eyed, the fishermen look out for gannets falling out of the sky as a sure indication of "fish." There is scarcely a fish or sea bird that does not like a bellyful of oily pilchards. Watchers stand high on a cliff edge looking down over the sea and when a patch of oily water is seen they cry "Hevva, hevva!" and the seine boats or drifters go out toward the shoals, guided by whistles or signals made with "a bush" from the cliff. As a rule four boats go out with six men in each. And to keep a shoal of fish together, the surface of the water is sometimes slapped with the blades of oars. On a still night one can hear the fish "rattling" as they jump and jostle, trying to escape the nets. But old fishermen, experienced in the art of pilchard fishing, can do more than see and hear the fish, they can "smell 'em"—an oily mouth-watering scent that makes the spirits of all fishermen rise.

When the scuppers are a foot deep in fish, the fishermen sing and toast the praises of the Pope, for a big percentage of the catch is sent in barrels to Italy, where pilchards are appreciated by both factory workers and peasants.

"Here's to the health of the Pope! May he live to repent,
And add six months to the term of his Lent,
And tell all his vassals from Rome to the Poles,
There's nothing like pilchards for saving their souls."

It is strange to hear such a song in the West Country, where it is said that if you speak well of Wesley and pilchards you will always be happy. One old salt said to me, "Tes true the Italians like our pilchards but tes a pity they keeps the bill for them in their pockets for nine months. They should pay on the knocker." Fresh pilchards are too oily for most English palates and they are not sold as other fish by auction. At least 50 per cent. of the annual haul goes to curers and canners. In more prosperous times there were at least twenty of these dealing with pilchards, but now only four are able to carry on.

Though women are an omen of bad luck to the watchers on the cliffs and pilchard fishermen, they are almost exclusively employed in the curing centres where the "Fair Maids," the local name for salted pilchards, are neatly packed in barrels as sardines in a tin. Though the pay is only 1s. 9d. an hour, there is no lack of willing hands when a good catch is landed. Fresh pilchards, however, are not ignored by the locals, who make the fish into a batter known as Hevva-cake, and if you are very privileged you may be allowed to taste "Star-gazey" pilchard-pie, in which the heads of the pilchards stick up through the pie crust. The British Isles are set in the midst of some of the finest fishing grounds in the world, yet we pay a higher price for fish food than the people of any other country. Thousands of British housewives unable to pay the high price asked for sole, halibut, plaice and other fish would be glad enough of an opportunity to make a tasty pilchard-pie.

Certainly the sea pays no regard to the law of supply and demand, and no doubt expert distributors are needed in the pilchard industry. But at present the fisherman, who takes the risk, sees little of the profit, and now he is faced with the added difficulty of competition from abroad. Too many land sharks prey on this honest and ancient fishery. Before I left the Duchy I spoke to a thick-set young fisherman who served in a mine-sweeper and caught more dangerous "fish" during the war. "It isn't anything to do with salt or pixies," he said. "We don't want messing about. We know how to catch the pilchards and sell 'em. When we've sold ours it's time enough to bring in foreign 'sprats'." Sound common sense, no superstition here . . . well, not till he became agitated when two women moved near to his boat. As I left the Kingdom, which is "half in pickle" or under the sea, and crossed over Saltash Bridge into England, I had a feeling that something would soon be done about Cornish pilchards, or, like Trelawney's men, many fishermen of Newlyn, Mevagissey, Polperro, Looe, Falmouth and Penzance would "know the reason why."

R. H. FERRY.

THE CREATIVE POOR

I HAVE just sold sixteen books and some magazines to a second-hand junk shop for a pound. Some of the books were quite valuable, but to the junk-shop proprietor they were all the same value—9d. per book, and 3d. each for the magazines. As it is the only such shop in the small market town where we live I had no alternative but to hand over the books and take the welcome crisp pound note. Small as the payment is, it will enable me to purchase enough to feed my family for the week-end. Monday—well, Monday is another day. I can always hunt out some more old books and magazines, as a last resort. I am, you see, a familiar visitor to that junk shop. My experience is not uncommon. I am a member of an eccentric strata of society—the creative poor. We are the painters whose pictures sell rather too infrequently, the authors whose novels secure good reviews but inadequate financial rewards, the craftsmen, the

composers, the playwrights, the actors and all those other creative talents whose work is executed against a background of perpetual financial worry. We have always existed, no doubt, but today, in a world devoted increasingly to the more realistic "arts" of technology and industrialism, our position has become precarious. Our problem is too much one of survival rather than achievement, existing rather than creating. Yet, just as much as the physicists and scientists, we believe we have an important job to do. We want to do the creative work of our choice, and we really do not see why we, any more than the technicians, should be side-tracked into being clerks or hotel waiters or road workers.

I myself am a writer. During the past ten years I have had seven books published, mostly fiction. My income for the first five years or so was quite adequate, but in recent years it has fallen off disastrously owing to the slump in fiction and the closure of magazine after magazine. Meantime, I have acquired the responsibilities of a wife, several small children and a mortgaged house. I have to meet grocers' and other tradesmen's bills that are higher than ever before, and, unlike most other types of worker, I have no weekly or monthly salary from which to pay them. My income comes in erratically: publishers' royalties twice yearly, editors' cheques when I sell a story and often some months after that. Yet the money has to be found, if not by the week then certainly by the month. How? Savings are non-existent. The occasional cheque only covers so much. Circumstances may often produce a whole month without a single payment. What to do? Borrowing is dangerous. Gifts come seldom. Spare-time work is hard to find, a different whole-time job is simply desertion. What then? It is then I remember the rows of books that ought to remain friends, and prepare for my journey to the junk-shop: ninepence per book, threepence per magazine. The grocer is placated, the rations are obtained; at least the children are fed.

Unsatisfactory? Of course—but it is surprising how many creative workers now live on this plane of haphazard improvisation. Take my friend M, for example, a portrait painter, a good one, too. But he lives near St. Ives in Cornwall, where portrait painters are almost as frequently encountered as the bright new signs, CORNISH CREAM. As a result, his income varies and is generally inadequate, even though he lives in a fairly cheap country cottage. He, too, has to keep a wife and three growing children. His problem is my own problem, but, lacking a supply of old books, he has to deal with it another way. Recently I had a letter from him describing how in desperation he had taken to sitting in a local café drawing quick pencil sketches of patrons at half a crown a time. During the summer he contemplates sauntering about the crowded beaches, sketch book in hand, hoping to pick up rather better money for painting portraits of holidaymakers. Shouldn't he be doing it? Prostituting his art? Ought he to take another job? But he has to, and he isn't and why should he?

The case of F. is rather different. Again he is a family man, though so far he and his young wife only have one child. But he is a composer, and composers have far less opportunities for earning the occasional small sums available to writers and painters. He believes in himself as a composer and is working very hard on his first symphony. He has worked

at it steadily for the past six months. During that time, so far as I know, he has not earned a penny. At first he borrowed, then some relatives helped: for the past three months he and his wife and child have been kept going by the Employment Exchange and the National Assistance Board. They receive altogether a sum of about £4, out of which they have to pay a rent of 30s. a week, and feed and clothe themselves. It is not easy, but it is an existence, and he is able to concentrate on composing. And he is realistic enough to believe that it is better for the State to spend £4 a week on keeping a composer alive than expending it on so many bullets or some fractional proportion of the cost of making a tank.

Then there is the case of S, the poet. His poetry, which is experimental and interesting, and quite often published, brings in very little money—possibly an average of ten to fifteen shillings a week. Being single he is relieved of many responsibilities and restrictions, but he still would find it difficult to live on such a sum. At first he tried the Labour Exchanges, entering himself—as he meant, quite seriously, as they assumed, facetiously—as a poet. There were no firms, they made it clear at once, that employed poets. But he could be a waiter at Lyons Corner House, or an office messenger in the Strand, or a mason's labourer at Hammersmith. S., who like the rest of us wanted to practise what he was best equipped for—writing poetry—, chose his own solution to the problem of existence. He is, I suppose, a sort of part-time spiv. He embarks on one furtive enterprise after another—buying books in one bookshop and hoping to sell them for a profit in another district, betting on greyhounds and horses, ferretting out empty furnished rooms and re-letting them at half again as much as the rent. He probably spends too much time on these futile enterprises, and he does not seem really to make much money. But at least it solves his problem, and he is able to get on with his job of writing poetry. And he is a good poet. Whether his way of life helps him as a poet I wouldn't like to say. Possibly all experience is useful to a writer. But his haphazard existence does not greatly differ from my own, or that of M. or F. Willy nilly, all of us are being forced closer to the fringe of a strange semi-spiv kind of life. We borrow, sell things, live on the State; our daily existence is a hand-to-mouth affair, each day conditioned by a lucky sale or an unexpected commission—or a successful visit to the junk shop.

We become more and more like outlaws. We do not fit into the conventional categories so beloved of the official mind. For them, and indeed for a large number of people of all classes, I fear we seem to have almost no justification. And yet—we do not see things in that light. We believe—authors, painters, musicians, actors, dramatists, artists and craftsmen of all kinds—that what we have to give to society is infinitely more valuable than guns or tanks or aeroplanes or battleships, upon the production of which so many of the so-called civilized peoples of the world seem at present engaged. Our territorial aims have one impetus only—the desire to make our contribution to culture and so help in the general intellectual awakening of all people. I do not think there is much anyone can do to alleviate the difficulties of the creative poor. But it will do no harm to “state a case”.

DENYS VAL BAKER.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE FIASCO IN BRITISH GUIANA

ON December 2nd last Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, announced to the House of Commons the composition and terms of reference of the commission of enquiry into the situation in British Guiana (Chairman, Sir James Robertson, sometime Civil Secretary of the Sudan, and the two other members, Sir Donald Jackson, Chief Justice of the Windward and Leeward Islands and Mr. George Woodcock, assistant general secretary of the Trades Union Congress). A few weeks later (December 28th) it was announced from Georgetown that a new government, nominated and provisional, had been imposed upon the colony, its purpose being to hold the fort, as it were, until the commission of enquiry aforesaid had finished its work. It caused no surprise to anyone that the communist and so-called People's Progressive Party promptly performed a congenial act, of a familiar kind. That party, when it took office under the recently attempted experiment in “democracy,” took the opportunity of imposing upon the colony a virtually communist dictatorship, whereupon the experimental “democracy” had to be brought abruptly to an end by intervention from London. It now, somewhat cynically, resorted to the trick of protesting against such “undemocratic” imposition of a new government and posed as the champion of the people's right to elect its own government. The communist tactic of calling “heads I win, tails you lose,” though it be as familiar as it is tiresome to every observer not bemused by the communist way of life, is thus grimly pursued.

The position was incidentally reached in the last week of last year where an ill-advised and even monstrous experiment in “democracy” recoiled upon the heads of those who made it. That former commission which in 1950 grandly recommended for this colony “the greatest, and not the least, degree of self-government that can be sustained” ignored the relevant and decisive fact that an illiterate and half-savage people were wholly incapable of democratic practice, and would fall ready victims, as any moderately intelligent person could have told the commission, to communist deception and exploitation. British Guiana is about the size of the British Isles, 99 per cent. of it being undeveloped, and 87 per cent. of it covered with trees. The population, of not more than 350,000 people, largely derives from slaves imported during the last century to work the sugar estates. Its incipient civilisation is for the most part the work of the Jesuit mission which went there a century ago and which has made heroic progress—far as yet from achievement adequate to any experiment in democracy—with the unpromising material. The experiment itself was launched by the British Government in April, 1953, when the new constitution was put into effect. It was suspended on October 9th of the same year, and therefore lasted about half a year, after which the Governor, Sir Alfred Savage, was given emergency powers.

The disastrous spectacle of “democracy” in operation in that colony resulted from the proposals of the Constitutional Commission aforesaid, which was sent out there in 1950. A full report of what the commission did is given in “British Guiana: Report of the Constitutional Commission

1950-51 (Colonial No. 280. Colonial Office, 1951);" and a summary is given in "The World Today," the Chatham House Review, for November, 1953, pp. 475-481. Its recommendation of a democratic constitution based upon universal suffrage, an elected ministerial government and a two-chamber legislature was duly adopted by the British Government, and was put into practice when the general election was held in April last. The result of that election received the barest notice in the British national press. "The Times," for instance merely reported that the P.P.P. had won a clear majority and would control the resultant government. The fact was that the situation in British Guiana was not yet, though it was destined so soon to be, appreciated on this side of the Atlantic. No indication was given that the P.P.P. was a virtually communist organisation. No mention was made of the atrocities committed and used as the method of conducting the election campaign by the victorious P.P.P.

That party (whose leaders had visited communist countries, including Czechoslovakia, behind the Iron Curtain for coaching in advance of the election) exploited the grievances, real, imaginary or suggested, of the uneducated masses, made use of films and other means to boost the Soviet, the chief communist candidate going about with a copy of "Das Kapital," which he held aloft and proclaimed as his "bible." His opponent, a Roman Catholic doctor who had worked hard for the poor, was pelted with rotten eggs; and a Roman Catholic teacher's home (he was another anti-Communist candidate) was attacked by hooligans organised for the purpose by the P.P.P. It is true that many of the P.P.P.'s dupes discovered, too late, that they had in fact been duped. They were not in any degree communist; and they turned upon the victorious communists who had duped them. But the election had by such methods been won by the P.P.P. Six of the nine Ministries were theirs. The Government in effect was theirs. They paralysed the sugar industry by strikes organised by themselves, tried (but were refused permission by the Speaker) to pass a Bill to force employers to recognise the Guiana Industrial Workers Union, the communist agency which nominally conducted the strike on behalf of the Government, and quickly shot the bolt which brought upon them the remedial action from London, which in October suspended the new constitution. British Guiana is in fact a typical case of that mixed nationalist-communist unrest which afflicts the greater part of the world at this time.

CAUSE AND PERSPECTIVE

The British Guiana episode is one of the natural consequences of that historic parting of the ways that took place in August, 1914. A world war, followed by a second, of such tremendous implication in the circumstance of human life could hardly fail to produce consequences which can be adequately described only by the Homeric epithet, "earth-shaking." When during the war a bomb hit a building, the building was reduced to a tangled mass of rubble. When the two wars hit civilisation, civilisation was reduced to a like devastation. As yet no clue has been found to the rebuilding. Christians, Buddhists, Shintoists, Moslems, Hindus, Confucianists find themselves in the same ruin with an atheist organisation which attempts to usurp authority over men. The shock and disturbance is world-wide. It is felt in British Guiana, in Korea, in Indo-China, in

Kenya, in Europe: in four continents. During the second world war the Christians of Europe and America joined forces with the atheists to defeat a Christian combination of Powers, Germany and Italy, which had been betrayed by their anti-Christian despots, Hitler and Mussolini. There was a virtual civil war within the family of Christian peoples into which the common enemy, the anti-Christ, had irrupted, with the result that after the war the Christian victors found themselves hoist with the petard of the atheist half they had accepted.

Muddle was, and is, of an indescribable range and complexity. It incidentally excited all the former "backward" peoples to bite the hand that had helped them, being encouraged thereto by the atheists aforesaid whose purpose was to loosen the hold of the Christian civilisation over the earth at large. India and Pakistan, breaking loose from the shattered British Empire, have attempted in their bewilderment to look both east and west, to hold the scales crazily between the atheist aggressor and the Christian defender of the very civilisation whose heritage they now share, and they add to the muddle by an incidental vendetta against each other. The British Government, surveying the break-up of the greatest empire the world has known, and almost instinctively attempting to redress the balance by changing the word and the substance from "empire" into "commonwealth," wherein is illustrated the superb British genius for political finesse, embarked upon a process of delivering its former subjects abroad from imperial subservience and inviting them freely to choose an equality in partnership. The British Commonwealth of Nations is indeed a magnificent gesture, a bright spot in the surrounding gloom.

But the pace can outstrip the realities of progress. Mistakes can be, and have been, made. To include a still backward and immature British Guiana in the wide conferment of independent competence was a mistake, generous perhaps in motive, but bad in judgment. Such mistakes are to be expected, perhaps, but they have to be atoned for, especially when, as in this present instance, they have the effect of admitting the enemy through the gate, and letting him loose to extend the chaos and to attempt the annexation of still another chip from the old block into the new empire of the Kremlin. Will the British genius aforesaid be equal to this new emergency?

DELAY AS A DIPLOMATIC POLICY

Whatever be the result of the Berlin Conference which (presumably) will have met before these lines appear in print, there is one aspect of the contemporary diplomatic scene that is responsible for the main element of confusion. Stalin Cunctator has been followed, it appears, by Malenkov Cunctator as the exponent of an unchanging Russian tactic in the international battle of wits. It is, and for many years has been, one of the consistent and typical purposes of the Russian spirit to counter progress in the diplomatic field by obstructing every constructive initiative taken by the Western Powers. The calculation evidently is—the evidence being cumulative and overwhelmingly clear—that the foundations of the old civilisation must first be demolished before the foundations of the new can be well and truly laid. It is not an accident, but a deliberate plan on Russia's part, that has made it impossible since 1945 to settle the outstand-

ing diplomatic problems, whether German or Korean, or Austrian, and has prevented the United Nations from attempting its proper business in any major political emergency. The famous veto is the very symbol and epitaph of Russian diplomatic strategy. Negative or destructive strategy of such an import is easy work, especially to a national temperament such as eternally seems to be Russia's, gifted with inexhaustible patience and an insatiable capacity for talk and argumentative dialectics.

The recent example, which was given in Moscow's further "answer" to the Western proposal for a four-Power meeting in Berlin, was interesting only because it confirmed the familiar truth. The conference was proposed for January 4th. The Russian answer, or part of it, was to suggest January 25th ("or any subsequent date") as an alternative date. The reason given for the suggestion was that "Taking into consideration the necessity of appropriate preparation for the conference of Foreign Ministers, and also the importance of ensuring proper conditions for participation in this conference of all the Governments, the Soviet Government believes the most appropriate date for such a conference to be January 25th or any subsequent date . . ." Yet the proposal itself had been made five months earlier. It was in fact not time for preparation that Russia wanted or needed. The object was the routine procrastination that the Kremlin normally pursues. Indeed the weighty matter envisaged by the Kremlin in this, as in all other controversies, has been, not the substance of the business in hand, but merely the question whether there can be "agreement to discuss the question" (a phrase taken from this latest Russian note itself). The Western Powers, almost as a matter of course, in identical Notes delivered to the Kremlin on January 1st, accepted the new date proposed by Russia.

In Korea more than six months have been wasted—but not wasted from the Russian point of view, because the delay is cardinal to Russian policy—in a preliminary conference whose only object was, and still is, to decide whether a definitive conference can take place. Similarly in this matter of a four-Power conference, the particular point that has been at issue has been confined to the bald possibility of holding the conference at all. How can progress be made when an essential party to it refuses to take the first step? It is nearly nine years since the second world war ended. During the whole of that time the Kremlin has held the diplomatic world at bay, and in effect, behind a smoke screen of delay and obstruction, has been engaged in subterranean subversion on a world-wide scale. The West has woodenly accepted this Russian dictate. Endless notes and arguments, both verbal and written, have passed between the Western Powers and Russia, the United Nations has talked *ad nauseam*, while Russia has held in her hand, and used, the necessary weapon for preventing the talk from issuing into achievement. That infamous provision in the Charter which gave to Russia the veto over United Nations action is one of history's grimmest jests. Never before in history has so much diplomacy produced so little result.

The Charter of the United Nations was born dead, having been doomed in advance by one of its own Articles, namely Article 27 (3), just as its prototype, the Covenant of the League of Nations, had been doomed in advance by its own Article 8. Why should one go on ignoring these

obvious truths? It really becomes offensive to commonsense that high diplomacy should go on committing gaffe after gaffe. For instance a so-called "international legal conference" has been sitting in Delhi. On December 29th last, to quote a merely typical waste of time, its session was devoted to problems connected with the proposed revision of the United Nations Charter. (By Article 109 of the Charter such revision becomes permissible in 1955.) Now it is an elementary and self-evident truth that the Charter must continue to be the fiasco it has in fact been since it was signed in San Francisco on June 26th, 1945, if the provisions of Article 27 be retained. By those provisions the Security Council cannot make decisions on any except "procedural matters" unless the permanent members, of whom Russia is one, all agree. Russia therefore can veto the entire work and purpose of the United Nations, and in fact has consistently done so. Yet those international lawyers—so-called despite the fact that there is not, and cannot be, any such thing as international law until there be an effective supranational authority—spent their time ignoring the whole point in issue.

THE DELHI CONFERENCE

At that conference Mr. P. N. Murty, registrar of the Supreme Court, opposed any fundamental changes such as the abolition of the veto, but advocated a limitation (unspecified) of its use. The fair question is thereby prompted: how can the use (by Russia) be limited of a weapon left in Russia's hands of which the only use is to veto decisions by the Security Council? Mr. Murty likewise propounded the opinion that the Charter should assert the supremacy of international law: an opinion which reason cannot even begin to understand because if the Charter is to retain the veto, it cannot assert anything, and because there happens to be no such thing as international law. Mr. L. C. Green was frank enough by contrast to remind the delegates that the Charter was a political document, conditioned by political realities; but all he contrived thereby to say, in effect, was that, Russia being a political reality, and a member of the United Nations, nothing whatsoever could be done about anything, and that the Delhi conference itself was therefore a phantasy of frustration from the beginning. As though to symbolise the irony of these abiding episodes in high diplomacy, the conference, in which the Chief Justices of India, Burma and Indonesia took part, registered a solemn agreement that there was need to move with caution, but that a useful purpose might be served by an enumeration of the amendments to the Charter that were desirable, but at the moment impossible of realisation! In other words, it was established that the need to move with caution would be firmly respected by a decision not to make, or intend, any move at all. The job of diplomatic commentator is of all jobs the most unrewarding. One's business, year after year, generation after generation, is to record the same old disappointment in the same old way. Yet the remedy is exasperatingly within reach, and exasperatingly (to the observer) not taken.

AN ABDICATION OF POWER

The real challenge to intelligence in the history of our time consists in the circumstance that what we used to know as political conservatism has

abdicated its power to political communism. There is no need for despair over such a fact because man, up to a point, is free, and having done a foolish thing can alter his behaviour and do a wise thing instead. The transition from folly to wisdom, however, takes time. The first definite stage in the abdication aforesaid was registered during the first world war, when Russian troops were being massacred on the eastern front. Lenin in effect said to them: "You have been taught to shoot. Your business is to shoot your enemies. Turn round and shoot those who are behind you. Your enemy is not Germany, but the Russia of the Tsar and his henchmen who have pushed you into this hell of death and slaughter." Tsarist Russia in fact did present Lenin with his revolutionary opportunity, which but for the war he would not have had. Conservative Britain was still more at fault. The word "Conservative" is here used to include both the titular Conservative party and the virtually identical Liberal party, whose equal business it was to conserve the old Christian civilisation. It was Conservative Britain, not Tsarist Russia, that was mainly responsible for the fatal outbreak of war in August, 1914. The Germany of Kaiser Wilhelm II, another Conservative country, was responsible in a degree second only to that of Great Britain, for this tragedy of our time.

In the retrospect this particular truth stands out clearly. In the summer of 1914 it was hidden behind that fever of mixed jingoism and holy indignation which those of us who remember it are convinced was something near to madness. "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do!" What honest man can deny that such was the prevalent mentality of the vast majority of the British people at that time, fanned as it was into a flame by that German invasion of Belgium which shocked us so deeply? Neither patriotism, however, nor indignation are enough to serve the purpose of an earthly life ordained by a wise God for a good end. As we look back, we see how easy it would have been for a British Government and people, intelligently motivated, to have made a deal with Germany and thus to have guaranteed world peace for probably a century. What matter if Germany's place in the sun had circumscribed that British share upon which the sun did not indeed ever set? In 1954, forty years on, the relevant matter for the argument is amply provided by the spectacle of a world in ruins. The British Empire, Imperial Germany, and Tsarist Russia are no more. France is a shabby wreck of her former self, both spiritual and material. Italy is corroded with communism to a greater degree than any other traditionally Christian country. The political circumstance of 1954 largely results from what took place in 1914.

It may be that the British Empire, Imperial Germany and Tsarist Russia are not on their merits to be greatly regretted in the long sweep of history; and that the Italy and France of a strong Christian motive, now partly submerged in the materialist deluge, will come back. But the contemporary student of affairs is concerned with the contemporary march of events. Whatever be the further outcome, there can be no denying the intermediate fact that in our time Europe and the world have been brought face to face with a seismic clash of two incompatible ways of life, the way of free Christian civilisation and that of servile atheist materialism. The clash has already produced—for such is the normal human capacity

for muddle in thought and in impulse—a subtle insinuation into the one sphere of the deadly poison of the other. Innocently, ignorantly and unsuspectingly, there are many people in the Christian West who subscribe to the communist ideology on the assumption that it rests upon the Christian ideal of sharing burdens and benefits alike, the truth by contrast being that it is an anti-Christian, atheist, materialist tyranny, totally lacking in idealist motive.

There is little doubt that in our time we have passed through a human crisis of essential import, of which the upshot is not yet established. The faith of our fathers bids us believe, as we do in fact unassailably believe, that the Christian way of life will survive, and that therefore the atheist challenge will be defeated. What is not clear is the precise process of this moral victory. What happened in 1914 cannot be undone. The redress must come through the re-Christianisation of a world which by forsaking its Christian intelligence forty years ago plunged that world into war and its consequences. How exactly that re-Christianisation will be effected cannot now be foreseen, though the event itself be certain.

January 11th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MACKENZIE KING*

Mr. Bruce Hutchinson's life of the most famous and influential of Canadian statesmen is one of the frankest political biographies in recent years. Rarely has so intimate a portrait, so uninhibited a revelation, been presented by a responsible and well-informed publicist. Englishmen who, like the reviewer, have met the Canadian Premier in England and liked his open countenance and modest bearing, will be surprised to learn from these pages that he was one of the most complicated of human beings, egoistical and autocratic, with "a god-like confidence in himself," capable of fierce resentments and ruthless resolves, more admired as a political athlete than as a man or a friend, unloved and unloving except for his romantic life-long devotion to his mother. We are even informed that one of his main pleasures was food. Add to all this that he dabbled in spiritualism and was always striving with the aid of mediums to establish contact with those who had passed away. That Mr. Hutchinson dislikes the man is clear enough, and as a leading journalist he had many opportunities of talking with him and observing him in his public appearances. Is this portrait of a small man playing a momentous part in the world drama true to life? That is a question which English readers hardly know enough to answer with any assurance one way or the other.

If we are not wholly convinced that the unfavourable verdict on the man will be the general verdict of history, there can be no doubt as to the value of this detailed and authoritative record of the statesman's public career. It is an impressive story. Mackenzie King held the premiership longer than Walpole, Lord Liverpool or any other statesman in the annals of Great Britain or the Commonwealth. Taking over the reins when they dropped from the hands of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he restored the fortunes of the Liberal party which had been shattered by the conscription controversy during the First World War. Though a pious Presbyterian of Scottish descent, he realised that the core of his party was to be found in the French Catholics of Quebec, and that to retain

their political allegiance they must be made to feel that their traditions and the principle of provincial autonomy were safer in Liberal than in Conservative hands. Canada owed an immense debt to Macdonald, the first Federal Premier, and to Laurier, the first Premier of French descent; but it was not till Mackenzie King was called to the helm that it moved forward to the centre of the world's stage, no longer a colony but almost a Great Power, with a mind and a will of its own. Though no Dominion statesman of our time has felt deeper affection for the mother country, he wisely opposed the plan of a constitution for the Commonwealth with such vigour that nothing more has been or is likely to be heard of it. The fewer regulations the greater the flexibility, and the greater the flexibility the safer the solidarity. Geography, not sentiment, dictates that Ottawa and Washington must as far as possible keep in step, and one of Mackenzie King's most valuable services was the establishment of cordial relations with Franklin Roosevelt. During the decades of his rule Canada became an industrialised nation and as nearly self-sufficient as every nation aspires to be. The most difficult problem and the hardest decision he had to face in his long career was to carry through conscription for service overseas during the closing phase of the Second World War. He had retained the confidence of Quebec by his respect for their hatred of conscription, but at last a point was reached when the Canadian Generals insisted and he felt bound to yield. Even now he cushioned the shock by limiting the number required, and avoided a split which would once again have sent his party into the wilderness and shattered the unity of the country. When declining health compelled the old leader to lay down his burden he handed over to his chosen successor, Mr. St. Laurent, a united party and a united and prosperous Canada, with the foundations of the welfare state well and truly laid. Mr. Bruce Hutchinson speaks of his "unfailing luck," for instance in the tactical blunders of his Conservative rivals, but it requires a very exceptional flair to make full use of every favourable circumstance. No one had greater luck than Bismarck through the ineptitude of his antagonists, but no one else would have had the foresight and the nerve to hammer together the German Empire in seven years. The author is as lavish of praise for St. Laurent as he is unsparing in criticism of Mackenzie King. But the present respected Premier would be the first to admit that he inherited a splendid estate, and that his old chief was at once the most vital figure in Canadian history and one of the stoutest pillars of our world-wide Commonwealth.

G. P. GOOCH.

* Bruce Hutchinson. *Mackenzie King: the Incredible Canadian*. Longmans, 25s.

DAVID GARNETT'S *THE GOLDEN ECHO*

The first of the contemplated three volumes of Mr. Garnett's autobiography records his reminiscences of his childhood and youth up to the outbreak of the First World War. Final appraisal of *The Golden Echo* must wait until the appearance of its companion volumes, but it can be unhesitatingly said meanwhile that it fulfils, and in some ways exceeds, the high expectations it raises as the latest work of one of our most distinguished novelists and prose stylists. It is the best written and most enjoyable of all Mr. Garnett's books, and it has portraits of men and women and descriptions of natural objects which are astonishingly lifelike and fresh. Even more important is the human warmth it radiates as a story of youthful loves and friendships.

Mr. Garnett's father Edward was a publisher's reader, his mother Constance the well-known translator of Russian classics, and they knew almost everybody of consequence in the literary world of their day. As a boy Mr. Garnett made friends with, among others, Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, Ford Madox Ford, Edward Thomas, W. H. Hudson, Cunninghame Graham,

and Rupert Brooke; and he now presents them vividly as they appeared to his youthful consciousness. In doing this he achieves what is probably the most difficult of the tasks confronting an autobiographer, namely the recording of past impressions and experiences in their original purity unspoiled by subsequent reflection. An exception to this is the description of D. H. Lawrence, which reads somewhat like a literary essay born of abstract thought rather than concrete experience. Mr. Garnett's parents had friends among the Russian and other political exiles living in England, and some of them, such as Kropotkin, Stepniak, Soskice, and the Nazarbeks, find a place in his portrait gallery. He paid two visits to Tsarist Russia by invitation of his mother's friends, and records his impressions of that country in some of the most moving pages of his book. Then there are the journeys to France, one of them undertaken to help an Indian nationalist escape from Brixton prison; the holidays in Germany; and the sailing, cycling, and walking tours in England with boys and girls of his own age, notably Harold Hobson and the Olivier sisters. He brings on the stage a large number of characters, and never allows the action to flag.

Mr. Garnett is less assured when he writes about himself than about other people, but his personality as it emerges shyly from his narrative is a very agreeable one. He grew up in an enlightened and liberal atmosphere, among people of many nationalities, and with a love for political freedom and social justice. He had a genius for friendship, and, although naturally serious-minded, could appreciate the funny side of things. Living in the country he developed a love for outdoor life, and his uncommonly good visual memory and eye for significant detail have now served him well in his descriptions of the woods, fields, and animals he knew in his youth. In *The Golden Echo*, as in his earlier works, he is particularly good at describing animals and noticing animal features in men and women. He was trained as a scientist, and his descriptions derive their rare quality from the combination of scientific observation with artistic insight. H. G. Wells predicted, when the adolescent Mr. Garnett was studying biology, that he would become a novelist. Later, when he was winning distinctions at the Royal College of Science, one of his tutors said that he would not stick to science as he had an artist's temperament. The loss to science has been amply compensated by the gain to literature.

J. C. GHOSH.

David Garnett. *The Golden Echo*. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

EMILY BRONTË*

This very valuable contribution to the ever-increasing volume of literature dealing with the Brontës is in two parts, biographical and critical; in both misconceptions are removed, and new light is thrown on Emily's life and work. Mrs. Spark is already known as an editor of her poems, and Mr. Stanford as a dramatic critic. Both pay full acknowledgment to other authors. Mrs. Spark shows how the legend of morose intractability which has grown up round Emily's younger days is quite disproved by contemporary evidence, such as her own writings, and the recorded impressions of those who met her—the only information worth considering. Peculiarities which did mark her out later were first observed during the Brussels period, the formal routine of which she hated; they increased with the recognition of her genius, and her intense desire to barricade her inner life. The Gondal preoccupation, which persisted during most of her adult life, was far more than a game to Emily. (Her last tragic days may have shown an "effort to combat the fact of her illness" rather than mere stoicism.) Emily has been too much viewed through the eyes of Charlotte, who loved her, and was latterly awed by her, but failed really to understand her.

Gondal imagery did indeed colour Emily's poems, but Mr. Stanford deplores that so much research has recently been concentrated upon it, the clues, as he says, being often misleading. On the other hand, the influence of the Border Ballads, or Wordsworth and Coleridge, has been insufficiently recognised, and her poetry mistakenly regarded as an isolated phenomenon. The most potent influence, Byron's, was an unfortunate one. Many of Emily's poems (over 190 are now known, as against the 40 of the first publications) are rightly dismissed as "facile metrical scribbling"; others are on a good minor-poet level. But some five or six must place her among our great poets. The truly astonishing passage which occurs suddenly in a long, melodramatic Gondal poem has been called by Mr. Charles Morgan "one of the greatest statements of mystical experience in English verse"—a judgment in which Mr. Stanford concurs. (This mysterious visitation the poet longed passionately to re-live.) Emily loved Nature, and described it in evocative images, but she ever yearned to know the forces behind the background. The famous *No Coward Soul* is here considered "the consummation of her thought," (a "private and subjective experience intellectualised.") No brief review can do justice to Mr. Stanford's detailed and discerning analysis of the poems; it must be closely studied.

The same may be said of his chapters on *Wuthering Heights*, discussing its structure, the characters, their language, and their setting. Heathcliff, the Byronic hero-villain, is contrasted with the vital, original figures of the two Catherines. (Its lyrical element redeems it from being merely a brutish chronicle.) While eulogising Lord David Cecil's essay on this "spiritual drama," Mr. Stanford cannot agree entirely with his interpretation. Though Emily's inmost personality must always remain an enigma, and the barriers that she set up to protect it prove invincible, this book helps materially to a better understanding of her. The addition of an index, and the correction of rather a number of printing errors, would be improvements in a future edition.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

* *Emily Brontë*. By M. Spark and D. Stanford. Peter Owen Ltd., 1953. 18s.

WILLIAM BARNES OF DORSET

In its re-assessment of Victorian literature contemporary criticism has tended to employ a strange technique of substitution. Tennyson and Browning have been censured for a preoccupation with the issues of their age in a way that flattered their readers' prejudices; and in place of these major figures, Darley, Clare, and Barnes have been taken into favour. The retrospective Pantheon of modern taste is full of rediscovered minor talent. This is not to denigrate such a skilful and patient verse-worker as Barnes. His range was narrow but thoroughly cultivated; and, purely as a craftsman of prosody, this rustic-provincial schoolmaster-cleric must be accepted as one of the most learned of the nineteenth-century poets. Indeed, excepting Swinburne, it is hard to think of anyone who was his equal as an artificer. Simplicity of theme and subject-matter (the ordinary concerns of country people), an almost naive assumption of outlook (unquestioning orthodoxy of opinion), as well as his employment of rural speech (the dialect of the Vale of Blackmore), no doubt militated against the recognition of just how knowledgable Barnes was in the matter of verse-forms and rhyme-variations. Behind the homely façade of his poems, as unpretentious as a thatched roof, lies hidden the adapting of Persian, Welsh, and Anglo-Saxon stanza-schemes. Those who were aware of this applied erudition—as were Hopkins and Coventry Patmore—praised his work the more highly for it. Others—too often ignorant of it (as were Andrew Lang and Bridges)—regarded his dialect-poetry as the hobby-horse of a self-taught pedant, the pastime of a parson with a bee in his bonnet.

Mr. Giles Dugdale, whose biography of Barnes is the only study we possess of the poet since his daughter wrote her *Life* of him in 1887, does not concentrate on his poetry. Himself an editor of Barnes' verse (his selection appeared in 1949), he does not subject the poems to a qualitative or analytic treatment. Instead, his concern is to fit them into the content of the poet's life, chronologically and in terms of prevailing interests. For this he is well equipped, since his knowledge of the poet's native Dorset, its lore and recent history, is deep and painstaking. He is also at a further advantage in that he possesses the same brand of simple pragmatic piety as Barnes. In this book he has given us a biography on solid, factual, old-fashioned lines. He does not attempt to discover the psychological spring of his subject—the *trait principal* of the poet's mind. His method is synthetic, or rather cumulative; it consists in obtaining all the information about William Barnes available and presenting it in chronological sequence. What we receive from this is not, as with so much modern biography, a study in depth but in breadth. After reading this book we know all about the poet, even if he still as a person eludes us. In any case, it might be argued that for a temperament so classical and single as Barnes more recent biographical approaches, with their stress on the personality as a subject of conflict and divided urges, would be out of place. More accurate than the earlier *Life* of Barnes, and more comprehensive in fact and detail, Mr. Dugdale's biography of the poet is a useful, honest, workaday work. The seven years' search for material which his book necessitated has not burdened its author's style, which is simple, easy, and common-place. But Barnes' own story, which is that of a self-taught, self-made man (with the more unpleasant features of the type quite absent) is of sufficient interest to excuse its biographer from any shortage of inspiration. The son of a small-holder who ended up by being a master of sixty languages is enough of an exception to make the narration of his life worthwhile.

DEREK STANFORD.

"William Barnes of Dorset". By Giles Dugdale (Cassell 21s.).

STUDIES OF DISCOMPOSURE

It is good to have a book—and this one is provocative from the title onwards—which surveys from various angles the sense of alienation separating the artist-personality from his modern environment. Kierkegaard's words quoted at the beginning strike the key-note: "I am no part of a whole, I am not integrated, not included." Four writers are chosen for special study, because the dominant traits of their work are of international appeal and are already well-defined; in each case fundamental questions of modern life and writing are raised. Thus Kafka, who made the religious plane of human experience a central concern in the modern novel, is discussed for the feeling of cosmic exile in his writings. In dealing with Ignazio Silone not only is the difficult position of the Christian revolutionary to-day brought out, but also the greater breadth of the contemporary social novel, since its problems are common to many peoples. The difference between D. H. Lawrence's mystical religion and Christian belief leads to investigation of the term "Romantic," and Professor Scott traces the metaphysical foundations of Romanticism back to the Gnostic movement which powerfully opposed Christianity in the Middle Ages. With T. S. Eliot a solution for the contemporary estrangement and dislocation is found in Christian faith. The conclusion makes it possible to group the four writers, the sterile pessimism of Lawrence and Kafka contrasting with the constructive challenge of Silone and Eliot that man should discipline his solitude through acceptance of religion and thereby achieve "a deeper communion." Many other writers figure in the course of the argument and general topics are touched on, such as the function of

criticism, which is to focus attention on "the living unity of the artist and his work" and the function of art, which in the novel and poetry especially has for the last hundred years become a surrogate for religion and metaphysics.

The chapter on Lawrence, showing consultation of English and French critics and coming out boldly though not unreservedly in favour of Middleton Murry's *Son of Woman*, reveals Professor Scott's approach at its best. Lawrence's uncomfortable lack of style is ably examined but the main emphasis is rightly on the anguish underlying his middle and later years. In so capable a study it seems ungracious to mention small defects such as the scanty reference to *Kangaroo*, the omission of Lawrence's own favourite story, *The Man Who Loved Islands*, both so significant for the theme of isolation, together with his possible identification of himself with the Christ figure. A book of this nature is bound to raise points of personal disagreement: all for instance will not share the author's Christian outlook. The style is not always clear, while over-conscientiousness in giving many lengthy citations from critics and constant quotation of phrases weighs down Professor Scott's own forceful expression. It is however certain that through his wide reading he has attained a deeper understanding of the world and man and his stimulating and sincere discussion is to be welcomed.

VERA J. DANIEL.

Rehearsals of Discomposure. By Nathan A. Scott. John Lehmann. 18s.

* * * * *

Philip Young's *Ernest Hemingway* (G. Bell, 12s. 6d.) is a vivid and balanced study of a man who has forced his way into the centre of the literary stage by sheer force of personality and by his ruthless realism. Growing up in the stormy years between the two world wars, he has experienced war and suffering in his own person. "Mr. Hemingway's world, ultimately," writes Mr. Young, "is a world at war—war either in the literal sense or figuratively as marked everywhere with violence, potential or present, and a general hostility. In his view the hillside is packed with shell holes, the branch of the tree is shattered, the highway is clogged with soldiers, trucks, refugees and carts, and the daughter of the innkeeper has been raped." The Zola school of Vulcan in his forge does not appeal to everybody, but no one contests the sledge-hammer power of Mr. Hemingway's novels or his capacity to sweep the reader along with him.

* * * * *

Shaw and Society: An Anthology and a Symposium, edited by C. E. M. Joad (Odhams Press, 16s.) is a welcome addition to our knowledge of the most brilliant dramatist and one of the most arresting personalities of his age. Though the reminiscences and analyses provided by Kingsley Martin, Leonard Woolf, S. K. Ratcliffe, Dr. Joad, Hugh Dalton and Benn Levy, cover most aspects of a unique career, the main stress is on his social teaching, and the book is presented as a tribute from the Fabian Society. The general attitude of the contributors, as we should expect, is one of sympathy and admiration for the man and his teaching, both as an iconoclast and as a builder of a brave new world. The larger portion of the volume consists of skilfully selected extracts from his tracts, speeches, letters, essays and articles. Sooner or later, let us hope, we shall have a collection of letters dealing with larger issues than those which fill the volumes of correspondence with Ellen Terry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. His role—and his achievement—was not to form a school of disciples, but to compel people to think.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

MARCH, 1954

THE WORLD OUTLOOK

THE 19th century began in the middle of one of the great wars in history. Later as the century proceeded several other major wars broke out. But before it ended there were some 30 years of almost unbroken peace. Will the 20th century follow the same pattern? Mankind has certainly had its fill of war in that part of the 20th century which has already gone by. It opened with the Boer War in progress. Then followed the Russo-Japanese war and the first world war. After a short interval there were the Sino-Japanese war, the Spanish civil war, the Italo-Ethiopian war, the Russo-Finnish war, the second world war and the international war in Korea. Even this long list takes no account of the conflicts in the Balkans, Palestine, Indo-China, Kenya and elsewhere. Must the dreadful tale go on to the bitter end? Before attempting to answer this question let us take a look back at the set-up in the world of fifty years ago and see what changes have come about since then. At the beginning of the century it was the great nations of Europe—Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Russia—who sat in the seats of power and whose writs ran throughout the world. U.S.A. was still a young country asking only to be left alone to work out its own destiny. China was an ancient and static civilisation to which all foreigners were "barbarians" Japan had only recently been opened up and had not yet tried out her growing military and naval strength. Africa was being vivisected to gratify the ambitions of the western European nations. Finally what is now the British Commonwealth was little more than an appendage of the "Home" country whose Government was solely responsible for its foreign policy and provided for its defence.

How totally different is the situation today! Apart from Britain and Russia, the countries of Europe have fallen to secondary importance, many of them dependent on American aid to maintain both their internal economy and their means of protecting themselves against external aggression. Britain without her overseas Dominions would be very nearly in the same plight. Asia has re-awakened from her long sleep, and with a population more than half that of the whole planet is beginning to play a part in world politics commensurate with her historic past. The dark races of Africa are no longer prepared to acquiesce in their own subjection. They are refusing to be relegated in perpetuity to the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water. The countries of South America are yearly growing in importance and influence. Finally there are the two great colossi, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., who between them may be said to girdle the world. They meet and glower at one another in the bowels of Germany and across the narrow waters of the Bering Strait.

Mankind is an unruly family, and all down human history men have fought and killed one another for many and diverse reasons ranging from the sublime to the trivial and ridiculous. They have quarrelled over the ownership of property, the boundaries of national territory, religious beliefs, the rivalries of kings and rulers, the possession of markets and the supremacy of one race over another. In this second half of the 20th century the main outstanding causes of friction may all be summed up in the one word "dominance"—the claim of one set of people to dictate to another set where and how they shall live. This covers both the conflict of ideologies in Europe, Asia and America and also the racial feud which is tearing Africa asunder.

Men would not be men if their lives were not governed by ideas; and in process of time it is natural that these ideas should crystalise into habits, customs and taboos. So long as they live in a self-contained unit of tribe or nation there is no reason why they should not continue to do so at peace within themselves and with their neighbours. But ultimately two such civilisations cross one another's path. This is inevitable and by no means to be deplored. History teaches us that nearly all human progress stems from such clashes of rival civilizations with rival ideologies. What is ugly and suicidal is when this clash is only resolved by the shedding of rivers of human blood.

Against this background let us examine the main tensions in the world today. First and foremost of course is the hostility between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. This has deep roots. Fundamentally it rests on fear—not, I think, a fear that either of these great Powers has designs on the territory of the other, but a fear that in some subtle way one of them will succeed in undermining the stability of the other's way of life. Both of them have some solid grounds for this belief. Americans are aware of the presence inside their own country of a number of communists and sympathisers with communism who have contacts either direct or indirect with the Soviet Union and some of whom no doubt are financed by it. Americans are desperately concerned to extirpate from their midst this heresy and the power for mischief which its upholders possess. Hence their support for the excesses of Senator McCarthy. The rulers of the U.S.S.R. are equally aware that America spends money on propaganda in Eastern Europe to destroy the ideology of communism. In fear of war arising from this tension both countries have provided themselves with a shield of buffer countries in Europe who have been encouraged to arm themselves by financial assistance direct and indirect. In Asia also both of the giants have taken steps to protect their flanks by alliances—Russia with China, and America with Chiang Kai Shek, Syngman Rhee, Japan, Australia and New Zealand—and to have island bases in the Pacific.

Our attitude in Britain to communism and to the Soviet Union is by no means identical with that of America. We are not seriously worried at the presence in our midst of a few avowed communists and fellow-travellers, mainly because our industrial and political labour movements—even their extreme left wing—are definitely anti-communist. On the other hand we have been, because nearer to it, more alarmed by the advance westward across Europe of the Soviet sphere of influence including in

that term both the communist regimes in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and the Balkans and also the large communist minorities in France and Italy who are undermining the stability of governments in both these countries. Having been Allies of both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. in the last world war we are much more suspicious of the dominance of the latter than that of the former. Consequently we have had no hesitation in deciding on which side our interests lie. We have strained our economy to the uttermost to add to our incomparable navy a powerful air force, and to co-operate with America and the countries of western Europe in providing a contingent to an army of defence against possible Russian aggression. We have even, not without some heartburning, consented to leasing to the U.S.A. airfields and other bases in our island for American troops. Nevertheless we are under no illusions as to what would be our fate if a war between the giants were actually to break out. Therefore, with the exception of a few lunatics there are no counterparts in Britain to those Americans (let us hope a small minority) who advocate a "clean up" and a "show down" by converting the cold into a hot war.

It is not necessary to discuss in any detail the reactions of the individual countries of Europe. The problems of those who are lined up with the West are in greater or lesser degree similar to our own, with the age-long mutual distrust of France and Germany as an added complication. Inside the Russian satellites there is evidence of internal dissension; for while the rulers and their supporters cling to their delegated power others are chafed by their Russian chains and are longing for the day when they will regain their freedom. But all these countries, on whichever side of the Iron curtain they may lie, must recognise that they are regarded by the giant protagonists as buffer states, and that the function of a buffer is to bear the initial and major brunt of collision.

In Asia there are countries far larger in area and far more populous than any of those in Europe. Siberia is of course an integral part of the U.S.S.R., and the centre of gravity of the Soviet economy is shifting steadily eastwards into Asia. China is rapidly becoming a powerful country under communist rule—a sister nation, not by any means to be regarded as a mere satellite of Russia. India, though a member of the Commonwealth, prefers to remain a neutral in the world line-up, and in this capacity has already achieved worth-while results in regard to Korea. How far she and other Asian neutrals would be able to remain outside a world conflict if it broke out is a matter on which it would be unwise to prophesy. Japan at the moment is filling the role of the reformed miscreant under the "Borstal" tutelage of its American housemaster.

The U.S.S.R. remains the enigma that it has been ever since the end of the last world war. Why did it contemptuously throw away the goodwill felt towards it by its *quondam* allies? Why did it at immense cost to its economy continue fully armed when the rest of the world was disarming? Why were there signs of a change of policy on the death of Stalin and why have they not materialised? Why was Beria liquidated? None of these conundrums has been resolved at the time this article is being written. I will only hazard the suggestion that it is an example of the French proverb "The more things change, the more they remain the same", and that age-old Czarist foreign policy has survived two world

wars and the Bolshevik revolution. But if her present rulers are conscious of this they must surely also be aware of the historic fact that the Russian soldier and the Russian military machine have a fine record when fighting a war of defence on their own soil but they have been far less successful in wars of offence in foreign lands.

From this analysis of the various reactions of all the countries that would be likely to participate in a third world war the conclusion appears to be that nowhere is there any relish for the prospect. But it by no means follows that no such war will break out. It is rarely the case that nations deliberately go to war because they like to fight. It has much more often happened that they have blundered into war because they have used the threat of war (implicit if not explicit) to force their opponents to yield, and their opponents have played the same game of poker against them until one day the fatal decision has been taken. Wisdom demands of statesmen that while they negotiate from strength they shall negotiate with the object of reaching a reasonable compromise and not of forcing their opponents to their knees. The world is anxiously listening in the corridors of the Conference Room in Berlin to learn whether the negotiators on both sides possess this wisdom.

Finally we must not overlook the possibility that a major war may arise from causes other than that of communism. A resurgent Germany may try to force back the Eastern and Western frontiers imposed on her by her victorious foes. China may chance her luck in Korea or Formosa or elsewhere. Alternatively either Chiang Kai Shek or Syngman Rhee may slip their leash and embroil the U.S.A. in a war with China. A modicum of good sense in the principal parties concerned should avert all these catastrophes. But what of Africa? In that dark continent passions are running very high. Prejudices are very deep. Fundamental issues of human rights are involved. Blood is already flowing. There is yet time to staunch the flow and to heal the wounds. Let us pray that those who control its destinies will use that time to stave off disaster.

* * * * *

Since the above was written the Berlin Conference has met and appears to be ending without any major relaxation of tension. It had been anticipated that the conflict of interests over Germany would prove too deep to be resolved in any comprehensive manner, and the unhappy result has proved this anticipation well founded. There was more hope regarding Austria but this appears to have come to nothing. There is, however, still a possibility at the time this postscript is written that some minor compromises may be reached in Europe, and that some progress may be made regarding Mr. Eisenhower's atomic proposals and about a Five-Power Conference on Asian questions. More time must elapse before it can be seen whether the slightly less acrimonious tone of the general conversations was more than skin deep.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

THE DJILAS CASE

THE sudden eclipse in January of one of the most prominent figures of the Yugoslav hierarchy, Milovan Djilas, has to be seen in the perspective of the last three years of change in that country. The downfall of Djilas was too sensational for that to be easy for the earliest commentators. Even now (at the beginning of February) it is not easy to see how it will fit into the future pattern. The Cominform was put in a quandary, despite the first joyous proclamation of a "split among the Tito-fascists". This was a deliberate exaggeration, thought up in a hurry to avoid having to say that Djilas, the protagonist of liberalisation on Western lines, had been forced to eat humble pie (though not by any means all his own words) by the orthodox adherents to pure communism as interpreted in Yugoslavia. For that would have been to risk giving rise to the question among Muscovite communists whether the true doctrine was not after all to be found in Belgrade, which was so drastically re-asserting it. Others might see in it the flaw in the Cominform line that the Yugoslav party has sold out to reactionary capitalism. Others yet again might be tempted to compare the open discussion and debate which preceded the purely political sanctions against a convicted heretic with the methods used behind the Iron Curtain. The Titoists had been able to deal with heresy without a campaign of vitriolic abuse of a man already silenced, and doomed to spend months in the hands of the brain-washers or physical tortures of the M.V.D. before the show trial with its stereotyped marionette performers, the now meaningless farce of "confession" and final liquidation.

Equally at a loss were the sensationalists on the Right, who saw or professed to see in the Djilas affair a proof that Yugoslavia's rulers had only been playing at liberalisation "to satisfy those who held the strings of Western money-bags", and that now they were coming out again in their true communist colours as a preliminary to a reconciliation with Moscow. Then there was the sinister story put out by a news-agency which has more than once caused serious international difficulties for Yugoslavia, to the effect that the Americans had advised Tito to sacrifice Djilas the liberaliser in order to maintain intact the united striking power of Yugoslavia in case of war—a story which naturally enough was eagerly exploited by the Cominform. Then there was the theory that, in revolt against the "betrayal" of Yugoslavia to Italy over the Trieste question by the decision of October 8th, 1953, the country's foreign policy had become anti-Western. This again was belied by the facts, yet it had this semblance of truth in it; the complete ineptitude with which Yugoslav sensibilities and national aspirations were ridden over roughshod by "October 8th" have caused nationwide disillusion and created an atmosphere which greatly eased the way for the opponents of anything resembling Western liberalism to get rid of its foremost supporter.

The Djilas issue was essentially an internal Party matter, only collaterally affected by foreign politics. Only a few weeks before the crisis I had myself been studying on the spot the great changes which the last three years have brought to the political picture in Yugoslavia. One is still entitled to hope that the anti-Djilas coup may prove to be only a tem-

porary swing of the pendulum, resembling essentially, though in itself going much further than, those which are part of the empirical approach of Yugoslavia to socialism (or the Tito brand of communism), and liberalism. Three years ago, during the 1950 elections, I was assured that the new Parliament and the Government would tackle the task of finding a middle way between communism and capitalism. There would be a complete break with Stalinist methods. The power of the bureaucratic caste (which in Russia exploits the masses as ruthlessly as the worst forms of capitalism have done) would step by step be reduced. The all-powerful Tito-communist party would have to interfere less in the running of the country and have to allow some of its executive functions to be taken over by local elected (political) committees and (economic) producer councils. There would be an attempt to restore the incentive of private enterprise, without permitting the revival of private capitalism. At the time this sounded either insincere or completely utopian; how could any middle way be discovered which would embrace elements of two such mutually destructive ideologies? Yet I have just been amazed to see what progress has been made, both in the formulation of a new ideological theory and in its practical application. The new theory has so far developed as to have sounded a note of alarm to at least one near neighbour—speaking geographically—the social-democrats in Austria.

On returning from Belgrade to Vienna, I put to one of the intellectual leaders of the latter the question of a Titoist theorist which I had myself been unable to answer quite satisfactorily. "Why is it", the Titoist asked me, "that we can have amicable discussion with socialists from France, Germany, Italy, Britain, or even from America, yet meet with nothing but suspicion and reserve—often open hostility, from your Austrian socialist friends? Are they still worried about our interest in their Slovene minority in Carinthia?" "It is not that", returned the Austrian. "You can tell your Titoist friend that, because we are such close neighbours and have still so many surviving ties with the population, we can see the real danger Titoism represents to the democratic socialist movement. Moscovite communism has been so thoroughly exposed as an instrument of Russian expansion that it can win no more converts, at least in Europe. What self-respecting or intelligent person would today be duped into joining that vast army of agents of a foreign imperialism, in the belief that he was aiding the realisation of Karl Marx's hopes for the betterment of the workers? But national communism, as so astutely developed by Tito is another matter. To be able to assure the worker that he can become the proletarian dictator by a national revolution which will have no connection with any foreign powers is to tempt him sorely to abandon the slower and surer road to socialism which we will never abandon. That is the democratic road, paved with the free consent of the majority to its further projection. For us, Stalinism as an apostolic force is as dead as its author: Titoism is a dangerous, because a plausible socialist heresy".

The downfall of Djilas, although bound to be regretted in democratic socialist and liberal circles outside the country, does not imply a reversal of the policy of decentralisation, but it is a check to its pace. There have been earlier checks, followed by a resumption of the process. After the breach with Moscow in 1948, Tito had obviously to devise an ideology

which would fire the imagination of the hard communist core of his supporters and convince them that not Tito but Stalin had deviated from and distorted pure marxism. It had demonstrably to save the country from what in Russia is called the "*novoye bourgeoisie*"—an all-powerful, well-to-do and expensive Party bureaucracy which today could proudly proclaim with full right—"L'Etat, c'est moi". It had to break with the burdensome and crumbling system of five year plans tyrannically imposed from above. It had to provide for a more elastic, adjustable and experimental economic system. And it had early to justify itself by results to the masses by providing better living conditions, more consumer goods and greater political liberty. Tito's success in this difficult venture has been considerable. Economic plans are no longer imposed from above. There is no exploitation of any man's labour by another in the factories—that is, no "retention of surplus values"—yet there is a considerable degree of free enterprise. Concerns compete for orders and in profit making. After payment of basic wages, taxation, and making provision for depreciation and investment, the concerns use the remaining surplus to raise wages above the basic figure. Planning begins at the bottom, in the concern, which estimates what it can contribute to the annual "Social Plan", its estimates being sent forward and collated with others by various intermediary councils. Finally, all estimates reach the Central Planning Board, which has to produce a Draft Social Plan. After lengthy discussion in parliament and the press, the Central Board decides on the Plan in its final form.

Politically, liberalisation has not gone so far. There is still a rigid one-Party system, the attempt to change which was the head and fount of Djilas' offence. A few alternative candidates were put up for election last November but of course none in opposition to the ruling Party. Not even Djilas went so far as to suggest the toleration of any Party which would advocate a change in the political and economic system—only the toleration of two separate socialist parties. But although no effective opposition is allowed, there is in Yugoslavia a tolerance of individual criticism, even of expression of contempt or of hostility towards the regime, quite unimaginable under a fascist or Cominform dictatorship. I was at more than one social gathering at which devout communists, indifferent conformists and indignant unbelievers got on extremely well together. Casual acquaintances and even strangers were not afraid to express quite openly to me any criticism they had to make of the system. That the Communist Party should give up always more of its powers of control and interference and finally restrict itself mainly to educational functions was part of the political programme.

It will probably be found in a few months' time that the pendulum has swung back again and that these tendencies have re-appeared. But not at the pace which Djilas desired and advocated in his remarkable series of articles in *Borba*. To regard them as "anti-Tito" publications would be wrong. Tito knew all about them, and approved of them in part. Of others he told Djilas that he was going too far, that he—Tito—disagreed, but that Djilas could go ahead and see what reception they got. Djilas is a philosopher, a poet and a writer, normally a little removed from the rough and tumble of political struggle. He badly underestimated

the strength of the opposition he was causing by attacking the Party members generally as bureaucrats, and aroused the ire of their women-folk by sneers at their manners and morals. He came up against the hard cone of Tito's devotees, the old Partisans. He is accused, justly or unjustly, of surrounding himself with a circle of admiring intellectuals and of losing touch with the workers. He overlooked, it is said, the latent strength of bourgeois reaction, and believed that the Party could afford greater liberality towards potential enemies than is yet safe.

"When", say orthodox Titoists, "the Labour Party ousts a Cripps or a Bevan, or the Austrian socialists their pro-cominform secretary-general, Erwin Scharf, the world regards it as a matter of Party discipline. We have only done the same sort of thing, though we have not even expelled from the Party a man who was proclaiming views to which the Party in fact took the strongest objection, but which, because of the eminence of his position, were assumed by many to be the Party's own views". The further argument that his overthrow was "absolutely democratic" is a little too much to swallow. But it is only sensible to note how much nearer democracy it was than what happens in similar cases behind the Curtain. When Moshe Pijade demanded that the Central Committee should discuss "the case of Djilas", calling upon him only to answer questions put by the Committee, Tito objected, saying "What we want is a discussion *with* Djilas". Tito condemned his actions, but referred to him by an intimate diminutive, and insisted that despite error he remained a loyal Communist. *Borba* of January 18th carried Tito's criticisms on the front page, Djilas' first rejoinder on the second page, the terrific attacks by Kardeli on the next three pages, and finally Djilas' second rejoinder, general admission of error and submission. Even in this he could join issue with some of Tito's criticisms and maintain that in certain respects his attitude had been right. Radio Belgrade broadcast much of Dedijer's defence of the fallen leader. To say that all this amounts to democracy as we in the West understand it is palpably absurd. The diehards may have violently applied a brake to the wheels of progress and pitched the driver out on to his head. They may thereby have intimidated other intending critics. But to do so they have had to adopt at least the manner of democracy to an extent which no other modern dictatorship has done or could afford to do.

Vienna.

G. E. R. GEDYE.

LORD SIMON AS FOREIGN SECRETARY

THE career of Lord Simon affords convincing evidence that a brilliant brain, moral integrity and an apparently untirable physique are not sufficient to ensure success in the highest offices of State. "As Foreign Secretary," *The Times* wrote when he died, "he totally failed." Political friends and admirers have sought to modify the verdict. Let us

consider whether *The Times'* drastic condemnation is fair to the gifted, dexterous, efficient politician who was head of the Foreign Office from November, 1931 to June, 1935. It was a period of confusion and false values, and the Foreign Office had ceased to be the compact and authoritative director of policy which it had been since the day when Charles James Fox was its first Chief. After the 1914-18 War economics became temporarily more important than diplomacy. Countries on the verge of collapse had to be saved by international financial action, and for this purpose people looked elsewhere than to the diplomatists. The League of Nations was the more effective agency. The Old Diplomacy had in any case become discredited, however mistakenly, as having been responsible for the disaster of 1914; and even for diplomatic business the League was regarded as the better instrument. During the periods of office of Lord Simon's predecessors, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Henderson, the League had indeed composed some serious international disputes as well as salvaging Austrian, Hungarian and Bulgarian finances. The British public was in an idealist mood, and strongly supported the League. Moreover it heartily backed Lord Cecil and the League of Nations Union in their efforts to diffuse a knowledge of foreign affairs. They were debated in every parish council room in the country. In those post-war years the public—or that portion of it which debated—came to think of itself as being well-qualified to give an opinion on the questions of the day, and, being also possessed of votes, was listened to by those in authority—and by nobody more than Lord Simon, who, to my certain knowledge, on some occasions preferred the opinions of journalists (as representative of public opinion) to those of his professional advisers.

Not only that, but a new element of uncertainty in direction had been introduced by the assumption of the position of Head of the Civil Service by Sir Warren Fisher, which gave him, in his own eyes, the right to be consulted in the appointment of ambassadors, and thus to influence foreign policy. He also—as recorded by Sir Walford Selby in *Diplomatic Twilight*—opposed the creation of a new Economic Section inside the Foreign Office. He was thus a rival influence to Lord Simon in his own preserves; and above him was the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who was more interested in international than in home affairs, and who, as Lord Simon mildly remarks in his *Retrospect*, "used his prerogative freely". Moreover the Prime Minister left no record of what he had said to foreign ambassadors, and Lord Simon was left to make a guess or learn it from the ambassadors in question when they next paid a visit to the Foreign Office. It was therefore a period of confusion inside the Office as well as outside; and to add to it Mr. Anthony Eden had a separate responsibility for League of Nations affairs. Lord Simon did not object to this, because, as he says in his autobiography, the duties which press on a Foreign Secretary "are more than can be satisfactorily discharged by a single individual." He did his best to mitigate the necessary evil by proceeding to Geneva himself as often as he could; and it was there that he achieved, as we shall see, the one notable success of his Foreign Secretaryship.

And to his specially difficult task he brought no experience whatever of foreign affairs. It was my professional duty to pay frequent visits to the

Foreign Office on behalf of *The Times*, and Sir John Simon (as he then was) usually asked me to come and see himself personally and more often than not invited me to do the talking. He regarded me, I imagine, as a sample of public opinion. He once said frankly in a speech in the country that he considered his job to be to ascertain what public opinion was and then to give practical effect to it. I have many vivid recollections of my meetings with Lord Simon (as for consistency's sake I will continue to call him), and it may illustrate his character and methods if I set some of them down. In particular I remember meeting him by chance in a corridor of the Foreign Office, and his telling me that he was just going to the House of Commons and would I go along with him. To my surprise he walked and talked the whole way, without a pause, across crowded Whitehall, going upstairs in the House, and walking up and down the passage outside his private room, waiting, as he told me, for the Austrian Minister, who had an appointment with him. It struck me as strange that he did not require one moment to think of what he would have to say to his visitor; he talked, and listened till Baron Franckenstein was actually announced. On another occasion I was having a conversation with him in the Secretary of State's room in the Foreign Office, and was just beginning to ask him something, when his telephone rang, and he was told that Sir Philip Sassoon was on the 'phone. "Put him through", he said, and to me "Go on with your question, please." So I continued to speak while he was talking to Sassoon; and when he had finished Lord Simon turned to me and answered in detail and in his clear, unruffled manner the rather complicated proposition I had put to him.

His penetrating intellect threw jets of pellucid light on every subject that he discussed, but having mastered the problem he seemed to think his task was accomplished. All he had to do then was to expound it to the Cabinet or the House of Commons. He was quite fluid about policy. The late Sir Malcolm Robertson told me how he had been playing golf with Lord Simon on the morning of the day on which he had to make a speech in the House, the subject being the Arms Traffic. The Labour Party were bringing in a motion against the retention of the traffic in private hands. Lord Simon on his round and then in the pavilion made two speeches, one against motion, the other in favour of it. Both were equally good (so said Sir Malcolm Robertson); and both better than the speech he afterwards delivered in the House of Commons, which entirely failed to carry conviction. He had his principles, even his enthusiasms. The maintenance of civil justice in all circumstances, and the liberty of the subject, were almost passions with him. He was intensely earnest about disarmament. But his mind was essentially uncreative. He had no flash of instinct. He never saw ultimate consequences. His whole concern was with the next step. His legal training had accustomed him to master his brief, to state it before the judge, then to put it quite out of his mind and take up the next case. Nothing could be more disastrous than this habit applied to politics. More than once I knew him to approach an old problem as if it had not been raised before and even come to a different conclusion on the second occasion. Time after time Lord Simon made it clear that he favoured the rearmament of Germany up to a fixed and moderate standard. Yet he exasperated the Germans by

penning a famous memorandum, abounding in legalistic niceties, to show that German re-armament was inconsistent with the Treaty of Versailles. Soon afterwards he wrote another despatch advocating that the Disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles should be superseded by a Convention limiting the arms of all countries, including Germany's on a level with the rest. When Hitler made his own proposal for a general settlement which included the limitation of arms, with international supervision, Lord Simon was in favour of accepting the proposal and pinning him down. M. Barthou however got in first with a blank refusal to discuss it. So Lord Simon said nothing until he got to Geneva, and then gave mild approbation to the German plan. The plan also included an Air Pact on the Locarno model, which Lord Simon also liked, but failed to carry. When he went to the first meeting of the full Disarmament Conference in Geneva, the Japanese assault on China had just begun. "Some people say", he observed, "that this conference had better be abandoned. I say that it is all the more necessary." The truth is that he almost always took the line of least resistance. It was his nature to glide over or round difficulties. A lampoonist of the 'eighties' wrote of Lord Granville, the Foreign Secretary of the day: "He is timid, vacillating, wavering, and incapable of conceiving, much less of carrying out, any systematic policy that does not promise to satisfy everybody at every moment. He is therefore a time-serving and temporising Foreign Minister, intent only upon avoiding difficulties out of the House and questions in it, and upon meandering through expedients which may relieve him from the awful necessity of coming to resolutions." The critic of the earlier Foreign Secretary also wrote: "He has a considerable experience but an inconsiderable knowledge of foreign affairs." Both strictures, though severe, might have been written about Lord Simon; and to them might be added that he possessed no sense of timing. He did not recognise those moments which come, usually unexpectedly or incidentally, when immediate action would gain results; but he pondered, weighed and considered every relative factor before making up his mind—and then it was probably too late. "There come rare moments", Dr. G. M. Trevelyan has written, "hard to distinguish but fatal to let slip, when caution is dangerous, when all must be set upon a hazard." Lord Simon never set all upon a hazard, not for want of courage, with which he was plentifully endowed, but because in foreign affairs he was not on familiar ground, and because he had not that inner eye which sees what the eyes do not see. It is certainly true that during his four years at the Foreign Office he had peculiarly intractable problems to deal with. "Disarmament" faced him all the time, and no large-scale scheme of reduction and equalisation was ever really possible for the simple reason that France, obstinately but understandably, refused to allow that German armaments should be brought up to a level with her own. Lord Simon wasted a lot of time trying to bring about agreement where none was possible—in which he had public opinion behind him. He has also been criticized for not leading the League of Nations in a crusade against Japan for committing an aggression against China in Manchuria. It is not part of a Foreign Secretary's duties to play Don Quixote. The United States were not in the League, and never promised to join the League in action.

Lord Simon knew then, as we know now, that the British Ambassador in Tokyo prophesied with assurance that if League action were announced the first thing the Japanese would do would have been to sink the British Far Eastern squadron—which might not have been so easy as they thought, but which they were certainly in a position to do. Here again public opinion, apart from the enthusiasts of the League of Nations Union, supported his attitude. But both Disarmament and the Japanese aggression had been matters for the League. It was in diplomacy proper that Lord Simon's failure was most manifest. As has already been noted, he had neither the touch nor the necessary sense of timeliness. He could almost certainly have brought about an "Air Locarno" with France and Germany if he had not (apparently under pressure from the rest of the Cabinet) at first turned the proposal down, and then set about reversing his policy in a way that exasperated the French Government. A visit to Berlin by a British Foreign Secretary, with the consent of France, might have been invaluable in the early days of his Ministry; to pay it in March, 1935, just after Hitler had formally and ostentatiously announced that he was adopting conscription, raising his army to a strength of a peace basis of 36 divisions, and thus openly violating the Treaty of Versailles, was most unprofitable. It was a shock to Britain's friends and allies on the Continent from which they never recovered. He then proceeded to negotiate a naval agreement with Ribbentrop, which in itself had much to be said for it, but which, coming immediately after the Berlin visit, further damaged British relations with France, Italy, and also Russia—who might possibly with tactful handling have become an ally before 1939. Finally, and again with good reason, Lord Simon has been freely criticised for his conduct at the Stresa Conference. He had by now so keenly realised the position of isolation into which his policy had placed his country that he was determined at all costs to keep France and Italy with us and to show, in his own words "The solidarity of the three Powers in the face of Germany's announced increase of military strength." Unfortunately all the world knew by then that Mussolini was contemplating an assault upon Abyssinia. The British Ambassador in Rome, Sir Eric Drummond (later Lord Perth), was of the opinion that a stern warning to the Duce might have made him reconsider his plan of sheer aggression. But the British Ambassador, incredible as it may seem, was not allowed to take any part in the proceedings at Stresa. No kind of warning was addressed to Mussolini, who concluded that he would be allowed a free hand. Then, when the assault was launched, Britain led the policy of ineffectual sanctions, and drove Mussolini into Hitler's camp.

But the Abyssinian campaign came after Lord Simon's transfer to another Cabinet post, and we need not load him with a further failure for which he was not directly responsible. Let us close rather with the mention of his one notable success, which he owed not to diplomatic but to his legal skill. The Persian Government of the day (like its recent successor) had suddenly "abrogated" the Concession under which the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company had the right for a still considerable number of years to exploit the oil of Abadan. To meet the British Government's objection Persia agreed to bring the matter before the Council of the League, and retained a noted French advocate to plead her case. He was

no match for Lord Simon, who personally conducted the British case. I was present at Geneva throughout the hearing and felt almost sorry for the distinguished Frenchman, whose skilful arguments were coolly and relentlessly torn to pieces by the British Foreign Secretary. It was a remarkable occasion of forensic expertness and of the peaceful and agreed settlement of an awkward dispute.

Lord Simon was never made for diplomacy, and it was a grave error on the part of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to give him the post of Foreign Secretary. He had neither the special knowledge nor the right temperament for it. With him the intangible did not count, and half a diplomat's work is concerned with prejudices and hidden calculations. He lived from day to day, skilfully clearing each Parliamentary hurdle as he reached it. He established no claim to statesmanship in the one office where it might have been established. Seldom can a public man have combined so brilliant a career with so conspicuous a failure in the most important phase of it.

A. L. KENNEDY.

AMERICA'S ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

AMERICA'S economy is plainly on the border line between what is commonly known as a "re-adjustment," or recession, and a longer cyclical down-turn in business activity. The mid-December unemployment figures made public early in January reveal that unemployment rose from 1,430,000 in mid-November to 1,850,000 in mid-December, the latter figure thus being three-quarters of a million higher than that for mid-October. This increase in unemployment of over 60 per cent. in two months is a contra-seasonal trend, and it is officially expected that the mid-January figures to be released in early February will show another big rise, probably to over 2,400,000. This would be four per cent. of the total working force. An unemployment figure of four per cent. is not in itself cause for great concern, comparing as it does with nearly twenty-five per cent. in the depression of 1929-1933. The steeply rising trend of unemployment is, however, of great concern both to labour leaders and to the Administration, the latter being pledged to take firm action to maintain "employment opportunities." Labour leaders have often pointed out that the unemployment figures are both always late and not very reliable, and even at the beginning of January they insisted that the figure should be over three million instead of less than two million. Additionally, the official figures do not accurately reflect the reduction in industrial tempo that has already taken place, as many workers recently paid off have not sought re-employment. These people are mainly women and part-time workers who enter the labour force in times of good trade and when employment is easy to come by, but who prefer not to go to any great amount of trouble to obtain fresh employment

when business is not so active. The importance of this is revealed in the employment figure which at nearly 61 million in mid-December was 1½ million lower than in mid-November, whereas unemployment over the same period had increased by less than half-a-million. Some three-quarters of a million people had just gone back to hearth and home rather than re-enter the labour force.

It is of course quite clear that the Administration is not only keeping a close eye on the situation but has plans to counter any serious fall in industrial output. These plans are well-known to include public works spendings, increasing the credit base of the country's banks, and various monetary policies such as lowering the interest rate so as to encourage capital investment. Tax reductions, higher depreciation allowances, and guaranteed prices may also be used. The efficacy of governmental intervention is probably greater, however, as a means of restraining a boom than as a stimulant in a depression, and it is noteworthy that except on a minor scale these plans have not yet been used in the early stages of an industrial down-turn in any major country. The Administration is empowered by the Employment Act of 1946 "to foster and promote free enterprise and the general welfare, conditions under which there will be afforded useful employment opportunities, including self-employment, for those able, willing, and seeking to work, and to promote maximum employment, production, and purchasing power."

It is against this background then that the President's economic legislative plans as presented to Congress on January 7 must be considered. Defence, as usual, is given top priority, and in the fiscal year commencing July 1954 nearly \$1,000 million more will be spent on military and non-military defence measures than in the current year. The budget, however, which for the current year shows a reduction in government spending of \$7,000 million as compared with that proposed by the Truman Administration, will be further reduced by \$5,000 million in the coming fiscal year. Thus despite the tax cuts that came into effect on January 1, the Administration expects that the Federal deficit on next year's budget will be lower than during the current year. The tax reductions that took place at the beginning of January applied both to individuals and companies. Personal income taxes were reduced by approximately ten per cent., and the thirty per cent. excess profits tax on companies, originally due to expire on June 30th, 1953 but extended to December 31st, 1953, lapsed on the latter date.

The President has now proposed that, because of the present need for revenue, the company income tax which is scheduled to fall from 52 per cent. to 47 per cent. on April 1st, 1954 be retained at the higher rate for another year, and that the excise taxes also scheduled to be reduced on April 1st, including those on liquor, tobacco, petrol, and motor cars, should be continued at the existing rates. It is clear from these proposals that the Administration hopes to reduce both the Federal Government operating deficit and the government spending as promised in the Presidential election campaign of 1952, but is compelled to maintain intact some of the current taxes which, if reduced as on schedule, would cost \$3,000 million in the next fiscal year. Clearly, these proposals have not pleased industry, which for the sake of the Republican Party put on a

brave face when the excess profits tax expiry was postponed in 1953. Pressure will doubtless be brought to bear on Congressmen, many of whom do not at all relish the "Fair Deal" aspect of many of the President's proposals. It is thus likely that foreign aid payments will come under severe scrutiny, notwithstanding the President's remarks that: "Military assistance must be continued. Technical assistance must be maintained. Economic assistance can be reduced." There will be no quibble with the last item, but military assistance will be examined carefully, especially so in view of the proposal to "merge these (assistance) funds with the regular defence funds."

In a tribute to the better economic position of Western Europe the President said: "The fact that we can now reduce our foreign economic assistance in many areas is gratifying evidence that its objectives are being achieved. By continuing to surpass her pre-war levels of economic activity, Western Europe gains self-reliance. Thus our relationship enters a new phase which can bring results beneficial to our taxpayers and our Allies alike, if still another step is taken. "This step is the creation of a healthier and freer system of trade and payments within the free world, a system in which our Allies can earn their own way and our economy can continue to flourish. The free world can no longer afford the kinds of arbitrary restraints on trade that have continued ever since the war. On this problem I shall submit to the Congress detailed recommendations after our Joint Commissions on Foreign Economic Policy has made its report." No one expected the Randall report to be unanimous in favouring lower tariffs or speedy Congressional action implementing its proposals.

The Eisenhower Administration is firmly internationalist in outlook and prefers trade to aid, but the motto of many Congressmen, mainly of the President's party, is "neither trade nor aid." This will be especially so in an election year when all Representatives and one-third of the Senators seek re-election. Any postponement of the tax cuts due in April will be used to argue against foreign aid payments, and the increase in unemployment will be a good point against any proposed reductions in tariffs. The President's proposals can therefore be considered only as the official hopes of the Administration, and in view of the performance of the last session of Congress when few of the Administration's plans received approval, it can hardly be expected that much more will be accomplished in this election year, not at any rate in the way of giving more money away to Allies or enabling them to compete more effectively in the American domestic market.

The President's hands are more or less tied. In the 1952 elections he carried the Republican Party to power, but his own easy victory was not achieved by many Republican Senators and Representatives. In the Senate there are now 48 Democrats, 47 Republicans, and one independent Republican. In the House of Representatives the Republicans have a majority of four seats out of a total of 435, one seat being held by an independent. It is true that the President could, under other circumstances, use his immense popularity and his official position as head of the Republican Party to force his aims and desires on Congress by threatening to disapprove the re-election candidacy of recalcitrant Republican Congressmen. Such a move, however, is fraught with danger as forty of

the Republican Representatives who are seeking re-election this year now hold their seats by a voting margin of less than five per cent., and four of the Republican Senators also up for re-election have only doubtful chances of being returned. Any such move by the President could well set off a Democratic landslide.

The President will be compelled during the current session, as during the last, to rely on the Democrats, who this year, however, may not be in the same cooperative mood in view of the Truman-White-Brownell scandal of late 1953, when Attorney-General Brownell more or less accused the former President of knowingly promoting to high office a person whom he knew to be a Soviet spy. The questions of continuing foreign aid and tariff reductions will tend to turn therefore both on the President's ability to secure the support of the liberal Republicans and that of the Democratic internationalists, and on the internal economic situation. The better the economic health of the country the greater the chances of further aid and freer trade. Stimulation of internal domestic trade by the granting of larger foreign aid payments is not likely to loom large in the Administration's anti-Depression plans.

Currently, industrial production is running at about 7 per cent. below the best levels of 1953, steel output is down by about one-quarter, car output has been reduced with consequent rising unemployment among assembly-line workers, railway freight loadings have declined by about ten per cent., and personal income in November 1953 (the latest figure available) was running at an annual rate of \$285½ billion, nearly \$2 billion lower than in October. All these may not prove to be the beginning of a major fall in industrial output, but merely a change-over from an over-extended wartime economy to a normal peacetime economy with unemployment running at about 5 per cent. President Eisenhower in his report to Congress said: "I am confident that we can complete this transition without serious interruption in our economic growth. But we shall not leave this vital matter to chance. . . . (Plans include) flexible credit and debt management policies; tax measures to stimulate consumer and business spending; suitable lending, guaranteeing, insuring and grant-in-aid activities; strengthened old age and unemployment insurance measures; improved agricultural programmes; public works plans laid well in advance; enlarged opportunities for international trade and investment. This enumeration . . . only faintly hints the vast amount of study, co-ordination and planning, to say nothing of authorising legislation, that altogether will make our economic preparedness complete. If new conditions arise . . . the Administration will still be ready. A government always ready to take well-timed and vigorous action, and a business community willing, as ours is, to plan boldly and with confidence, can between them develop a climate assuring economic growth." These are indeed bold, brave words. In practice, however, there may prove to be a distinction between what economists can plan on paper and what they are able to achieve when the business tide is running against them. The fact that it took a major war to reduce unemployment in America to minor proportions, despite all the measures of the New Deal, is not encouraging.

New York.

JOHN BROWN.

GIBRALTAR AND ANGLOPHOBIA IN SPAIN

ANTI-BRITISH demonstrations in Madrid, Granada and elsewhere, come as a climax to an artificially stimulated campaign of fifteen years for the return of Gibraltar to Spain. The form the agitation has taken is a familiar one to modern history—student riots, hooliganism and violent press attacks. Comment in Britain has universally condemned the Spanish attitude, but it is unwise and unjust to dismiss their claim for Gibraltar's return merely because it has found its expression in Falangist rowdiness. For the future of Anglo-Spanish relations it is necessary to put the problem into proper perspective. For the majority of Englishmen there is no problem. Gibraltar is British by right of conquest confirmed in the Treaty of Utrecht. Its capture by an Anglo-Dutch fleet in 1704 is being celebrated this year in the 250th anniversary of British rule. For this period it has been the pivot of British sea power in the Mediterranean and a bastion of strength in four great wars, whilst the 'Rock' has become in the popular imagination a symbol of Imperial power.

This is only half the picture, for to many Spaniards Gibraltar has been a symbol of foreign domination since the British occupation. They view the British in Gibraltar very much as Italians might view Jugo-Slavs in Trieste or, as Professor Trend wrote in 1921, as the English might regard a French occupation of Dover. To think that the present agitation is a new phenomenon is a grave mistake, for antecedents can be traced both in the press and in the Cortes throughout the nineteenth century. The motives behind the agitation were varied but it found its purest expression among the Republican leaders who wanted its restoration as a part of their general anti-Imperialist campaign and on grounds of abstract justice. National pride, which is certainly not confined to Spaniards of any particular party, plays an important part in all past agitation, and Dr. Salvador de Madariaga, whom no one could accuse of being a supporter of Franco, wrote in 1946 "that Spain wants Gibraltar cannot even be discussed. She cannot be without wanting it. The consequences of the retention of Gibraltar by the English are far deeper than a mere political discussion might suggest. It has cut deep into the national faith". The Spaniards, rightly or wrongly, claim it as *de jure* Spanish territory, and this year, with the Queen's visit and the 250th anniversary, the agitation is reaching a natural climax. Last summer Fernandez Cuesta, secretary of the Falange, in a speech at Valencia, affirmed that the return of the Rock would continue to remain a cardinal point in the Falangist programme. Franco, speaking later on August 4th, in an interview with *Arriba*, the Falangist daily, stressed that "the return of Gibraltar was not only the desire of the Falange but of the whole Spanish people". In this interview and in official statements he has linked the prestige of his regime with the restoration of the fortress to Spain.

It is important to remember that there is no room for the public expression of any other opinion; the press is strictly controlled. This means that the government since 1939 has had immense influence over the formation of public opinion, particularly of the youth. Britain's policy towards Spain during this time has resulted in an anti-British campaign in which Gibraltar serves as the focal point of attack. Apathy

may have come from an agitation which seemed to have no ending but now, with Spain's credit running high, especially in the Americas, the tone becomes more positive. For the past year, at least, the Spanish press has consistently seized every opportunity to irritate latent anti-British feeling. This has been done in a variety of ways; sometimes the attack is direct, more often subtle and insinuating, but always aimed at discrediting British aims and achievements. The reporting of news items from England is liable to be unjust and biased, whilst the actual selection of topics to be discussed often strikes the observer as bizarre. Religious differences between the two countries are stressed with particular vigour—always to Britain's disadvantage. Divisions within the Labour Party and news of strikes are fully reported as part of the attempt to discredit Socialism. France may share with Britain the role of being used as a warning of the "decadence of Liberal Democracy", but with Britain there is always personal bitterness. Our policy towards Jugo-Slavia is described as hypercritical in comparison to what is considered as our unjust policy towards Spain. Her continued exclusion from N.A.T.O. is attributed to Britain's influence, and, whereas Franco hardly expected recognition from a Labour government, there was marked disappointment when British policy towards him remained fundamentally unchanged with the advent to power of the Conservatives. The Press has been particularly scornful of past British proposals for a Four Power meeting. To a certain group of Spaniards, who claim intimate knowledge of Communist mentality and tactics, based on their Civil War experience, there can be no compromise between Russia and the West, and Britain has been derided for thinking it possible.

In addition to what many people may regard as valid criticisms there is also a certain amount of deliberate mystification. Gibraltar, in one slim volume, for example, appears responsible for most of the evils of Spanish nineteenth century misgovernment—it was the centre of a "masonic conspiracy" designed to keep Spain divided so as to ensure a constant market for British goods. The continual military *pronunciamientos*, it is asserted, sought and received aid and encouragement from the British colony. A whole literature of "Gibraltariana" has grown up over the years emphasizing the justice of Spain's claims to the "Keys of the Straits". There may be in all this an element of wishing to divert attention from domestic discontent or even, as the *Daily Telegraph* asserts, of wishing to "provide synthetic substitutes for aggression", but it would be a mistake, for that reason, to assume that the problem is unimportant, because it is against the background of these facts that Gibraltar becomes the biggest single barrier to the improvement of Anglo-Spanish relations.

In trying to account for the prevalence in semi-official quarters of an Anglophobia, which brings an edge of bitterness to the question, it is perhaps worth looking at the conception which Spaniards have recently formed of their historical development. Briefly, it is based on the contention that the Spaniards are a race apart from the rest of Europe, and that there is no reason why they should be expected to conform to European patterns of social and political behaviour. The failure to find a satisfactory political solution for their country's government (solved, of course, in the present State) is of comparatively little importance when

compared to the unrivalled contribution made by Spain towards the preservation of Catholic unity. Periods of Spanish greatness in the past, it is asserted, have been those in which she has come forward as the defender and propagator of Catholic values. Hence the immense significance of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella when the Moors were finally subdued and the great task of civilizing the New World was begun; the Counter-Reformation, where Spain tried to reimpose unity on a Europe shattered by the Reformation is scarcely less significant. The Spaniards' genius is religious, the argument continues, and if, up to 1939, they have been unable to evolve a satisfactory form of government it has been because their civilising mission, conceived in terms of the spread of Catholicism, has drawn upon them the rivalry of covetous nations eager only for material gains. These foreign powers, and England is the main culprit, have deliberately sought, either by the influence of their ideas or by direct intervention, to divert the stream of national development. A whole theory of Spanish history has been built up on such a foundation, and the present "Destiny" of Spain, is seen as the re-imposition of religious unity on a Europe which has erred so far as to become a prey to atheistical Communism. England occupies a central position in this presentation because she represents the spirit of the Reformation in its most unbridled form symbolized in an heretical Church Establishment. But the main bone of contention is to be found in the Imperial rivalry between the two powers. The clash of interests and ideas was expressed in the running fight which began with the piratical raids of Drake and ended with the British assisting the Spanish colonies to revolt from their Mother Country at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Gibraltar, to some Spaniards, seems small compensation for the loss of their American Empire.

The bitter memory of this past Imperial rivalry goes far towards explaining the contemporary belittlement of Britain's colonial achievements and the corresponding exaggeration of Spain's civilising influence in America. The feeling of inferiority which loss of their Empire entails stems from the disastrous war of 1898 when Spain lost Cuba and the Philippines, and it is strengthened by seeing Portugal, once a part of the Spanish Empire, still one of the world's colonial powers. Aggressive Spanish nationalism now finds its inspiration in looking to the past. To compensate for her exclusion from the concert of nations she has adopted two striking attitudes—firstly, the insistence of the Spanish Imperial tradition which finds an expression in the closest possible cultural relations with South American countries, and, secondly, in asserting that Spain, through her Moorish past, is the best equipped nation to mediate between the West and Islam. The connection is not accidental between the Gibraltar question, the crisis in Morocco, and Spanish sympathy with Islam, particularly in her support of Neguib. It is a significant point that the argument, which now says that once Britain withdraws from Suez she will have no justification for remaining in Gibraltar was used for exactly the same purpose in the Cortes in the Eighteen Eighties.

The status quo has been accepted by Spain because her internal divisions and her lack of bargaining power have made it impossible for her, in the past, to conduct any policy which could ensure Gibraltar's return. That this question should become prominent now is due to a variety of factors—

the coincidence of the Queen's visit with the 250th anniversary of British rule, the rising of foreign opinion favourable to Franco, the fact that he has been able, by manipulating the Press, to focus attention on a question which every Spaniard could regard as a legitimate grievance, and the current opinion in Spain that strategical considerations of Western defence seem to strengthen their arguments. What are the chances that the problem will be solved to Spain's satisfaction? It would be essential, first of all, for Britain to acknowledge that a problem exists, but it is extremely doubtful if British public opinion would consider that the desire for Spanish goodwill now constitutes a strong enough reason to consider making any concessions. The general tone of opinion in Britain still seems to be unfavourable to Franco. The Labour Party continues its traditional hostility and it is hard to imagine a Conservative government presiding over the dismemberment of the Empire.

Supposing, for a moment, forgetting the domestic implications, that a solution was sought, what form could it take? There seems to be three main courses. Firstly, to recognise the validity of the Spanish claim, hand the fortress over to Franco, accepting in return compensation for the installations, guarantees for the Gibraltarians, and some rights in the use of the harbour. This is the solution Franco most desires, but it is equally certain that it is the one which a British government and public opinion would not accept. Secondly, some kind of Internationalisation. This might take the form, as in Tangier, of joint control by powers which have interests in the Mediterranean, or control solely by Spain and Britain. Such a solution would require very tactful handling and it is doubtful if Franco would be satisfied even were the Spanish flag allowed to fly over the Rock. Thirdly, it might be put under United Nations Trusteeship; but for the Spaniards to obtain any satisfaction at all from this it would have to entail, as a corollary, their admittance to U.N.O. All these possibilities except the first fail to satisfy Franco's assertion that Gibraltar is *de jure* Spanish territory. This extreme claim could only be vindicated by taking the case, with Britain's consent to the International Court at The Hague, but it is more than doubtful if the Court would admit such a precedent as the Spanish claim would entail.

Like Mussolini's campaign for the return of Nice to Italy, so Franco's for Gibraltar has relied more on its emotional appeal for its effect on public opinion than on political realism. Is Franco's claim reflected at all in practical diplomacy? The final signing of the agreement with the United States has given a fillip to Spanish arguments, for now, they claim, Gibraltar's strategic importance, with American Spanish bases, will diminish considerably. It is not unlikely that Franco hopes that by American mediation, or even with American pressure, Britain may be persuaded to consider Spanish claims. Franco's bargaining powers though are still not strong—he could not enforce an embargo on British goods without seriously impairing the national economy. The immediate aim, by continued agitation, is to force the Queen's visit to be cancelled. If this fails—and the *démarche* of the Spanish ambassador in London made Britain's attitude clear—it is difficult to see what form the campaign will take, but whatever happens Franco's prestige is concerned. Whereas many Spaniards will accept his leadership as an alternative to political

turbulence, it is doubtful if they would support an adventurous foreign policy involving economic hardships at home. Whatever he expects from American support or from the growth of foreign opinion which sees Spain as a bastion in Western defence, it is obvious that any recognition of his claim by Britain must raise the whole question of the acceptance of his régime. It is perhaps time that this was raised, that some of the passions and prejudices lingering from the Civil War were dispelled; but for the future welfare of Anglo-Spanish relations it would be better for both sides to see Gibraltar as a problem to be solved and not as one to be shelved or shouted about.

C. A. M. HENNESSY.

CHINESE COMMUNISM ABROAD

IT IS just thirty years since one Chu Mao entered the Russian "University of the Toilers of the East", to embark upon the communist leadership course which was to train him for the struggle against the Kuomintang. Today under the name of Mao Tse Tung, undisputed ruler of Red China, he is the spirit behind plans for the communising of all south and east Asia. Throughout the sprawling length of Indonesia, in Malaya, Indo-China, the Philippines, communism's power may be counted a vital force in the teeming overseas Chinese communities of settlers, merchants and—paradoxically—even among the millionaires of that race. The absorption of China into the sphere of communist states produced, as might be expected, instant reactions within these huge Chinese communities abroad. Throughout Asia, minority populations have been mobilised, by one means or another, to achieve the spread of Marxism. They are nothing if not clannish, and what the mother country says, goes. Even Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's tenure of Formosa Island has not caused such a deep division of loyalties as might have been thought. Chinese are not exceptions to human weakness in the face of *fait accompli*. A former secretary to Chiang, who had fought with the Generalissimo through some of the bitterest campaigns against communism, told me recently how his entire family had thrown in their lot with the Reds. Some of his relatives had been warlords, others prosperous capitalists: all were educated men. "I have given the whole problem a great deal of thought", he said, "and my mind is made up. My relatives write to me to return to Red China, that they are well and taking their full place in rebuilding our country. As far as I am concerned, of course, I may be a marked man—and I will not return. But as for rejoining Chiang: what is the use? China will find her own salvation. It may be through communism, for all I know."

In recent years Chinese communism's role in the world has changed significantly. For over a quarter of a century the accent was upon co-operation with Russia in order to achieve the communisation of the Chinese mainland. As soon as this aim had been achieved, however, concurrently with the strengthening of Marxism at home, Chinese eyes turned to East Asia. Mao Tse Tung's experts are today concentrating

upon two things: the construction and maintenance of lines of communication and espionage throughout the Far East, and the communising of the Chinese abroad. In countries like Malaya, where the Chinese community is strong enough to envisage the capture of the entire country, triumph at home in the shape of Mao's victory gave the Party a very distinct fillip. Next in importance in the attempt at domination of Asia is the huge minority scattered throughout the Republic of Indonesia. Here, highly disciplined units, with their own framework of organisation, have little contact with the Communist Party of Indonesia itself. Prominent among the Chinese leaders infiltrated into the Indonesian Communist Party, however, are Law King Ho, former rebel governor of East Java, and Tak Tek Goan, Sumatra's propaganda chief.

Characteristic of Red Chinese operations in the political sphere is the story of the Chungking Democratic League, formed in 1946, as a federation of a number of leftish organisations whose dominant note was hostility to Chiang Kai Shek's Kuomintang Party. It is noteworthy that at the time of its formation communists were very much in the minority in its ranks. By October 1947, however, the Democratic League has completely fallen under Red control. Today it is a vital nerve-centre for information and intrigue throughout the Far East. In student organisations, cultural associations and business firms, propagandists are at work. Seldom, if ever, of course, is communism's name brought to the fore. The main geographical pivot of this activity is the Hongkong-Bangkok-Singapore-Batavia line, known within the Party as the "Great Nerve of Asia".

This line, stretching via China from the far Pacific to Moscow, leads directly to the offices of Chen San U, in Moscow's Far Eastern Political Department. Information traced to General Li Che Chen, Chief of the Communist Political System in Hongkong, indicates that the main centres of Chinese communism abroad are Burma, Siam, the Philippines, Indo-China, Korea, Indonesia. There is also an espionage element in Japan. Hongkong controls the Chinese Red political Central Executive Committee of Bangkok, the Siamese clearing house for communism in South Asia. Kalinov is the name of the Russian liaison officer with the Chinese reds in Siam. In Saigon—Indo-China—despite the extirpation of a venomous Red newspaper, the *Vietnam Yitpao*, a branch of the Democratic League is known to be most active. Finances for Saigon are remitted from the Hongkong headquarters through Singapore. In Malaya itself, the long, irregular coastline tapering southwards has given the Chinese Reds their chance to smuggle considerable quantities of arms to their guerrilla comrades.

Both Russia and China are known to have benefited by the wholesale smuggling of rubber from Malaya and Indonesia during the days immediately following the collapse of Japan. Nowadays money is supplied for communist activities in Malaya and Indonesia in a strangely "capitalist" way. Strategic materials and machinery which are banned from China or the Soviet Union are first imported into one of the neighbouring countries (I do not intend to mention which) and then re-exported illegally either by sea or across land frontiers. Smuggling is big business in the Far East nowadays. It is hardly surprising that some communists are beginning to wonder where Marxism begins and where

Capitalism ends. Chinese millionaires consign badly-needed materials by devious routes to the Red bloc, and co-operate freely with Moscow and Peking because it pays them to do so. Some—though a small minority—co-operate simply because pressure has been brought on their relations at home. A famous former collaborator with the Japanese is said to be the organiser of communist spying and plots in Batavia. By night sub-agents from the islands collect at one or other of his gambling-houses, it is claimed; the shifting clientèle of such resorts are not likely, it is thought, to attract suspicion.

A large number of supposedly social and artistic clubs are thought to provide cover for communist planning towards eventual revolt. Most of these small societies trace their parentage to the Democratic League, and until recently they were under one of Mao Tse Tung's lieutenants, trained like his master in Moscow. Almost always, documents, reports and information are sent out by trained Chinese couriers, plying between the South Asian lands, and seldom entrusted to non-Chinese, even though these may be good communists. Here, for instance, where even one Russian would be the object of immediate attention, a Chinese more or less would pass unnoticed. Reflecting the increasing scale of Chinese communist activity abroad, coinciding with the present intensification of the Red drive for Asia, is the recent establishment of Chinese travel bureaux, with innumerable branches—even in the most unlikely places. Chinese "tourists" today, like the pre-war German and Japanese agents, operating under this ideal camouflage, have become a feature of most areas considered economically and strategically important in Farther Asia. Chinese and other communist ownership of shipping lines and even air transport companies completes the picture.

While in their organisation of espionage the Chinese have rigidly maintained their exclusivity, their emergence into the sphere of trade unionism has seen no effort spared to unify yellow and other worker within the trade union movement. Thus an excerpt from a dialogue published in the *Voice of the Labourers* in Indonesia:

- Q. What is the attitude of the Chinese workers with regard to labourers of other nationalities?
- A. (By the Chairman of the Labour Association) Our struggle is not limited by nationality.
- Q. But a kind of national sentiment has been maintained by Chinese workers. What are we to do against it, so that they will become entirely internationally-minded in the struggle for labour?
- A. Certainly, only prominent people are yet conscious of the struggle of international labour unions. The masses, the proletariat, cannot yet participate. Their participation can be effected only step by step. These prominent figures can guide the masses to international-mindedness.

Yet another branch of Chinese extra-national communism in Asia is the Min-Seng-She. In conformity with known Red tactics, it camouflages its branches by means of fictitious local names. Closely related with the secret society Sin-Ming Hui, the Association's executive meets weekly, laying plans for propaganda and transmitting information to an unnamed headquarters. According to a report it "uses as an information

channel a weekly newspaper, and maintains contact with a writer who represents the 'Chinese Communist Party, though supposed to be connected with National (Formosa) China'. One subsidiary branch of the Min-Seng-She is believed to be an entity masquerading as a cultural society. According to its constitution, this association deals with cultural, social and educational problems among the Chinese—especially Chinese youth. Funds are provided from Singapore, while from Hong Kong the movement receives Red China's propaganda literature. With an extensive membership the Association runs throughout the Far East sporting activities and debating groups. At least two other formerly independent major Chinese overseas sporting and intellectual organisations are affiliated to this group. . . .

The foundation of a federation for Chinese Youth organisations throughout the world was discussed in May, 1946, at Prague, behind the Iron Curtain. Reports state that the moving spirit was one Olga Chechkina, a Russian woman communist of some distinction. Following consultations between the World Federation of Democratic Youth, a Russian sponsored movement, and the Chinese, the "Federation of Democratically-Minded Chinese Youth Organisations" saw the light of day in October, 1947. Among its objects are the co-ordination of all "powers hidden in Chinese youth" and the federation of all Chinese communist youth leagues. Few observers were surprised to hear subsequently that the Federation was being used as an instrument of Communist espionage throughout all territories where Chinese communities exist. Countering this information, the Federation spared no efforts to emphasise that there was no political association or connotation within its ranks. For some reason this claim has not found wide acceptance.

Propaganda throughout East Asia through the medium of Red literature is enormous. Scattered between Siam, Malaya, Indonesia, Korea, Burma and other countries with Chinese settlers, there is a bewildering variety of works. Usually well-written and informative from the communist point of view, their widespread distribution contrasts sadly with the feebleness of non-communist literature. When it is remembered that almost every Red pamphlet and booklet is studied intently by special interpreters, becomes the subject of debates and lectures, and is thoroughly digested and even committed to memory by active communists, some idea of the penetrating power of communism, and its unity of purpose and action will be gathered. Examples of these works are the following textbooks distributed on continent-wide scale, and all found in the library of one communist cell:—

1. Biography of Mao Tse Tung.
2. Essays on Chinese Communism's Struggle Against the Kuomintang.
3. Problems of Politics and the Organisation of the Communist Party in China.
4. Victory Through Unity.
5. The Chinese Communists and Peasant Revolution.
6. Towards One Government, by Mao Tse Tung.
7. How America Helps Japan and Destroys China.
8. The Struggle of the Classes, by Mao Tse Tung.
9. How to Fight Continually, by Mao Tse Tung.

Sumatra, the westerly island of Indonesia, provides the Red link between the communist-threatened tip of the Asiatic mainland—British Malaya—and the eighty million Indonesians. Because of this geographical situation, and the unity of purpose forged between Malaya's Chinese and the Malay-Indonesian Front, the communist penetration of Indonesia and Malaya is carried out, we are told, as one whole plan: Marxism is not affected by national boundaries. The saving grace here, however, is the fact that, unlike Malaya, the Chinese are in the minority in Indonesia. The desperate efforts by communism during the Indonesian-Dutch struggle which terminated in 1949 to seize power were overcome in great measure by the Indonesian national Government. Communisation of Indonesia would have to include the winning over or neutralisation of the Moslem Indonesians. Unfortunately for communism, however, the Indonesians as a whole are not as apathetic as many other Far East peoples. Their present trend is, it is true, towards a form of internationalism, but it is more Islamic, therefore less communistic.

Perhaps the most threatened country of the Far East facing the Red Tide is Siam. The rapid absorption of Thailand's millions of Chinese, however, by communism constitutes less of a political conquest than a national one; for the Reds of Siam today are reaping the harvest of more than forty years of pro-China propaganda carried on by Chinese home governments since 1911. What hope has Asia, and especially the Far East, in the struggle for Communism or freedom? This is one of international politics' most intriguing questions of today. Political strategists both in Europe and America hold that, while India, Japan and Indonesia, with perhaps the Philippines, stand firm against the claws of the Red Dragon, communist China is contained. But it is not yet sufficiently realised that Red China, together with the millions of overseas Chinese as willing disciples, is part of the balance-of-power situation which has much more important implications than merely continental China alone.

SAYED EL HASHIMI.

COLERIDGE AND MRS. GILLMAN

IT was in the April of 1816 that Mr. James Gillman received the letter which so deeply affected his own life and that of his family. Simple enough on its surface, it was merely the request of a brother physician to take into his house as patient a distinguished writer who, most unfortunately, was a drug addict, and attempt his cure. Mr. Gillman was living in a pleasant Highgate house with a garden which was just then coming into spring beauty. He and his wife were in the early thirties, they had two little sons, and his practice as a surgeon was thriving. Mrs. Gillman was a tactful, gentle young woman, and a very pretty one with fair hair, a delicate rose complexion, and large dark eyes. Her husband promptly consulted her on the proposal, saying that it was she who must decide since, if they received the literary gentleman, the burden and the possible embarrassments would fall most heavily on her. The writer had discreetly omitted the name of the invalid but the Gillmans at once suspected it was S. T. Coleridge. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Gillman

prided himself on the possession of a ranging, philosophical mind. He had long admired Mr. Coleridge's poems and pitied his misfortunes. To cure such a man would benefit not only the family from whom the deplorable habit had estranged him, but the whole universe of thinkers which could ill afford to lose that mind now sunken to its melancholy nadir. Mr. Gillman thought also, somewhat wistfully, of the pleasure he would have in listening to one who could talk incessantly without ever dipping into the commonplace; to whom indeed the commonplace was only a glass through which he discerned eternal truths. And no doubt he too would be permitted to express his own ideas. But Mr. Gillman, leaning as he did towards accepting the proposal, did not attempt to persuade Anne. She was not strong and was already busy all day long with the cares of a large house and two little boys. There was also to be considered the possibility that the servants, who were much attached to his wife, might have trouble with the drug addict, and thus the household be disrupted.

If Mrs. Gillman, born Anne Harding, had a fault it was that of over-conscientiousness which kept her always a little fatigued and often depressed. She loved and admired her husband, loved and worried over her boys. She was house-proud with a near passion for large sunshiny rooms with Chinese jars full of rose-petals and clean windows shaded by glossy ivy and myrtle. James and Anne Gillman were gardeners and their roses bloomed from May until December. In summer glowing nasturtiums and many-coloured geraniums edged the gravel paths. Mrs. Gillman was not a lady who would see without regret the upset of her mild regime. Yet she said at once that if James could cure the poor gentleman—and if anyone could cure him, it would surely be her James—he must be given sanctuary. It would not be for long, and as for payment, she had heard that Mr. Coleridge could not wholly support his own family, and certainly she and James would not wish to rob Mrs. Coleridge and the poor young people. Although Mr. Gillman had an extensive practice, he and his wife were not wealthy. Neither was extravagant, but both were generous. The letter-writer had said that he would bring the gentleman for inspection on the following evening, but Mr. Coleridge, for it was he, determined to come alone. Thinking it best to leave the scene to James, Anne kept out of the living room. Thus she did not see the patient until a week later when he came prepared to stay.

Mr. Coleridge looked to Mrs. Gillman like an old man, although she knew that he was only ten years senior to her James. His thick hair had the lovely sheen of burnished pewter and his large grey eyes were beautiful but strange. Otherwise, with all good will, she could not find his appearance prepossessing; he was too stout and he walked with a queer shambling; his mouth hung slightly open as if he needed more air. But his face wore an expression of pain, of chronic suffering—not querulous or complaining—which pierced Anne's heart. In his hand he carried a sheaf of printer's proofs as if it were a diploma or a certificate of good behaviour, a kind of promise to pay. She discovered later that these were the proof sheets of "*Cristabel*," which at long last had been published.

She supposed Mr. Coleridge would stay at longest a few months. He had made a vague suggestion of payment; no doubt he attempted at the

start to secure the Gillmans from money loss. But he was very soon so much a part of the family, a kind of brother-father-child, that the Gillmans would no more have taken payment from him than from their little sons. And how could he pay in money? Mr. Wedgwood had arbitrarily halved the pension his dead brother had designed for Mr. Coleridge, and it was not until 1824, and then only for six years, that the king allotted him 100 gns. per annum. The whole household felt anxious whenever the time to pay the premium on the poet's life insurance came around. The worrisome £26 5s. 6d. must usually be borrowed from other friends because the Gillmans could not afford the outlay. That was afterwards. But before the summer of 1816 ended, the household had settled into the comfortable lines which would hold for almost twenty years. At rare intervals a servant would leave and be replaced, the boys would go to school and come home again, but James, Anne, and Mr. Coleridge lived on in amity. There were ill-natured outsiders who said the poet was more lazy than ill; who hinted that the surgeon's office boy supplied the patient with drugs and that the good, gullible Gillman never knew of the secret traffic. What distressed Anne even more than hints that Mr. Coleridge was a malingerer and that her James had not and never would cure him, was to have people exalt her as a martyr exhausted by the care of a snuff-taking old windbag. For to Anne Mr. Coleridge was not only the most wonderful philosopher in the world, but the sweetest and the best of men. She did not profess to understand the profundities of his thought, but goodness was something she could feel and see: it existed and brightened the lives of everyone under her roof.

Though her mind often wearied and failed to grasp the meaning of his spoken words, he would sometimes write out his thoughts for her to ponder when she was alone. On the fly leaf of her Bible he had explained the intentions of the authors of the four gospels; how each one had written with a special purpose for a special audience; each had found the form which suited his message, and that this was the work demanded from each as an artist, because history must be based on fact but the form must be fitted to the content. She had never thought of the Apostles as artists. Once when she was busy, she made the mistake of sending young James to ask Mr. Coleridge to help him with a troublesome lesson. She heard her son's dubious knock at Mr. Coleridge's door, the genial welcome, James's muttered question, and on that a flow, a stream, a cataract of words, all, all from Mr. Coleridge. "James will be late to school and it is all my fault," she thought, for her conscience was Coleridgean in its severity. She posted herself at the foot of the stair and waited. She saw James walking backward, with cautious courtesy as from the presence of a king. Mr. Coleridge pressed closely after him and still interminably talked. Step by step James descended backward and Mr. Coleridge also descended expounding on each step. But when the boy touched level he gave his mother a haunted look and darted through a doorway, leaving Mr. Coleridge talking on, quite unconscious of having lost his listener.

Anne herself listened or seemed to listen to him for hours while her pretty fair head bent over her sewing or when she walked with him in the garden while he discoursed on the nature of plant life. She observed that he was often depressed in the early evening, and so after a fine day

she would suggest a companionable stroll to a grove of Scotch firs from which they could watch the sunset. Once roaming through the house he discovered that the attic offered a fine view of Caen wood, and nothing would satisfy him but a room up there where the servants slept. Anne balanced this indignity by assigning a downstairs parlour for the use of Mr. Coleridge and his visitors. Thursday was the day when the Gillmans kept open house for their distinguished guest. His dearest friend, Charles Lamb, and his sister Mary preferred to visit on a Sunday when there was not that pomp and circumstance which accompanied the Basil Montagus on Thursdays. Mr. Coleridge had been very fond of Mr. Montagu's second wife who had died young leaving three little boys. She had played the harp like an angel and Mr. Coleridge delighted in music. This third Mrs. Montagu was impressively handsome; Hazlitt said hers was "a coronet face," and truly a crown would have become her. She was also formidably clever and if Anne had wished to be considered a blue-stocking, she must have quailed before her. The Montagu's often brought a guest. Edward Irving, the popular preacher, owed to them his introduction to the philosopher; so did gruff young Carlyle who was vexed because he had expected to converse with Mr. Coleridge but was obliged rather to be a listener; a dour listener and a sour recorder was Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

The life in the Grove centered about Mr. Coleridge. He cared less and less to go on holidays which the Gillmans did not share. The whole family would go to Ramsgate where Mr. Gillman would spend a fortnight and then return to his practice leaving his wife and the boys in Mr. Coleridge's company. In London the Gillmans were frequently invited to dinners given by the friends of Coleridge. James would then join valiantly in the table talk while Anne listened, for she was shy and quiet. At home in the early evening she used to play the piano and sing. She did not attempt Mr. Coleridge's favourite Beethoven, nor could she rise to operatic grandeur, but she sang simple hymns and ballads sweetly and looked so self-forgetful, so charmingly absorbed in her music, that the artist Leslie resolved to paint her as Saint Cecilia.

Anne never chatted with her neighbours on the subject of Mr. Coleridge. She never said what she thought of his living apart from his wife. In 1822 she invited Mrs. Coleridge and their beautiful daughter Sara who was just twenty on a long visit. When it was over she took on another responsibility, that of a friendly correspondence with the unfortunate wife who wished so much to have a conventional home and family and was so unequal to her share of the partnership. Anne had observed that Mr. Coleridge was sometimes ill for a day or two after a letter came from Mrs. Coleridge. Now the letters were addressed to Mrs. Gillman who read them carefully, passed on to Mr. Coleridge items which would not distress him, and wrote long, detailed replies. What was far better, she had managed to clear away the resentment which Mrs. Coleridge had naturally harbored against her husband, so that there was no longer bitterness in the heart of the deserted wife. One of Mrs. Gillman's anxieties was rooted in the accusations Mr. Coleridge was forever making against himself; she feared that foolish or unkind people would believe him when he said he was indolent, neglected his duties, and charged himself with this or that misdemeanor. He seemed to take pleasure in his confessions.

No doubt so gifted a man should expect great things of himself, but she wondered if he did not expect too much. For from the first she had seen that he was a sufferer who had taken to drugs merely to deaden unbearable pain. Sometimes he would say to her like a child, "Here I have a misery," and press his hand upon the place which hurt. When it was necessary, Mr. Gillman gave him laudanum, but Anne had her own little system of specifics. To her harmless remedies she added that of encouraging him to talk because his flow of ideas spoken aloud seemed to blot out the pain; or she would put a novel of Scott in his hand, or bring him a special nosegay. Once moving in her silent way, she slipped a print of Stothard's "Garden of Boccaccio" in front of the melancholy, drooping face.

It had never seemed right to Mrs. Gillman to have Mr. Coleridge live in an attic room with a sloping ceiling, so when he was away on a visit, she had it converted into an oblong box by raising the roof. If the appearance of the house within and without was spoiled, the comfort and convenience of the room were certainly improved. His books covered one long wall. The bed had no canopy but flitted a petticoat of the prettiest flowered chintz. Opposite the book shelves was the fireplace with the writing table and from his chair he could see the beauty of Caen wood and the smoke rising from London far away. Curtains he begged her not to furnish because they would spoil his view. All through the summer Anne would bring him bowls of roses, cut at twilight and immersed in cool water up to their heads through the night. The neighbours used to send "the poor sick gentleman" stiff nosegays of candy tuft, zinnias, and nasturtiums. In winter pots of geraniums bloomed bright upon the window-sill. Everyone knew that Mrs. Gillman's Mr. Coleridge loved music, flowers, and little children. When he went out for a ramble—he never walked in a straight line like other people—children would tag close behind waiting his invitation to explore his pockets for the hard candies Mrs. Gillman had put there. He used to call his followers "the little Kingdom of Heavenites."

The years slipped by. The boys grew up; young James whose strumming on the piano had been the bane of a summer at the seashore, became an Oxford graduate and a sedate ordained minister. Overworked Mr. Gillman had aged in body and was growing old in mind. Mrs. Gillman quietly accepted the fact that she, who had been young when Mr. Coleridge came, was now an old woman. Of that household, he who had entered as a transient guest, seemed least altered by the eighteen years of his stay. Thus it was very shocking to find that he was dying. Anne could not be with him during that last hard week, for she had fractured her leg and was a close prisoner. She wrote him a little note to say once more what a blessing his presence had been to her family all through these years. And on the last evening when he was being borne slowly without suffering over the threshold of this present world, Anne was carried up the steep attic stair to say goodbye. Through her tears she could see that the myrtle she had given him was ready to burst into bloom; she hoped its fragrance would follow him into the gardens of Paradise. Five years later the still excellent but sadly muddled Mr. Gillman died. Henry died too, and the old age of Anne was passed in the rectory of her long-whiskered son James. He was the father of seven

children of whom Lucy, a good listener, was her grandmother's favourite. The old lady, so long silent under Mr. Coleridge's torrential speech, talked at great length of Charles and "poor dear Mary" Lamb, of the Montagus, and most of all of her wonderful Mr. Coleridge. The round face had become an austere oval under the widow's close cap, but what had been mere prettiness in youth was beauty in old age. She was past seventy when Sara Coleridge described her as "very handsome, having this advantage" (of having kept her own excellent teeth) "so that the fine contour of her face remains unimpaired—a Mrs. Siddons in little with sparkling black eyes and a white skin." And it is true that in old age Anne Gillman resembled the noble Spanish saint Teresa of Avila to whom Coleridge had long ago compared her as one in the "ladyhood of nature."

LUCY POATE STEBBINS.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN

THE Canadian Indians of today are having a profound influence on the cultural life of Canada, because they are now becoming useful members of the general community. When the first Europeans settled in Canada about four centuries ago, the Indian population was estimated to be about 200,000, and it continued to decline until it was generally believed that the Indians were a dying race. However, this declension stopped at the beginning of this century and since the Indian population has steadily increased reaching over 145,000 today, which is at the rate of 1.5 per cent. annually. Nearly six hundred separate Indian communities, known as "bands", exist in Canada. With the exception of certain nomadic groups inhabiting the outlying and northern regions, these communities are located on more than 2,200 "reserves", varying in size from a few acres to more than five hundred square miles, set aside by the Canadian Government for the use and benefit of Indians. Many Indians live off their reserves as members of the general community in all parts of Canada. In fact, the Canadian Indians have been quick to learn and to adapt themselves to take their place alongside their fellow non-Indian Canadians for among the Indians are to be found professional men, farmers, soldiers, industrial workers, salesmen and tradesmen.

The origin of the Indians is uncertain, but it is generally believed that they came to America in successive migrations in prehistoric times from Northern Asia, probably by way of Bering Sea. They are not a single race, but are divided into a number of basic language groups that are also subdivided into tribal groups with many local dialects. There are in all ten linguistics groups, four of which are found east of the Rocky Mountains—Algonkian, Athapaskan, Iroquoian, and Siouian, and six in British Columbia—Kootenayan, Salishan, Nakashan, Tsimshian, Haida and Tlinkit. Moreover, widely differing physical and psychological characteristics and culture further subdivide these groups into many tribes; the most numerous being the Indians of Algonkian stock, covering an area from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rockies; they include such well-known tribes as the Micmacs of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and

New Brunswick, the Montagnais of Quebec and the Objibwas, Crees and Blackfeet of Ontario and the Prairie Provinces. The Iroquoian stock, including the Hurons, is found mainly in Ontario and Quebec. The Athapaskan stock inhabits the Northwest Territories and the Yukon, while the tribes of Sioux live in parts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

As the Indian population of Canada is widely scattered it is subjected to differing economic, social and geographical influences, so for general economic purposes it is divided into five zones. Indians on the Atlantic coast are mainly engaged in forestry, agriculture, fishing and native handicrafts, and face much the same problems as other Canadians making their homes in the same region. Those inhabiting the St. Lawrence Basin, South of the Laurentain Plateau are engaged mainly in farming and industrial and professional pursuits, while those in the more remote areas rely mostly on forestry, fishing, hunting and trapping for a living. Many Indians in the Prairies are successful ranchers and grain growers; and those on the Pacific coast are active in the commercial fishing industry. In the inland areas of this region many follow fruit growing, lumbering and ranching as a livelihood, and trapping is the principal occupation in the northern area. The pulp-wood industry provides employment for many Indians in the vast area of the Precambrian Shield, though mining and other projects are now offering new openings.

Since January 1950 the Department of Citizenship and Immigration has been responsible for Indian Affairs, whose aim is the integration of the Indians into the general life and economy of the country with the purpose that they will become increasingly self-supporting and independent members of the community, which is provided in the Indian Act of 1951. Nevertheless, Indian affairs have been protected and administrated through different governmental departments since 1670. The Indian Affairs Branch with its headquarters in Ottawa has 87 Indian agencies, each responsible for one or more reserves and bands. In addition to a superintendent the staff of an agency may include a clerk, stenographer and assistants according to its special requirements, and the work is supervised by seven regional supervisors and in British Columbia by a commissioner. The Department of National Health and Welfare provides the required medical staff. Apart from special provisions in the Indian Act, Indians are subject to federal, provincial and municipal laws, like other Canadians. However, their real and personal property held on a reserve is exempt from taxation, and such property, except on a suit by another Indian, is also exempt from seizure. Indians not resident on reserves may vote at federal elections, and this also applies to Indian veterans and their wives whether living on or off reserves. If Indians resident on reserves execute a waiver of exemption from taxation on personal property held on the reserve they may also vote. The Indians are, however, governed by the electoral laws of the various provinces regarding provincial elections; for example, at the last three general elections in British Columbia an Indian was elected to the provincial legislature. As a protective measure the supply of liquor to Indians has been prohibited since early times, but under the new Indian Act this has been modified to allow them to purchase and consume intoxicants in

public places in accordance with the provincial law; the manufacture and consumption of liquor on reserves is still prohibited. As early as 1869, provision was made for self-government on democratic principles on reserves. This has been broadened from time to time to meet the needs of Indian communities, so that Indians can now elect band councils consisting of a chief and councillors, who respond to local elective officers in rural municipalities. The Indian bands can, if they wish, choose their tribal system of electing chiefs and councillors, who have the same powers as an elected council. These councils are concerned with local conditions affecting the band, and they can make by-laws regarding various matters of a local nature on reserves and have control over the expenditure and management of their funds and property.

Indians are financially protected through the Indian Trust Fund amounting to more than \$22 million made up of capitalised annuities and monies derived from Indian assets. Today, the main sources of income to the fund are from leases of Indian reserve lands, timber sales and exploration rights such, as for oil and gas. The Trust Fund is not, of course, owned in common by all Indians, but belongs to various bands, whose reserves are situated on land rich in natural resources. There are also other bands which cannot derive any revenue from their resources, especially those whose reserves are only suited for hunting and fishing. Expenditures from the monies of a band held in the Trust Fund are permitted for any purpose considered in the interest of the band or its individual members. In 1951-52, expenditures were about \$4 million, and revenues equalled expenditure, including \$1 million in interest paid by the Canadian Government on the Trust Fund. When an Indian gives up his Indian status, he is paid per capita share of the Trust Fund of the band to which he belongs.

The Federal Government is responsible for the education of Indians, and the education programme is carried out through the operation of schools for Indian children, though a member may attend non-Indian schools under provincial or private auspices, but this cost is borne by the Federal Government. In addition, the Government has established four types of schools for children who cannot attend school in association with other groups. These include day schools on reserves, residential or boarding schools for children who live in remote areas and cannot attend day school, orphans and children of broken homes; seasonal schools are established at places to serve the nomadic families of the far north. The other type is to meet the needs of children confined to hospital. However, the education of Indian children in association with non-Indians is engaged wherever this is possible. The education of children between the ages of seven and sixteen is compulsory, and the total number of Indian children at Indian and non-Indian schools was 27,955 in 1952, of which 1,190 were attending high school, universities and vocational schools. The most serious drawback in Indian schools is the shortage of teachers, but Indian boys and girls are being encouraged to enter the teaching profession, which will give them the status as Civil Servants.

The health of the Indians has been cared for since the early part of the seventeenth century when French army doctors in Canada extended their services to the Indians, and after 1759 British Army medical officers

attended Indians when necessary. However, the first government-sponsored health plan was made in 1905 and this was extended in 1922 by the appointment of field nurses, and a full-time superintendent was appointed in 1927 for Indian medical services, whose headquarters are now in Ottawa. This service has sixty-five full-time doctors, ninety public health nurses and 18 departmental hospitals and sanatoria throughout Canada, besides eighty health centres. Mobile X-rays, preventive measures and the use of modern drugs are helping to wipe out tuberculosis and other diseases among the Indians, and wherever possible children are vaccinated against smallpox and diphtheria; special attention is also paid to dental hygiene. The recent improvement in the Indian's health is also due to his approach to a better balanced diet, because the Department of National Health and Welfare has taught them how to prepare, purchase and select their food, and supplies vitamin capsules free of charge to adults and children.

Like other Canadians the Indians receive social welfare allowances, for example, in 1952 Family Allowance payments to 18,699 Indian families amounted to more than \$3 million. Old age pensions for Indians 70 years or older cost \$2,250,000 in 1953, and those in the 65-69 age groups are eligible for the provincially administered Old Age assistance pension payable, subject to a means test. Adult Blind Indians receive the benefits of the Blind Persons' Act of January 1st 1952, which is provincially administered. Moreover, direct relief of all kinds is given to destitute Indians, who due to factors beyond their control cannot obtain the necessities of life. Furthermore, housing conditions are improving among Indians, and during the past year 1,023 houses were built and 2,135 repaired on the reserves through welfare appropriation, Veterans' Land Act grants, personal and band funds. Revolving and band loans are also available to Indians for a variety of purposes, especially to farmers for the purchase of equipment and livestock. Tractors and hydro-electric power are now in common use on many Indian farms, and more motor cars are being purchased by Indians. Nevertheless, trapping, hunting and fishing still provide a livelihood for about half the Indian population, but new techniques have increased productivity in these fields in recent years. Most of the remainder are engaged in agriculture, particularly on the Prairie Provinces and in southern Ontario, while the rest are employed in industry and the professions. Thus, the Indians are making a valuable contribution to the Canadian economy and their traditional arts are showing a distinctive expression on the country's culture.

E. H. RAWLINGS.

HENRY THE GREAT OF FRANCE

HENRY IV grew up amid the religious strife which made the 16th century the most brutal in modern Europe's history, and by his charm and by restoring a measure of peace he united his people. He is now seen as the most successful of the French kings, and it is ironical that this accessible and easy-going Gascon should have been the man who established absolute monarchy. Had not Ravallac's knife cut

him off after only 16 years of real rule, to be succeeded by a long minority, France would probably have waxed great enough to dominate Europe completely, for better or worse, by the end of the 17th century. He was much more like our own merry monarch (his grandson), than like his French successors. Nor was he a warrior-king after the older pattern, though he was an inspiring soldier, hardened from infancy for the campaigner's life. He took his place in the transition from feudalism to careerism, from military to civil ascendancy, in the world of Catherine de Medici where power came by intrigue rather than heroics. It was an age in which the terrific Guises could never prevail over Catherine, a mere politician, not deeply clever but clever enough for *them*; and in England their glamorous kinswoman Mary of Scotland was at the mercy of the politic Elizabeth.

You cannot appreciate Henry IV's achievement without envisaging the state of things from which he delivered his people. The humane governance of Louis XII's time was already a legend. The Reformation had brought wars of uncompromising religious passion and intolerance, and the massacre of Frenchmen by Frenchmen. Assassination, a novel weapon, came from Italy with the Medicis. Catherine, Regent and mother of decadent kings, swayed France for thirty years, from 1559 to 1589. For the sake of God's truth fanatics inflicted hideous tortures, and often endured them sublimely. The monarchy, almost bankrupt, subsisted on foreign loans rather than native produce. The nobility, no longer autonomous, lacked the English aristocrats' *flair* for popularity. They were not a closed caste, but they had the faults of irresponsible privilege. Military chivalry was dead.

The States-General, till convoked by Catherine to try to settle the Protestant question in 1560, had not met since 1484, when they had been fatally snubbed by an earlier Regent, Anne of Beaujeu. Calvinism gained its strength from being a social protest as well as a revolution in doctrine; but it was not an ideal form for social protest. By the time of the Peace of Fleix in 1580 France had already suffered seven Catholic-Protestant wars, and before the St. Bartholomew there had been massacres in 1535, 1559 and 1562. Henry II, killed in a tourney in 1559, had yearned for peace at home and abroad and a working compromise with the Huguenots, but his death left France crippled by the Treaty of Chateau-Cambrésis and its wholesale territorial surrender to Philip of Spain. The fury of Bartholomew's day 1572, unleashed by Henry of Navarre's wedding with Margaret of Valois, was the overflow of a boiling cauldron. The Renaissance had truly liberated the educated mind, but Calvinism and its reply, the Jesuit counter-reformation, revived the horrors of medieval bigotry unmeliorated by the calmness of medieval assurance.

Henry's maternal grandfather, though king only of a hopelessly truncated Navarre, had been allowed by Francis I to marry Margaret of Angoulême, the delightful authoress of the *Heptaméron*. Their daughter Jeanne d'Albret, who succeeded to the phantom sceptre, married Antony of Bourbon, a good-hearted, fascinating, unreliable soldier. They were both Huguenots, and Antony can fairly be called the lost leader of the cause, which found a more loyal captain in his brother Condé. Neither prince had much feeling for religion, and Henry IV inherited something

of their indifference. He was born in his grand-parents' capital, Pau in Béarn, on December 13, 1553, two elder brothers having died in infancy through carelessness. His upbringing was Spartan. Jeanne d'Albret was a woman of very different *timbre* from the dominant ladies of the French court. She had her mother's lively intelligence, straitened by a Puritanical severity. She was not the woman to handle or flatter Catherine, or Margaret of Valois, but after her husband's death in 1562 she made herself and her tiny kingdom respected. From her came Henry's element of greatness and from his father the *bonhomie* and readiness of tongue that humanised the French throne for a brief vital period. His father's early death, his campaigning as a mere boy, the horrors of the St. Bartholomew, succession to the crown of Navarre at 18 and to the leadership of the French *Politiques* in 1576 did something to sober his native ebullience. But at the time of the *noces vermeilles* with the "supersubtle Venetian" Margaret he was still conscious of rusticity. The bride, sterile like her brothers—whose childlessness brought Henry IV to the throne of France—had a better regulated head than Charles IX or Henry III, but even less heart. Her acute, shallow, sophisticated sensibility recoiled swiftly from her husband, and she was one of the few women the susceptible Béarnais never loved. His gay and gentle courage, his homely wit, his sun-browned skin and ruddy lips, made no impression on the urbane, subtly-sensual Italian. The bloodiest marriage in history was a complete anticlimax. Unhappily for the next century, he waited 26 years for the divorce that could allow him a direct heir.

Henry of Navarre had little of the austerity or the resentments of the persecuted Calvinists. But it was just this which in the long run enabled him to strengthen Protestantism in France. A zealot would not have been tolerated by Charles IX or Henry III as heir, and the aid of the trimming *politiques* was essential against the "League" of the Guises. He probably did not say "Paris vaut bien une Messe" but he felt that France was worth a compromise, and he saw as possible a far more liberal religious duality than either Henry II or Catherine or Henry III had dreamed of. In fact the toleration of two faiths, two conflicting Christianities, was a novel idea—in France, at least. Toleration had been a mere *modus vivendi*, engendered in a spirit of politic compromise. Neither a l'Hôpital nor a d'Aubigné really believed the lion could lie down with the lamb. The uncompromising Gallic mentality of Calvin had made the organisation of the Huguenots a formidable thing, but it was unsuited to capture the superstitious majority in France.

Though we may smile at Henry's famous remark that "the King of France is a good Catholic", he was never a real Calvinist. He saved the situation by heading the *Politiques*, the party of the fewest zealots. From that moment he was a European figure: the support of Elizabeth and the anxious animosity of Philip were fixed. Henry III's heir, the arch-foe of Henri de Guise, was a man whose imagination ran to European confederation, a United States of Christendom. His rout of the Catholics under Joyeuse at Coutras in 1581 was a reminder that Protestantism might be established in France by *force majeure*. The conqueror, if not very devout, did not seem a man likely to turn his coat as his father and Montmorency had done. Yet by 1588 the Catholic absolutists under Guise

were powerful enough to turn the decadent Henry III out of Paris. Then, on the "day of the barricades" the over-confident Guise was treacherously murdered by the king's orders. The assassination of Henry III himself soon after brought the survivor of the "three Henrys" to the nominal succession in a heavy hour. The outlook both for the monarchy and France herself was grim. A confessed Protestant could not be crowned and the country was desperately in need of peace and a strong hand. The peasants were poorer than in the middle ages, trade was at a low ebb owing to the intestinal and foreign wars, and the crown itself was heavily in debt to foreign bankers. The kings had adhered to the Catholic cause so firmly partly because of the various financial interests involved: the church was rich, as in England before Henry VIII's attack.

The conception of monarchy in France was neither medieval nor constitutional: loyalty was a personal feeling for the king. Henry of Navarre had the gift of attracting men to follow the "white plume." His gaiety and good-humour were infectious. To read his letters to his followers even today is suddenly to breathe the fresh air of early morning. He was amazingly easy with high and low—democratic, however, is not quite the word. Even in his amorousness he was sweet-tempered and free of jealousy, and if he rarely felt deeply his emotions were spontaneous and almost boyish. The romance of Corisande, whom he did not love for her looks, and who with all her whimsies made no demands on him, is a true romance. Many stories illustrate his Gascon affability. He was taken to task for allowing a Jesuit to lecture him for attending worship surrounded by his lady-loves, and urged to punish the man. Instead, he called on him, thanked him for the sermon, and begged him only to do it less publicly next time, for appearance's sake. One day out hunting he sat down to dinner at a village inn, and asked for some local wag to be sent to entertain him. His love-affairs were well known. He asked the rustic's name. "Paillard" was the answer. "What is the difference" inquired the king "between *Paillard* and *Gaillard*?" "As much as the reachth of this table", replied the bold yokel. "Ha!" cried Henry excellent—I had not looked for so great a wit in so small a place." The French rejoiced to have a Gascon instead of an Italian as their liege-lord. Here was a man to hunt with—and to die for.

But a Protestant could not take Paris or ascend the throne. Much beside the coronation oath forbade it. After six years of nominal reign, long after he had defeated the Guise cohorts under Mayenne in the great battles of Arques and Ivry, he resigned himself to the belief that the future of France was in truth worth a Mass. Margaret of the *Heptaméron* would have agreed, but not Jeanne d'Albret. The Parisians rose to him almost as one man, and the foreign troops who had defended the city slunk away, unmolested. Nothing of his quality was strained, least of all the quality of mercy. The saviour of the Huguenots had more of the temper of a wingli in him than of a Calvin, and had he read more—he read nothing but Plutarch and books on agriculture—the form of Protestantism in France might have been broadened. But Henry took the terror out of postasy.

With all his buoyancy the friend of Coligny and survivor of the Bartholomew" was no easy optimist or bland escapist. "Many have

betrayed, but none has deceived me" was his best remembered observation. Queen Elizabeth upbraided him most sardonically for his conformity, but she came to recognise him as an equal in character, if not in statecraft. After only four years of power he was able to conclude the Treaty of Vervins (1598) with Spain, and his weary land gained some peace. Compared with Chateau-Cambrésis, Vervins was a diplomatic triumph. It was a more delicate feat to come to terms with the Holy See. The Pope yielded much to Henry's firmness—the King of France was a great Catholic power—and Henry in return had the heir-presumptive Condé educated in the orthodox faith and recalled the Jesuits, whom he had banished, declaring them "by Edict, an essential of my State." The Edict of Nantes is his most famous achievement, but it is doubtful if even with better fortune it could have survived. It went too dangerously far in creating a state within a state, and only on these lines really advanced on the Poitiers Edict of 1576 and even on the Edict of Toleration conceded by the wary Catherine in 1562. Henry interpreted his own Edict too liberally for orthodox taste; and the Huguenots would not realise that it was fatal to expect more.

Though himself a good administrator, Henry owed his most impressive reorganisation, that of the finances, to Bethune, whom he early appreciated, and created Duke of Sully. Their outlooks were antithetical. Concentrated on tilling and grazing, "the twin breasts of France," the unattractive Ordnance officer doubled the state income. He disagreed with his master's experiments in industry and handicrafts, and Henry was content to disagree. Sully's innovation *Paulette*, imposing an annual tax on judicial officers and making them hereditary, not only enriched the state but created a *noblesse de robe*, which furnished the best judges of the 17th century. It is a classic example of the vindication of the indefensible. Sully in his Memoirs exaggerates his mentorship of his master, but his cautions helped to keep Henry's statecraft apart from his multitudinous loves. Criminally careless the king was—which made it easy for a fanatic to kill him—but he was hardly ever venal. He would have made his beloved Gabrielle d'Estrées queen when divorce seemed justifiable, a popular but unstatesmanlike course. Her tragic death from eclampsia set his feet on duty's path again; and his second queen, Mary de Medici, was as little desired as desirable. Unhappily the 17th century kings favoured her rather than him. He thrashed the Dauphin for petty cruelty, but was not spared to discipline him long enough, and the intrigues of Catherine were revived, in feebler hands. It is now as much out of fashion to condemn Henry for "debauchery" as to exalt him for religious enlightenment. His last passion, for the 16-year-old Charlotte de Montmorency, whom he married to Condé, nearly provoked trouble with Holland, and its boyish violence was in keeping with his unchanged nature. Among many problems intensified by his murder, it was the only one happily resolved. He was no Casanova, but his fullness of life overflowed into an affection in which there was no calculation or vanity.

The longer one contemplates him, the more prominently his English grandson's features appear. He was a greater and wiser Charles. We see the same wit, *bonhomie*, freedom from jealousy or malice; and also the same levity and thriftlessness. Both were emotionally pliable, and yet a

common vein of cynicism ran through them, reaching sometimes in the bigger man a compassionate disillusion: he tolerated those who had failed him, the erring humanity who wanted him to "string the bow of my business with the cord of their passions." Both drifted in later life towards a religion of authority.

There is an authentic smack of Old Rowley in Henry's retort to his insufferable Henriette d'Enragues, who asked him pertly when his "Banker-queen" was due to arrive at the Louvre. "As soon, madame, as I have cleared all the harlots out of my court." He was distinguished, too, by that primitive aversion from soap-and-water which passed through Charles to Charles' natural grandson Topham Beauclerk, Dr. Johnson's friend. ("Poor Beau—thy body all dirty and thy mind all clean"!) It would not be too fanciful to surmise that when he browsed on his favourite Plutarch, Henry loved, besides studying, say, Pericles' career, to read about Mark Antony. Perhaps the one charge that will continue to be laid against the character of Henry the Great is a certain superficiality. His deepest feelings never lasted long.

H. P. COLLINS.

PEOPLES IN TRUST

ALTHOUGH on most of the major international problems of the day the sixty member-states of the United Nations align themselves on either side of an East-West dividing line, there still remain one or two issues upon which the normal pattern breaks down. The question of the United Nations Trust Territories is one such issue, for in this case the handful of Powers which administer these territories tends to draw together in mutual defence against the rest of the world. This is the more unfortunate because the Trusteeship system, as enshrined in the Charter, expresses in exemplary fashion the high ideals of those who met to create the United Nations organisation at San Francisco in 1945. In furtherance of international peace and security, the Trusteeship Council is adjured to: "... promote the political, economic, social and educational advancement of the inhabitants of the Trust Territories, and their progressive development towards self-government or independence in accordance with the circumstances of each territory and the wishes of its people; and as may be provided by the terms of each Trusteeship agreement; ... to encourage respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion, and to encourage recognition of the interdependence of the peoples of the world."

It is further laid down in the Charter that the Trusteeship system shall apply only to those territories placed voluntarily under its *aegis* by the administration concerned. Each territory thus laid under international trusteeship becomes the subject of an individual agreement which must be initialled by the "states directly concerned" and approved by the General Assembly. Although the existing Trusteeship agreements vary as to details, a common two-fold thread of rights and duties runs through them all. Upon the administering authority is placed the obligation of

maintaining "peace, order and good government", of protecting native rights, of developing education and "... subject only to the requirements of public order" of guaranteeing freedom of religion, speech, the press, assembly and petition. Additionally, the Administering Authority is charged with the duty of leading the native peoples along the path to eventual self-government. It must also observe towards the other members of the United Nations a form of most-favoured-nation treatment in social, economic, industrial and commercial matters, "... provided that the interests of the inhabitants of the territory come first."

These formidable duties incumbent upon the Administering Authority, are, however, balanced by certain compensatory rights. For example, the Authority possesses full powers of legislation, administration and jurisdiction in the territory. A Trust Territory may be associated with an adjacent Colonial possession in a customs, fiscal or administrative union. The Administering Power is permitted to establish military bases and fortifications in Trust Territories and may raise volunteers to serve with defence forces in fulfilment of obligations towards the Security Council or for local defence. The Authority can organise public works "... on conditions it thinks just", can create fiscal and other monopolies where these are considered beneficial and arrange for the cooperation of the Territory in regional organisations. General surveillance over the activities of the Administering Powers is vested in the Trusteeship Council whose somewhat cumbersome membership arrangements occasionally bring some strange bed-fellows into unusually close cooperation. Since all Administering Powers have *ex officio* seats on the Council, Britain, the United States, France, Belgium, Australia and New Zealand have a permanent right to be heard. (Italy, however, although responsible for Somaliland, cannot take a full seat on the Council since it is not a member of the United Nations; a compromise solution permits the Italian representative to speak but not to vote.) Permanent membership is also granted to those "Big Five" members of the Security Council who are not Administering Powers, which gives places to the Soviet Union and Nationalist China. As many other members as are needed to ensure that total membership is evenly divided between Administering and non-Administering countries are then elected for three-year terms by the General Assembly in plenary Session. The current membership under this head comprises Haiti, El Salvador, Syria and India.

This assembly of "have" and "have-not" powers both large and small presides over the affairs of eleven Trust Territories located in Africa and the Pacific. Largest of the territories is Tanganyika, whose 7,000,000 Africans are under British Trusteeship. Other British-administered territories in Africa include Togoland and the Cameroons which between them support a native population of some 1,500,000. Parts of both these territories are also under French Trusteeship, the division of these areas between Britain and France being a perpetuation of the arrangement decided at Versailles as part of the Mandate system of the League of Nations. To complete the list of African Trust Territories, comes Ruanda-Urundi under Belgian control. With an estimated population of nearly 4,000,000 natives packed into 55,000 square kilometres, it ranks as Africa's most densely populated territory. In the Pacific region the Trust

Territories comprise groups of numerous islands with all the problems associated with scattered communities. Australia is responsible for the Trust Territory of New Guinea which contains more than 600 islands with an approximate land area of 93,000 square miles and an estimated population of about a million Melanesians, Papuans, Micronesians and Polynesians. Western Samoa, a group of islands with a total land area of no more than 5,263 acres, is administered by Australia on behalf of the British Commonwealth.

All these territories in Africa and the Pacific are held in trust to the United Nations by the same powers which previously held them on behalf of the League. The Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, now administered by the United States, was formerly held as a mandate by Japan. The main distinction now, apart from the substitution of the U.S.A. for Japan, is the fact that this territory is administered as a *strategic* area. This means in practice that the Security Council assists the Trusteeship Council in the discharge of its duties. There remains Somaliland—the latest Trust Territory—which has been placed under Italian Trusteeship for a definitive period which comes to an end in 1960. Some twenty million people in the Trust Territories look to the Trusteeship Council to watch over its interests. Certainly the Council is seized of formidable powers with which to carry out this task. It considers reports submitted by the administering authorities and accepts petitions sent in by the indigenous inhabitants. Periodically the Council sends Visiting Missions to undertake detailed inspections of conditions in Trust Territories. Some of the actions of the Council (many of whose members have no conception of the many problems which beset a Colonial power) understandably arouse the ire of Administering Authorities who have learned from long years of experience the virtue of hastening slowly in the matter of political advance in under-developed countries. Yet on the whole, and particularly at more recent sessions of the Council, the opinion has gained ground that the periodic onus laid on Administering Authorities to explain and defend their policy has its positive side. A Colonial Power which has stood at the bar of Trusteeship Council opinion and has defended its Trusteeship policy against all comers, learns thereby much of value in regard to its general policy in regard to non-self-governing territories not covered by Trusteeship agreements. This "learning through discussion" is the more welcomed by Administering Powers since there are no sanctions by which the Council can enforce its decisions except to the extent that an Administering Authority, conscious of any short-comings, might feel disposed to bow voluntarily before the consensus of Council opinion.

That the Council can also provide a valuable sounding board for the discussion of general problems of interest to all powers responsible for non-self-governing territories was instanced at the most recent (Twelfth) session of the Council, held at United Nations New York Headquarters during June and July 1953. Of several items of wide appeal which figured on the agenda, two deserved particular attention, namely the rural economic development of Trust Territories and educational advancement in Trust Territories. Questions of this nature reveal the Trusteeship Council at its best, and to the not inconsiderable talents at the disposal of the Council itself can be added the varied expertise of the Specialised

Agencies whose terms of reference cover these fields. The briefest geographical survey of the Trusteeship Territories will underline the need for studies in rural economics; it requires little knowledge of conditions in these territories to indicate the urgency of educational problems.

Apart from general discussions of this nature, and the ventilation of views on such hardy annuals as the problem of administrative unions as they affect Trust Territories, a great deal of the Council's time is concerned with consideration of the reports of Visiting Missions which examine conditions of the various territories from time to time. The latest region to be the subject of a Visiting Mission was the Pacific, where the territories of New Guinea, Pacific Islands, Nauru and Western Samoa were inspected by a team consisting of representatives of France, the United Kingdom, Syria and the Dominican Republic. In general, the Visiting Mission's report, and the subsequent discussion thereon at Trusteeship Council level reveal a constructive approach to the problems dealt with. The Council's President at the time, Mr. Leslie Knox Munro of New Zealand (himself the permanent representative of an Administering Power) was able to describe this section of the Council's work thus: "An encouraging picture of continued improvement in each of the five territories was revealed both by the detailed interrogation of the Special Representatives and by the various reports submitted to the Council."

Regarded by many of the Council's well-wishers as one of the least happy features of its work is the prominence given to petitions from the inhabitants of Trust Territories. Although the last-resort right of aggrieved natives to appeal over the heads of their immediate lords and masters will be granted by all fair-minded observers, the fact that no fewer than 395 petitions from individuals and organisations were presented at the Council's most recent session will be taken as an indication that some overhauling of the procedure is required. It should be added that no fewer than 54 meetings of the Committee on Petitions were required to deal with this mass of complaints which ranged from petty personal grievances to important economic and social issues. In many cases the petitioners were referred back to their Administering Authorities. To suggest that the machinery of petitioning should be reformed is not, however, to advocate the complete abolition of a privilege which acts as a useful safety valve for native opinion. Nor can any valid criticism be advanced against the practice of severely cross-examining the Special Representative of an Administering Power whenever the Council is examining the reports on conditions in the territories concerned. An Administering Power enters voluntarily into a Trustee agreement, realising all the obligations such a step entails. Whilst it is understandable that a Special Representative should be tempted to hit back when subjected to the Council's "third degree", it is nevertheless a matter of note that this cut and thrust of debate often serves a double purpose. On the one hand, the Administering Powers frequently temper their policies to the winds of criticism; contrariwise, non-Administering members have been known to modify their line of criticism in the light of replies made by Trustee Powers in previous Council sessions.

It would be true to say that the Trusteeship Council, after some initial teething troubles, has settled down into a routine which satisfies both

sides of the Council table. What is an increasing source of worry to the Colonial Powers of the world is the growing tendency to blur the line between Trust Territories proper and non-self-governing territories, which lie outside the Trusteeship system. This tendency to telescope two subjects arises out of the United Nations set-up under which Trustee and non-self-governing matters meet in the Fourth Committee on their way to the General Assembly. In the event, criticism of the policies of Colonial Powers in respect of their Colonial territories become confused with criticisms of the same Powers in regard to their Trust Territories, to the detriment of both. This is not to deny the right of the United Nations to deliver its opinions on the subject of non-self-governing territories. The point which can reasonably be made, however, is that any action proposed on Trust Territories (which Administering Powers accept as being within the scope of the Charter) should be separated from proposals affecting the non-self-governing territories of the same Powers (who dispute the Council's competence in this matter). It is to be hoped that a means will be found to make this distinction more clear in future. In this way, there will be a more ready acceptance of the Trusteeship principle, which already commands wide respect in many quarters—not least among those Powers who have assumed the not inconsiderable obligations associated with the holding of Trust Territories.

ERIC FORD.

NATURE STUDY IN THE HOLY LAND

IT is the natural result of the greatly increased number of trained naturalists in the Holy Land since the University of Jerusalem admitted students during the war, and of the courses at the Tel Aviv Biological Institute, the Rehovoth Research Station and the agricultural colleges, that natural history research in Israel has, since the establishment of this post-war state, attained a level undreamed of by Canon Tristram and the pioneers who trekked by camel and caravan to record the birds, beasts and plants of a land so prominent in Biblical literature. No longer is Palestine merely the collecting ground for specimens to be taken out of the country for the museums of the west. No longer is the amateur naturalist without guidance and authority in his own land. The recent summer conference of the Israel Botanical Society was concerned mainly with the problem of preserving plant life from destruction by the encroachment of the many new and expanding settlements. Its remedy was to ask the Government to place them under the care of a suitable body. Certain tropical enclaves in the Dead Sea shore, the papyrus bed of Lake Huleh swamp which is rapidly being drained and developed, and haunts near Acre of *Iris Grant-Duffii* and on Mount Carmel of *Lilium candidum* are typical examples. The members of the Palestine (Israel) Ornithologists' Union are also concerned about the destruction of such fish-eating birds as darters, pygmy cormorants, purple herons and other predatory visitors attracted to the carp-breeding ponds which are now such an essential part of the nation's difficult food supply that the settlers destroy such birds as vermin. There is also concern about the changes at Lake Huleh,

the Biblical Waters of Merom, in the upper Jordan valley, where breeding haunts of marbled teal and white-eyed ferruginous duck, of purple heron, Cetti's warbler, the stentorian reed-warbler, black tern, common tern, little ringed plover and several other interesting birds are endangered by Yibbush Ha'Huleh, the scheme which with American mechanical aid is clearing over 13,000 acres of the famous papyrus swamp and widening and deepening the Jordan outflow in order to establish 2,000 new farms. In winter the swamp is one of the greatest resorts of wildfowl in the Near East. The sea fisheries research station at Haifa has made an extensive study of the shellfish off the Palestine coast in the past three years, by the use of dredges and the Petersen Bottom Grab. Professor Haas at Jerusalem has identified some three hundred specimens from there, the overwhelming number being the bi-valved, gilled lamellibranchs. There have been found to be very few kinds of single-shelled or gastropod molluscs on the Palestine coast, and the few that live there are in large numbers. Several of these additions to the fauna of the Holy Land have not previously been recorded on the neighbouring coasts of Egypt and Syria, and their distribution is being studied in relation to the strip of coastal shelf which is much broader in the south than in the north.

Palestine, with its coastal dunes, its arid hills and semi-desert regions of the Negeb and the Dead Sea rift valley offers rich opportunities for the study of reptiles, and the research council of Israel has encouraged a fairly constant review of this section of the fauna. About ninety species are now known from Israel and Jordan, and ten new species have been added for this region since Flower published his classic work on the reptiles of Egypt. A fairly rich collection of reptiles has been concentrated at the Zoological Institute of the University at Jerusalem for study purposes. Nevertheless, the reptiles of the eastern part of the state of Jordan still remain virtually unknown and there is opportunity there to fill in some of the gaps concerning the faunal differences between Iraq and the Levant. It is interesting to note, however, that modern naturalists have been unable to confirm Canon Tristram's claim for the common European slow-worm as an inhabitant of Palestine. They assume it was claimed in confusion for a larger "glass snake," *Pseudopus apoda*, of Galilee. A new species of colubrine cat-snake is *Tarbophis nigriceps*, found south of Amman in Jordan and in the Negeb of southern Israel. Its chief difference from Savigny's cat-snake, a closely related colubrine, is that it does not roll up into a ball when roughly handled. A new species of tropical viper, *Atractaspis engaddensis*, was discovered by Dr. Mendelsohn at the Biblical site of Ein Geddi, beside the Dead Sea. Ein Geddi is a tropical oasis enclave of wild life in the Dead Sea rift, and this isolated species, with no relative kinds nearer than the Sudan, has survived since perhaps warmer times owing to the great heat and humidity of its locality. It has a parallel in certain tropical plants and birds, like the sooty falcon, the babbler and the sociable vulture, which survive in the Dead Sea rift, but not elsewhere in the Holy Land.

From the foot of Jebel Lussan, a desert hill south of Beersheba and on the Sinai border, Mr. J. Wahrman in 1950 collected a new subspecies of the common Agama lizard, of striking red or yellow colour which is retained to such a degree in captivity that it should appeal to amateur

herpetologists who make a hobby of keeping such things. There are now many more reptiles known from Jordan and Israel than from neighbouring Egypt and Turkey—twenty more than in the latter country and fourteen more than in Egypt, a considerable number in view of the small size of the Holy Land. Most of them are Mediterranean types, dwelling on the coastal side of the mountains. In the past, several waves of migration brought species from the east, and later some entered the country from the North African deserts by way of the rift valley of the Arabah and along the Sinai coast. Perhaps the most interesting for the Palestine fauna were those which came from the eastern steppes but were not able to cross the deep rift of the Jordan-Dead Sea depression and sweep on across the whole North African desert belt like the others.

These studies, together with the rich prehistoric finds in the Carmel caves, support the history of the mammalian fauna of the Holy Land as the result of several waves of immigrants from the cooler, damper steppes and the hot southern and eastern deserts. The hyrax, or Biblical coney, which still survives in the Rift Valley near the Dead Sea, is one of the oldest inhabitants of the country.

Before the recent world war, the British excavated important Stone Age remains from the Wady el Mughara cave in the Carmel. Since then M. Stekelis of the Israel Exploration Society has unearthed important animal remains from the Abu Usba cave on Mount Carmel, with American and British grants. This cave is on the northern face of a bluff above Wadi Falah, near the coast at Athlit, and an historic nesting colony of griffon vultures which probably dates from Biblical times as these birds resort annually to the same nesting colonies. The remains of the larger mammals found in the Abu Usba cave, like the wild boar, the fallow deer and the roe deer were undoubtedly hunted and brought there by man. Many of the bats and rodents were probably prehistoric inhabitants of the cave, and Prof. Haas thinks that many were amassed in the form of food-pellets by birds-of-prey and by owls which used the cave. Thus the find represents a collection of animal remains from a large area. Unlike the Wady el Mughara cave, the Abu Usba cave included a very rich collection of bird remains, amongst which Professor Haas has identified bee-eater, goldfinch, chaffinch, greenfinch, great tit, starling, white wagtail, wheatear, bluethroat, lapwing, bulbul, chiffchaff, sedge-warbler and the house-sparrow. The fact that prehistoric hawks and owls used the Abu Usba cave and not the Mughara cave resulted in this rich collection of small mammals and birds, which they brought as prey, and which is absent from the remains unearthed in the latter site.

The botanical discoveries in post-war Palestine have been most important in the realm of the ecology of desert and near-desert plants, and the laws which govern the relation between plants and subterranean water-level changes. All this has economic importance in the efforts to cultivate the semi-desert regions of the Near East which U.N.A. is pursuing from North Africa to Sind. Dr. Hugo Boyko, the Government ecologist and one of the most active field botanists now in Israel, has studied the remains of an ancient laurel forest on Carmel and the influence of sun-radiation in the distribution of plants, like the forest-building *Valonea* oak, in the Holy Land. He has worked on the historic influence

of bedouin grazing in the Negeb desert which produced an unnaturally dominant vegetation of unpalatable shrubs and perennial flowers, like *Artemesia*. Now, by eliminating nomadic grazing by the ubiquitous goat, it is hoped to restore this region to its natural feathergrass steppe, for greater economic use. He has also shown how climatic extremes influenced the distribution of the beautiful *Iris Helenae* (now called *Iris Mariae*) and a probable new species of *Anemone coronaria* type. He has shown how many semi-desert seeds depend upon escaping the sun by lodging in moister burrows of mice, lizards and insects in the sand, before they can germinate. His "geo-ecological law" of plant distribution, which shows a parallel function between the local distribution of plants and their distribution over a larger area, is being applied to land development in these semi-arid regions. He is a member of the UNESCO council on arid zone research and, aided by his wife Dr. Elisabeth Boyko, he made the successful experimental desert garden on Israel's Red Sea shore at Eilat (formerly Um Rash Rash). In his study of the age of trees and the record of local soil erosion by the amount of root-plate exposed on ancient olive and other trees, Dr. Boyko estimates the age of the majestic Christ's thorn tree which Lawrence described in the Wadi Arabah (where he watered his camels at Ein Hush, on his way back to Beersheba), as about 1500 years, old laurel and carob (locust-bean) stumps in the Carmel area as 500 years, the famous olives of Gethsemane as possibly about 3,000 years old, and the oldest of the Cedars of Lebanon at about 4,000 years. Ancient plants are thus being used as climatic indicators in the development of lonely areas. It is the aim of Dr. Y. Gindel, of the forest research station at Rehovot, to replant many of the forests of which the Holy Land was denuded after Biblical times, but not always with the indigenous trees. About thirty tropical and sub-tropical trees have been acclimatised at Rehovot with a view to future sources of cellulose, nitro-cellulose, tannin and etheric oils. Tree-belts are being planted to reduce the effect of desert winds in the Negeb, and to increase air and soil moisture.

ERIC HARDY.

FLOWERS FROM CLASSIC FIELDS

IT may perhaps seem strange that a visitor to Greece or Italy, who is a lover of their ancient shrines and ruins, should cherish a yet more enduring memory of their wild flowers. But it is pictures of these, associated indeed with their historic setting, that most often flash on the "inward eye" of some of us. Pictures, for instance, of anemones in springtime, their small, pale-mauve blossoms starring the grass under the olives round the walls of Assisi, where St. Francis walked of old, or a field of the large crimson and purple ones (*A. coronaria*) seen by a dusty highway in the Siennese countryside. A village near Bordighera is named Campo Rosso after them. So royal is their colouring that one can well believe them to have been the "lilies of the field" whose glory outrivalled that of Solomon. The Apennine anemone blends its delicate Wedgewood blue with rosy cyclamen and our own primroses in some Italian woods; scillas and grape-hyacinths are found in others, such as those of Vallom-

brosa, "where the Etrurian shades High over-arched embower"—one of Milton's travel memories. Yet another anemone, the *Adonis*, resembles a scarlet ranunculus, with a black centre and feathery leaves. Large, dark-eyed violets among the ruins of Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli are a fragrant memory from a long-past April.

In Greece, the poppies seem a deeper red than ours, and in Crete one recalls a road leading to the legendary marvels of Knossos which was bordered by big opium-poppies (*Papaver somniferum*), white with a purple splash on their petals, mixed with vivid blue borage—the colouring of some Persian tiles. The mound that covers the heroic dead at Marathon is clothed with tufts of asphodel, the flower associated by poets with the Elysian fields; it grows thickly round the golden temples of Sicily. In that lovely island of the Theocritean idylls, almond trees are a drift of white blossoms, each with a faint, central flush—an exquisite foreground for the visionary peak of snow-crowned Etna in the distance. The almond must be white in Palestine too, if the words "the almond tree shall flourish", in the moving description of old age in Ecclesiastes, are correctly interpreted as referring to the white hair of the aged. Returning in thought to Greece, one remembers, among a host of others, the "fair-clustered narcissus," sung of at Colonus by Sophocles; wild gladiolus among the springing corn; dwarf irises; a multi-coloured vetch like a miniature sweet-pea, a blue pimpernel, and bushes of pink cistus, near Eleusis, which at first sight deluded one into thinking them wild roses. Many hillsides of the Aegean and Mediterranean coasts are carpeted by an aromatic growth of shrubs, such as rosemary, lavender and sage; this is the *maquis*, a name now for ever associated with underground resistance movements in the war.

Autumn, needless to say, has its own beauties. In Italy, the tawny leaves of the vine strung from tree to tree or pole to pole; the branches of pomegranate heaped on barges coming in to Venice; the woods of wild "strawberry-tree" (*Arbutus unedo*), bearing its creamy clusters of flowers and glowing fruit, on the steep ascent to the hilltop of Etruscan Volterra, Macaulay's "lordly Volaterrae." Clumps of oleander, deep cherry-coloured, pink or white, edge the little steamer-piers on Como or Maggiore. Any attempted description of the flowers in the villa gardens on the Lakes, or elsewhere—their orange and lemon blossoms, their masses of roses, azaleas or camellias, for example—would read too much like a horticultural catalogue. Such bright memory-pictures do indeed cheer winter days, when our own countryside is bare, or that time of life when "the day is far spent," when, as the Vulgate sums it up in one word, *advesperascit*.

EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

RUSSIA'S NEW CONSUMER DEAL

SHORTLY after Malenkov had reshuffled his all-Soviet ministries, the pudgy new Red Czar summoned leading civil servants and curtly told them that the time had come to switch their bureaucratic machinery back into normal gear. Stalin's personal life rhythm was unusual and it had transformed diplomatic habits in Moscow. He slept well into

the morning and his working day began about mid-day. That meant that ambassadors had to be prepared to be called to the Kremlin at 3 a.m. Malenkov has normalised office routine. The day begins at 9 a.m. and by six in the evening most government buildings are deserted except for their guards. "Pravda" and "Izvestia", the two official Soviet newspapers, are published two hours earlier, and even radio programmes have a new streamlined schedule. Since Malenkov's assumption of office, loaves at bakeries are shoved into the ovens two hours sooner. The bureaucratic apparatus is the vanguard in this return to normalcy. It is followed by the peasantry which is still trying to get a new deal from this government. There have been enough promises from such men as Mikoyan and Khrushchev who, as far as one can tell, are speaking with authority.

Spartan conditions in the consumer goods industry certainly need some relaxing. There is an acute shortage in time-pieces. The U.S.S.R. plans to increase output to 23,000,000 watches and clocks by 1956; metal bed production is to go up to 16,500,000 beds annually (the U.S. produce only 2,100,000 annually); T.V. sets output is to be stepped up to a million pieces (present U.S. production around six million). The need for more bicycles has always been pressing. Production is to rise to 3,800,000 by 1956. Comparing these promises with Germany's re-emergence economically the Soviets are still not doing so well. The average German who lost the war is eating 134 eggs annually; the average Russian who won the war will be eating 52 eggs by 1955. Similarly Fritz is feasting on 80 lb. of meat annually; Ivan will have to be satisfied with 28 lb. of meat. The German's fat consumption has gone up to 26 kilogrammes a year; the Russian will have to be satisfied with 8.6 kilogrammes. The starting shot in this race for more consumer goods was discharged by Malenkov personally last August 8 when he promised the Supreme Soviet a "drastic upsurge in the production of consumer goods". After a respectful time lag Nikita Khrushchev put the blunt question—"what is wrong with our agrarian policy?" The farmers could have told him. Russia possesses 4½ million cows less than in 1916. Her pig stocks have only risen from 23 million to 28.5 million despite the fact that the population have increased from 140 million in 1916 to 215 million. "Butter production in Siberia has dropped from 75,000 tons in 1952 to 65,000 tons", he scowled. The already swollen bureaucratic machinery was further distended by the setting up of additional ministries. Six ministries now control the consumer manufactures: the ministry of food, the ministry for the production of consumer goods, the domestic trade ministry, the foreign trade ministry, the ministry for state farms, and the ministry for agricultural equipment. A very complicated decree was issued shortly afterwards giving statistical enlightenment to those baffled bureaucrats in far-off Baku and Vladivostok who will have to supervise the increase in production. One fact which emerges from this complexity of percentages is the need for 23,000 additional retail shops. These are to be opened by 1956.

Speaking to leading functionaries of domestic and foreign trade organisations Anastasy Mikoyan gave them details of the latest plans on how one could step up the consumer goods productions so as to assuage the

widespread dissatisfaction. "Sixty per cent of the Soviet refrigerator output is to be taken over by the armaments industry", he said. "The aircraft industry will take over 50 per cent. of the production of kitchen utensils by 1955. We aim to put out 64,000 tons of cooking and kitchen utensils by 1955." He made the following points:—

Soviet citizens wishing to have a night out should have the choice of a well-assorted menu. When Russians go out to buy they should see inviting shop windows. We want better window decorations. Luxury goods should be packed and not filled into purchasers' jars. More hygiene in the packing of foodstuffs and especially bread.

He promised the dazed bureaucrats 8.5 milliard roubles to build up this cuckoo cloud industry. Their faces brightened considerably, for Mikoyan had only mentioned more money and not a reduction of the civil service. Russia has some 18 million bureaucrats who could make things very unpleasant for any dictator who decided to reduce their number. Thus the new regime has not ventured to make any experiments on this sector. On the contrary concessions to the bureaucratic caste have had to be made. Quite a number of officers' wives who have returned from Vienna or Berlin, from Leipzig and Budapest, have demanded attractive wares in the shops, better service and a more selective choice of consumer goods. This pressure has increased since the death of Stalin whose hand lay heavily on the cumbersome machinery of government. An official's wife simply is no longer contented with four square metres of flat space per head. She wants to have some elbow room to move about. Besides, she wants to enjoy some of the simpler luxuries of life. The average consumption of butter, for example, per month has been estimated authentically at two ounces. But farmers, although they still possess 15 million cows personally of a total stock of 24 million, want to have a bigger incentive to produce more. That would mean giving farmers a cow each. In other words 40 million cows would have to be owned personally. That task seems virtually impossible today. The short-sighted policy which Stalin pursued is only now becoming obvious to those men who paid lip-service to him so long without being able to think clearly. But if Malenkov has studied the state investment policy of the last three decades, it must have struck him that a government which only invests in agriculture a total of 17 roubles per head of population in a year (3.4 milliard roubles per year from 1925 to 1952) cannot expect very much by way of solid results. The favoured heavy industry received 638 milliard roubles in the same space of time.

The result of this policy has been a turn out of capital goods and a paucity of consumer goods. In fact 70 per cent. of production was concentrated on machinery and other non-consumer manufactures. In most western countries the reverse has been the case. If Malenkov's figures are true, the government has invested a billion roubles in the nation's economy from 1925 to 1952. Of this vast sum light industry received a pitiable 7 per cent. No wonder the Soviet citizen has had cause to grumble. Malenkov knew almost from the start that he would have to cosset the consumer, at least for a while, and he did this by reducing the shop prices of food, thereby reducing the enormous profits made by the state trading and wholesale organisations. This has hardly

touched their solvency. When the Soviets import fish from Scotland at 1s. a kilogramme the same fish is sold at 15s. a lb. The profit is made by the wholesale distributor which is a state body. The government must also raise the purchasing power by making money cheaper. This is being done by cutting down the amount of the forced loan to which Soviet citizens have had to subscribe annually. In other words, by giving the government less by way of loans, consumers can spend the rest in the shops. Reduction of taxes and in the amount of forced loans (the loan is always to the government not by the government) will increase the amount of roubles in Russians' pockets by 50 milliard roubles annually. Yet the government merely plans to increase the size and potentiality of the consumer goods and food industry by 8.5 milliard roubles. This seems incongruous. With one hand Malenkov and colleagues are giving their subjects 50 milliard roubles to spend, and with the other they are keeping a tight check on the growth of the very industry for which this spending money is intended. At the same time Russia is holding fast to its armaments programme, even if Mikoyan has pointed out that a part of the consumer goods industry is to be taken over by munitions plants and aircraft factories. In fact three per cent. of the capital sunk in orthodox armaments production has been diverted to the output of atom and hydrogen bombs. Latest events have shown that the government is not being fair with its people and particularly with the peasants. The additional profits which peasants have lately been permitted to make have been canalised into investments such as better lighting plant and the improvement of farm machinery. Thus if a peasant is at last able to make 100 roubles on the sly, government inspectors tell him to sink it into his barn. This has not made him particularly gratified and he has already recognised the inevitable: that the promising bait that was thrown out during the summer of 1953 is nothing but another lure into the trap from which there is no escape.

K. FRANK FELDMAN.

PREFACES IN NOVELS

PREFACES occupy a large place in the history of English Literature. In Victorian times and even earlier, many writers penned long introductions to their novels. These Prefaces are useful because they supply the reader with background information about the books. This is especially the case with Sir Walter Scott who could be called "The Master of Prefaces" so much was he addicted to them, even to the point of overburdening his novels with introductions. Yet these are invaluable to the student of literature. Generally it is unwise to neglect an introduction, it is unfair to the author and the reader himself is likely to miss much of the meaning behind the story and the author's reason for writing it. In his General Preface to the Waverley novels Sir Walter Scott describes how he came to write his first Romance, the opening chapters of which lay neglected for so long in an old desk. Scott says: "I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something

which might introduce her motives to those of the sister kingdom, in a more favourable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgences for their foibles . . .". He continues: "And here I frankly confess that the mode in which I conducted the story scarcely deserved the success which the Romance afterwards attained. The tale of *Waverley* was put together with so little care, that I cannot boast of having sketched any distinct plan for the work." *Waverley's* Introduction gives an account of the incidents on which the book was founded. The events were still within living memory of Scott's own people and acquaintances, just as in the Preface to *The Trumpet Major* Thomas Hardy states: "The external incidents which direct its course are mostly an unexaggerated reproduction of the recollections of old persons, well-known to the author in childhood, but now long dead, who were eye-witnesses of those scenes."

But Sir Walter did not often deal with such recent events. In his Introduction to *The Abbot* he explains why he was such a prolific novelist: "I looked round my library and could not but observe that from the time of Chaucer to that of Byron, the most popular authors had been the most prolific. . . . Looking more attentively at the patriarchs of literature, whose career was as long as it was brilliant, I thought I perceived that in the busy prolonged course of exertion there were no doubt occasional failures, but still those who were favourites of their age triumphed over these . . .". This reminds the reader that *The Abbot* was the book with which, after the comparatively poor reception afforded to *The Monastery* Sir Walter hoped to make his "comeback." And as he frankly confesses he chose Mary, Queen of Scots as the central character because he knew that a great historical figure always creates interest. He says: ". . . it was with these feelings of hope and apprehension that I ventured to awaken in a work of fiction the memory of Queen Mary, so interesting by her wit, her beauty, her misfortune and the mystery which still does and perhaps always will, overhang her history." Scott owed a great deal to ancient chronicles, but he never failed to acknowledge his debt. In January, 1829, after revising some of the *Waverley* novels he wrote: "The General Preface to the new Edition and the Introductory Notices to each separate work, will contain an account of such circumstances attending the first publication of the Novels and Tales, as may appear interesting in themselves, or proper to be communicated to the public. The Author also proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, of obscure historical facts, which have formed the groundwork of these novels, and to give some account of the places where the scenes are laid, when these are altogether, or in part, real, as well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact . . .".

Scott's example, though in a lesser degree and with much less weighty introductions has often been followed by our Historical novelists. Margaret Irwin in her Preface to *The Stranger Prince* explains how she came across many of her authentic details, about the principal characters, among old manuscripts. And in his Preface to the Original Edition of *The Tower of London* Harrison Ainsworth explains: "It has been, for years, the cherished wish of the writer of the following pages to make the Tower of London . . . the groundwork of a romance . . .". At that time little of

the Tower was shown to the public and Ainsworth hoped that his book would help to recreate interest in the ancient fortress. He goes on to say: "But it is the hope of the writer, that the day is not far off, when all that is really worth seeing will be accessible. In this view, the present publication may not be without use."

Prefaces often give interesting information about the old customs of the countryside. Such a one is Thomas Hardy's Introduction to *Under the Greenwood Tree*. He says: "The state of the Mellstock Quire and its old established west-gallery musicians, . . . is intended to be a true picture, at first hand, of the persons, ways and customs which were common in the village of fifty or sixty years ago." . . . "The zest of these bygone instrumentalists must have been keen and staying, to take them as it did, on foot every Sunday, after toiling all week through all weathers to church, which often lay at a distance from their homes." They had their own musical scores to copy out and as Hardy reminds the reader, they received so little in payment, about ten shillings a year, that their efforts were really a labour of love.

But not everything was pleasantly pastoral during Victorian times. The age of Victorian literature was often one of reform as so many Prefaces to novels remind us. Then it was often proved that the pen was mightier than the sword. Charles Kingsley in his Preface to the fourth edition of *Yeast* could comment on how many improvements had taken place in country life since his novel first appeared. And Charles Dickens's novels often pointed out wrongs that needed righting. When *Nicholas Nickleby* was first published in volume form, in 1839, Dickens wrote in his Preface: "It has afforded the Author great amusement and satisfaction during the progress of this work, to learn from country friends and from a variety of ludicrous statements concerning himself in provincial newspapers, that more than one Yorkshire schoolmaster lays claim to being the original Mr. Squeers. One worthy he has reason to believe has actually consulted with the law, as to his having good grounds on which to rest an action for libel; another he meditates a journey to London, for the express purpose of committing an assault and battery upon his traducer, a third person remembers being waited on 1st January twelve months, by two gentlemen, one of whom held him in conversation while the other took his likeness: and although Mr. Squeers has but one eye and he has two and the published sketch does not resemble him (whoever he may be) in any respect, still he and his friends and neighbours know at once for whom it is meant, because the character is so like him."

Although Dickens dissembles a little in the above Preface he is more frank in another which he wrote for the same book. In this he acknowledges travelling to Yorkshire and taking with him some letters of introduction to schoolmasters there. An earlier novelist, who was concerned with education in one of his books was Daniel Defoe, who in his *Colonel Jack* tried to point out some of the consequences of poor education. In his Preface he comments: "Here is room for just and copious observations on the blessings and advantages of a sober and well-governed education, and the ruin of so many thousands of all ranks in this nation for the want of it; here also we may see how much public schools and charities might be improved, to prevent the destruction of so many unhappy children. . . .

The book was a protest against the neglect of the education and training of the poorer people in the author's day.

Not long afterwards Oliver Goldsmith was penning his Preface to *The Vicar of Wakefield*. He was concerned not with reforms or customs, but in depicting a good man in a variety of circumstances. He observes: "There are a hundred faults in this thing and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties; but it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece writes in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, a husbandman and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach and ready to obey, as simple in affluence and majestic in adversity."

In contrast Thackeray prefers to assume the character of showman in his Preface to *Vanity Fair*. He says: "As the Manager of the Performance sits before the curtain on the boards and looks into the Fair, a feeling of profound melancholy comes over him in his survey of the bustling place. . . . I have no other moral than this tag to the present story of *Vanity Fair*. Some people consider fairs immoral altogether, and aschew such, with their servants and families: very likely they are right. But persons who think otherwise, and are of a lazy, or a benevolent, or a sarcastic mood, may perhaps like to step in for half-an-hour, and look at the performance . . .". "What more has the Manager of the Performance to say? To acknowledge the kindness with which it has been received in all the principal towns of England through which the show has passed, and where it has been most favourably noticed by the respected conductors of the public Press, and by the Nobility and Gentry. He is proud to think that his Puppets have given satisfaction to the very best company in this empire."

Charlotte Brontë in her Preface to the second edition of *Jane Eyre* also thanks the critics, public and publishers for their good reception of her book. But she does not forget the few discordant voices raised against it and reminds her readers that "Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee, is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns. These things and deeds are diametrically opposed; they are as distinct as is vice from virtue. Men too often confound them; they should not be confounded; appearances should not be mistaken for truth; narrow human doctrines, that only tend to elate and magnify a few should not be substituted for the world redeeming creed of Christ." She goes on to extend her point and shows her great familiarity with The Bible. From such a Preface the reader can learn much about the author's own character. Just as in other authors' Introductions, the reflections on methods of work can be described as "helpful hints" to less experienced writers.

Whatever the reasons for the book, only the author can explain how a certain theme, a certain incident or a person came to grip his imagination and almost compel him to create a story around them. Arnold Bennett's interesting and illuminating Preface to *The Old Wives Tale* is a good example of this. He relates how in 1903 he noticed a grotesque old woman in a Paris restaurant and how he was struck with the fact that "the change

from the young girl to the stout ageing woman is made up of an infinite number of infinitesimal changes, each unperceived by her, only intensifies the pathos. It was at this instant that I was visited with the idea of writing the book which ultimately became *The Old Wives Tale*." He goes on to state that the woman in the restaurant was too old and unsympathetic a type on which to base his heroine. But she did act as the germ of an idea for his novel.

It is only in historical novels that lengthy prefaces are found nowadays. Generally a page is as much Introduction as the author gives to his work. There are exceptions of course. The short prefaces can be accounted for in two or three ways. In these days of heavy taxation few authors can spare the time to write lengthy introductions to their books. The paper shortage, especially during the war was another factor which led to the curtailment of long introductions. But the principal cause is surely the law of libel. Most authors have to be content with a brief, preface bleakly stating that: "The characters and incidents in this story are entirely imaginary and have no relation to any person either living or dead." Even Hardy in his fine prefaces had to ask his readers to remember that there was no such county as his Victorian Wessex, outside his novels. When a writer pens his own Preface he is apt to assume a somewhat apologetic tone. But a popular type of Introduction nowadays is that written by a competent critic assessing the author's work and telling something of his life. Naturally this leaves out the apologetic tone instead it really introduces the reader to the merits of the book. Many of these introductory essays explain some hidden motives and enable the reader to bring to the book both insight and imagination. But whether the Introduction is written by the author or some other person, it serves a great purpose in helping the reader to really understand the book.

MARION TROUGHTON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BULGARIAN PORTENT?

AT FIRST sight there seems to be ground at least for speculation about a possible break in the post-Stalin attitude of the Kremlin to organised Christianity. The break may be either tactical and temporary (a dangerous experiment from the Russian point of view) or may be a more permanent acknowledgment of defeat, or of doubt and suspense, in that particular field of communist aggression. The evidence upon which the speculation may be based is well summarised in the January number of the Chatham House Review, *The World Today* (pp. 36-38), its main substance being constituted by the election of a Patriarch for the Bulgarian Orthodox Church. Why did Chervenkov allow such a thing? Was he trying to pose as a friend of the Church in a manoeuvre such as was unsuccessfully tried in Poland several years ago, in order to bring the Church to heel? Or was he merely seeking friends to buttress his personal position and prestige?

Let it be remembered that when he succeeded Dimitrov some four years ago as head of the State (his rival Kostov having been liquidated by hanging as a traitor) it was generally assumed that it was Stalin himself who in effect had appointed him to the post; and Chervenkov gave apparent substance to that surmise by becoming more Stalinist than Stalin, whom he regularly propagated as his leader and teacher. After Stalin's death Chervenkov became a ship without a rudder, a slave without a master, a follower without a leader. His embarrassment was illustrated in a sudden dilution of his personal pre-eminence in the party and his eager adoption of the Kremlin's new ideology of "collective leadership" in which the party, not the man, became, at least ostensibly, the operative agency. He watered down, in the name of the party, some of his own former decrees of an oppressive character and in particular loosened his stranglehold over the Church.

At the beginning of May last year the National Congress of the Bulgarian Orthodox Church was allowed to meet in the Palace of the Holy Synod in Sofia to elect a Patriarch. There had been no Patriarch for more than 500 years. Nor could the argument be easily sustained that, as was the case in the war-time election of a Patriarch in Moscow, this new Patriarch in Sofia was to be a mere tool of the Kremlin. On the contrary the new Patriarch, Cyril, thus elected, was known to be anti-Communist in his views. In other words he was known to be a true Christian. When the communists overran Bulgaria in 1944 he was imprisoned and thus cut off from his diocese of Plovdiv, of which he was titular Bishop. In 1953, by contrast, he was allowed to stand as one of three candidates for the revived Patriarchate, and was duly elected by a large majority of votes. The interesting thing is not only that a well-known anti-communist religious leader was elected as the head of the Church, or that the constituent members of the Congress were thus proved to be free of coercion or fear, so far as the head of the State was concerned, but that as a result of the manifest change in Chervenkov's attitude to religion there now operates in Bulgaria an Orthodox Church led by a Christian, an anti-Communist (which in this case is the same thing), a well known historian, and one who is steeped in the Christian tradition as operative in the West, namely in France, Austria, Germany and pre-Tito Yugoslavia. He was educated in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and Zagreb.

The satisfactory thing is that there is no reason to doubt the good faith of the new Patriarch, and that therefore it seems to be established that the communist policy, hitherto consistently and relentlessly pursued, of suppressing Christianity has been suspended in the case of one satellite country. Wedges have a thick as well as a thin end. It should not be forgotten, however, that the communist strategy is essentially aimed against Christianity, because Christ and anti-Christ obviously cannot be reconciled, and that therefore the possibility must always be borne in mind of a future reversion in Bulgaria to the religious persecution which still is practised, to a foul and thorough degree, in every other communist country. But even if the Cyril episode prove to be nothing more than a flash in the pan, reflecting the sort of hesitancy which seems to have characterised the post-Stalin Kremlin in other ways, yet the free flow of Christian practice may constitute, and indeed is likely to constitute, a

bastion of defence against communist inroads which a future Chervenkov may find impregnable.

It seems relevant therefore to recall whether the Bulgarian relaxation of oppression applies to other than the religious sphere. The answer seems to be, yes; but it seems not yet possible to judge whether that answer results from an imposed necessity, or from a change in policy. There is no doubt, for instance, that the drastic process of subjecting a mainly peasant country of small-holders to a highly industrialised economy in the towns and an extensively collectivised agriculture in the country has not been achieved without incidental discomfort and distress to the population as a whole. It is at least possible therefore that Chervenkov's recent "concessions" to the peasants—the remission of debts due to the Government for taxes, fines, fees of various kinds, equipment and machinery, for instance—may be his belated tribute to an obstinate fact, namely, that when debts are plainly unpayable, they cannot be paid. We had the like sort of experience when, after the first world war, certain war debts that had been imposed upon Germany were progressively remitted. There are certain basic truths in life which neither victors in war nor communist tyrants can deny. One is that whatever power you may possess you cannot extract money from empty pockets.

In one respect however there does seem to have been an unmistakably conciliatory process at work in Chervenkov's mind. After Stalin's death he stopped talking in his reviews of foreign policy about the warmongering spies, assassins and whatnot that according to his former utterances constituted the exclusive inhabitants of his neighbouring non-communist countries, Turkey and Greece, or the recusant cominform country, Yugoslavia. He now protested a desire to reach a friendly understanding with those countries, submitting in one of his statements that there were no problems outstanding with them that could not be solved by what he called "peaceful negotiations", and in general subscribing to the ideal of what he called "peace and co-operation between the nations". He went so far as to declare his readiness "to resume diplomatic relations with the United States"—those relations which had been broken off four years ago. The resumption of diplomatic relations with the United States being presumably as hard a test of goodwill as any satellite country could undergo, it is not perhaps surprising that Chervenkov has even subscribed to (in his own words) "the noble aim of relaxing international tension". The clue to the genuineness of such sentiments, as of communist pretensions in general at this time, is to be found in the future attitude of communist rulers, in Bulgaria and elsewhere, to religion.

THE MORAL LAW IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

What they have been trying to do in Berlin is to reach a compromise between one conception of political life and another without relevance to moral chasm that divides them. Moral? There will no doubt be some raising of eyebrows, some supercilious surprise, as it were, at the notion that the moral law can have any competence in international affairs. What has God to do with diplomacy? once asked a distinguished and innocent ambassador, the representative of a European Christian country.

What is true is that, obviously, the wider the circle of human contacts, the weaker becomes that spiritual momentum which starts in the individual human soul. As the circle caused by the dropping of a stone in a pond becomes weaker as it spreads outwards, so the central goodness of the human make-up tends to be diluted as it spreads over collective human enterprise and organisation. There is indeed hardly any need to illustrate so well-known a fact. The sort of bickering and scoring of points that goes on in the exchanges between national governments at this time, the low level of feeling and of purpose that characterises the normal procedure of high diplomacy, are such that the majority of human beings, including the diplomats themselves, would be incapable of sinking so low in their individual private affairs.

There is need for instance of a diplomatic conference—at the “highest” level or thereabouts as the ironic jargon goes—to settle a specific problem, whether in Europe or in Korea. A proposal is made that such a conference be held. There follows a sort of preliminary conference on the question whether the substantive conference can in fact be held, and where, and how. In the case of the Four-Power Berlin conference which is being held as these lines are written, a series of ponderous and formidable preliminary vendettas had first to be fought out. The Western Powers proposed that the conference should take place on January 4th. Russia (of course and as a matter of habitual contrariness) proposed that it should take place on January 25th or later. Where should it take place? In Berlin, of course; but where exactly in Berlin? The last thing that Russia would accept was that it should take place in western Berlin; for such a thing would mortally wound Russian national pride. In eastern Berlin, then? No, the Western Powers could not allow Russia thus to score an important victory in the battle of prestige. In both sectors, then, in turn? Obviously. Despite the inconvenience of holding a conference under the stipulated condition that the delegates, their staffs and documents should constantly flit from one part of Berlin to another—merely to hold the scales in a matter of petty pride and prestige—no other solution was regarded as possible. But that solution involved an incidental embarrassment. It might be necessary for the western delegates, during one of the sessions in eastern Berlin, to get into touch quickly with their headquarters in western Berlin, or vice versa; and since the summer of 1952, in accordance with Russia’s normal pin-pricking procedure, telephone connection between the two sectors had been cut. That particular problem of high diplomacy was easily solved.

But there was another silly problem to be disposed of. There were four Powers involved. Three of them, the Western three, had their headquarters in the one part of the city, one of them, Russia, in the other. Another battle of prestige became inevitable. It was elementary to western prestige that the flit should be from one national headquarters to another, the changes thus being rung between four different sets of conference room. But no! Russian prestige demanded that the alternation be between east and west, the west being thus regarded as a unit, and the practical mathematical result (important to subsequent Russian pride and propaganda) being that three sessions of the conference would be held in Russian headquarters to every one session in United States headquarters.

Such is the stuff of high diplomacy. There has indeed been some deterioration in this respect in the already poor quality of diplomatic practice. A new low level has been touched in the contemporary performances. Even up to 1939 it was customary to hold conferences for a specific purpose. Even if they did not succeed, such conferences were held, simply and straightforwardly. By contrast today most of the business of high diplomacy has dropped to the level of argument about whether conferences can or cannot be held at all. In the second week of January this year, for instance, we were given the remarkable news that the communists in Korea had agreed to hold a conference to decide whether a conference could be arranged of which the purpose would be to decide whether the Korean political conference, adumbrated in principle months earlier, could be held! This is how Reuter put it (*Times*, January 14th last) in a message from Seoul: “The Communists have agreed that liaison secretaries should meet tomorrow to discuss a resumption of talks to arrange a Korean peace conference”. That information had been given by Mr. Young, American State Department negotiator. In the very next column of the *Times* which carried that typical piece of news—typical of our contemporary experience—there appeared, from Berlin, the equally typical news that “the discussions between the High Commissioners’ representatives on technical arrangements for the Foreign Ministers’ conference appear to have ended in complete deadlock”. It becomes ever harder for people of ordinary imagination to follow these complicated steps downwards and backwards into the depths of “high” diplomacy.

If the business of international relationships be thus conducted on a level and in a spirit that fall short, far short, even of commonsense and elementary reason, and that deny even the tentative inroad of elementary decency, how, it may be asked, can any realistically-minded person have the assurance, or the lack of a sense of humour, to talk about the moral law in international affairs? The answer is this, that however consistently you may ignore the moral law, however fast you may plunge ahead in complete disregard of the moral law, that law none the less continues to operate. It comes back at you. It pulls you up, soon or late. In our time, in the hectic experience of the first half of the twentieth century, it is possible to detect, belatedly it is true, but inexorably, that the moral law is loaded, as it were, omnipotently to come out on top. The word “inexorable” seems to describe the process. The process becomes palpable to one’s eyes only in the retrospect. When you are climbing a mountain, you often do not know what progress you make, if any; when you look back from the top you see the clear path of the progress you made.

In 1914 a clear challenge was thrown out to the moral law. No one at that time could have foreseen, even if he was in the least interested in the question, what the answer would be, or how it would come. Need it be said that the cause of good relations between the nations is not served, but is diametrically wrecked, when the nations go to war with one other? To measure the truth of such a statement it is necessary to be grim in an elemental degree. Foreign affairs are very foreign to reason and to intelligence. At the beginning of this century the British Empire could see the sun day and night. It was well in the sun, in every sense.

Germany coveted a place in that same sun—the sun in its profusion being adequate to that ambition. High diplomacy, however, as we have had a cumulative evidence to know, seems to be capable of encompassing gigantic disasters on the promptings of petty jealousy and blinded self-interest. “Petty” seems to be the fair word, because it needs a quite small advance in the development of intelligence to grasp the fact that prosperity is indivisible, and that one man’s or one nation’s success automatically leads to another’s benefit. Jealousy and greed, however, in 1914 made those two leading nations, in the spirit of the Kilkenny cats or of Aesop’s dog, to let go the substance of mutual service and instead go to war. Now the moral law includes commonsense in its substance. To violate the one is to violate the other. In this particular case it happened that the devil—whose job it is, among other objects, to make things more difficult for the humankind and thus by the resultant exercise to develop our intelligence—made a particularly savage aggression upon the province of human welfare. The vast and sudden advance in scientific knowledge put into the devil’s hands a weapon which he merely handed on to his human dupes.

How sudden was that advance in knowledge can be measured from the dates involved: the internal combustion engine, which made aeroplanes possible, 1820; nitroglycerine, which made bombs possible, 1867; the organisation of air forces 1914-1918; the substitution of the split atom for nitroglycerine as the explosive agent and the dropping of the first atomic bomb, 1945. Almost within a century science gave to the devil, and the devil passed on to man, the means of man’s own destruction. Now in 1914, if the moral law had had any effect in Anglo-German relations, it would have been obvious to the two governments that their interests coincided, and that the only instrument available to them for serving those interests was mutual love. The alternatives were of a staggering simplicity and connotation. The moral law being ignored, the two nations chose war, or mutual disservice, instead of love, or mutual service. Thereby the world as a whole—for the scientific advance aforesaid was such that the whole world became promptly involved in the disturbance—plunged into a way of life which still canalises international relationships. The last half century has been a consistent continuing manifestation of what happens when wrong motives are at work. But God, the essence of love, which propounds the moral law, also propounds the merciful corrective to an erring human race. How could there be an omnipotent love without mercy?

The process of the mercy inherent in the moral law, as it affects human relationships in the wide international scope, can be readily detected if one looks back over the past half century. The parting of the ways that took place in 1914 had two complementary results. It was not merely that the way of the moral law was not taken. The negative fact implied a positive, namely that the alternative way was taken, the way namely of what we call materialism as the motive of human conduct. Life is both materialist and spiritual, but the spiritual essence is the ruling factor. If the spiritual element be suppressed, the materialist motive can lead only to disaster. But let the merciful process aforesaid be observed as it operates. Logic in human affairs must take its course, but in the end it gives way to

a higher force. Logic ordained in 1914 that the materialism then unleashed would run its course. Neither a Lenin nor a Hitler was at that time known to politics as a practical force. But the materialist force set in motion—by England and Germany—logically and inevitably enrolled such materialists in its course. Indeed the war begun in 1914 gave the first named of those two materialists his prompt opportunity, and by 1917 he had carried through a bolshevik revolution in Russia, the beginning of a spreading revolution throughout the world which was ideologically based upon the denial of the moral law and therefore a denial of God. Hitler was a passing materialist in the calvalcade. He of course was anti-Christian, and at one time told his traditionally Christian country that it could not now escape the choice between Christ and himself.

After the second world war—the inevitable prolongation of the first—Stalin from the Kremlin directed the spread of the atheist empire. Yet materialism and atheism, being a crippled force because bereft of spiritual guidance, were bound to encompass their own downfall. Such is the effect of the moral law, as it were in reverse. It happened that those countries which, despite 1914 and all that, retained their atavistic sense of dependance upon God, numbed as it was by their prevailing folly, were able at their leisure to observe the coincidence of an atheist ideology with an inhuman slavery never before equalled in history. At this point logic, irony and nemesis combined forces to produce something like a miracle. The western countries, finding themselves menaced by the atheist horde, and being forced to witness the consistent strategy whereby the enemy invariably attempted to destroy the Christian Church in the countries he succeeded in overrunning, were caught up in a combined role of self-defence and defence of Christianity. They of a Christian derivation who in 1914 forgot their Christianity and its moral law were now forced to champion the very Christianity they by their conduct had betrayed. They had gone to war, which was as practical a denial of Christianity as anything that subsequently emanated from the Kremlin. It was they who started the un-christian species of political activity which now threatened to engulf themselves.

The miracle is only half complete. It is impossible as yet to discern much conscious “conversion” in the West to the reality of the Christian faith on which the West was reared and by which the West will be saved. It is as yet a sort of half-baked mentality that sways the western politician. The mercy of God, which as it were supernaturalises the moral law, has made those politicians will-nilly take up their position as defenders (incidentally) of the Christian Church; but they have not yet fully woken up from the anaesthetic. They go to Berlin filled with the muddled notion that they can fix up a compromise between east and west over essential matters. They cannot.

This present century has pointed the issue between two ways of life in our political civilisation. The only possible outcome is of a dual character. On the one side the “Christian” west will recapture its Christianity, forced thereto by the mysterious working of the moral law through the events of our time. On the other side the Russian rulers will reject their present materialist delusions and will themselves revert to their Christian tradition. In the due time east and west will meet, not

on the empty compromises of a Berlin conference, but on the substantial ground of chastened agreement, the approach of which will first be signposted by the calling off by Russia of her dogs of religious persecution—as perhaps foreshadowed in Bulgaria—and by a reborn western consciousness of the Christian content of our civilisation.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

February 11th, 1954.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

AMERICAN POLICY, 1940-1941

It would be sufficient praise of *The Undeclared War, 1940-1941* to say that it fulfils the promise of its predecessor, but indeed it surpasses that very satisfying work in some respects. The negative role of the United States Government in world diplomacy in 1938 and 1939 deprived the first volume of a central theme; the new work has a magnificent and ready made theme of which the authors, with their mastery of the source material and shrewd objectivity, have made excellent use. Here is the story of the transition of the American people from an equivocal isolationism through the illogicalities of "all aid short of war" to "the tortured emergence of the United States of America as leaders of the forces of light": the story in 941 pages of American foreign relations from Dunkirk to Pearl Harbour. It is lavishly documented from unpublished sources in the Department of State, and its generous scale has allowed the authors to buttress the main narrative with full studies of wartime diplomacy in Berlin, Moscow, Tokyo, and Rome. But the main thread is always the gradual conversion of the President, his advisers and opponents, and in the end the American people to the view that the United States could not find security in leaving others to do the fighting.

Until the end of 1940 United States policy was more generous in advice and exhortation than in practical help. The British Government welcomed the destroyer-bases deal, the continued American goodwill, and the supplies for which it had, however, to pay, from factories which it had also, in large measure, to finance; but it still seemed doubtful whether the Americans had the ability or the understanding to offer more. In the summer of 1940 Washington was "disgusted by the yielding attitude of the British towards Japan," but would not undertake to support the British and Netherlands Governments if a more resistant attitude led to war. The "miracle of Greek resistance" to Italy caused boundless enthusiasm in the States in December; carried away by the excitement President Roosevelt promised the King of Greece material assistance, and peremptorily ordered his harassed advisers to send immediately 30 of the new P-40 pursuit planes. But no such planes were available; and the tragicomedy of aid to Greece followed the sorry spectacle of Congressional bungling of the loan to Finland earlier in the year. The strangest decision was to refuse the British access to any facilities in the bases on British territory recently leased from Great Britain herself.

The authors recognise the force of many of the criticisms of this phase of Roosevelt's policy, and do not appear to be wholly convinced by references to the state of American opinion. There follows an admirable account of the

campaign for Lend-Lease—perhaps the most absorbing section of the volume—and we then settle down to the long story of American negotiations and relations with Japan down to Pearl Harbour. This exhaustive account is in line with Herbert Feis' conclusions in his elegant, but briefer, study, *The Road to Pearl Harbour*; it supplies a weighty corrective to the strange interpretations of the Beard-Tansill school, although the authors had apparently finished writing before Tansill's book, also based on the State Department papers, appeared. Some problems it is true—the alleged promise of American armed support to the British in Malaya a day or two before Pearl Harbour is an example—remain unsolved. But the Beard-Tansill thesis of provocation is rejected; the authors are content to say that only the Japanese attack "resolved the dilemma which consistently plagued the Roosevelt Administration in its efforts to reconcile the demands of national security with the limitations imposed by the Constitution, the Congress, and public opinion."

One fair criticism of the book is that the authors do not show quite sufficient interest in many problems of an economic or administrative character; these were, however, major issues of foreign policy in the circumstances of the times. The vast political and economic implications of the purchasing programme in Latin America on which the United States embarked in 1941 are not brought out in the somewhat bald and brief reference on page 594. The squabble with the Government of Panama in 1941 is, on the other hand, given several pages; more surely than it deserves. The extent of the British offer to the Soviet Government in October 1940 is greatly exaggerated. The references to British hesitations over the Murphy-Weygand agreement of February, 1941 and the sending of supplies to French North Africa follow the exasperated tone of State Department officials on this controversial issue; they do not explain that the policy was challenged by many other American officials, and that the British were justifiably alarmed at the danger of a serious leak in the blockade. All in all, however, this is a brilliant, sane, and thoroughly readable book, which outstrips all previous studies of America's wartime foreign policy.

PROFESSOR W. N. MEDLICOTT.

Undeclared War, 1940-1941. By William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason. New York, Harpers, Oxford University Press. 6os.

*MARSHAL MANNERHEIM

Finland's Grand Old Man has described his eventful career in a volume of 500 pages which deserves to be read far beyond the frontiers of his gallant little country. Englishmen have always admired the hardy northerners who prefer death to subjection, and who have shown their prowess in the arts of peace as well as war. The names of Sibelius and Mannerheim are familiar to all the world. Both are of Swedish descent, but Finnish patriotism known nothing of racial and linguistic differences.

Entering the Russian army at the close of the last century when Finland was still a province of Russia, Mannerheim learned to know the weakness of the mighty Empire which in later years he was destined to meet in mortal combat. His narrative of the First World War confirms the familiar picture of military unpreparedness, inefficient leadership, and mounting discontent. Witte had warned the Tsar that Russia could not face a struggle with the Central Powers and foretold that it would end not only with catastrophic defeat but with the overthrow of the dynasty. Never was a grim prophecy more accurately fulfilled. "The morale in St. Petersburg was very low," testifies the author in describing the winter of 1916-1917. "Not only the Government but the Tsar was openly criticised. People were war-weary, there was economic chaos and

transport was breaking down." The revolution of 1917, vividly described in these pages, was no surprise. The feeble Tsar and the half-crazy Tsarina had dug their own grave. Even after the collapse of the Empire the author believes that resolute leadership could have saved Russia from the Bolshevik yoke, but no superman was available. Kerenski, who could talk but not act, is described as Russia's grave-digger, smoothing the way by his tragic insufficiency for Lenin's coup in November.

The fall of the Tsardom should have meant the peaceful establishment of Finnish independence, but the Bolshevik germ had drifted across the frontier, and Finland found herself in the throes of civil war. It was at this moment that the name of Mannerheim became known to the world as the Commander-in-Chief who helped to save his country from becoming a satellite of the Kremlin. When the Finnish Government accepted aid from Berlin he left the country, but after the collapse of Germany in November 1918 he returned as Regent. For the next twenty years his main task was to prepare to meet an attack—either from Germany or Russia—which he regarded as only too probable. His work was not in vain, for when the dropping of Russian bombs on Helsinki on November, 30, 1939, opened a new conflict, Finland's heroic fight aroused the admiration of the world. The full account of the terrible defensive campaign during the winter of 1939-1940 under the author's leadership forms the most dramatic portion of the book. The Russians themselves were amazed at the vigour of the resistance, and troops in overwhelming strength had to be poured in. Several states sent token aid, and more substantial assistance was expected when the whole outlook was changed by the launching of Hitler's onslaught against the West. For the moment the Finns had to accept such terms as Russia imposed, but their spirit was unbroken. "They can look back with pride on the Winter War and find courage and confidence in its glorious history. That an army so inferior in numbers and equipment should have inflicted such serious defeats on an overwhelmingly powerful enemy is almost without parallel in the history of war. It is equally admirable that the Finnish people, faced with an apparently hopeless situation, were able to resist a feeling of despair. Such a nation has earned the right to live."

When Hitler attacked Russia in 1941 Finland re-entered the conflict, accepting German aid as the only available means of throwing off the Russian stranglehold. She had no more desire to become the stooge of Berlin than of Moscow, and the former danger ended with the German collapse. Russian domination remains, but the Finns enjoy a measure of internal self-determination which removes them from the melancholy category of satellites. The price they have to pay for this privilege is abstention from independent action in the field of foreign affairs. The author closes with a solemn appeal to his countrymen to maintain a united front. "Disunity makes deeper wounds than the enemy's sword. That the Finnish nation did not fail in the hour of trial shows it to be sound at the core."

G. P. GOOCH.

**Memoirs of Marshal Mannerheim*. Translated by Count Eric Lewenhaupt. Cassell, 42s.

MEN OF DESTINY

H. C. O'Neill is perhaps best known to the public as "Strategicus," the name under which he contributed for example his illuminating weekly military reviews to *The Spectator* during the War. *Men of Destiny*, the final publication of the author, who died recently, studies the four main figures of the last war, Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin and Hitler. The book is well-written, at times

brilliant, but unfortunately it does not live up to the promise of its introductory chapter. In this he examines the theory put forward by Arthur Mann, the former editor of *The Yorkshire Post*, that Churchill's rejection by the electorate in 1945 was due to a "revulsion of feeling against the men who were in power before the war, and a growing consciousness of the need for ordinary men and women to play a more important part in the conduct of affairs if the repetition of the tragedy is to be avoided." The author explains that in choosing subjects for his portraits he has taken two—Churchill and Roosevelt—who belonged to the privileged class, and two—Stalin and Hitler—who came from the mass of "ordinary men and women." He rightly points out that it was Hitler and Stalin, who started as "common men," who helped to bring about the war. But so much is obvious. Unfortunately, however, the author does not follow up his interesting speculations as to whether there is a "mind in events" and as to the deeper origins of war and the interplay of events and personalities. The book would have formed a more organic whole if there had been at the end a summary of the conclusions to be drawn from the individual studies.

The pen portraits are gripping and full of freshness. The author shows much artistic skill in building up his figures. His technique is to devote the greater part of each study to roots and origins, to the neglect of the period of power. In the Churchill study, for instance—except for an introductory passage—it is only half-way through that he reaches the Hitlerian period. He also does his best to underline the lesser known and probably less important episodes of each life. The most impressive essay is the one on Roosevelt which does not lack a certain dramatic element. The author brings out well his magnificent achievement in fighting his illness and staging an unprecedented come-back. But his weaknesses are not suppressed. His strange pro-Russian sentiments and his suspicion of British "colonialism" in the later stages of the war are mercilessly exposed, as well as his tendency to megalomania at the end.

Churchill is clearly the author's favourite. The study of this colourful personality, in all its aspects, is warmed by sympathy. We are taken through all the familiar episodes, from the capture in the Boer War, through Churchill's varied experiences in the first world war, to the Admiralty signal in 1939 "Winston is back," and the decisive war premiership, to the rejection by the nation in 1945, and finally the triumphant return to power in 1951. But the author allows us to catch glimpses of stages in the development which we might easily have forgotten in comparison with these brilliant services—the radical beginnings in 1905, the insistence on rigid economy in the services before 1914, his looking upon "the Labour-Socialist Party as little better than the Bolshevik" in the early twenties, his support for King Edward VIII in 1936. Perhaps these phases which fit in so little with the Churchill we know and love as the great national leader in war and peace should be recalled, not merely in the interest of objectivity, but because they throw his greatness into relief, a greatness which was able to overcome inconsistencies and disasters which would have wrecked lesser men. The Stalin portrait brings out clearly the methods the Soviet leader used to get rid of his rivals. The author tries to grapple with the basic theme which he had set himself in the introduction. In an attempt to understand the dictator's ruthless disregard of the value of human lives in carrying out his policies, he says that "it is one of the fatal consequences of efficient centralisation that the politician's blindness (in not seeing the actual cost of the implementation of his policies) is measured by the distance over which the writ is enforced." The weakest study is that of Hitler. But perhaps the evil of such a personality is beyond the power of a normal human being to grasp and describe.

FRANK EYCK.

Men of Destiny. By H. C. O'Neill. Phoenix House. 18s.

JEWISH CONVERTS

The fact that in this century a steadily increasing number of distinguished Jews have accepted Christianity has hitherto escaped attention. Yet it is most significant. As Father Oesterreicher writes in his foreword, the wall, erected by Jewish unbelief and Gentile persecution, between the Jews and Christ is now giving way, and, as is to be expected, faith in Christ is followed by a new vision of the Church. As representatives of this movement towards Christianity the author chooses seven philosophers of varying eminence: Henri Bergson, whom he describes as the Philosopher of Experience, Edmund Husserl, Acolyte of Truth, Paul Landsberg, Defender of Hope, Max Picard, Poet of the Human Face, Adolf Reinach, Seeker of the Absolute, Max Scheler, Critic of Modern Man, and Edith Stein, Witness of Love. Two of these, Paul Landsberg and Edith Stein, the Carmelite nun, perished as victims of Nazi persecution. There are others like Max Jacob or Simone Weil who might have been included, had not the book been limited to philosophers.

The epithets characterising each philosopher reveal fundamental differences of character and method. The philosophical integrity and painstaking care of the founder of the phenomenological school is diametrically opposed to the brilliance and inaccuracy of Max Scheler, who exerted such a profound influence on students in Germany during the third decade of this century. The poetic intuition of the Swiss Jew seems to have nothing in common with the Frenchman's demand for exactness, clarity and precision. Yet all are one in their relentless pursuit of truth. With infinite care the thought processes, leading these thinkers to Christianity, are traced and their findings tested against the teaching of the Angelic Doctor. Often enough it is a task of recognising ancient truths in modern garb, for in each case the tenets of Catholicism are discovered and defended. The superiority of spirit over matter, the reality of creation, the objectivity of truth and goodness, the immortality of the soul, the fall of man and his redemption are reaffirmed, and the entire contemporary trend of philosophical thought towards atheistic materialism reversed. In view of the latent danger of anti-semitism, which holds the Jews responsible for destructive thought, it is most important that "the Christian thought of Jewish thinkers" should have played so prominent a part in this reversal.

Though the professional philosopher may object to the lack of conciseness in the representation of the various philosophical arguments, the less experienced reader will benefit by this very defect and especially by the biographical data which give colour to the portraits of these thinkers. Father Oesterreicher's book may well serve as a commentary to a remark made recently by Martin Buber: "it is highly characteristic that in the springtime of modern society, spiritually significant Jews turned to Christianity, not for the sake of Christian religion, but for the sake of Christian culture, whereas today the sympathies worth noting that spiritual Jews feel for Christianity are rooted rather in a sense of religious lack and a feeling of religious longing."

DR. IRENE MARINOFF.

Walls are Crumbling. By John M. Oesterreicher with a Foreword by Jacques Maritain. Hollis and Carter. 30s.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

APRIL, 1954

THE WORLD OUTLOOK: BERLIN TO GENEVA

THE Berlin Conference, associating the three Western Powers and Soviet Russia, took place in February. It dealt exclusively with the problems of Germany and Austria, in other words with the cold war in Europe, and achieved virtually nothing. A much larger conference, dealing primarily with Asia—Korea, where there is at present a lull in a hot war, and Indo-China, where a hot war is still in full blast—is to be held in Geneva late in April. Its prospects of effecting anything are problematic, but it must not be written off as a failure till it has failed.

To say that the Berlin Conference achieved nothing perhaps goes a little too far, for the fact of securing unanimous agreement on the summoning of the Geneva Conference is something of an achievement in itself. Indeed, rather paradoxically, it is claimed in some quarters, notably by British Foreign Office officials who were there, that the conference was not a failure at all. The grounds on which that judgment is based are worth examining. First of all the conference, it is said, "cleared the air". That almost meaningless *cliché* is familiar enough as a synonym for failure. But this time there really was something in it. At Berlin the Ministers of the four Powers were meeting for the first time since the substitution of Malenkov for Stalin at the Kremlin. What did that change portend? In several minor matters (the release of the imprisoned doctors, for example) the hard steel was undoubtedly a little less hard than before. Was there any more to it than that? Some people thought there was. Sir Winston Churchill did. The Berlin Conference supplied the answer, and an uncompromising answer it was. In matters of importance not an inch was yielded. Mr. Molotov's "No" came as regularly and automatically as in the legendary story which described him as talking from the Kremlin to Mr. Bevin in London, with Stalin standing at his Foreign Minister's side. "No, no, no," came the mechanical replies to Whitehall. Then, "No, no, yes, no, no, no", and so on. "Why did you say Yes?" asked Stalin indignantly. "He was asking whether I could hear him all right".

Yet in spite of all this, in spite particularly of the despair into which the Western Ministers were plunged when they offered to make a treaty with Austria in the very terms M. Molotov had demanded, and M. Molotov cynically said "No" even to this, a conviction prevailed at the end of the conference, and prevails still, that the discussions had resulted in a certain relaxation of international tension. There were reasons for that. For one thing the Sessions has been tolerably businesslike and tolerably brief. M. Molotov had given no ground except on certain minor points, but he had observed the amenities of debate, and permitted himself none of the outbursts of fanatical vituperation to which M. Vyshinsky was accustomed

to treat the United Nations Assembly. That is the more notable, in that M. Molotov has failed in every positive purpose he came to Berlin to achieve. His tactics were patent and undisguised. He wanted the East German Government called to the conference table, together necessarily with the West German; Dr. Adenauer spiked that gun in advance by declaring that the West German Government had neither the desire nor the intention to attend. But the Soviet Foreign Minister's prime objectives were to drive a wedge between the Western Allies, particularly between France and America, and to get the project of a European Defence Army killed. In both endeavours he not only failed but saw his efforts in some sense recoil on himself, for at the end of the conference Britain, France and the United States stood more firmly together than ever, and no supporter of the E.D.C. project showed the smallest sign of being shaken. If the credit for that is to go to one Foreign Minister more than another, M. Bidault is the man. It would be true to say that each of the Foreign Ministers was above his usual form—with the qualification that Mr. Eden's high standard is so consistent that there is little room for variation from it. But at Berlin M. Bidault rose above himself. To M. Molotov's blandishments he was totally impervious. M. Molotov's sophistries he met with arguments that left them shattered. M. Molotov's suggestion, advanced of course for the benefit of French Communists, that France was an American stooge he simply ignored. And he went back to Paris to use all the influence he could command, as a man and a Minister, to secure the early ratification of the E.D.C. treaties by the National Assembly. As a whole the Berlin Conference might have been a failure, but for the three Western Foreign Ministers the fortnight at the conference table was very well worth while.

For M. Molotov, as has been said, it was by no means that, except in so far as he was able to frustrate all his Western colleagues' endeavours; and that is no very notable achievement in a conclave in which nothing can be settled without unanimity. His own proposals for the relaxation of European tension were so disingenuous that he can hardly have believed that they possessed even propaganda value. To the Western plan of free elections for a Constituent Assembly which would frame a constitution for all Germany he opposed the old idea of a joint council of East and West Germany (thus securing recognition for Eastern Germany) to organise free elections; he proposed the withdrawal of all occupation troops in Germany, which would mean that the only formidable armed force remaining would be the so-called police force in Eastern Germany, trained, organised and equipped on military lines. And he included a provision which would debar Germany from joining E.D.C. or any similar organisation. The Molotov project contained neither anything practical nor anything new. The Western Ministers listened as the document was read, and there the thing ended.

Here, as this is being written, the world stands, with the Berlin Conference behind and the Geneva Conference before. There is an armistice, but no peace, in Korea; unrelaxed conflict in Indo-China; an improved but still menacing situation in Malaya. It would be idle to pretend that high hopes lie ahead, but some possibilities do. The Geneva Conference will open with the slight advantage that both sides, if we are to speak of

sides, have made some concessions in advance. They concern the position of China. The United States has been averse to any contacts at all with Mao Tse-tung regime. M. Molotov, on the other hand, looked to Communist China's participation in the Geneva Conference as a Great Power, on the same footing as France, Britain, the United States and Russia. If he and Mr. Dulles had refused to yield an inch there would have been no Geneva Conference at all. As it was, each yielded several inches. As a result Communist China is to come to Geneva with no special status, and America is to sit unprotesting at the same table with her, but with the clear understanding that the presence of no individual State at Geneva confers diplomatic recognition on it.

This is enough to substantiate the claim that there are unquestionably possibilities ahead. They might indeed in certain circumstances be great possibilities. That depends on various uncertain factors, chief of them the real attitude and aims of China, and the extent to which they are identical with and influenced by those of Russia. All the assumptions have been that the two countries are closely linked and speak with one voice. But assumptions are sometimes mistaken. China will certainly find no antagonism to her emanating from Britain, and some rather vague indications suggest that America may be more accommodating than at one time seemed likely. In those circumstances China may prefer to speak for herself and take her own line at the first international conference of any importance that she has yet attended.

But there is still time for certain developments of importance before April 25th, when the Geneva Conference is due to open, chief of them the ratification of the E.D.C. instruments by France. The connection between one of the two Asian conflicts and the major European problem, failure to reach final agreement between Germany and France, is direct. France's fear of Germany, and particularly of German rearmament, is due primarily to consciousness of her own military weakness. And her own military weakness derives immediately from the fearful drain on her resources year after year in Indo-China. Thirty-three per cent. of her officers are fighting there, and the casualty rate is such as to necessitate constant and extensive replacements. Get Indo-China settled, on such a basis that France could safely withdraw a large proportion of her troops, and the increased strength of her forces in France would rapidly dispel all genuine fears of German rearmament. There ought, for that matter, to be no such genuine fears anywhere, for it must be plain to anyone who even begins to understand the European situation (a) that Germany cannot be left unarmed for Russia to re-occupy when she chooses; (b) that it would be fantastic for Allied forces to have to defend Germany while Germany herself sat back and left everything to them; (c) that the European Army cannot dispense with the support of twelve German divisions, or whatever the number may finally be; (d) that the only way to avoid the creation of a German National Army on the old lines is to integrate German units, regiments or some other, in the European Army under a supreme commander who in any visible future would be a non-German, and in such a way that the German contingents could never coalesce as a single force. No man has stood firmer for this solution than the German Chancellor. Sir Winston Churchill recently described Dr. Adenauer as the greatest man Germany

had produced since Bismarck, and it would not be going much too far to rate him as the greatest statesman in the world today.

But the word lies with France. M. Laniel's Government is engaged in a double task, in neither part of which can it do more than hope for success. If the French Prime Minister could bring simultaneously to fruition the negotiations with Viet-Nam, pointing to that country complete independence (as the Viet-Nameese insist), or independence within the French Union (as the French stipulate) and the negotiation with Germany over the status of the Saar, which the French are bent on concluding before the ratification of the E.D.C. treaties is touched, he will have done a great piece of work for France, for Europe and for Asia. But it will take all the practical persuasion Britain and America can exert to secure results so encouraging. The steps Britain is to take to associate herself more closely with E.D.C. without actually becoming a member of it have not been disclosed, but it is known that a definite plan has been prepared. And the report that America is prepared to make it worth China's while to desist from supplying military equipment to Ho Chi-min imports another element of some interest into the situation. It is still, moreover, quite uncertain how far the inspiring motive behind the Viet Minh troops is nationalism and how far Communism. It has been said that considerable sections of them are non-Communist and dislike the Chinese extremely. These sections, if ever a Franco-Viet-Nam treaty were carried through, would have little left to fight about.

To speculate on what, in the happiest circumstances, might happen must not be confused with predicting foolishly that it will happen. The Geneva Conference will be a very different affair from its predecessor at Berlin. For one thing it will be much larger; probably some twenty nations will participate. M. Molotov, moreover, will no longer be playing a lone hand. He will have China and North Korea and Viet-Minh at any rate with him. That might not matter greatly, for in any case nothing practical could be achieved without unanimity, but it could have a considerable psychological effect. The crucial question at Geneva will be whether and how far, China shows her hand. On that a great deal may depend. In any case it is clear that the Geneva Conference, whatever comes out of it, will be of more than ordinary moment, and a good deal more than ordinary interest.

WILSON HARRIS.

IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT

IT IS far from easy to give an exact picture of Egypt as she is today, for the place is full of apparently contradicting trends, the positive and the negative, the friendly and the ferocious, the mature and the elementary jostle each other at every step. It is indeed a melting pot of aspiration and frustration, of feelings and facts. What substance will form in this crucible is of paramount importance to Europe in general and to England in particular, and it will depend on what kind of catalyst will finally fuse the many trends and characteristics bubbling together in the Egyptian crucible. President Neguib is evidently doing his best to instill unity,

discipline and an honourable quality of life into all types of Egyptians. From foreigners here in Egypt, (including English), as well as from people of the land, one hears nothing but admiration for his personal standards of honesty and sincerity, and for his unmitigated toil to root out the evils of dishonesty and corruption and to deal fundamentally with disease and poverty. Whatever is felt about his lieutenants one thing seems as true for them as it is for him: none of them have reaped any material advantages for themselves or their relations from their positions of authority. Those who know of Egyptian rulers in the past will realise how new this is. The mind can go back in history via the family of Mohamed Ali, the Turkish governors, the Mameluke Sultans, independent dynasties such as the Ayubites and Fatimites, the Abbasside governors from Bagdad, the Romans, the Ptolemies, Alexander the Great and the Persians, right back to the Pharaohs themselves, a mental journey of some 5,000 years, and still search for rulers of honesty and personal humility. General Neguib's family, some of them known to me personally, continue their normal, plain way of life unaffected by the turn of events. The super model car, the extra salute, the liveried chauffeur, so well known to blossom overnight among the relations of someone newly in power, do not exist this time. This example lays a sound foundation.

Another surprise is the undoubted reservoir of goodwill towards English people as individuals. Here again, however, the paradox comes in. Something called "British policy," epitomised by the army in the Canal zone, is widely and deeply hated, but the British people other than the army are at present met by much genuine friendliness and kindness from Egyptians of all sorts. That has been my invariable experience in this stay of a few months during which I have mixed and talked freely with a wide range of Egyptian men, women and children. Perhaps it is only fair to say that I start with great advantages, a knowledge of the spoken tongue, most of my childhood and youth spent in Egypt, a love of the place and people, and a wholly unofficial position. So my contacts and conversations with the man in the street are on an ordinary every day level, about selling and buying, about a sick animal or a happy child, a road being mended, a passing funeral, or simply where the bus starts. Beginning thus about natural things, the philosophy and thoughts interlaced in these talks are also unaffected and spontaneous. A chat with a policeman, for instance, starting from some small enquiry, led him to say how much he hoped an agreement would be reached, because our two people ought to be and wanted to be friends. Directing a taxi-driver to a destination is always a fruitful form of talk because so many of the streets are named after the ex-Royal Family. Some are still known by the King or Queen's name but very pointedly without their titles. "All kings are bad", commented one young driver as we sped along. He shouted backwards through the window narrowly missing other vehicles and pedestrians by a last second skilful turn of the wheel. To this remark I replied that there did happen to be a certain Queen whom we particularly loved and admired. "You mean Elizabeth," he said, "Oh well, she's different. She doesn't do everything herself. She does not bring in new governments and then turn them out again at will. Churchill, Attlee and the others do that for her"!

When walking in Cairo or travelling by bus I am meeting quite a high degree of politeness among young Egyptians. In a crowded bus recently a young artisan offered me his seat, not because I had failed to get one but because he thought his was better. This he did in a quiet, gentlemanly way. The older peasant traveller is as friendly as he always has been and as ready for a joke of his or of your making at which he laughs uproariously, however thin the alloy of humour it may contain. Conversations with educated, administrative Egyptians are naturally on a different level. Here again I start with the advantage of friendship and mutual confidence. They speak openly and willingly about their desire to put their house in order, and this desire is obviously genuine. I call to mind a young school teacher, herself a wife and mother, who owns a school of thirty to forty young Egyptians under ten years old, and is also the headmistress. Her keenness to make it a medium of character-building as well as of instruction is very striking. She goes further in her aim—to use her own words, “I hope to make this a place to the glory of God.” The idea of practical team-work is one she particularly stresses. The children help to clean their own class-rooms and to arrange the flowers for instance, which for this type of child is a new idea. Most of them are from middle class families, but there is one little boy, whose father is a working man, used bad language in school. So his teacher brought him to her study and told him quietly and affectionately that he would have to do his work there for a day or two as he was suffering from something like an infectious disease and so could not mix with the other children till he was cured. He understood and shortly was “cured”. The father was at first furious, till the teacher visited him and patiently explained her ideas. It was not long before he too acknowledged that they were good. I have known this young woman long enough to realise that she practices what she preaches. She is an Egyptian and a Moslem, and her influence is spreading.

The type of people who take moral and practical responsibility for their underprivileged compatriots makes one feel that given political stability Egypt could eventually experience a renaissance. Much of the old tendency of good works from “haut en bas” seems to have gone. I met one family where the father is a retired government official. They live on the outskirts of Cairo but have a farm in the Delta. This family has two lads or two girls from the poorest peasants near their farm to live with them for two months at a time in their pleasant Cairo house in order to give them direct training in standards of cleanliness, morals and work. And this effort does not arise from an excess of leisure and affluence for these parents have six children of their own to educate and bring up.* To this and other Egyptian homes I was warmly and openly welcomed as an Englishwoman and after each visit was most hospitably pressed to come again. This reservoir of large-heartedness in Egypt makes one ashamed at some of our inhospitable ways when they visit England. Another striking instance of generosity was brought to my notice a week or two ago. An English friend of mine living in Egypt with very small financial resources recently required a doctor and a dentist. Both were Egyptians

*These examples are straws to show which way individual winds are blowing. I am not here attempting to discuss any of the Government schemes of welfare which are both numerous and interesting.

and neither, knowing the situation, would accept payment.

Education still provides a common meeting ground of good will between the two countries. Schools run on English lines with English staff have quantities of Egyptian pupils. A certain girls school of this type has just celebrated its speech-day. The head girl, a young Egyptian of ability, chose as the theme of her speech the need for Equality, Goodwill and Comradeship—the initials of these words happening to be the same as the initials of the name of the school. She delivered her peroration in great style before the assembled parents and in the presence of the Egyptian Governor of the city and the British Ambassador, amid much applause. Then, as these people go back to their homes, they pass along the streets where posters are stuck up showing Egyptians armed to the teeth in desperate conflict with a bloody outstretched hand representing “imperialism”. They read their daily papers full of blood and thunder which is also reported in the English language paper, with some of the more flowery bits removed, in a daily review of the Arabic press.

Which of these two Egypts is the real one? At present the only answer is both. While the constructive is as real as the destructive there is hope of the new Egypt laying a firm foundation for regeneration within her borders and team-work with free countries outside. Unfortunately in this ideological age the ferocious, even if it is a superimposed characteristic, can take control through violent action and sweep the good aside to an impotent backwater, unless that good has an equally determined ideological sense. Political comment as such is not the aim of this article, nor is it possible to produce a ready-made answer to the Anglo-Egyptian “impasse” out of a gulla-gulla bag, to use a familiar Egyptian metaphor, but any one who can tap this open-minded, open-hearted goodwill that exists in Egypt should certainly do so. Are there not means at our disposal to build on this characteristic instead of fanning the other? The price of not doing so will be high. One will diminish and the other increase. The well-known Islamic invocation “In the name of God the Compassionate and the Merciful” may hold something of the key, for a deep-rooted belief in the guidance of God is still a spiritual tradition of both our countries, however much it may be overlaid in places by materialism.

A few days after the above was written the news of President Neguib’s retirement fell on Egypt’s astonished ears in the early hours of the morning. All the public appeared taken by surprise. The ordinary man, (woman and child too), were saddened at first rather than angered. Schoolboys prepared to wear black armbands in mourning for Neguib. But on the following day there were some signs of anger. “Do they believe we are donkeys to swallow such things?” murmured one humble man, in my presence, alluding to the statement by the Revolutionary Command Council on the disagreement. “The people are unhappy,” one heard on every hand.

General Neguib’s retirement lasted sixty-two hours and his return to office was greeted by profound satisfaction. In some cases beaming servants brought the news to their masters, for servants in Egypt congregate much in cafés where they conduct a regular club life and often hear authoritative news before many other members of the community. Telephones started ringing as people called their friends to express their

mutual pleasure. I was in Alexandria at the time where the rejoicing was plain to see but less frenzied than in Cairo. Ordinary affairs were in no way interrupted. It is interesting to note, in a land used through long centuries to reprisals and force as a sign of strength, how the people have taken Neguib's reconciliation and apparent willingness to forgive as further evidence of his greatness. Time alone will show how the fresh start will work out in the day to day burden of administration and foreign affairs, but there is now no doubt how the President has won the confidence of the rank and file.

Cairo.

MARY ROWLATT.

THE MAGIC OF MOROCCO

FEARS and tears desecrate the calm and suddenly sear the races of the fabulous Sherifian Empire. There is wealth in the earth of El Maghzeb el Aksa, the sun is generous, the palms and orange trees blend the vision, under cloudless blue sky, with joyous approval of Nature's kindness. But the well-to-do are uncertain of the morrow, the poor fear a worse type of unknown. The majesty of the snow-clad peaks in the Atlas, a few hours by car from irresistible Marrakech, one of the Empire's four capital cities, bestows regality to humble Jews of aristocratic bearing and entrancing loveliness of spare, bearded, face, as they trot jauntily on fat donkeys to distant home or market. In the haunting valley of Ourika Moroccans, with chiselled features deserving Epstein's attention, walk by proudly to their modest stalls. Often Berber and Arab and Jew alike lacks a pair of shoes, the djelluba was cream a long time ago, and patches are not a crying credit to the mender. But the cordial sun renders poverty here of less violence, and the new display of nature's unaided magnificence at every turn of the perfect roads dulls mental concern for the severity of clash, which is mostly hidden underground, and boils slowly.

The 400,000 French residents, many arrivals since the Protectorate began in 1912, seek to forget the surprising occasional rumblings, for which are blamed the orders of exiled Moroccan Nationalists, or Communists, dispatched from Egypt, Tangier, and, the United States of America. The 250,000 Jews enjoy a curious but perfect peace among eight million Moslems, three quarters indigenous Berbers, the rest descendants of 8th and 11th century invaders who brought Islam to Morocco from Arabia. The Berbers wonder what the urbanised Arabs will do next. Some Arabs, listening twice daily to the remarkable incitements to murder and revolt and sabotage broadcast by Cairo, reading similar documents smuggled in from Istiqlal leaders in Tangier, (this loosely termed International Zone, the Spanish Zones, in North and South, form modest islands in the Empire, most of which is the French Protectorate) or forwarded by devious routes from the United States, live in an atmosphere in which normal work is difficult, and arrest after an "incident" in the district not impossible.

There is real and simulated anger among Arab political partisans about the deposition in August 1953 of the Sultan Mohammed V, who was

recently transferred from Corsica with some of his wives, children, and a few of the concubines he had possessed in his palace in Rabat. The terrorism and the differences have not been reported in the British Press as freely as they might have been, with less competition from Mr. Chesney's latest friend in Germany and any other sexual or morbid sensation or depravity. Nor have our popular newspapers seen fit, even once a year, to make worth while references to the ubiquitous progress which the enthusiastic, skilled and eager French administrators, aided by a growing number of Moroccan deputies, have attained. But the figures of casualties are indicative of the acumen, skill and resolve of those responsible, for deaths among the French numbered by early January 1954, 17, their injured 45; 39 Moroccans had been killed and 63 injured. Policemen killed were one French and one Moroccan; their 13 injured included six French. Foreign firearms and local bombs had damaged trains, motor cars, factories, homes and shops, the total number of "incidents" from the end of August 1953 till mid-January 1954 being 115, with 99 fires, 48 outrages with explosives, and, 65 acts of sabotage. Slow-speaking, unhesitant, calm, resolute General Guillaume, the Resident-General, who looks 48 but is ten years older, told me in Rabat that, the "terrorists' plan" aimed at creating general panic, frightening Moroccans loyal to the new Sultan or those who worked for the Administration, and ruining Franco-Moroccan friendship. Bombs deposited in the busy Central Market and the Post Office of Casablanca (a flamboyantly provocative city of astounding contrasts that might have been specially created to serve as the ideal recruiting sergeant of Communism) were designed to kill or frighten the French last Christmas Eve. On the radio, and in newspapers that might be expected to steer nearer the safety of ascertained facts freely available on shore, it has been alleged that arrests in French Morocco have recently totalled 4,000 to 5,000. I was assured that political detainees numbered 177 and 1937 persons had been held in prison, mostly after the terror in Oujda and Casablanca in August 1953. The majority of the latter had already been liberated, or would be, before the end of this year at the expiry of sentences.

In Sir Winston Churchill's favourite holiday home for painting in winter the result of the daily reports in the French Press, and in that circulating in other civilised European capitals has been tragic. In the Churchill hostelry, the Mamounia Palace, where a room with private bath and pension costs over £7, plus tips and drinks, I counted 20 guests at the feast of dinner. Yet this prince among restaurants can comfortably seat all the occupants of the 230 wonder-rooms created above an unbelievable garden of palms and orange trees, dominated by the solemn 200 feet tower of the 750 years old classical Khoutoubia Mosque. (From Paris I covered the 1400 air miles by Air France to Casablanca in four hours, thence the 200 miles to Marrakech in just over an hour.) Other hotels in Marrakech are suffering similarly, for the first time for several years.

Morocco's new Sultan and the Pasha of Marrakech have been added recently to head the list of personages against whose lives attempts must be made. The hatred broadcast constantly against Sir Winston's friend, famed far beyond Marrakech, the Hadj Thami el Glaoui, and against the Sherif el Kittani, head of the Kittani Brotherhood in sacred Fez, are a

measure of the exiles' anger at the couple's successful planning in 1953 for the expulsion of Sultan Mohammed V. Yet those who argue, and I know they include high personages at the Quai d'Orsay, that General Guillaume erred when inducing M. Bidault to expel Mohammed V, frankly agree that 11 out of 23 Pashas opposed this Sultan's reign, six openly pronounced themselves in favour; out of the 323 Caids of Morocco, 311 had, from the outset, belonged to the opposition and demanded his exile. High French authorities alleged that his last few years witnessed irregularities at the Court in Rabat, conditions with which certain foreign films have long made us unhappily familiar in more advanced territories.

Sunny words spoken to Mohammed V about the end of the war by the idealistic but unconventional President Roosevelt raised excessive hopes among the Sultan's Nationalist friends and politicians. France was still on her knees, having suffered what the United States and Great Britain had fortuitously escaped, occupation. Worse still, in Paris, France's callously effete politicians, amoral, unconscious of patriotism in the presence of temptation, proceeded lightly, by omission, to help damage France's prestige. They convinced Nationalists prematurely eager for Moroccan independence that the French were too decadent for any effective *riposte*. Mohammed V was pressed by impassioned, mostly professional men from the middle classes, small and big traders, willing and forced contributors to Party funds, all of whom had misread the meaning of the staggering decline of white influence in the Dominions and Colonies of Asia, in Egypt, Libya and other parts of Africa. The Istiqlal, and more moderate P.D.I., the Democratic Independence Party, had not lost sight of French departure from Syria and the Lebanon, of Italy's unceremonious expulsion from Libya, of Britain's retreat, only just in time, from India, from Palestine, of Holland's defeat in the East Indies. It would have been incongruous if, after the Roosevelt interview with Mohammed V, the Moroccans had sought less than complete independence, since that had been granted to Libya, a far more backward power, thanks to the costly statesmanship of the expert on dockers' wages, Ernest Bevin, acting as Foreign Secretary. Moreover, the Moroccans felt that the Power in occupation was, on the surface, as flagrantly weak as the play-acting by those holding the reins of authority in Paris would lead anyone normal to assume.

Unfortunately for them, and him, the Moroccans and their leader found that, however irresolute Paris might be, and its disinterestedness, allied to the politicians' abysmal ignorance concerning the delicacies of the situation in Morocco, are no worse than the agelong innocence of Whitehall about India, Egypt, Malaya, and vital territories in Africa, the Residence in Rabat was undoubtedly headed by men of different calibre. Here I, too, found another France. After watching the undersized, headhanging, bleary-eyed persons of both sexes to be seen in modern Paris (outside a few of the world's most astronomically costly hotels), I found the French in Morocco, their wives and children, a prompt refutation of the Smuts theme-song that, France, one-time Great Power, had been, had seen, and was now leading the Spengler race to her doom. By the side of cool General Guillaume in the mountain village of Sefrou, I studied his square-shouldered officers, well-built but spare of flesh, tall,

fresh-eyed, marching lightly at the head of dark, bearded, drastic looking men that carry the African sword, the Tenth Tabors, who will fight, and may be die, in French Indo-China. It was an unforgettable morning. These other, more typical, French empire builders work for a time at the desk, as magistrates, tax collectors, civil administrators, and then return to a fighting unit, to keep by sword their ancestors' conquests through battle or diplomacy. One of their ablest and most courageous administrators has recently returned to Marrakech from Indo-China, and on his way to high office, helps himself daily into a specially adapted car that respects two artificial legs.

Having been shown some of the more recent articles in the daily press belonging to the Istiqlal, I was not surprised to gather it is now suppressed, as is the weekly with a circulation of 15,000 copies that served the more astute but may be not less intransigent P.D.I. With the Press silent, violent denunciations of the French regime are made by the Istiqlal leader in exile in Cairo. Allal el Fassi, and others, control the "Voice of Cairo," which is inadequately and ineffectively "jammed" by the French authorities. On December 25 the Voice declared, "We hope that Morocco will work, will take revenge, and free itself." General Guillaume had spoken of France's enemies, the terrorists desiring to present France to the world as a nation incapable of maintaining peace. The Cairo speaker said he had meant "the Moroccan Commandos." On January 1 this year the Voice of Cairo declared that Morocco would continue to rise in revolt against French Imperialism, would burn the colonists, destroy their properties so long as France soiled Morocco's pure earth. It is not without significance that on January 1 the Voice also said that on July 4, 1953, General Mohammed Neguib had inaugurated this "daily programme of transmissions on Arab problems, the Arab world, and Islam." French diplomatic relations with Egypt continue, and there is mutually nostalgic good will as well as cultural respect. But how can we, or the French, allies of the U.S. in N.A.T.O., complain to Egypt while similar exhortations, beamed to the Soviet Union and satellite states, assault the air every night, from stations in Germany and elsewhere around midnight? Yet normal diplomatic relations and formal courtesies obtain between the left hand of the State Department and the left hand of the Kremlin. These innovations in the air are an example of methods that someone somewhere must seek to end for the sake of world concord, the hope of world peace.

Terror has now continued for six months. The Glaoui, aged, dark-skinned, sitting amid signed photographs, dissident clocks, diplomas of decorations, sixteen autographed books by Churchill, and a fascinating study signed "W.S.C." which shows gay Marrakech, complained bitterly to me of French inactivity since August 1953. He warned that men who had served the Sultan were still in power, that those who had aided Mohammed's removal were not being adequately consulted. The alert, deep-sunk eyes of the octogenarian feudal lord half closed in retrospect. That moment his secretary-interpreter, member of the Sephardi Jewish sect, picked up the telephone to thank the Inspector of Police in Rabat for news from hospital about a wounded notable. This official of the Phosphates monopoly died shortly afterwards, victim of the terror,

special object, as a reputed friend of the Pasha's, of bitterness. My car had been held up for inquiries and confirmation in all three long court-yards; I drove past many guards before reaching the wonder lawn shared by bouganvilleas, gracious palms, lemon and orange trees that flank the vast modern improvement on the battery of windows at the foot of the Mall in London. The Glaoui's palace is far more luxurious than the residence of General d'Hauteville, the (rightly) famed French Civil Governor.

In Rabat I was enabled to meet vehement critics of the regime. A professional man spoke to me in his home, drove me at seven in the morning with his brother to a country estate that I might meet his farm workers. In a luxurious home that would turn Mr. Pollitt red with disapproval another professional man spoke of the wickednesses of the regime in removing the Sultan. The first man said they all listened to Cairo and to the B.B.C. from London, adding, "All my friends have been put in prison, all the intelligentsia, doctors, pharmacists. A pharmacist in Fez has just disappeared and we do not know whether he is still alive. This happens to people with opinions. France is determined to suppress all opposition." Moroccan traders and officials allowed me to visit them late at night. They appeared terrified lest they be arrested, alleged that people detained in prison after an "incident" were dealt with severely. Some assured me that the terror would continue until the return of the Sultan, and more repression would lead only to intensified terror. The peasants, whom I saw led in the presence of their employers, said they had been ordered by their Caid to march on Rabat and threatened that disobedience meant arrest. I cannot forget the sincerity of the cry of a little man who works in a French government department in a senior capacity, "We should gladly forfeit the material progress France has brought, return to the 1912 stage, and, have—independence." He did not criticise the Americans, of whom there are thousands, engaged on duties in the four finished atom-bomb bases and, around the fifth, which is being left on the grounds of economy.

French officials told me they are puzzled by the number of exiled Nationalists who appear able to enter the United States with false passports, who appear to have no visas, and whose visas remain effective after the expiry of the allotted period. Indeed one high official said to me, "We wonder sometimes where these Istiqlal men obtain enormous funds for comfortable living and agitation in the United States."

What of France's record since 1912? She has suffered two disastrous wars, occupation of much of her territory, and her pacification of Morocco ended only in 1934. She has poured money into Morocco for capital works and balanced the budget. In 1944 Moslems in public schools totalled 32,000, Jews 19,000, and French or other nationals 46,000. By 1951 the figures rose to 137,000, 33,000 and 67,000 respectively. This year the Moroccan total is to be 237,000. Moroccans employed in the Education Department had increased from 2,168 in 1949 to 3,102 two years later. French and Moroccans sit together in Rabat on the Economic Commission and on the committee for newly passed reforms. Local elections will be held in the larger towns this summer and the electoral list in Casablanca has reached 108,404. Moroccan counsellors assist with

the administrative services, on radio, youth, tourism, information, the nationalised phosphates monopoly. New assistant Vizirs will help the aged Premier, and a Moroccan economist has been given high office. In the higher rungs of the Civil Service 18,599 Moroccans work with 18,772 Europeans; in other grades the totals are 5,976 and 5,759. General Guillaume assured me that the School for Administration, founded in January 1950, would help to extend responsible posts to Moroccans. Only in 1912 a new era opened for the education of Moroccans, thanks to his celebrated predecessor, Marshal Lyautey, dreamer, poet, architect of beautiful, calm, dignified Rabat.

With administrative expenses accounting for half the budget, planning has been ambitious. The great artificial port of Casablanca has been created; 27,000 miles of local and main roads, with excellent surface; 1,100 miles (447 electrified) of railway; air-lines; a gigantic electrification programme; the cultivated area has risen from 6,225,000 acres in 1927 to over 12 million. The French Treasury advances to the National Bank in Rabat through a running account the sum needed to keep Moroccan payments balanced (on December 31, 1951, the advance was 3,585 billion francs). Moreover, in 1951, 39 billion francs worth of Moroccan exports destined for France and Algeria were exempted from more than 3 billion 800 million worth of import duty. None would pretend that France's record is less than imposing, particularly when compared with other imperial examples, but appetites are unlikely to be satisfied by figures and the modern French officials' determination to do even better. They realise that General Guillaume's predecessors did not press enough Moroccans into the major posts sufficiently fast. The French problems have been added to lately by Spain's victory in Washington. This has given General Franco the impetus to demand that M. Bidault attend to many matters that are thick with dust among the Paris files and have been resting since 1945 or 1946. No harm will be done by a decision by these neighbours to clear up minor and major but old differences. I hope M. Bidault does not now forget that, thanks to the farsightedness of his predecessor (and may be his successor) M. Georges Bonnet, who signed a remarkable but little known treaty in secret in March 1939, the Western allies were saved grave difficulties on the Pyrenées and in Morocco, when General Franco was stronger than he has been and is even now.

Can France make her peace with the Nationalists to end the terror? Direct and successful negotiations are unlikely in the current atmosphere. The intervention of someone enjoying respect and confidence in both camps, known for absolute disinterestedness—and this excludes government officials among France's allies—can hope to bring an armistice and better understanding to Morocco. The alternative is grim, and French officials as well as Moroccans are conscious of its dangers. Terms should be made first for peace from Cairo Radio. The prisons in Morocco might release men arrested only for political work, while people similarly sent to live in the mountains, could be brought back. Moroccans should have a far greater say about the extent of immigration, the activities of capitalists and technical experts alike. A vast loan should be used to reduce the Scottish Gorbals of Casablanca, as a first priority, should destroy, by force, the equally indefensible Mellahs in Marrakech. There must be

guarantees for early and wide extension of facilities for Moroccans to enter the highest posts. French and Moroccans can then sit together to discuss a way out of the present, a tearful and fearful enigma. The magic of Morocco will aid courageous minds to recognise that, the Moroccan is undeniably on the way to self-government, that France is eager to help, but that, for some years, she must retain legitimate rights due to her pioneers, who gave their lives, skill and money, to turn this Barbary desert into a land of achievement.

GEORGE BILAINKIN.

THE U.S.—PAKISTAN PACT

KARACHI is a lively and peaceful city. At this gateway to the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent it is difficult to believe that one is in the capital of a nation still struggling against odds. The pulse of the city is keenly felt when one enters the Jinnah Road, the main shopping centre with its new, gleaming, yellow, multi-storeyed buildings, most of them less than a few years old. It is however the melancholy truth that, apart from this apparent prosperity of the capital, in 1953 Pakistan's economy was so depressed that the United States Congress voted the necessary wheat aid to overcome a food crisis. Pakistan is one of the few countries in South Asia, which appealed for military assistance from America. The appeal was kept pending for the last few years. The mutual Security Act under which aid should be given clearly defines its objective and totally precludes its use against any of the neighbouring countries. Pakistan's right to defend her freedom as a sovereign state cannot be denied. The Prime Minister, Mr. Mohammed Ali says: "A strong Pakistan is not a threat to anyone. On the contrary she is a guarantee for the security of Asia". He is so fully aware of the threat from Russia and China that he does not hope to avoid aggression by "not provoking Russia". The strategy of Russia aims at ruling the whole world, and to be provoked or made suspicious comes only in the second phase. The trend of events in China and Korea furnished the world with ample evidence as to communist designs. Russia sent her troops to China, and South Korea was a victim of brutal invasion only because these countries were so weak militarily as to invite aggression. Neutral nations are not always exempt from war. This was shockingly made clear during the course of first and second world wars. The mere fact of being doubtful and wavering in course may bring war on these countries.

Pakistan with a population of 76 million is not in a position to aggress, for she cannot meet the needs of her army by herself. She has at present no heavy industry to keep her forces going, and the military equipment Britain and America can spare is the only source available. General Sir Douglas Gracey recently said "A strong Pakistan is essential for peace in the world and particularly in this area". He expressed surprise at the

talk in some quarters regarding Pakistan's aggressive designs. "I have been the Commander-in-Chief there and I ought to know". In the shifting sands of the middle East the countries which fully realise the Soviet threat are Turkey and Pakistan. In the event of war Turkey can be outflanked by Soviet forces if Pakistan and Iran keep aloof leaving a gap wide open in the armed circle round the communist empire. For the past few years the Western powers have sought to fill in this vacuum in the Middle-East, but the Arab nations are interested mainly in the suppression of their common enemy, Israel.

New alignments under way between Pakistan and Turkey can pave the way to strengthen Anglo-American policy in the Middle-East, and the move can bring other Islamic states, Iran and Iraq into the defence line extending along the Persian Gulf. When Iran's economy is rebuilt and the oil dispute is settled, it is likely that she may complete the network. These developments modify the concept of Middle East defence as envisaged with the co-operation of the Arab League countries, especially Egypt. American jet planes flying from air bases in Pakistan and Turkey can give adequate support to the armies of these two countries in the event of a Russian invasion of the Middle-East. Soviet aggression would probably be made through the Khyber Pass, the route taken by almost every invader of India from the north, combined with an air attack from the newly constructed air fields in Tibet and South China. The nature and closeness of the threat has made Pakistan seek Western military aid in accordance with the principle of collective security. The 30 million dollars set apart for military assistance to the Middle East includes both Pakistan and India, but it is evident now that American strategy aims at preventing India from influencing Arab nations to neutralism. The violence of India's reaction has hardened opinion in America to the possible danger of other South Asian countries adopting an ineffectual stand against communism. Pakistanis feel that thousands of them would be given a chance to earn their livelihood and will be able to help the restoration of their country's agricultural economy as a result of the military aid.

The dangerous growth of communism in South Asia began after the Chinese invasion of Tibet. In Nepal, the small independent kingdom at the foot of the Himalayas on the northern border of India, communist influence is gaining ground as a result of economic unrest and agrarian discontent. The armed rebellion in Biratanagar last year showed the extent of their hold on masses in remote village areas. The leaders, whenever they are hard pressed, cross over to Tibet. At present the country is weakened by the open rivalry between the Koirala brothers, one the Prime Minister, the other the Congress President. There is also a good deal of infiltration of Tibetan communists into the country. Communist activity inside India tends to be neglected. Why do so many Indians regard it as a creed which has taken deep root in their land? It can be argued that the Congress Party still holds power in spite of a good deal of animus in parties "from the wrong side of the track". Many who favour communism do so because the Congress Party sought to advance vested interest rather than meet the elementary needs of the common man, and they turn to communism as a means of achieving their goal.

The main problem is unemployment, and the solution lies in a progressive industrial policy and creating new productive employment.

Trouble spots cover vast areas in north and south India. The enlightened state of Travancore and Cochin with a population of four and a half million is called upon to face a general election because communists and their allies created conditions which prevented the constitutional working of the government. The choice before this most literate electorate is between Congress and the United Front of Leftists. In 73 constituencies there are straight fights between Congress and communists. The strength of the Legislative Assembly is 117, and the independents contesting number 45. Re-elections in Patiala and East Punjab are the result of Congress failure to secure a majority in the Legislative Assembly against a strong alliance dominated by communists.

In the general election in Travancore—Cochin communists polled 12.5 of the vote, and in subsequent by-elections this was increased to 13.4 per cent. In Hyderabad by-elections the communist vote increased from 36.7 to 47.8 per cent., in Madras from 5.4 to 22 per cent. On a general average communist vote increased by one third. The Indian Government waged a regular war for more than two years with guerrillas in the districts of Telengana and Warangal in the south before it was called off by the communists. The constant strikes in Kolar Goldfields, Mysore, coconut plantations and oil mills in Cochin, are mostly communist inspired. In the north the menace is greatest in Assam, West Bengal and Himachal Pradesh. In central India they are not much of an organised force to be reckoned with except for sporadic activity at various centres. Taking into account the communist threat from outside and internal dangers, the situation could hardly be more serious. Pakistan is the only country in South Asia, where communists could not hold ground as a political party because of lack of leadership and national feeling against them.

The relations between Pakistan and India are still strained over the Kashmir problem, the Canal water issue, evacuee property claims and boundary disputes. In such a position it is only natural for India to fear the military rearmament of a neighbour who might turn out to be an enemy with added strength. Special attention extended to a country within the Commonwealth fold can only be given with due consideration to the feelings and interest of other members. Pakistan has been a loyal friend of Britain and America, realises the positive dangers facing the free world, and feels that she has the potential and incentive to be like Turkey in her stand against aggression, not following a policy of vulnerable isolation. Viscount Swinton, the British Commonwealth Relations Secretary said in a recent statement at Karachi, "It was Pakistan's firm desire to remain in the Commonwealth". He added that his tour had shown him that the character of the Commonwealth was unity through diversity. Pakistan has often voiced her determination to remain within the ranks of the free nations and to make her contributions to the security of Asia. If the Pentagon armed any Asian country, it would be for the same purpose as she armed Greece, Italy, and Yugoslavia—to make weaker nations strong enough to resist Soviet aggression.

A. JACOBS.

THE FAITH OF AN AGE

SOME time before the Second World War a symposium was published by the *Daily Express*, contributed to by Arnold Bennett and others, and entitled *My Religion*. Recently another symposium, called *This I Believe*, of articles and broadcasts, both American and British, introduced by Mr. Ed Murrow, has been published.* The obvious instructors of our age such as Lord Russell, Dr. Einstein and Dr. Albert Schweitzer are not there. Only Miss Rebecca West has contributions in both volumes. And yet as pictures of the deeper cultural life of these decades how fascinating they are, and how different!

The first thing one notes is that, in the second volume (unlike the first) on this subject of creed and belief, no theologians have been invited to contribute and only two professional philosophers—one, Professor Ayer, an announced atheist, and the other well known for his reaction against orthodoxy. The editors proudly proclaim that this manifesto has "no connection with any church", and that it is designed not least to appeal to the 75,000,000 Americans who are not Christians (or Jews) of any known society. It is a massive proclamation of what the supposedly representative man believes ought to be believed, without offensive benefit of experts to inform him. Only Lord Elton, among the assembled contributors, seems to have pointed out this eccentricity. It stems, it may be conjectured, from the basic prejudice, voiced by Mr. Archibald MacLeish as "the American Proposition", that everybody has a right to think for himself by himself to himself, a right to believe what he thinks, and to act on what he believes. Occasionally there seem to be certain lapses in sense of proportion.

Professor Bronowski, the physicist, is for welcoming "new experiences" and "living fully", and Professor Brogan for enjoying his friends, while Mr. Peter Ustinov believes in doubt and mistrusts conviction. Mr. Melchior, the tenor, believes in going out with his gun and meeting God in the forest. Dr. L. Saul apparently believes that the singular of the noun "species" is specie. Mr. Milton Shulman, in the *Evening Standard*, has recently expressed himself vociferously about the oddity of asking actors to express their views upon most subjects from migration to migraine but, after all, there is nothing out of place here, in this mirror of our age's pilgrims to Camelot, since the editors say they expect to welcome all among their guests, "business men, baseball-players". Perhaps owing to ignorance and despite earnest scrutiny I have been unable to detect this last contributor. One is tempted to put the book down with the doubt whether the noise of the whirring of quite so many intellectual windmills, grinding grain and chaff, reduced to the notation of writing, put between two covers and handed out as a new bible, has ever been heard or seen before.

This would be quite wrong. It would not only be wrong because Mr. Aneurin Bevan makes a plea here for imaginative tolerance. It is a matter of fact that much good grain has been ground. And the significant thing is that the contribution of Mr. Herbert Hodge, the B.B.C. taxi-driver, with his confession of a craftsman, is in many ways much more

*Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

interesting than that of philosophy professor Ayer, with his prim but scarcely profound remark, lacking in personal colour, that he believes in "concern for human happiness" (does anybody make their chief rule for conduct concern for human unhappiness?) and, a cautious platitude, that "pleasure is in the main a good". If the contributors do not write like great philosophers, this may be because contemporary professional philosophers, lacking the genius of synthetic imagination to provide any *Lebensphilosophie*, have run away from part of their job.

The editors in their wisdom have decided to look to the common man (in England usually, apparently, a knight banneret). What does one find? I said above that I had been unable to find, in the collection, any contributions by baseball players. I was wrong. For indeed I find a ground-ball player. He describes how he learned to play ground-ball and to encourage others in like plight to himself to play it, although at first, when he was offered the ball, he thought he was being mocked. Because, from this story, one learns that he was blind from the age of four. . . . There are here unboastful stories of human courage in personal experience. It is in this quality, so near to human dignity, that the authors believe; but usually this belief is not one of mere obstinacy, but records a modest sense, stamped by integrity, that "underneath are the eternal arms"; that the individual and his pleasure do not matter all that much; but that what matters is the sustained and triumphant quality of the human spirit. Professor Ayer's theme is that such credulity implies an otiose and unnecessary pattern, and is "a council of despair"; but then Professor Ayer has not been blind. Or has he? There is another story of a violinist stricken with arthritis and of what (although maybe, in the Ayer philosophy, "the good is mainly pleasure") he made of things, not by pleasure but by other means. One turns on to the contribution of the great Negro statesman who was offered the position, first of his race, of Assistant Secretary of State of the United States. I defy anyone to read its simple record of an affirmation, not without humour and irony, without being filled with a personal sense of humility by comparison. "Could I honestly have said as much?" one thinks. "And how much I wish I could." Here lie the guileless elements of affirmation which is what our world wants, waiting for seer and prophet to put it into the drama of genius as the great seers of the past have put it.

Most of the contributors seem to think that the answer to the question, "what shall we do?", is within, as a style of life. Moreover the criterion of this style is the extent to which it expresses the answer to what we intuit as the deepest needs—is itself the profoundest expression of the human spirit. It is not enough to talk, with Lin Yu-tang, about the Importance of Living. The question is: how? We may say with Edward Arlington Robinson, "I feel the coming glory of the light"; and, if we do indeed feel the coming of the Kingdom, that is much. It may be (and I will say it without hesitation) that the function of the churches is to present their various sacred dramas as medicines of men's souls, or what the Hellenes would have called their sacred mysteries. Differences between these can be settled by no intellectualist dispute or noisy argument, but only by an act of judgement upon their various degrees of profundity in plumbing the human spirit—some narrow but may be

more intense, some wider in the whole stream of the great human tradition of values. And perhaps the trouble is that, although (as this book quite memorably shows) we have our individual confessions of great integrity, we have today lost to political movements the sense for the social act presenting the symbols of the great human drama, the sense for the divine comedy, the sense for the sacred mysteries which set forth concretely and as a communal act the abstract virtues of which we talk or which we practice by ourselves. We have, on neither side of the Atlantic, yet emerged from the negative phase of rejection of an act which has been stereotyped, conventionalised, vulgarised. But we doubtless shall re-emerge into the positive, as we again recall its dignities and glories; and these two books are some index of it, not least by the spiritual advance of the second beyond the first.

GEORGE CATLIN.

FEEDING JAPAN'S MILLIONS

THE most difficult problem Japan has now to face is how to provide enough food for her rapidly increasing population. Having lost her Colonies—and with them her source of the raw materials she is so desperately short of—there is little outlet for the eighty five millions of people living on the four islands left to her. Indeed, the situation is so serious as to be the keynote of her National economy today. For not only must she import at least one sixth of the necessary food, but she has to make an all out effort to keep her factories going to pay for it; and the slogan of one of their leading textile manufacturers "Export or Starve" is literally true. As a race, the Japanese are frugal and thrifty, and their wants are simple. They are also resourceful; and realising the limitations of their situation, have explored, and are still exploring, every possibility of increasing their home produced food. Their fisheries are highly developed, land intensively farmed, and any form of wild life that escapes the snares and pitfalls prepared for it, is wise in its generation.

The diet of the Japanese people, as a whole, consists of rice, fish, and vegetables—not forgetting seaweed, which is not only considered a delicacy, in its processed form, but is valued for the large amount of iodine it contains. Owing to this, they say, goitre is practically unknown in Japan. The loss of the Kuriles, and the lower part of Saghalin to Russia, has been a big blow to Japan. Quite apart from losing some important industries and plant in Saghalin, there was a big lumbering trade. Even so, this loss is of less importance to them than the effect it has had on their fishing industry. Before the War, the Hokkaido fishermen used to fish for salmon and herrings in the Sea of Okotch, and their whalers, and floating factories went as far north as the Arctic. Now, the Russians will not allow them to sail round the north of Hokkaido, which means that they are restricted to the areas near their coasts, and there is a danger of the northern waters being overfished. In the warmer waters of the South, sardines, mackerel, trout, prawns, lobsters and other fish abound. Here too are the successful oyster farms, both for edible and pearl oysters. The fishermen, who live in small coastal villages,

under the edge of the cliffs, sail in fleets, and it is fascinating to see the sea lit up at night when they throw lights on the water to attract the fish. Japan is a very mountainous country, and much of it is covered with forests. Some forests have been felled, but even so, at least three quarters of the land is at present unsuitable for cultivation; but the climate is humid, and there is plenty of water for irrigation purposes. The growing season is long, varying from 120 days in the North, to 300 days in the South: when the northern part of Hokkaido is icebound in Winter, in the South, luscious strawberries are grown on dry walls, in time to export to the U.S.A. for Christmas, and New Year.

Before the War, about half the population was engaged in agriculture and fishing. Much of the land was in the possession of large land owners, and only a little more than half the farms were owned by the farmers: but with the introduction of the New Constitution, and democratic rule, important changes took place in the life of the people, one of which was a redistribution of land, which made it possible for many more farmers to own their farms. Today, at least 87 per cent. of the farms are owned by the farmers. By our standards the farms are merely small holdings. They range in size from only about one to two and a half acres on Honshu, but in Hokkaido—the only place where there is any pasture to speak of—the farms are ten acres. The fields here do not need irrigating. Oats, barley, buck wheat, sweet potatoes, and many varieties of vegetables are grown, including very delicious asparagus. Here too there are some dairy herds and horses. In the other islands very few animals are kept, and then chiefly for draft purposes. They are either tethered in the corner of a field and given their fodder, or are fed in their stalls.

There is considerable co-operation between farmers, and in the case of animals, every third farm may perhaps own a bullock, every fifth a horse, and there may be only one cow to every forty farms. Animals are hired to the neighbouring farmers in exchange for labour: two days' man's labour, for the use of the animal for one day. Rice is their chief crop. The smallest corner of land will be made into a paddy field, for they cannot afford to waste an inch. The land is cultivated to the Ocean, and even the seashore is sometimes made fertile by sinking a well, and irrigating the sand with fresh water. Shallow river beds are used, and hills terraced, and watered by an intricate system of irrigation. It is an interesting sight to see paddy fields on level terraces all down a hill side. Where the hill is steep, bench terracing is used, and sweet potatoes interplanted with mulberry trees, or fruit trees are planted; and when the terraces are very shallow, strawberries are grown. Strawberries are quite an important crop, for they are ready by the beginning of May, and last until the beginning of August. The fruit is large and juicy, and of a uniform size, but lacks a little of the agreeable tartness of the English and Scotch strawberries. Pears and persimmons grow on most farms near the house—never in the precious fields—and in certain areas unsuitable for rice growing, there are large apple orchards, and groves of mandarin oranges.

Japan's rice crop is the largest in the world per acre. Two crops, and in some places three crops, are raised each season. From Springtime, when the fertilizers are mixed in the soil—either by a set of wheels being drawn through the flooded ground by a horse or oxen, or by the feet of

the farmer's family—to the gathering of the final crop in the Autumn, the whole family toils ceaselessly. Dikes have to be kept in repair, terraces level, and as long as there is the possibility of raising an extra handful of rice, they labour. Even the muddy dikes between the paddy fields are made fertile, and vegetables and corn-in-the-cob are grown along them. Autumn comes slowly to Japan, and as the grass—which unlike grass in most countries has remained bright green through the long, hot Summer—is turning to its Winter brown, and a touch of russet is seen among the foliage of the trees, the workers will be cutting the second or third crop of rice. Clad in dark blue mompei, with the baggy trousers tied at the ankles, and the waist drawn in with a sash, their heads swathed in white cloth which conceals all but their eyes and noses, and on top of this a large coolie hat, the women and girls work as hard as the men; for tending the paddy fields is everybody's business. Later, the fields which are suitable will be drained, and Winter cereals planted in them.

There are no farm buildings round a Japanese farm house. They would take up too much room. The house may be two storied, and all along from under the thatched roof, persimmons, daikons (a large radish), and perhaps corn-in-the-cob will be hanging; while the spaces between the eaves will be stuffed with sheaves of grain. If the farmer boasts a verandah, or shed, cucumbers and marrows will be trailing over it. Nothing is wasted. Straw from the rice is kept straight, the children collect twigs, small feathers, shells, and anything else likely to be of use; and when the rice has been polished, the dried persimmons and sweet potatoes sliced, and the soya beans salted down, and Winter is upon them, the family settle down to home industries: weaving the silk from their own silk worms into lengths of silk for kimono, making floor mats, geta (wooden clogs), rope, bags, and toys. With a bit of wood, a piece of string or wire, some feathers, a few colours, and a paint brush, the most ingenious toys will be made, which will delight the fascinated buyer at a stall in the Ginza in the coming season. Two or three farm houses are generally near each other, and form a little hamlet. Like all native houses they are built of wood, with no chimneys, and are heated by an open movable brazier filled with charcoal. Formerly, when the farmers needed wood for building or charcoal, they cut down a tree. But so much wood has been used over the years for charcoal and in the building of houses and rebuilding them after devastating fires, typhoons, earthquakes, and tidal waves, there is a danger, if they continue to use wood at the same rate, of their forest reserves being exhausted in the foreseeable future. The Government has therefore introduced schemes for afforestation on a big scale, and has limited the cutting down of trees in many districts; and as half the wood was used for making charcoal, that too has to be used more sparingly.

A great deal of salt is used in the preparation of food, and in the fishing industry; and as they possess no salt mines, in the past, they have obtained large quantities from evaporation of salt water, by a method of heating it over charcoal on some of the shallow beaches. Now, ironically, it is a question of importing salt to save charcoal, or not importing salt, and using charcoal. So far a policy of compromise has been decided on, and they are importing half the salt required, and saving half the charcoal. During

the War farmers prospered, for although the towns were bombed, the countryside was untouched. It has been the custom for farmers' sons to remain on the farm, but now, with this big increase in population, the farms cannot support so many people, and the young men have to try for work elsewhere. During trade booms they will be taken on, but when trade slackens, they are the first to lose their jobs, as they are untrained. The Government, therefore, is introducing a new scheme, under the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry, whereby young men and women in rural areas—and particularly the second and third sons of farmers—will be able to receive technical training in agriculture and forestry. The aim is to bring more land under cultivation, to provide more food for the people, and at the same time, to make those who volunteer economically independent of their families. Several immense hydro-electric plants are to be constructed, which in almost every case will be adaptable for irrigating unfertile stretches of land, which will be used for farming by the students after their training. There is, too, a scheme for the men to own their own farms in time. In every way that a resourceful nation can envisage, the Japanese Government is endeavouring to solve this major problem; but what is proposed will take time, and meanwhile the large Japanese family has to be fed. Manufacturers, who are using the unpalatable prospect of food shortages as an incentive for their workers to increase their output, have now realised that nothing but the best is good enough for export, and are aiming at producing ever more attractive, and better quality goods; and with the alternative of being half starved if they do not make a big effort, the workers can be expected to exert themselves to the utmost to put their country in the front rank of competitors in the markets of the world.

J. Y. LUMGAIR.

THE LEGACY OF LOUIS XIV—I

THE principal legacy of Louis XIV was a powerful and centralised France. *Le Roi Soleil* was no superman in the sense that he would have fought his way to the front had he not been of royal descent, but he gave his name to the greatest era in French history and his rays penetrated to every corner of Europe. He owed his success to the combination of his political heritage and his personal qualities. Frederick the Great saluted the French of the age of Louis XIV as the Romans of the modern world. The founder of dynastic autocracy in France was Richelieu, who broke the power of the feudal nobility and the Protestants, and by the creation of Intendants asserted the authority of the Crown over the whole country. So decisive was his achievement that the Fronde was little more than a straw fire, and Condé was the last of the *Noblesse d'Épée* to draw his sword against the throne. The most sordid episode in the history of seventeenth century France left the Monarchy stronger than it found it, for the angry disgust it aroused led to a nationwide demand for a firm hand at the helm. The *Noblesse* and the Parlements had discredited themselves, and Mazarin steered the ship of

state into calmer waters without shedding blood. *Le Grand Siècle* had begun.

Richelieu had created the conditions for autocracy, but if the edifice was to outlive its architect it demanded a ruler of ability and industry, self-confidence and *flair*. Louis XIII, the most colourless of the Bourbon monarchs, had preferred hunting to politics and left the management of the state to the mighty Cardinal. There was no need for Anne of Austria to anticipate the injunction of another royal widow a century later: "George, be a King." Though but a child during the hectic years of the Fronde Louis XIV never forgot the humiliations of the Royal Family through the dark days of the Fronde, the early morning flight from the Palais Royal, and the thunder of Condé's cannon in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Even before the death of Mazarin he had resolved to be his own master, to allow no minister and no favourite, male or female, to shape his course, to make the nobility the ornament instead of the rival of the throne. His veto on the duel, which had taken heavy toll of the aristocracy during the reign of his father, embodied his desire to preserve the *Noblesse* without allowing it power. Its chief function was to contribute to the splendour of the Court and the prestige of the Crown. Great landowners who lived on their estates were disapproved, and when their names came up in conversation he curtly remarked: "C'est un homme que je ne connais pas". "I intend to be my own First Minister", he announced, and he kept his word. Court posts naturally went to the *Noblesse*, but the business of state was largely transacted by the lawyers—*gens de la robe*—and other capable bourgeois who owed everything to the sovereign. The king demanded from his people obedience, not collaboration. Never for a moment did he question his capacity to fulfil the task allotted to him by Providence, and the incense by which he was surrounded confirmed his massive self-assurance. His ability was above the average, his industry unique in the annals of the Bourbon dynasty. Even under the shock of military disaster or domestic sorrow he remained calm and dignified, though at times when alone with Mme de Maintenon tears came to his eyes.

"There was nothing to be compared to him at reviews, fêtes, every occasion on which the presence of ladies created a tone of gallantry, a gallantry always majestic," testifies Saint-Simon, a rather unfriendly observer. "Sometimes there was gaiety, but never anything misplaced or indiscreet. His slightest gesture, his walk, his bearing, his countenance, all was measured, appropriate, noble, majestic but quite natural. Thus in serious matters such as the audiences of Ambassadors and other ceremonies no one was ever so imposing. One had to get used to him in order to avoid embarrassment when speaking to him. His replies on these occasions were always brief and to the point, rarely without some obliging or even flattering remark when the occasion demanded. In every company his presence imposed silence and even fear". Never was any human being more obviously born to be a King. Nothing suggests more vividly the awe he inspired than the suicide of the unhappy cook when the fish for dinner on a royal visit to Condé at Chantilly failed to arrive. So great was the awe he inspired that one of his Generals exclaimed on entering the royal presence: "I never trembled like this before Your Majesty's enemies". Like other autocrats he made costly mistakes,

but his devotion to his task is beyond challenge. He believed in the system bequeathed by Richelieu as implicitly as he believed in himself. If Henri IV was the most popular of the Bourbon rulers, his grandson earned the maximum prestige. That the longest reign in French history was also the most illustrious is the conviction of Frenchmen who agree in little else. It was a glittering vision, the splendour and strength of which aroused the envious admiration of the world. With such a monarch there seemed no need for the States-General. The army was without a rival in Europe, and the navy, the most enduring of his creations, was double the size of the British fleet. Under the fostering hand of Colbert industry and commerce grew apace. The master of France was the richest and most powerful prince in Europe, and scarcely anything seemed beyond his grasp. Since Charles II of Spain was childless, he reflected, perhaps a Bourbon might soon replace a Hapsburg at Madrid. In the technique of kingship he was not only unrivalled but unapproached. "He was born prudent, moderate, friendly and just", testifies Saint-Simon; "God had given him enough to make him a good King and perhaps a fairly great King. All the evil came from elsewhere."

The essence of Richelieu's system was the concentration of authority in the hands of the King. It was said of the Hohenzollern Empire after the fall of Bismarck that in the most elaborately organised of European states there was anarchy at the top. The young Louis XIV was resolved that there should be no flicker of anarchy, no thought of challenge to his will, no division of power. The Cardinal's *Testament Politique*, published in 1687, uttered a solemn warning against nerveless rule: better too much severity than too much lenity, for weakness was the ruin of the state. The *Memoirs of Louis XIV*, first published in full in 1860, were at once a summary of the first decade of his personal rule and a manual of political instruction for his son. He portrays himself as the effective ruler of his kingdom and a jealous guardian of the prestige of the crown, while fully realising how much is expected from an absolute sovereign. Here are a few of his precepts. "It is essential for princes to master their resentments. In scheming to injure someone who has caused us trouble we may injure ourselves. Exercising, as we do, a divinely appointed function we must appear incapable of the agitations which might lower the standard. If it is true that our heart, knowing its frailty, is conscious of the emotions of the common herd, our reason ought to conceal them directly they threaten the public weal for which alone we are born. A King must hold the balance between the many people who strive to tilt it to their side. So many pay court to us for personal reasons under specious phrases. You cannot satisfy everyone. Do not assess the justice of a claim by the vigour with which it is pressed. The result of the decision is more important than the merits of the claimants: the greatest of rulers would soon be ruined if he granted everything to deserving cases. Since those of our rank are never forgiven we must weigh our words. Kings are absolute lords and have full disposition of all people, secular and ecclesiastical; use them according to the needs of the state. Never hurry. Take long views. The King must know everything. Empires are only preserved by the same means by which they are created, namely vigour, vigilance and hard work."

* So far we seem to have been listening to the calm accents of the father of the gods on the summit of Olympus, but the young ruler makes no attempt to conceal the temptations of the flesh. Princes, he declares, can never live too prudent and innocent a life. To reign happily and gloriously it is not enough to issue orders if we do not regulate our own conduct. He had felt it right to recognise his daughter by Mlle la Vallière by granting a title to her mother. "I could have passed over this attachment as a bad example; but after drawing lessons from the failings of others I could not deprive you of those you could learn from mine. The Prince should always be a perfect model of virtue, all the more since he lives in a glasshouse. If, however, we yield in spite of ourselves we must observe two precautions as I have always done. First, that the time allotted to a *liaison* should never prejudice our affairs, since our first object should always be the preservation of our glory and authority, which can only be achieved by steady toil. Secondly—and more difficult to practise—that in giving our heart we must remain absolute master of our mind, separating the endearments of the lover from the resolution of the sovereign, since the influence of a mistress is much more dangerous than that of a favourite". Despite this frank admission of human frailty, the whole of this *Testament Politique* breathes the robust conviction that absolute monarchy is the best form of government and that the author is the model ruler, a blessing to his country and a pattern to the world.

Never for a moment after the death of Mazarin left him a free hand did Louis XIV allow a minister or a mistress to deprive him of a fraction of his authority. The Chancellor, who kept the royal seal, the Controller General of Finance, the Ministers of State without portfolio, and the four departmental Secretaries of State, were merely executants of his will. The three successive *maîtresses en titre*, La Vallière, Montespan and Fontanges, possessed no political influence, and there is no ground for the belief that the course of the closing decades was deflected by Mme de Maintenon. The concentration of power which formed the core of his political faith involved unlimited responsibility before his subjects and posterity. When a Minister apologised for referring decisions to the King on the ground that he was still new to his job, he was informed that he would never have to decide about anything and that his only duty would be to obey the orders of the King. Business was transacted by four principal Councils, three of which were regularly attended by the King. The small Conseil d'État, the nearest equivalent to a Cabinet, discussed and decided the great issues of national policy. The Conseil des Dépêches dealt with internal affairs, the Conseil des Finances with taxation. The Conseil Privé, consisting of lawyers and rarely attended by the King, was the highest judicial court in France. None of the Councils possessed any statutory rights, and they were regarded by the King as purely advisory bodies. When Colbert and Louvois were gone the era of supermen was over, and during the closing phase he had no one on whose judgment he was inclined to lean. Never did he attempt to shield himself behind a subordinate when things went wrong; that would have been beneath his dignity and would have diminished the authority of the crown. Like Mazarin, he imposed his authority without shedding of blood. *L'État c'est moi* was his slogan, even if he never coined the

phrase. Of all the princes in modern Europe Louis XIV and Frederick the Great came nearest to the ideal of father of the country, the first servant as well as the master of the state.

Every potential focus of opposition to the royal will was neutralised if not removed. The Parlement of Paris, which had roughly challenged the authority of the court during the turmoil of the Fronde, was paralysed by a veto on its traditional privilege of recording remonstrances, unavailing though they might be, against the decisions of the crown, and no further trouble arose while Louis XIV was on the throne. It was a high-handed proceeding, for the magistrates regarded themselves—and were widely regarded—as guardians of the fundamental laws. The Parlement of Paris, an offshoot from the old Curia Regis, could boast of centuries of service as the supreme Court of Justice, dealing especially with appeals from lower courts. At its foundation by Philippe le Bel the President and Councillors were appointed yearly, but they were usually re-appointed. As the business increased it was divided into the *Chambre des Enquêtes* dealing with most of the appeals, the *Chambre des Requêtes* with petitions on points of law, and a third chamber with criminal cases. The most important decisions were reserved for the *Grand Chambre*. Eleven provincial Parlements were instituted during the following centuries. It was not surprising that such bodies developed mild political ambitions, but as the royal power waxed their influence waned, and Louis XIV was determined to keep them strictly to their legal duties. The Estates still met occasionally in various Provinces, but they were allowed little power and the Provincial Governors were merely ornamental nominees of the King. The work of administration was carried on by the thirty *Intendants*, usually belonging to the bourgeoisie, who took orders from and reported to the King and his Councils at Versailles.

With equal determination Louis XIV clipped the wings of the Papacy in the Four Articles of the Church Assembly of 1682, mainly drafted by Bossuet, which reaffirmed the Gallican tradition of the supremacy of the crown except in the sphere of belief. "Kings and princes", declared the first article, "are not by the law of God subject to any ecclesiastical power nor to the keys of the Church with respect to their temporal government. Their subjects cannot be released from the duty of obeying them nor absolved from the oath of allegiance". Even in the field of doctrine the power of the Vatican is strictly circumscribed. "The Pope has the principal place in deciding questions of faith," runs the fourth article, "but his judgment is not irreversible until confirmed by the consent of the Church". The Declaration was signed by thirty-four Bishops and thirty-four lesser clergy, and was registered by the Parlement at the command of the King. An edict was issued prescribing that the Four Articles should be taught in all the Universities and accepted by all Professors of theology, and the Archbishops and Bishops were summoned to enforce their reception. Though the angry Pope considered the issue of a formal censure of the articles, no action was taken, for the King, with the nation behind him, was too powerful to be coerced.

His ideal was a homogeneous nation, looking up with pride and gratitude to its head. This monolithic conception of the state allowed no place to religious minorities, and when the King turned *dévo*t under

the influence of his Jesuit Confessor and Mme de Maintenon his zeal for uniformity became an obsession. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was as much an assertion of the principle of national unity as an affirmation of the Catholic faith. Richelieu had been content to destroy what little political influence the Huguenots retained after the Wars of Religion, and at the opening of his reign Louis XIV paid public tribute to their loyalty during the Fronde. That these orderly and industrious citizens asked only for a quiet life was recognised by all: their only offence was their faith. The clergy had always detested the Edict, and their Quinquennial Assemblies demanded its abrogation or at any rate its drastic modification. Twenty years of ever increasing persecution, including the closing of churches and schools, and the nightmare of the *dragonnades*, led thousands of Huguenots to seek shelter abroad and thousands more to avoid almost intolerable suffering by nominal conversion. Declaring that it was his duty to convert all his subjects and extirpate heresy, and encouraged to take the final plunge by his confessor Père La Chaise, Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, and Louvois the ruthless Minister of War, he revoked the Edict of his grandfather in 1685. In a frenzy of fanaticism he exclaimed that he would complete the conversion of the Huguenots even at the cost of his right hand, and he was saluted by Bossuet as a second Constantine. The greatest crime of the reign was also the gravest blunder, for the thousands of skilled artisans who streamed across the frontiers weakened France as much as they strengthened England, Prussia and other Protestant states in which they found a new and happy home. The ferocious persecution transformed the bolder spirits into rebels, and during the War of the Spanish Succession the bloody guerrilla struggle in the Cevennes added to the anxieties of the crown.

The King's detestation of the Jansenists was scarcely less pronounced than that which he entertained for the Huguenots, though the measures of repression were less violent. The precise nature of their doctrinal deviation was beyond him, for he was no theologian. What stirred his anger was the thought that so many of his subjects, including a section of the clergy, continued to hold Augustinian ideas on grace proclaimed by Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, and popularised in France by Saint-Cyran and Antoine Arnauld. Five propositions concerning predestination in Jansen's *Augustinus* were declared heretical by Pope Innocent X in 1653; and the Jansenist hostility to the Jesuits, which inspired Pascal's flaming *Lettres Provinciales*, increased the determination of the King to enforce uniformity in the Church. It was no easy task, for the Jansenists were widely respected for their piety and austerity. Their attitude was restated in Quesnel's *Réflexions Morales sur le Nouveau Testament* which enjoyed immense popularity and led to new measures of repression, culminating in the expulsion of the inmates of Port Royal de Champs, the total demolition of the convent buildings and the issue of the Bull *Unigenitus* in 1713. It was not the end of the struggle, but the old King died in the belief that another source of opposition had been removed.

Compared to the fierce battles against the Huguenots and the Jansenists the Quietest controversy was a storm in a teacup. An extravagant variety of mysticism taught by Molinos, a Spanish priest, and commonly described as Molinism, was embraced with fervour by Mme Guyon and

with greater circumspection by Fénelon. The aim of Quietism was to rise above ceremonies, sacraments and dogmas into a rapturous vision of the Divine Essence by the *via negationis*, self-annihilation, an emptying of the soul from all thought, feeling and will. That such a rejection of external authority and direct moral responsibility might slide into anti-nomianism was obvious, but Fénelon believed that much could be learned from this gospel of renunciation. His attitude was defined in his *Maxims of the Saints*, a devotional treatise saturated with mystical theology. Like all the great mystics from St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross to Molinos, his goal was complete surrender of self: all that mattered was to love God. At this stage Bossuet, the national champion of orthodoxy and authority, entered the lists and fulminated against the new heretics. When Fénelon appealed to Rome, the Pope condemned his book and the author submitted. Regarding himself as the guardian of orthodoxy, the King deprived him of his post as Preceptor to the Duc de Bourgogne and excluded him from the court. Mme de Maintenon, who counted him and Mme Guyon among her intimate friends, bowed to the royal will. In a temperamental outburst Saint Simon complained that the Court vomited hypocrisy. In his later years the King was a gloomy fanatic, but hypocrisy could no longer be laid to his charge. The last of his Jesuit Confessors, Le Tellier, incarnated the spirit of Yancorous intolerance which contributed to the growth of anti-clericalism and unbelief in eighteenth century France at least as much as the polished scepticism of Bayle and Voltaire.

G. P. GOOCH.

To be continued.

THE DIARIES OF VICTOR HUGO

A FOLKLORE is gathering round the life and work of Victor Hugo. He wrote so superbly that he moulded the cultural tradition of France, but there were shadows to his genius. The definitive edition of his works edited by Meurice, Simon and Daubray, took fifty years to complete (1901-52). But they were not complete, for Hugo kept secret diaries which have only just been edited by Henri Guillemin. They do not enhance the poet's reputation. They record with power and beauty the reaction of a sensitive mind to the epic that he graphically called the *année terrible*. He writes daily of his thoughts and feelings on the Declaration of War, his return to his native land, to which he had declared he would return only when liberty returned, the calamity of the siege of Paris ("Remember, Oh! People of Europe, Paris is a parricide") where, he notes, "there lacked a Hoche within and a Danton without", the death of his son Charles and the grief of a father already cruelly bereaved, the Commune, the shelter he sought in Brussels, his expulsion from Belgium by a "reactionary and clerical government", for making his home a haven for the vanquished, and his travels through Vianden, Altweis and Thionville which his father had gallantly defended in 1814.

These diaries had been kept secret because they portray facets of Hugo's life that would have caused faction and friction. A more discreet politician would have omitted the nocturnalappings and ghostly dreams that haunted him, even from the intimacy of a diary. Was he psychic? Was he mad? Almost nightly, he was obsessed by mysterious and menacingappings at his bedside. He had given up the tableappings he had conducted at Marine Terrace in 1855, but these invisible and inexplicable callings from beyond continued; and he even grew more attentive to his dreams. On August 13, he met Louis Napoleon. On March 22, his dead wife called him. Such revealing confessions would have supplied his clerical foes with formidable weapons. His brother Eugène and his daughter Adèle had died mad. And France was bisected on sectarian lines into Clericals and Anticlericals and the Clericals stalked him remorselessly. He writes, June 15: "The priests preach from their pulpits that it was I who raised the fire in Paris and who caused the Archbishop to be shot". On July 24: "The curé of Vianden preached from his pulpit, the devil had three religions on this earth, the Lutheran, the Calvinist, and the Jansenist. Now he has a fourth, the Hugois". He continues with unadorned irony. "The curé is a fine fellow. He has the only goose in Vianden. They are inseparable. Sometimes the goose follows the curé, at others the curé follows the goose". On September 2, "The Jesuit paper declares I am Satan in person". Hugo justifies his anticlericalism. "Peter has always helped Caesar in his massacres. For a thousand years they have been making those who are too poor to afford boots to their feet pay for the emeralds in their tiaras". But he was not anti-religious, for he teaches his grand children their prayers and writes D.V. to his hopes.

The other reason which explains the secrecy round his diaries is because of the uninhibited way he recounts his amours. He was 68, and ravaged by secret and shameful fires. Since 1833 he had been living with Juliette Drouet. She was now 64. And he sought solace with other women, hunting them everywhere, noting their payment and where to find them. His diary becomes an inventory of his erotic behaviour which he hid from the prying eyes of Juliette by masculinising their names—Zolé (Zoe), Mariat (Maria) Marthel (Marthe) Johannard (Anna) and disguising the sums he gave them as help to proscriptions. Here he remains a child of pagan gods, a fit study for Toulouse-Lautrec. These facets of his life were not unsuspected. What his diaries reveal unexpectedly and damagingly is his thirst for Dictatorship. In 1848 he had stood for the Presidency. Now he sensed the Gallic love-hate for a "a man on horseback". And he was sufficiently politically immature to crave for such power, little suspecting the shrewd realism of Favre and Thiers. He writes grandiloquently "Men like myself are impossible until they are necessary. A Dictatorship? I will bear that burden. Even if I succeed Dictatorship remains a crime and the good results of such a crime do not excuse it. Yet such a crime will I commit. If I am successful in saving the Republic I declare I will leave France, never to return. But these are my conditions. Absolute Dictatorship. Dictatorship without limits". He was probably moved to write of this craving on his return to Paris that glorious day September 5, which he described so proudly.

"An immense crowd awaited me. The welcome was indescribable. I told the people you re-pay me in one hour for the twenty years of exile. They sang the Marseillaise and the Chant du Départ. They shouted Vive Victor Hugo. I shook hands more than ten thousand times. They tried to unyoke my carriage but I prevented it. A regiment passed along the Boulevard. The soldiers halted and presented arms. Next day I was asked to form a triumvirate. I replied No. I find it impossible to work with anyone". Such ovations can turn the heads of the prosy but Hugo was touched by poetry and burned by ambition. Imagine Victor Hugo Dictator of France! Marianne would have proved an imperious mistress.

He was proudly rich. At his home the Pavillon de Rohan he entertained lavishly. Louis Blanc, Lemaitre, Ferry, Gambetta, Gautier, de Banville, Coppée, Quinet here met the uncrowned king of letters. He drew royally on his English Bankers, Heath and Co. and his royalties and dividends enabled him to act princely in his generosity. He was flattered that a boulevard, a postal balloon and an orphanage were named after him, that his photo was sold in the streets. And all the while the tragedy of the siege moved on remorselessly. October 10: "There is only enough sugar for ten days". October 16: "There is no more butter and no more cheese". October 22: "We eat horse in all forms. I have seen a shop window with a notice *saucisson chevaleresque*". November 2: "There is a *pâté de rats*". December 3: "We eat bear, we eat stag; the day before, antelope, presents from the Zoological Gardens". December 19: "There is no coal. On January 7 he wrote to Clemenceau, Mayor of the IXth arrondissement: "I resign myself to die from hunger and cold. Nevertheless I recommend my laundry girl to you." He obtained the coal. January 8: "Theatres are closed. There is no gas to light nor coal to heat them". January 12: "We ate a beefsteak of elephant". And pathetically January 20: "A child of 14 was crushed to death at the bakers". Then came the capitulation and the armistice. So he tidied his papers and departed for Bordeaux where the Assembly was summoned.

During the long drawn out suffering, he prepared to go to the ramparts. He bought a képi at the Louvre, a Capote of a Zouave, and applied to General Trochu for a pass. He was relieved when a deputation came on October 9: "to forbid him to go and get himself killed, seeing that anyone can get himself killed but no one can write the *Chatiments*". Throughout the sorrow his gift never failed him. October 21: "There is nothing so beautiful as the sound of the *reveillé* in the morning. At first you hear a roll of drums and a call of the bugle, a beautiful and martial melody. Then a silence. After twenty seconds again the drum beats and the bugle calls, each repeating the note but now heard further off. Then again a silence. After a pause, the drum beat and the bugle call start afresh now in the distance as faint as an echo".

At Bordeaux his son Charles died and the brokenhearted father writes: "If I did not believe in the soul I would not live another hour". He returned to Paris to bury him and then found business in Brussels where he sheltered from the Commune till he was expelled. His home was attacked and "when all was over the police arrived". He made a détour through Luxembourg, where he heard of the foul fury of the white terror,

then on to Vianden and Altweis making long excursions and sketching the scenery. At Thionville he found the house where his father had lived and even an old lady who remembered him. And so the exile returned home. He lived to enjoy his secular canonisation. He became the troubadour of the Third Republic and died majestically, a legend, in 1885. The span of these diaries epitomises his contribution to the society that nurtured him. He begins on July 17: "Three days ago, whilst I was planting in my garden at Hauteville House the tree of the United States of Europe, war broke out in Europe and the infallibility of the Pope was proclaimed in Rome. In a hundred years time, there will no longer be any wars and there will no longer be a Pope, but my tree will have grown". It ends at Reims on September 25: "I am listening to the song of the bells. Two, a large one and a small one, are speaking to one another. The large one peals 'Oh I so love you', and the small one replies 'Oh no'."

VICTOR COHEN.

REFORM SOCIALISM IN SCANDINAVIA

AFTER 18 years of uninterrupted government, the Norwegian Labour Party once again faced the electorate. Pessimistic forecasts were not infrequent. According to these, the Party was bound to be worn out by now and to lose its traditional majority. In fact, however, it gained 78 out of 150 seats. With all that it must be said that the Labour Party did not make things easy for itself. Indeed, what I want to stress now could only have happened in Scandinavia, and possibly only in Norway: The governing party passed a new electoral law which put an end to the privileged position of big groups and thus prejudiced its own success. In this way any slight change of mood might easily have turned the Labour Party into a minority and deprived it of its prestige as the majority party in the last purely Socialdemocratic Government in Europe. Anyone who exposes himself to such a risk can never be suspected of totalitarian tendencies. If, therefore, the Norwegian Premier, M. Oskar Torp, speaks of the pursuance of the Socialist course, his idea of Socialism has nothing in common with the omnipotent, un-Socialist State capitalism of the Eastern European countries; what he has in mind is a fairer distribution of the national assets—not more, but certainly not less.

The same conception of Socialism exists also in the Socialdemocratic parties of Denmark and Sweden. Apart from a short break, the Swedish Socialdemocratic Party has been carrying the burden of responsibility since 1932. It is less fortunate than its Norwegian sister party in not holding a safe majority in Parliament, but it commands roughly one half of the votes and maintains a harmonious co-operation with the farmers. In the recent elections in Denmark the Socialdemocratic Party emerged with a relative victory, holding more mandates than its chief opponents, the Conservatives and Liberals together. Hans Hedtoft, the head of the Socialdemocratic Party, therefore proceeded to form a minority cabinet. These minority governments have become almost a normal feature of political life in post-war Denmark. It is, of course, not easy to secure the necessary majority in every case. Hedtoft, a fervent democrat (who was

one of the first to seek friendly relations with Western Germany), once explained the situation to me as follows: "If one works with a Parliament in which the social forces of the nation hold a certain political and numerical balance, then one must try to achieve a genuine compromise. People with dictatorial leanings call it sneeringly 'bargaining' (*Kuhhandel*) in reality, compromise is the method of work of a true democracy in which far-reaching attention is paid to minorities." After this solemn statement he added with a smile: "It is never easy to make the 'others' as well as one's own friends understand the necessity for compromise." All his words show a moderation typical of the Danish character and without which the Premier would hardly be successful.

Social Democracy in Scandinavia has long ceased to be based purely on class distinction. In Sweden and Denmark it has the support of many intellectuals and civil servants. In Norway I was witness to the following characteristic episode: During one of the popular inter-party discussions which generally conclude, after violent disputes, with friendly handshakes and a joint dinner, a Conservative speaker remarked *en passant*: "Our Bourgeois parties. . . ." He was interrupted with some vehemence by a prominent Labour man—"we, too, are bourgeois!" "We, too, are bourgeois. . . ." What a change in the history of the Norwegian Labour Party! Up to 1923 it was affiliated to the Communist International, and a certain Einar Gerhardsen was arrested in front of the royal palace where he stood with posters protesting against misery and unemployment. The same Gerhardsen became later the Prime Minister of that very king and now acts as chief of the Socialdemocratic Party. It was he who took a strong stand against the Communists' suggestion of amalgamating the two parties. Thus, Norway was spared a SED as well as the realisation that the flute-player with his sentimental Russian tunes was nothing but a pied piper, out to catch gullible souls. The Communists who had not a single seat in the Norwegian Storting are now enabled by the new election law to delegate three representatives, though their votes have diminished by one-fifth. In Norway five out of one hundred voters support the Communist Party, and in Sweden and Denmark only four. Yet they receive large sums of money from the Soviet Union and are not restricted in their propaganda. The Socialdemocratically-governed trade unions in Sweden are perhaps the most powerful in Europe. Yet their central Executive has never included a Communist.

But let us return to the Norwegian Labour man who made the remark: "We, too, are bourgeois." The Socialdemocratic Party of Norway did, in fact, develop into a people's party. Its interest was not limited to the powerfully organised sailors of the merchant fleet, to the industrial and dock workers, but it also fought successfully for an improvement in the living standard of the weaker group of foresters and agricultural labourers. In addition, it gained the support of the smallholder to whom the Agrarian Party, interested in the bigger farms, paid too little attention. If these elements support Socialdemocracy and continue to remain loyal to it, this is only because it renounced all radicalism and strictly rejects any form of collectivisation. The whole world talks about Norway's merchant marine, the so-called floating empire. In addition, however, the country possesses a fishing fleet which provides a large number of its people with

a livelihood, though until the end of the war it was a meagre one, the average yearly income amounting to about 700 crowns. The fact that the Labour Government encouraged the foundation of modern fishing co-operatives, introduced improved methods of work and production with the help of picked experts, and, last not least, freed the individual fisherman from the exploitation of boat hiring companies, enabled this part of the population to reach relative prosperity. Happy with their newly-acquired possessions, they solidly back the governing party. The Norwegian example brings out best the popular basis of Scandinavian Socialism. Slogans like "dictatorship of the proletariat" could not be used in any of the three countries if the 100 per cent. democratic platform is to be preserved. While the Socialdemocratic parties in Norway and Denmark had to get rid of certain remnants of radicalism, such trends never existed in the Swedish party owing to its social structure. At the time of the great industrial revolutions Sweden was still an agrarian country, and even in the eighties seven out of ten Swedes lived on agriculture. Today the percentage is less than three, since there is probably no country in Europe which has become more americanised technically.

What, then, is the basis of Scandinavian Socialism and what does it object to? The generally accepted description of "Reform Socialism" gives a good indication. It has little to do with historic materialism and related terms, and the Danish party theorist, Julius Bomholt, has declared that these conceptions have been finally scrapped as an ideological foundation. This statement is given special significance by the fact that Bomholt has become Minister of Education and will, therefore, share main responsibility for the mental development of the coming generation. The chief of the Norwegian party still recommends the study of Marxist literature, but its importance is now mainly historic and its interpretation non-dogmatic. For practical purposes a realistic trend is favoured which aims solely at higher standards of living for all. "Socialism through the backdoor" was the way in which the London *Times* has described Socialist policy in Scandinavia. This phrase, however, does not quite hit the mark. Tendencies to large-scale nationalisation or amalgamation are conspicuously absent in Scandinavia. Whatever has been done in this field goes largely on the account of previous non-socialist governments and comprises the National Bank, Post Office and Telephone, but not all communications. Far greater caution is observed in regard to the radio. To avoid even the suspicion of partisanship, the Swedish Government entrusted the arrangement of radio programmes to a Committee composed of journalists of all parties.

Without going into the details of nationalisation, it is an interesting fact that four-fifths of the important Swedish steel works are owned by the State, with an option on the remaining fifth which may be exercised every 10 years. Shortly after the war nationalisation tendencies appeared also in Scandinavia. The Danish Socialist leader Hedtoft deplored these trends to which he attributed an electoral set back suffered during that period. However, the Prime Ministers of Sweden and Norway also assured me lately that they would carry out no nationalisation simply to fulfil Socialist dogma. Their ultimate plans of reform in this sphere are

probably less drastic than those of the Conservative Chancellor Bismarck during the imperial era in Germany. Employment and social security are, of course, also the aims of the trade unions in Scandinavia which possess considerable power and a large membership. Many of their bodies are collectively affiliated to the Socialdemocratic Parties, on the British model. It is an interesting fact that the Labour governments attach great importance to the existence of equally powerful employers' organisations in order to negotiate the tariff rates which are fully respected by both sides. Even when the Swedish cabinet was purely Socialist it did not desire any State intervention in the labour market. For this reason it encouraged the formation of a standing conference of organised employers and trade union representatives which tries to find a direct and immediate solution for every conflict. The two parties meet at the lovely spa of Saltjöbaden, where human contacts too are quickly made during their common meals. Similar though less far advanced institutions exist in Denmark and Norway. Since their creation, strikes and lock-outs have become rare occurrences—though it must be remembered that Scandinavian workers and employees have the advantage of a high living standard and long holidays with pay.

This degree of social security necessitates high taxation of the rich. At the same time this offers a guarantee that no individual can gain too much power through accumulation of capital. A golden mean has been created by this levelling-down of income and capital, as well as high death duties. A state of general prosperity has thus been brought about. Up to 50,000 crowns, for example, the tax on capital presents no problem in Sweden, and there are only 100,000 families with larger income. Under this system it is difficult to become a millionaire.

Social progress in Denmark was led by its Prime Minister, Stauning, a Party veteran who died in 1942. Nevertheless it lagged behind neutral Sweden during the war years. Child allowances, free medical treatment, unemployment benefits and old age pensions ensure social security from birth to the grave. These countries use on the average one-third of their budget for social purposes, which exceeds their defence expenditure. Special clauses provide for rent contributions in more expensive towns or districts, enabling old people to retire without undue worries. Sweden goes farthest in this respect. Even King Gustav Adolf must accept the basic old-age pension since it is regarded not as a privilege but a duty. Though Norway suffered most during the war, she has achieved a system of security that embraces all those living in the country, regardless of their nationality, and that is true to Nansen's humanitarian principles by leaving out no one, not even hopeless cripples and mental defectives. The Norwegian Minister of Social Welfare is a woman. When it was suggested that child allowances should be given only from the second child, she objected. "When I was young," she explained, "school meals were given only to the second child. As an eldest child I got nothing, which led to all sorts of complexes. I don't want the first-born of the present generation to go through a similar experience." Anyone not in favour of generous social reforms is regarded as a hopeless reactionary in Scandinavia. Consequently, the non-Socialist parties have long tried to outdo the Socialists in this respect. The Socialist parties in the three

northern monarchies also make every effort to secure equal chances of education for all their citizens, given equal intelligence. Occasional fears that university-trained sons of workers might easily stray into another political camp are always sharply rejected. The socialdemocratic parties in Scandinavia have given up their former ultra-pacifist aims. The Swedish party has authorised huge sums to be spent on maintaining the country's strongly-armed neutrality, while Denmark and Norway are loyally fulfilling their obligations under the Atlantic Pact. Thus we see the total victory of a sense of realism which, unfettered by dogmatic ideas, has evolved not a political upheaval but a great social revolution which has guided three nations towards freedom, prosperity and happiness.

A. J. FISCHER.

DARK LADIES OF LITERATURE

THE Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets is a member of the eternal romantic sisterhood of black and white, queens and slaves of passion in ever changing phases, but fundamentally steadfast. They live and die in the realms of fable, romance and tragedy, lustrous as the white Moon, and are in changing constant. They are as old as the world and will exercise their power to the end of time. They are known by their witchery, their commanding charm, their white hands and arms, their shining foreheads, black eyes and raven hair. The divine Moon, as one reads in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, had many identities, but there declared that her true name was Queen Isis; and these her daughters may be as wilful and wayward, as mystical and magical as that mistress of the night, but if, like one of the greatest among them, they renounce their devotion to that white divinity, they can do so only when death is upon them. as it was upon the Isis-Queen, Cleopatra, when she said:

I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

The story of these black and white ladies belongs to folklore, myth, religion and literature. Poetry and story is alive with their incarnations. The Dark Lady is constantly re-born in ever old and ever new creations. Anacreon's beauty was a girl possessed of jetty ringlets, a brow of snow and ivory, milk-white and rosy cheeks and snowy breast. Catullus's beauty had the smallest of noses, a pretty foot, black hair and long fingers. In the Irish legend the King's son set out to find the Princess with hair black as the raven's wing, cheeks as red as blood and snow-white skin. Peredur's beloved in the *Mabinogion* had skin as white as snow, hair as black as jet and rosy cheeks. The Gaelic Goddess Brigit declared:

Black the town yonder,
Black those that are in it;
I am the White Swan,
Queen of them all.

(Graves's *White Goddess*, p. 361).

The Spaniard, Count Lucanor, wrote of his beloved's eyes, black as those of the gazelle; and the old Spanish *copla* runs: thou hast black eyes and art my happiness. Ronsard's disciple, Amadis Jamyn wrote a sonnet in

honour of his dark lady and of all blackness; and also, like Shakespeare, composed another deploring her disloyalty. Sidney rejoiced in Stella's face, white as alabaster, in her snowy skin, her milky hands; in her eyes, black but in blackness bright. She was the Princess of Beauty, the planet that gave him light, peer of the Moon goddess, Diana. Philoclea in the *Arcadia* had black eyes of wonderful shining; and under the white Moon she visited the dark depths of the forest and there inscribed in black characters on white marble, "My words blacke inke, my marble kindly white." Victoria in the play, *Fedele and Fortunio* (c. 1584), was white as snow and smoother than jet. Marlowe's Zenocrate, fairer than whitest snow, although Egyptian, was to be drawn by milk-white harts upon an ivory sled amidst the frozen poles. Camilla, in Lyly's *Euphues*, has comely black hair and a white complexion which excelled the rose. Licio's mistress in Lyly's *Midas* had a brow as black as velvet. Tofte's Laura to whom he wrote his sonnet-sequence in 1597, had lily-white hands and milky breast, was as white as snow, white as the Moon, and had eyes of ebony. Bellimperia in the *Spanish Tragedy*, with a beauty that conquered kings, possessed an ivory front and tresses like Ariadne's twines. Vittoria Corombona in the *White Devil* (1611) had a brow like the snow of Ida or the ivory of Corinth and hair like the blackbird's feather. Niger's black daughters in Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* had in their blackness the most perfect beauty. Little Schneewittchen in the folk tale was white as snow and black-haired as ebony. The damsels of the *Arabian Nights* are like the black-eyed damsels of Paradise with faces resembling moons.

Future poets continued with the same idealisation. William's "black-eyed Susan had a skin of ivory. The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, in her study of folk-songs, records that the Sicilian singer held that his dark lady vanquished the white Moon, and the dark beauty of Termini exulted that her black beauty outlasted the snow. Dark-haired Nina-Thoma in the Ossianic *Berathon* had white hands and arms of snow, sat on a rock where the white waves tumbled, and was herself brighter than the setting moon. Shelley's dark-haired Witch of Atlas moulded a being out of fire and snow, sailed under the waning Moon to Austral waters and became as pale as that white luminary. Browning has a number of these dark ladies: Phene in *Pippa Passes*, with snow-pure cheek and black bright tresses and the black eyelash; and Ottima; and the Lost Mistress; and the Lady of *The Statue and the Bust*, with coal-black hair and eyes of the blackest black; and the mistress of *The Last Ride Together*. Chief of all, Pompilia, wax-white, snow-white, dead-white, with sharp pendent hair, flashing brow and black eyes. Tennyson often turned from the blue and grey eyes of the North and the violet eyes of Ettare to the dusky beauties typical of other lands: Eleänore, Kate with bright black eyes and black hair; Cleopatra with bold black eyes, brow-bound with burning gold; the Sleeping Beauty and the Beggar Maid. Ygern was dark in hair and eyes, and Bellicent was like her. Molly Magee was of the dark Celts of Ireland, with red of the rose, white of the may and hair as black as the night. Isolde had blue-black Irish hair and Irish eyes. Wordsworth describes his Emily emerging into moonlight from the shadow of the cedar to where the snow-white doe, silver-

bright as the Moon, lies on the greensward. Longfellow's Evangeline had eyes as black as the berry of the wayside thorn; her heifer was snow-white; and she stood in her white-curtained chamber with her snow-white feet. Sacheverell Sitwell's Venus of Bolsover Castle had hair like a raven's wing and limbs cool white. D. H. Lawrence's Ursula in *The Rainbow*, with her black rough hair, is stirred to sensuous madness as she wanders along the shore in the white radiance of the Moon. The mysterious and white-limbed Keri's daughter, according to Ernest Rhys, roams the dark night with her white hound; her black tresses are like wafted smoke, her white feet are like flowers; and the Moon said of her that she gave her white feet to the water and her white hand to the wave.

These are some of the Dark Ladies of Literature; and they have many other selves in folklore and legend. It is among this endless series of reincarnations, each different and unique, that the Dark Ladies of Shakespeare must be considered. They are not one; but many. They begin with heavenly Rosaline of *Love's Labour's Lost*, snow-white of hand, a whitely wanton with a velvet brow—a brow that may seem as black as ebony, but of surpassing beauty—with eyes like two pitch-balls that flash Jove's lightnings. Romeo, enthralled at first by Verona's Rosaline, who had Diana's wit, was, in Mercutio's phrase, stabbed with a white wench's black eye. Runaway Jessica of the white hand, Shylock's daughter, is dominated in her great scene by the splendid Moon. Julia in *The Two Gentlemen*, contrasted with the fair Silvia, was swarthy. Ellen Silence, daughter of the tipsy Justice, was a black ousel. Of the physical graces of Beatrice in *Much Ado* we know little; but she has been counted one of the dark sisterhood. Rosalind is certainly of them, white of hand, red-lipped and bright-eyed, with Helen's cheek, Cleopatra's majesty, on whose behalf Orlando invokes the thrice-crowned Queen of Night, goddess of the pale Moon. Not less distinguished is Phebe of the same play, the disdainful shepherdess with the wounding glances, the black silk hair, the bugle-black eyes and the cheek of cream. If we may trust Malvolio's reference to daws and Toby's to the wren, the merry Maria of *Twelfth Night* was dusky too. Cressida the fickle comes after, darker than Helen, with the white hand and the foot that speaks. Greatest of all is Cleopatra, lass unparalleled, gypsy and wrangling Queen, black with the amorous pinches of Phoebus, serpent of Old Nile, who, with her toils and cunning past man's thought, entangled Antony. In her highest aspect she is made of fire and air and in her lowest is a ribaudred nag. She changes as the Moon changes; and true to her prototype she fled at Actium. For Antony she is the Moon on earth. She dons the robes of Isis in that deity's capacity as Moon goddess; but at the last she renounces her changeful tutelary divinity and becomes marble-constant in death.

And the Dark Lady of the Sonnets? Like Lyly's black-haired Camilla, she is the principal in a triangular amorous intrigue. No elaborate physical description of her is given, but she is clearly of the Cleopatra sisterhood, with a natural beauty distinct from the conventional blond, with mournful black eyes and tender hands that play the virginal with its black and white keyboard. The poet thinks her black beauty of the highest order and loves her for it; but she is wilful, has seduced his

friend from him, and, in spite of all that the poet can do, will keep her hold over both of them. She is his evil angel, the worser spirit, a woman coloured ill tempting his better spirit from his side. He begs her to be wise as well as cruel and revert to him, lest he go mad and speak ill of her. Disillusioned, he thinks his eyes false in admiring her dark beauty. He comes to see a thousand faults in her, knows she is black as hell and dark as night; and though he protests that his love is not of the senses, he finds it a fever which longs for that which nurses the disease. His physician Reason has left him and he is past cure. It is a mystery how she makes him think that her worst exceeds the best and leads him to love her the more he sees in her to hate. She has broken her marriage-vow, he is forsworn in loving her; and they have flattered each other with lies. He deplores again and again the destructive power of lust.

The sentiments on beauty and lust and the animadversions on them might be the subject of any contemporary sonnet-sequence. The difference between this series and others, setting aside Shakespeare's mastery of words and poetic form, is that in this case, the sonneteer is not only a poet but also a playwright, and has infused into his sonnet-sequence, dealing in part with the established black and white heroine of legend, something of a dramatic story which had, after the manner of such sequences, to be written in terms of the first person. A mere modicum of fact may, with the aid of literary tradition, be cast by the poet's imagination into new and strange creations. Fulke Greville lauded an imaginary mistress in his sonnet collection *Caelica*. W. Percy in 1594 termed his *Sonnets to the Fairest Coelia* but "toys and amorous devices." In his sonnet book *Licia*, published in 1593, Giles Fletcher explains, "For this kind of poetry wherein I wrote, I did it only to try my humour." In the same year Nashe wrote in the *Unfortunate Traveller*, "truth it is, many become passionate lovers, onely to winne praise to theyr wits."

Meantime, a series of Dark Ladies, each purporting to be Shakespeare's Dark Lady, continue their multifarious literary adventures. In Bernard Shaw's brief trifle, as he calls it, *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, in which the Lady says little and Queen Elizabeth says much, we see what may be the end of an intrigue between a gifted lover of words and the black-haired, black-eyed devil called Mary Fitton—though Shaw knew very well that Mary Fitton was blond. In Clemence Dane's play *Will Shakespeare*, wisely called *An Invention*, the poet is said by Henslowe to be satisfied with nothing but the Moon for supper and Queen Elizabeth thereupon sends for Mary Fitton of the fair cheeks and black hair to meet the man who has wooed her with verse and now offers her the fairy lands of his imagination. Later, when a boy player is hurt, the daring woman plays Juliet; and later still, Marlowe and Shakespeare, rivals for her love, struggle over her in an Inn, and Marlowe is killed. The Dark Lady herself must be held responsible for all this false history. In Charles Williams's *Myth of Shakespeare* this same Mary, charmed by the poet's verse, lures him to follow her with a mere movement of her head. Some again have identified the Lady with Jacqueline Vautrollier, the Huguenot, who married Richard Field, Shakespeare's friend; others with a pure negress. In the Countess Longworth-Chambrun's book of imaginative souvenirs, *Mon Grand Ami Shakespeare*, the Lady, *la belle dame brune*, was

that second Circe, beloved of Shakespeare and Southampton, Nan Davenant of the Oxford Inn, who bewitched men with her wit and her music, her black and lustrous eyes, her skin like the petal of the nenuphar and the charm of Cleopatra: in all of which she resembles the less known account of the same lady in Robert W. Williams's novel of 1839, *The Youth of Shakespeare*. All this and much more is as inevitable as light and darkness. The black and white lady will command successive reincarnations in accordance with the law of her infinite variety and her changeless identity. Whatever avatar it may please her to assume, she will remain herself: for what was written in *Endimion* of Cynthia at the fountain is true also of this her minion, "always one, yet never the same: still inconstant, yet never wavering."

JOHN MUNRO.

RACIAL FUSION IN SOUTH AMERICA

THOSE who despair of a solution to the racial problem, who are disgusted by the retrogressive measures in South Africa and dissatisfied with British compromise in the new Central African Federation, would do well to devote a great deal more attention to the study of Portugal and Brazil. Of the political unions founded in the colonial period and the units of which are geographically widely dispersed the Portuguese is the most tranquil. There are no riots or demands for secession in Mozambique or Angola, Macao or Goa. The people of these places are not "Colonials", but Portuguese citizens, regardless of blood and colour; there is neither racial prejudice nor political discrimination. By a process of almost unconscious integration and the inborn Portuguese belief in the brotherhood of man, these overseas partners have grown to maturity smoothly and without periods of either repressive checks or violent progression. Brazil and the Brazilians are characterised by the genius with which they have developed the Lusitanian tradition of humanism and the unique ease with which they have fused multi-racial and cultural groups. Both countries have given to the world a quiet and too little studied example of how to solve the most dangerous irritant of our times, and one which, more than any other, will influence the future of mankind.

Neither in the Portuguese association of states nor the United States of Brazil is there the conscience-salving pattern of segregation practised in North America. Northern Brazil is racially black and mixed; the population of the Centre and South comprises people of divers origins—Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, German, French, Japanese, Polish and Russian, besides others from the Mediterranean and Near and Middle East and comprehensively dubbed "Turcos"—in fact blood of every race under the sun. There is a good leavening of African and Indian strain from the Guiana boundary in the North to the rolling plains of Rio Grande do Sul in the South. These racial groups live at peace and interbreed to a large extent; all have unconsciously absorbed the Iberian spiritual tradition and experience. Both Spaniard and Portuguese were for several centuries subject to Moorish rule. From the Moor they acquired

a humanism that is their predominant characteristic to this day. This period of Afro-Arab domination, accompanied by the partial assimilation of an alien culture and inter-racial fusion has decisively shaped the development and influence of the Iberian peoples throughout the world.

The trend of integration in Brazil is indicated by a comparison of population figures over the last one and a half centuries. In 1700 there were approximately 750,000 civilised inhabitants—that is white, black and brown people other than untamed Indians of the interior. By 1800 they had increased to two and a half millions, of whom only 400,000 were white, 1,500,000 negroes and 600,000 Indians. For many years prior to British enforcement of the slave traffic prohibition, Africans were being imported at the rate of 50,000 a year. Throughout the nineteenth century they continued to be the numerically dominant section of the population. In 1818 Humboldt estimated that there were 843,000 whites (the Napoleonic wars having given an enormous impetus to immigration from the peninsular); 1,887,500 negroes; 628,000 mestizos and mulattos and 259,400 civilised Indians. It will be seen that the Indian who came into contact with the white and black races were being rapidly absorbed by them and swelling the mixed part of the population. The mestizos in their turn tended to mate with the whites and the process of "bleaching" advanced, so that by 1940 there were—

Whites	26,171,778 or 63.46 per cent. of the whole
Blacks	6,035,869 or 14.64 per cent.
Yellow	242,320 (mostly Japanese)
Brown	8,744,365 or 21.21 per cent. (mixed and Indian)
Unspecified	41,983 (probably indeterminate inhabitants of the interior)

The whites have far outstripped the other groups and those who are neither Black nor White have increased proportionately to a far greater extent than the Black. Gradually a new homogeneous society and a distinct ethnological type—the true Brazilian—will evolve.

The visitor to Brazil quickly realises that he is witnessing the most important experiment of our time and, no matter what his background or preconceived views, he invariably feels elated by the experience. He breathes an atmosphere that is full of an indefinable "alegria" and sees about him what is, in many aspects, the prototype of the world state with every sign of a vital and original culture that yet owes much to Franco-Roman tradition and to liberal humanism. He becomes quickly aware of a virile artistic and architectural creativeness; everywhere there is evidence of ebullient growth and energy. São Paulo, which lies in the heart of the country and is the quickest growing city in the world, celebrates its four hundredth anniversary in 1954. Its ever increasing industry completely contradicts the thesis that race-mixture leads to degeneration. On its wide and well planned *avenidas* one may see a touch of the Far East in an eye-lid, of the Levant in the lineament of a nose. Descendants of savages from Guinea or Guarani Indians perform skilled and well paid jobs in factory and utility company. Pigmentation carries no stigma or handicap—they are Brazilians, free and equal.

In 1920 the population of São Paulo was 579,033; by 1950 it had risen to 2,041,716. Expansion goes on at the rate of 80,000 people a year, and

new buildings at 40 per day. The city's income has more than trebled in the past ten years. These facts hardly support the common arguments used against miscegenation. Without troubling to think deeply on the subject or even to investigate its results and implications the British, as a matter of habit and tradition, regard miscegenation with something akin to horror—as an ethical and social sin.

The Brazilian, on the other hand, is proud of its results and advocates it as a conscious policy. British policy has been based largely on an instinctive but unadmitted antipathy towards those of different colour; Latin policy on sympathy for humanity as a whole and on an uninhibited realism.

The reason for the gulf between the two approaches to the problem is largely geographical. Although the English are, like the Portuguese, one of the most mixed peoples in Europe the prevalent strains have all come from the North and from one race group. Britain has never been occupied or colonised by people of Asiatic or African origin, and its inhabitants have not, and still do not, with the exception of a small administrative and commercial minority, come into cultural or social contact with such people. Her northern insularity has tended to emphasise an instinctive aversion to cosmopolitanism. Iberia, on the contrary, is the stepping stone between Africa and Europe set in a sea that is also the gateway to the East. The experience of Iberians is, consequently, far more profound. We would do well, in view of the absolute necessity of reorientating ourselves in our relationship with those who were quite recently considered "the white man's burden" and "the inferior peoples," to let some fresh air into our minds, study that experience and question our own long-cherished notions.

The natural reaction of the protagonists of supremacy, race-purity and segregation will be to conclude that miscegenation in Brazil has bred a vicious and debased type—the greasy dago and villainous half-caste of the schoolboy novelette. The physique and character of Brazilians confounds the supposition. The independent observer finds nothing to support the thesis that cross-breeding is contrary to moral or natural law. The indelible impression is of a people endowed with natural dignity, a liberal tradition, and for whom the intolerance and oppressions of other lands are repulsive and barbarous. It is also evident that white blood dominates both physiologically, culturally and in character traits. The most primitive and pigmented of the partners is absorbed. The offspring of mixed marriages are whiter, not darker than the black or brown parent; also there is a common desire to maintain the ascendancy of white civilisation and culture—not to submerge these under the customs of the Congo. Contrary to the Malan bogey, Africans and Asians do not wish to challenge the supremacy of Western civilisation; it offers them far too much when they are allowed a share in what should be a universal heritage.

The pattern of Brazil proves that the emancipated coloured man who takes his place in a free society is eager to cherish the better attributes and achievements of Western culture and to make the utmost of its science and technology.

Where there is no prejudice against mixed marriage the tendency is for the white to dominate not only by the laws of nature but by desire.

The first generation mulatto wishes to strengthen and perpetuate his integration with the white and to reduce to vanishing point the African and more primitive strain. He, therefore, tends to seek a mate whiter than himself.

When inter-marriage is a matter of free choice and conscience, penalised by no social ostracism or economic handicap, the black or brown does not seek to drag his white mate's way of life down to the kraal or the shambles of the location shanty. He has already aspired to and adapted the white's way of life and surrounds himself with the cultural and material amenities that are its better part.

The falseness of "natural supremacy"—that the black man was pre-ordained perpetually to occupy a lower cultural and economic status than the white—is further evinced by a comparison of whites and blacks living under similar conditions. The natural inclination of the coloured man is to rise, not to sink or remain static. As with all people, his potential is governed by health and opportunity for education. I have frequently stayed at the ranchos of families as black as your hat or driven cattle across the campos for days on end and slept rolled in ponchos with men with flat negroid noses and ebony skins. In Brazil one does not think about the colour of skin—a man is a man to a lesser or greater degree; but, being British, I was impressed by the fact that the black or brown Brazilian, even in the remote hinter-land, is, if anything, more gracious, quite as reliable, competent and intelligent as the white.

There is a marked tendency to judge and assess the coloured man and to draw arbitrary conclusions about his ability and mental capacity without making allowance for the dominant factors of present environment and the proximity of a primitive and repressed past. (In this respect the sceptics will, if all goes well economically and politically, receive some surprises from Nigeria and the Gold Coast). In enquiring into social and ethnological conditions in Brazil it is foolish to ask: "Are the coloured people in exactly the same stage of development and economic status as those of European descent?" The answer is: in many cases—yes, but in the majority—no. But they have the same political and social rights as everyone else and a limitless future before them in a land of enormous promise. Slavery was abolished in 1888. Until then, and in many cases for years after, the Afro-Brazilian lived in the shadow of the Casa Grande and the paternalism of the Portuguese master. The slave ships carried tribal custom with their cargo, and its influence persisted in the *senzala**. To this day one can witness its manifestations in the matto and plantations. It takes far more than sixty-five years to eradicate the superstitions and habits of centuries; especially in a country of such enormous size as Brazil, the greater part of which is undeveloped and without communications. Had the black man an inborn preference for the jungle and the life of a savage he could easily have left the centres of industry and civilisation and taken to the forest and savannah of the interior and continued to live much as his forebears did across the ocean.

Conscious assimilation and integration is the purpose of leading Brazilians today. They aim not only to eradicate the differences of colour and genealogy, but insist that European immigrants incorporate

**Senzala*—The slave quarters on the Plantation.

themselves into the structure of the new nation. The results are eminently successful—there are no disaffected minority groups, no ruling strata exploiting a suppressed proletariat or "inferior" natives denied ordinary rights and opportunities, and, therefore, none of the conditions on which Communism feeds most eagerly in a multi-racial society. Apart from her great extent and economic potential, Brazil's promise of becoming one of the greatest democracies—in fact a pattern for all countries to emulate—is due to her achievement in producing the prototype of the future world-citizen.

J. L. ALEXANDER.

VENEZUELA—COUNTRY OF CONTRADICTIONS

AS a land of mystery, Venezuela would be hard indeed to beat. It enjoys an almost incredible prosperity, and yet, judging by the actions and attitudes of the citizens, their well-being might be fastened by nothing more substantial than a shoe-string. Something like seven times the size of England and Wales, the population is less than 4,000,000. Yet it is not on the land that the people have found prosperity. Nor is it the people who have made Venezuela prosperous. For it is not the nature of the Venezuelan to be energetic and enterprising. He loves ease and leisure, and his stock-raising, coffee, cocoa and sugar-growing never made the country even remotely wealthy. It was oil that made the difference, and the Americans who brought the initiative to find it, plus the technical skill and equipment to bring it surging to the surface. In this way, with the modern magic of engineering techniques, they caused oil to rise like an ever broadening and deepening stream, and with it the prosperity of Venezuela rose and spread. In 1936, 155 million barrels of oil were produced from the Venezuelan oilfields. By 1951 production had reached 623 million barrels, and production is still rising. Three undertakings are piping and transporting the oil. One is the ever growing Shell organization, whose plant at Punta Cardon went into production in February, 1949, and who began production at Amuay in 1950. The Sinclair Oil and Refining Company is there also, whilst at Puerto La Cruz it is the Venezuelan Gulf Oil Company which is responsible for a constantly expanding production. The Venezuelan Government receive over half of all the profits from oil, and they are more than adequate to all the country's needs. Venezuela is one of the few countries in the world which is not burdened by an external debt, and her internal debt does not exceed £150,000,000. As exports are roughly double the value of imports, such a sum is hardly worth a moment's thought. It is not surprising, therefore, that Caracas, the capital, should have a standard of life that might well be the envy of almost every other community in the world. One in every twelve of the 700,000 inhabitants owns a car, and taxis are used so extensively that a Government regulation compels their owners to replace them every two years. In spite of this, Caracas has the unenviable reputation of being the most expensive capital in the

world. A huge national income, an absence of any taxation that places any financial strain on anyone, has not resulted in cheap goods. The price required for everything is the top. This is, indeed, strange, for the huge oil reserves of the country are by no means its sole wealth. Venezuela has gold and diamonds, too, to say nothing of the iron-ore deposits, which are vast and unusually rich. U.S.A. industrialists are busy mining the iron-ore, and for the privilege they are pouring more millions of American dollars into Venezuela. A company which has the backing of the mighty American Bethlehem Steel organization is now producing two million tons of steel on the spot. And plant is being built to double the output.

A country so thinly populated, with such vast natural resources and with an economy that is expanding almost magically would, apparently, be free of all financial anxieties. Yet this is by no means the case. As recently as the beginning of 1953, the demand for oil in the U.S.A. slumped. Why this temporary slump took place at all remains something of a mystery. Nevertheless, although it lasted only a few weeks, it frightened the Venezuelans very badly. The signs of crisis vanished, but there is still no confidence in Venezuela. The chief reason for this is to be found in America, where oil concerns are demanding that they should be protected against Venezuelan competition. It is much more costly to produce oil in the United States than in Venezuela, and American oil concerns have already filed a Bill which, if passed by Congress and Senate, would curtail oil imports. Such a possibility fills the Venezuelans with dread, and, if it became a fact, it would lead to a radical revision of policy and would inevitably involve a large percentage of the population in hardship.

The Government of the country is as peculiar as the economic position. The Venezuelans seem to have a love of trouble, and for nearly a hundred years they indulged strikes and revolutions so extensively that Europeans dismissed them as a chronic complaint that was not too serious and for which there was no cure. It was Gomez who proved everyone wrong about the cure. Seizing power in 1909, he ruled firmly until 1935, imposing a dictatorship which was not without a great degree of wisdom, and which put an end to revolutions. Signs that democracy was to establish itself became evident in 1940. Several political parties came into existence, one of the most influential being the Socialist Accion Democratica. But, in 1948, power was seized by the Army, Government being taken over by a Military Council of three Lieutenant-Colonels, among them Marcos Perez Jimenez, the strongest and most influential. Ever since, this trio has ruled as a military oligarchy, but they were seriously jolted when they decided to test their popularity with the people. They believed that they could confidently seek the approval of the Venezuelans. The ceaseless flood of American dollars had made the country remarkably prosperous, resulting in a great degree of social progress. The Government felt that they would be given the credit for the advances made, and that they would receive approval, providing they did not allow the Accion Democratica party to take part in the elections. To the astonishment and mortification of the Military Council, the vote went against them. Determined not to lose their power, however, the

election results were hushed up, and the promised Constitutional Assembly did not meet. The leader of the Opposition was exiled to Panama and Marcos Perez Jimenez was appointed "temporary President".

Thus the contradictions in Venezuela remain. There is great prosperity, and yet there is a definite undercurrent of uncertainty. There is a Government which has imposed peace and which can claim to have initiated a good deal of social progress. Nevertheless, it rules against the wishes of the people. There are immeasurable natural resources and a rapidly expanding industry, nevertheless prices remain exceedingly high and show no sign of falling. At the moment, Venezuela knows peace and prosperity. How long it will last depends on many things. But should prosperity end, it is almost certain that internal peace will end also.

MAX GORDON.

THE KING OF BIRDS

CERTAINLY the largest and most splendid of our British birds, the eagle is everywhere accepted as the symbol of might and majesty, for its appearance in the crests at one time or another of such countries as America, Russia and Germany is no chance happening. Although its actual behaviour may belie the belief of its strength and prowess, it has always been associated in the minds of men with such attributes. Apart from its traditional name of the King of Birds, are there not many allusions to this magnificent creature in literature? From Chaucer's "royal egle that with his sharpe look pierceth the sun" to Tennyson's bird that

"Clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands. . .
He watches from his mountain walls
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

the eagle has inspired men by his appearance of power.

It is a little surprising to become acquainted with this bird and to find it a most timid and almost cowardly creature. Nevertheless to any lover of the works of nature, the golden eagle still remains a splendid bird in many ways, and one that Scotland is fortunate to have all to herself in these isles. For all the golden eagles that now remain in Britain, and the species has been dwindling for many years, make their home in the Highlands. According to one authority there are not many more than 250 pairs of eagles in Scotland today, but on the whole the species is holding their own in the face of much persecution, and it seems likely that the population will remain much the same for the years to come.

It is a strange but significant fact that both our largest and smallest wild birds should have the word "gold" in their names, the golden eagle and the goldcrest, but it is possible that in the case of the eagle the name has grown up through its associations, for its colour varies in different birds from tawny-brown to shades of chocolate and yellow. The young birds, or eaglets, have white tails barred with black and brown, and when seen alone are sometimes confused with sea-eagles, which are a different species not native to Britain. Like nearly all birds of prey, and in this respect

unlike nearly every other variety of bird, the hen eagle is larger than her mate. Although a hunter by nature, the golden eagle is not so spectacular a killer as say the peregrine falcon or the sparrowhawk. Instead of hunting from a great height, it beats fairly low over the hillsides taking its prey from the ground, seizing small victims like rabbits, birds like crows, gulls, plover and curlew by the head, and the larger quarry by the head and haunch together. Among the other creatures that may be devoured are blue hares, grouse, ptarmigan, sickly lambs and as often as not the already dead carcasses of other birds or animals.

It is on the grouse moors that the golden eagle is shot out of hand, for it undoubtedly does take grouse, both adult and young on occasion, and the presence of a pair of eagles may well ruin a day's shoot. However, in the deer forests just the reverse is the case; eagles are generally encouraged to occupy the area for they keep down the numbers of hares and grouse and other birds that may spoil the deerstalker's chances of approaching his wary prey. Constantly alert by nature, such creatures might easily give away the presence of the huntsman to the deer when they are unaware of his approach. To a certain degree, these two interests usually managed to keep the eagle population at about the same level, for they are conservative birds, and a pair that has selected a certain tract of countryside for its domain will live there for many years, and incidentally will not tolerate the entry of any other of their kin. In any case it always seems a pity that such fine birds have to be destroyed at all, for they are scarce enough now without undue slaughter. It was only two centuries ago that golden eagles were common in the Midlands, in Wales and the Lake District. Now they have been pushed northwards until a visitor to the Lowlands of Scotland is looked upon as a rare occurrence today. It is to be hoped that through various agencies this bird will find encouragement to nest further afield again soon.

The average Highland shepherd has no love for the eagle, for he holds that his flocks are always in danger when these birds may be about. The question of golden eagles attacking sheep is one that has occupied the minds of many people, expert and otherwise. It has been found that the presence of eagles enjoying a meal of an apparently recently-slaughtered sheep or lamb is due to a misapprehension, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. In reality the bird has found a dead sheep or lamb on the ground and, being always fond of carrion or any meal that can be obtained with little effort, has promptly made short work of the carcase, which gives every appearance of having recently met its end at the talons of the eagle. It is equally true that golden eagles are just as fond of mutton or lamb as they are of any other food, but it is exceptional for them to attack living animals of such size. Like every other aspect of natural history it is unwise to lay down any rigid rules regarding the habits of birds, for so much depends, as with human beings, on the individual. What one particularly fearless eagle will do should not be taken as representing the whole species. There have been cases where eagles have actually attacked and carried off lambs, but they were sickly stock and would have died very soon anyway. One case is also recorded of a single bird trying to kill a deer, without much success, but that again was an exception to the general behaviour.

Nevertheless, faced with such apparently positive evidence that the eagles are killers of his flock, the Highland shepherd will eradicate them as far as he can, which is, of course, a pity, for many birds must have met their fate in this manner whilst being innocent of murdering sheep. The remedy seems to be in some form of better enlightenment for the people concerned, for as a nation we cannot afford to lose much more of our bird heritage. In some years the golden eagle has also suffered at the hands of the egg-collector, for if the eggs are once taken, very rarely will a hen eagle lay again that season. The same eyrie is generally used year after year, and even whilst the birds are breeding they will continue to bring twigs and branches to the structure which soon assumes enormous proportions. Two eggs are usually laid and although the male bird does little to help incubate them, he takes a share in feeding the eaglets. From watches kept on this great bird from "hides" it has been shown that great care is taken to give the young birds food that they can easily dispose of. First the babies are fed on the livers of their parents' victims, then in turn, as they grow, they receive raw flesh, plucked and unplucked birds, by which time they are taught to hunt for themselves. The eagle, although a spartan bird by nature, is a very careful parent and birds have been seen protecting their progeny from the sun's rays, or at night from the dew, by spreading their wings over them. The eaglets remain in their nursery eyrie for about eleven weeks for which time they are dependent upon the adult birds for food and the sanitation of their home. Much more remains to be learned of every aspect of this bird's life, as may be said about every wild bird, and if, through added protection and encouragement of the golden eagle wherever it is found, we gain further opportunity to study its ways, we shall also be increasing the numbers of one of the most magnificent birds it is our good fortune to inherit.

CLIVE BEECH.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

THE Middle East has been prominent politically during recent years, and apart from such ancient cities as Damascus and Jerusalem, and the little towns of Nazareth and Bethlehem, probably the most wonderful survivals there from Biblical days are the cedars of Lebanon. No trees in human history have been so renowned or so bound up with the records of old-time civilizations as these, and none received more frequent mention in the literature of the Hebrews. The writers of the Old Testament era regarded the cedars of Lebanon as the crowning glory of the plant world, and they brought renown and wealth to the Phoenicians, whose sailors carried cargoes of cedar timber all over the Mediterranean. On account of its beauty, stateliness and strength, the cedar of Lebanon has always been a favourite with poets and painters, and it is often alluded to in the Scriptures as a symbol of power, prosperity and longevity. The tree has been introduced into many countries, and there are a number of splendid ones in Britain, where the cedar probably arrived during the reign of Elizabeth I. Although the timber of the cedar is easy to work, the tree is grown in Europe for ornamental purposes only, and the finest

cedars adorn parks and gardens, where they flourish and spread without hindrance.

The history of Phoenicia is inextricably bound up with that of the cedar. Its peoples were beset by foes on almost every hand. The sea lay before, the glorious forests of cedar flourished behind, and naturally they became traders in cedar wood. Five thousand years ago they were bartering their trees for the flint and bronze articles of Egypt. Cedar wood went to the making of temple doors and pillars and to the shaping of Egyptian craft on the Nile. How abundant the trees were is evident from the fact that Solomon had 80,000 "hewers of wood" and 70,000 "bearers of burden" toiling in relays year after year, according to the agreement he had made with the rulers of Tyre. Enormous quantities of timber were felled, but still much remained. The Romans, however, wisely forbade the reckless destruction of the magnificent trees. Boundary stones were set up to mark the limits of cutting. It was later, during the time of Turkish ascendancy, that the trees were almost completely exterminated. The tragedy began with the Christian Emirs. These, driven by the necessity of offering tribute to the Turks, who used the timber in their iron furnaces, felled the trees in enormous numbers. As well, goats did incalculable and irreparable damage. They were allowed to scramble anywhere over the hills and they destroyed most of the young trees. Thousands of the creatures dislodged the stones which held back the fertile soil and prevented the scanty rainfall rushing tempestuously to the valleys; trees were cut indiscriminately and in like manner their roots no longer restrained the water from eroding the precious soil. For four centuries from 1516 the Turks put a price as it were on the crown of every tree. A tax was imposed on every individually owned tree. The forests were denuded of almost every accessible cedar, and further felling took place during World War I, when the wood was even used for locomotive fires. Today (not surprisingly) the cedars have practically all vanished except for odd ones and the main grove enclosed at the foot of Jebel Makhmal. In this grove there are about 400 trees, varying in age from over a thousand years to 200 years old, although legend even asserts that the most ancient ones are 7,000 years old. But such extreme age is not supported by authority. The most venerable trees of all stand on two hillocks, seven on one and five on the other, and close to these is the chapel of the Maronites, an ancient Christian community, and the centre of the Christian religion in the Lebanon. The biggest trees are up to 40 feet around the base, and they are objects of veneration to the natives of the countryside.

When one has seen a cedar in its full majesty—and something of this can be gained from our British specimens—the tree can never be mistaken again. The following paragraph, from "My Travels With a Donkey" by Captain Quintin Hogg, now Lord Hailsham, depicts in vivid phrase how the cedar impresses those sensitive to its wonderful beauty. Having a short leave in the Near East, Captain Hogg, as a member of the Alpine Club, naturally made for the mountains and, as an ardent Christian, headed for that "Christian enclave in the hard core of Lebanon," which has survived for so many centuries the Mohammedan conquest, and this is how he saw the trees: "I had expected to be disappointed with the

cedars. Many travellers are who see them from above. They consist of a small clump of about 400 trees—but what trees! Of immemorial age and gigantic girth, they soar into the sky. The best way to see them is to lie on your back underneath. Then you are in the vast primeval forest that once covered the land. These very trees, naturally sown, filling the air with delicious fragrance, made the ships of Phoenicia, which sailed to Carthage, to Spain, to Britain and even round the Cape (if we are to believe Herodotus), which fought at Salamis; of this wood were built the temples of Ra and Amon in Egypt, of Hadad at Damascus, of Zeus Helios at Baalbek, and even of Jehovah at Jerusalem".

When growing in the open a cedar towers to a height of from 50 to 80 feet, but under the most favourable conditions some specimens exceed 100 feet. The huge bole speaks eloquently of strength and power, but there are usually only from six to ten feet of bare trunk, and then it throws out the great spreading branches which grow far more rapidly than the trunk itself. Then this divides into several stems, and as the tree grows the upper branches become mingled. The cedar is an evergreen, and although it has a certain number of leaves every year they take two or three years to mature, and last four or five years as a rule. The leaves are very tough and when growing they exude much resin. When mature they are a beautiful and characteristic dark bluish-green. Cones are borne when the tree is from 20 to 25 years old, and they take two seasons to mature, but hang on several years. The catkins are reddish and about two inches long, and the cones when young and green have a pinkish bloom which they afterwards lose, becoming a rich brown. After fertilisation they attain a length of about four inches, and form thin, but broad and tough scales, each of which bears two broadly-winged seeds.

Cedars are exceedingly hardy, for they will grow up to an elevation of 6,000 feet. The greater the height at which a tree is found, the stronger is its timber. That of the park-grown cedars of Europe cannot compare with timber cut from mountain-grown trees. It is more spongy and not unnaturally, less lasting. As evidence of the strength and durability of the best cedar, it may be mentioned that portions of cedar beams from the palace at Nineveh, now in the British Museum, have been pronounced genuine cedar and considering their tremendous age they are still in remarkably perfect condition. Mr. St. Barbe Baker, found of The Men of the Trees, records that some years ago, when he was excavating with the late Sir Flinders Petrie, they came across some great charred beams in a palace built at the time of Rameses. There had been a fire and timbers had crashed to the floor level and became buried in the debris. The place was Tel Fara, which was the same as Bethpele or House of Escape mentioned in the Book of Joshua. It was the home of David's famous Pelethite Guard. Mr. Baker was able to cut sections of the charred wood and identify them as cedar of Lebanon. John Evelyn, the diarist, lover of trees and arboriculturalist, was an enthusiast where the cedar was concerned, and a pioneer in its introduction into England. In 1679 he received some seeds from Lebanon and wrote: "Why should they not thrive in Old England? I know not, save for the want of industry and trial." Nevertheless these seeds were not the first to be planted in England. What is believed to be the oldest cedar stands near Cantorist House,

in Childrey, near Wantage. In 1630 Edward Pococke, then a young man who was to acquire fame as an Orientalist and Biblical scholar, sailed to Aleppo as chaplain to an English factory there. On his return he brought with him seeds of the cedar of Lebanon, and he planted them at Childrey, of which he held the living. A sapling survived and now thrives as a glorious tree.

At the beginning of this account it was mentioned that the cedar was frequently referred to in Hebrew literature, and it may prove interesting to touch upon some of the allusions. This verse of the Hebrew poet is one of the loveliest:

The trees of the Lord are full of sap;
The cedars of Lebanon, which He has planted;
Where the birds make their nests.

To the Hebrews the cedar was truly "the glory of Lebanon," and the very name "cedar" is said to have reference to the pre-eminence of the tree in the world of nature. For it appears to have derived from the Arabic "kedroun" or "kedree," meaning "power," a word ascribed to it because of its majestic proportions. Solomon had large cedar forests planted in his own kingdom, and in Psalm 80 the cedar is associated with the vine as a symbol of Israel brought from Egypt. Isaiah gave as an illustration of the goodness of God the fact that He would give His people shelter from the burning sun by planting "in the wilderness a cedar," and one of the best-known references is the Psalmist's "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." In Psalm 148, in which "all the pipes in the organ of nature are set playing to the glory of God," the cedar is the only tree mentioned by name.

The most wonderful description of all is in Ezekiel 31, of a cedar "with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chesnut trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty".

E. R. YARHAM.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

STORM IN EGYPTIAN TEA CUP

THE recent fortnight's storm, though more concentrated than is usual, in no way departed from the modern pattern of Egyptian politics. It began on February 25th when General Neguib resigned from the Presidency, and to all appearances thereby ceased to be the dictator of the revolution. It ended—although no doubt it will recur in

one form or another—on March 8th, when he was restored to his former position as Prime Minister and Chairman of the Revolutionary Council. It was Colonel Nasser, who had taken over General Neguib's post as Prime Minister in the short and uneasy interlude, who proposed on March 8th that General Neguib should return to his triple competence as Prime Minister, Chairman of the Council and President of the Republic. On that day Major Salah Salem, the Minister of National Guidance, made the not surprising announcement—not surprising because no manifestation of instability or chaos can surprise those who give even a passing glance at these Egyptian eruptions—that the joint conference of Revolutionary Council and Cabinet had decided that the recent changes "must be erased"; and he also said that "in spite of recent events, the nation emerged united and determined to strive towards its goal".

The use of words in the political field often deprives the words of meaning. When a nation happens to be the cockpit of rival dictators, the rivals compete in describing the spectacle as a manifestation of unity; and they talk vaguely of their nation striving towards a goal when the only apparent striving is the competition for power among themselves. It is true that Colonel Nasser on March 9th declared that the Council of the Revolution had "settled its differences"—of which in almost the same breath he denied the existence—"in order to pursue our major aim, the evacuation of British troops from the Suez base"; but the said aim was the normal instrument for inflaming the nationalist passions of the people, on which the rivals scrambled for power over the people.

In this tornado of Egyptian instability—the descriptive word used by Mr. Eden in the House of Commons when these events were taking place—little is gained by the detailed chronicle of the quickly changing scene: of the Nasser-Neguib alternation from mutual hostility to comrades-in-arms against the British, spiced by British protection of General Neguib against the mob in Khartoum when he went there on March 1st for the ceremonial opening of the Sudan parliament: a ceremony which had to be postponed because of the events in Cairo, and their repercussion in Khartoum. On that day the anti-Neguib rioting involved the death of thirty people, including the British police commandant of Khartoum, Mr. H. S. McGuigan, and Superintendent Mustapha el Mahdi, and more than a hundred wounded. On returning promptly to Cairo (March 2nd) General Neguib broadcast the glib accusation that the "sedition" staged in Khartoum was a British product: an obvious line of polemics not worth examining. But it is equally obvious that the rioting was anti-British as well as anti-Egyptian, the cry for independence being at this time almost universal.

On the wide view indeed these Egyptian and Sudanese storms are part and parcel of the scattered manifestations of nationalist, political and economic unrest unfolding in Africa, the Middle East and Asia. There are few observers of this modern scene who do not expect that almost before the reverberations of these recent events in Cairo and Khartoum have died down, other disturbances of the like kind will break out in the continuing cavalcade. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, Foreign Office, on arriving in London by air from Khartoum (March 9th) con-

firmed the general expectation that further disturbances in the Sudan were to be feared.

LONDON AND GEORGETOWN

The Government in London has announced a long-term policy for British Guiana. Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in making the announcement to the House of Commons on February 8th last, estimated that the five-year plan he outlined would cost not less than £15,000,000. The details are now being worked out on the spot, in British Guiana. We are thus in effect given a quick illustration of what it costs the British taxpayer to undo the effects of the precipitate, unwise experiment in "democracy" that was tried last year in that colony. The British Government could have been told in advance by any observer of even slight acquaintance with the situation—any of the missionary priests could have told it with overwhelming force—that you cannot treat a backward country of almost primitive inhabitants beset by communist propaganda as though it were a politically developed country capable of choosing its own government and of exercising the functions of democracy. The fiasco of a general election that took place in April a year ago merely gave the communists (whose leaders had been coached in advance by visits to countries already submerged behind the Iron Curtain) their congenial opportunity of imposing a virtual communist dictatorship over the country. Crude and typical methods of terrorisation and sabotage were used by the communists to "win" the election, and the British Government had to take prompt action to undo the disaster invited by its own folly. The new constitution, which had been put into effect in the spring of 1953 was withdrawn before the end of the year; and in its place there is now to be substituted the better expedient of enabling the people of the colony to develop a way of life approximating to the standards of a modern State.

For instance, in view of the fact that the country, which is about the size of the British Isles, is totally undeveloped as to 99 per cent. of its surface, 87 per cent. of it being covered with forest, it is proposed to spend some £9,000,000 during the next two years to provide the means of transport and communications such as roads, railways, posts and telegraphs. Another £2,500,000 is to be spent at once on schemes of drainage, irrigation and land settlement for small farmers, and a like sum for social needs such as houses to replace, for instance, the so-called "ranges", the hovels which are used to house the workers on the sugar estates. In other words it has been decided to put the horse before the cart, a procedure which commends itself to such people as happen to be experienced in the ways of horses and carts.

The unfortunate thing about last year's experimental blunder in "democracy" for British Guiana was that it betrayed an almost total ignorance on our side of the Atlantic of the elementary facts. It may therefore be worth while to recall one or two of them. In that vast forest of a country there are not many more than a third of a million people, the biggest section (43.5 per cent. of the whole) being *East* Indians, who immigrated into the country during the last century for work on the sugar and rice estates. Between 1841 and 1911 they immigrated at an

average rate of 4,000 a year. They are hardworking and thrifty, and are the mainstay of the labour needed by the estates aforesaid, which are themselves the economic backbone of the country. The next largest group is of African stock (38 per cent. of the whole) deriving from the slaves who were imported into the colony before the slave trade was abolished in 1807, and who now are advanced enough to provide many of the teachers, clerks, doctors and lawyers now being trained. The general foundation of the country's civilisation was laid by the nine Jesuit fathers who arrived there in 1857. In the country parts outside Georgetown the non-Catholic missions have become very active, and non-Catholics now outnumber the Catholics.

The future of this numerically small country, whose inhabitants, in addition to those already mentioned, include West Indians, Chinese, Portuguese and other Europeans, is bound to cause anxiety in the context of the general world issue of civilisation versus atheist communism. As a result of last year's experiment, the communists have undoubtedly obtained a foothold; and communists are not easily uprooted from footholds. After last December's suspension of the ill-fated constitution communist propaganda is not only as active as ever in British Guiana itself, but has spread its net abroad, embracing Great Britain itself, where its spokesmen have already made use of the limelight gratuitously played upon them to make a bid for British support in their designs upon the colony. As elsewhere in the world, the communist danger can be met and defeated only by an active Christian resistance, although the new economic plan now projected by the British Government will no doubt help in a collateral or subsidiary sense.

DISAGREEMENT AFORETHOUGHT

If a further illustration could help towards an appreciation of an already clear situation, it was given by the recent Berlin Conference of the four Foreign Ministers. It is unnecessary to seek any detailed account of what took place in those four weeks (January and February) because the only fact that matters is that no agreement at all was reached on anything. It has been consistently obvious since 1945 that the Kremlin's main purpose in its international dealings is to establish the impossibility of agreement between East and West. At all costs, it seems, the danger of accommodation or compromise must be withstood. Let a single instance be taken of what that negative policy involved. For many years there has been persistent failure to reach agreement over a treaty for Austria. By the time the recent conference began in Berlin, the position reached was that five particular points remained outstanding in the draft of the treaty. Those points were Russian amendments to the draft which the western Powers had been bound to reject. In Berlin, as though desperately anxious to salvage at any cost an Austrian treaty from the general wreck, the three Western Powers, supported by the Austrian Foreign Minister, Herr Figl, who had been invited to take part in those particular discussions, roundly announced that they were now ready to accept all five of those Russian amendments which alone had held up agreement on the Austrian treaty. Did Mr. Molotov thank them and duly accept a Russian dip-

lomatic victory in the form of a treaty embodying Russia's demands? Not at all. He quickly turned his coat, and made new conditions and stipulations such as made it impossible for a treaty to be agreed. In other words, in order to prevent an agreement with the West, Mr. Molotov refused to agree to a western acceptance of his own terms.

Need investigation go further? We have had this experience in its modern aspect without an exception to the general pattern for the past nine years; but in its essence it has been going on for more than a generation. There has today been a mere intensification of the tactic. A generation ago, at the time of the London negotiations for an Anglo-Soviet treaty, Mr. Rakovsky played the fool, not only by disappearing at the moment when the conference was due to open (and being found later in the day disporting himself on the swings and roundabouts of the Wembley Amusement Park), but by making wayward and impossible demands when he did consent to attend the conference; but he did so in a spirit of frank buffoonery and good companionship, with a gleam of humour twinkling in his eye. Just as, on the eve of his coming to London to be a first diplomatic representative of the Soviet Union, whose theoretic business it would be to improve Anglo-Russian relations, he wrote and published a pamphlet attacking the British Empire, foretelling its imminent collapse and promising himself an active role in London to help on that collapse: so when he reached London he never lost an opportunity of poking fun at everything British, the while making friends in London to such good human effect that he brought upon himself the later displeasure of the Kremlin.

To the historian, in the cold dawn of established fact, established when these muddled motives of today have spent their force, it will no doubt become a fair topic of comment to recall that in 1954, after nearly forty years of consistent experience, the politicians of the Western Christian countries went to Berlin to chronicle still another flat failure to reach agreement with Russia. Mr. Dulles remarked during the course of the conference that Mr. Molotov seemed to go out of his way to make agreement impossible. Yet, so far as the spoken verdict is concerned, no Western politician has yet committed himself to the conviction or the suspicion that disagreement is the deliberate coldblooded purpose of the Kremlin. I remember in the early years of this grand guignol performance, more indeed than thirty years ago, a leading Russian commissar telling me openly that in the nature of things there could be no agreement between Russia and the West. He gave two reasons for that assertion, one religious, the other economic. How in the religious field, he asked, could there be agreement between a "philosophy" (as he called it) of atheism and one of Christianity; and in the economic field, how could there be agreement between a State which imposed a system of governmental control of every need and duty (in which logically money became an unnecessary token of values) and States which retained the capitalist system of values and methods?

He went on to explain that what was then called, and is still prescribed as, the world revolution is a prime and cardinal prerequisite of the survival of the Russian revolution itself; for how can Russia abolish money in her own confines when she needs money as the yardstick of commercial

exchange with States which retain money as the only means of such exchange? Therefore, he said, it is strictly wrong to describe the Russian system as "communist". The ideology and ultimate purpose are communist; but pending the communisation of the whole world, including the effective suppression of the Christian Church, there can be nothing more in Russia than "socialism". Hence it is that the Russian Government in the nature of things cannot reach agreement by conference or otherwise with the West. She must on the contrary go on establishing and accentuating disagreement with the West as the very basis of her own survival.

WORDS VERSUS SUBSTANCE

Confusion and an ever nearer approach to exasperation persists in the minds of ordinary simple people as this high and modern diplomacy continues its unrepentant course of cold war and hollow words. Another interview has been given to an American journalist by the head of the Soviet Union, in which the usual honeyed words—there have been several such interviews in recent years—were directed towards the unchanging belligerent end. The proffered honey tasted bitter, and indeed was not honey at all. The substance of the obvious intention was the continuing sordidity of the materialist vendetta. We have had this experience for so long. The human heart cries out for something good and simple, something congenial to the eternal yearnings of the human spirit. The cry gets no answer. "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed". How long must this nauseating spectacle continue of the powerful Russian politicians holding up the world to ransom? If these two wicked wars of the century had not enthroned their politicians in the seats of the mighty, we should be spared these soulless impositions. Before Stalin died, such men and women as had not in despair ceased to take any interest in high politics kept on wondering and hoping that the obscenities would die the natural death of evil things: for as Bishop Ottokar Proháska once observed, "Good is always much more plentiful than evil. Evil is barely a shadow". But this particular shadow seems to persist. After Stalin died, hope again revived, and was again slowly choked.

When the first new year dawned in the post-Stalin era an American journalist emulated the enterprise of some of his forerunners by putting a few straightforward questions to Mr. Malenkov, such as gave the new Russian leader a chance of contributing something healthy to a world almost starved of confidence in Russian goodwill. He answered the questions in the style, as familiar as depressing, of correctitude in words and subterfuge in content. The interview was given on New Year's day. It was reported verbatim in *Soviet News* on January 4th. It is necessary to wade through that report, repellent though it be, because it went some way towards answering the suspense of millions of people who wanted to know whether the Kremlin had in fact undergone a change of heart. The first question put to Mr. Malenkov opened wide the gate for him. He ignored it. Asked "What are your wishes for the American people for 1954?" his answer, as it were automatic, merely repeated the old clichés: "I wholeheartedly wish the American people happiness and a peaceful life. I wish the American people success in the development of friendly relations with all peoples and fruitful results in the lofty cause of defending peace from any attempts to violate it".

With grim persistence the interviewer put the question in another form: "Do you hope that the new year will be marked by the consolidation of ties of friendship between the peoples of America and Russia?" The answer was a repetition of the former answer, at twice the length. May the reader forgive me, but it must be quoted: "First of all" (he said) "it is necessary to wish for improvement in the relations between our countries. I hold that there are no objective obstacles to an improvement between the Soviet Union and the United States in the new year, and to the strengthening of the traditional ties of friendship between the peoples of our countries. And I hope that this will be the case." Being next asked about "the possibilities of preserving world peace and easing international tension in 1954" he gave another cliché about the peoples' yearning for lasting peace and about the favourable possibilities of a "further" relaxation of international tension in 1954, adding of course that the Soviet Union would "continue" to do everything in its power to enable the peoples to live in peace.

In an attempt presumably to get something practical as distinct from wordy from those lips, the interviewer put this question: "What do you consider the most important step that could be undertaken in 1954 in the interests of world peace?". It was the answer to that question that brought the interview to its inevitable end. Mr. Malenkov repeated verbatim and unchanged, the proposal about armaments which for several years has frustrated every attempt made from the west to deal with that problem, a proposal whose insincerity and chicanery have been exposed time after time within the United Nations and are indeed obvious without such exposition.

The proposal, as need hardly be said, is that atomic weapons, in which Russia is relatively weak, be *abolished*, and other weapons, in which she is relatively strong, be *proportionately reduced* (whereby the relative superiority would be retained by Russia). The repetition Mr. Malenkov gave of that proposal on January 1st must be quoted to substantiate the fact that it has not been dropped or modified by the Kremlin. "Such a step" said Mr. Malenkov "would be the conclusion of an agreement among the States on the strength of which the parties to the agreement would assume the solemn and unconditional obligation not to use atomic, hydrogen and other weapons of mass destruction. Such an agreement would make it easier to reach an understanding on the complete prohibition of atomic weapons and the establishment of strict international control over the fulfilment of the ban on the use of atomic energy for military purposes. Simultaneously with this, the Soviet Government deems that it would be necessary to reach agreement on a substantial reduction of all other types of armaments and armed forces. All this would undoubtedly reduce State expenditure for military requirements and would ease the economic condition of the population".

The iron differentiation between a verbal pretence in the cause of peace and an intransigent pursuit of Russia's hostile purpose no doubt logically results from the communist ideology which rejects all moral standards whether Christian or natural. In Berlin Mr. Molotov was soon to give an abundant further illustration of the like repudiation of morality, sincerity and truth. He grimly pursued his materialist and belligerent

purpose, not even caring—so one must inescapably conclude—what his hearers thought of his performance on the moral criterion. It is hard to believe that a man should take his stand on the assumption that he has nothing to lose by being subjected to such a criterion, because he does not even pretend to regard the abstract truth in any but a tactical spirit. Yet one single instance of what he said in Berlin illustrates that remarkable attitude of mind. On February 3rd in the course of his routine flinging of accusations and insults across the table he made the statement, bald, and uncovered, that in 1939 Mr. Neville Chamberlain "connived at Hitler's invasion of Poland". To gasp is perhaps a reaction long ago atrophied by sheer fatigue. Outside the conference room, however, where his remarks could be, and were, reported, there were probably few people so ignorant of the most elementary facts of the contemporary story as not to remember that it was precisely Mr. Chamberlain's guarantee of assistance to Poland in the event of a German attack on Poland—the guarantee was given on March 31st 1939—that automatically brought Britain into war against Germany when Germany invaded Poland. There is something almost flippant in the facility with which Mr. Molotov can make statements which he must know are readily proved to be false, and which he must know therefore cannot deceive anyone.

The only conclusion that is available to the curious is that he is not interested in his own moral reputation but only in the pursuit of his belligerent purpose. I remember saying to a Russian ambassador during the course of the 1939-45 war that the Russian communiqués were obviously untrue, because the number of prisoners claimed amounted mathematically in a few months total to more than the entire population of Germany. He merely answered "What does that matter? Communiqués are an act of war. If they deceive anyone, they achieve their purpose". The fact that they could not deceive anyone illustrates how the exclusively materialist mentality, bereft of goodness and humour alike, defeats its object.

March 11th 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CATHERINE THE GREAT

In this, his latest book dealing with the eighteenth century, Dr. Gooch presents not a biography but a character study of Catherine the Great, followed by four other studies of four French Salons, those presided over by Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. Necker, Mme. de Deffand and Julie de Lespinasse; and, after this, a critical examination of Voltaire as historian. The whole emerges as the portrait of an age interpreted in the light of certain great personages who dominated it. It is the age of the enlightened despot—with the two other great representatives thereof, Frederick and Maria Theresa, Dr. Gooch has already made us familiar—the age of reason; the age of glory and magnificence in high

places. Of the crackling of thorns under the pot, the crackling which heralded the French Revolution, and "the era of Enlightened Autocracy passed into history and the era of the common man came within sight," there are only a few sentences. But how pregnant they are. Dr. Gooch must have been told a great many times, but it may perhaps be permitted to say once more without impertinence, that he possesses to a singular degree the art which conceals art. The concise phrases indicating what was coming, each balanced and in the right place, are used to show what the enlightened ruler and the apostle of reason had in common, namely, complete unawareness of any force or forces in society which should threaten to overthrow what they conceived, and quite honestly conceived, as being best for mankind. Voltaire applies his "measuring rod of reason" to society and dies eleven years before the fateful meeting of the States General, unaware of the bath of blood that was preparing, unaware that "the Age of Understanding was to bury the Age of Reason as the Age of Reason had challenged the Age of Faith". Catherine lived through the French Revolution to see the first attempts at internal reconstruction. Dr. Gooch has a penetrating analysis of the Memorandum she drew up in 1792; a memorandum which indicates at one and the same time her conception of the proper functions of a monarchy—a conception which accounts for her contempt for the émigrés—and her incorrigible ignorance of the new France.

It is in the light of this unawareness that these studies must be read. The important thing is that it does not belong to persons relying on the past and secure in their conviction that as it was so it shall be. The French king can be described as that lazy and dissolute monarch who lived on the rapidly diminishing capital bequeathed by le Roi Soleil, king of that golden age, of which Voltaire, a grateful beneficiary, was the historian.

Catherine, born into a petty German princely family, served her hard apprenticeship married to the heir to the Russian throne, adopted the country as her own and, where everything depended on the ruler, placed her empire politically among the great powers; while at the same time, in her contacts notably with Voltaire and Grimm but also in her patronage of western artists, removed, in Dr. Gooch's happy phrase, at any rate some of the obstacles to cultural cross-fertilisation. Voltaire, as the historian to whom falsification of history was the deadly sin, challenged the dead hand of tradition. But far from being merely a destroyer, he was also the builder, the preacher, the teacher. The salonnieres were concerned with matters of the intellect at a moment when, as Dr. Gooch reminds us, the Abbé Galiani referred to Paris, the Ville Lumière of the previous age, as the café of Europe. Catherine's relations with the long line of favourites—that the apartments immediately under those of the Empress . . . would remain untenanted was as unimaginable as that there should be an interregnum at the Foreign Office, the Treasury, or the Ministry of War—as also the associations of the hostesses of the salons, are put in their proper place, illustrating without exaggeration not only certain characteristics of the personalities involved but also *les mœurs*, just as the whole background is made to reflect the quality of the personages who enjoyed that *douceur de la vie* which was to disappear with the Revolution.

Since these, as has already been said, are studies in character the method adopted throughout is to present a series of scenes each dealing with some particular aspect of the Empress, the salons and the historian. That this method involves some repetition here and there is inevitable. It is only when all has been read that the reader suddenly realises that seemingly scattered remarks like those for example on Catherine's personal attributes are not really scattered at all but the strokes of a brush wielded by a master to build up the picture as a whole. Lastly as a sequence to these studies Dr. Gooch has given us another, not so disconnected from the others as it may at first sight appear. The *apologia*

of Bismarck is also analysed as a study of the mind of a ruler, embodying warnings as well as maxims.

One piece of criticism may be ventured upon. A fuller and more detailed index might well have been permitted for this distillation of great learning and penetrating insight.

GLADYS SCOTT THOMSON.

G. P. Gooch. *Catherine the Great and other Studies*. Longman. 21s.

THE TUDOR AGE

The story of Tudor England is so amply documented, so crowded with incident, so richly varied in interest, that no author who essays to tell it in a single volume of moderate length constructed on lines that have now become almost traditional can hope to avoid some degree of failure; his omissions and compressions will not please everyone. Dr. Williamson's narrative, *The Tudor Age*, has its weaknesses but, such is the bewitching simplicity of his style and the general orthodoxy of his views, they will be apparent only to the student and specialist in Tudor affairs. The general reader (for the volume is addressed to him also) is unlikely to complain that he is left with only the haziest idea of constitutional development, that the machinery and functioning of spiritual and temporal courts and of central and local administration are barely touched upon, that he can learn little of the internal economy of the country. Like the student, he may wish that the author would pause here and there to argue a point and help him to distinguish the wood from the trees; he may even question some of Dr. Williamson's premises and wonder, for example, whether a people who devoted so much energy to the ordering of religious belief and observances and for whose spiritual satisfaction the ancient Latin rite, the new English form of service, and the austere practices of puritan and separatist eventually existed (it matters not how uneasily) side by side, were as secular-minded as Dr. Williamson would have him believe. Yet whatever his reservations, they will not impair his enjoyment of a fascinating story eminently well told.

One aspect of this book calls for special mention, not only because it is treated more fully than one would expect it to be in a general history of this length, but on account of the importance Dr. Williamson attributes to it as a factor in shaping national character: the development of English maritime trade, exploration, and discovery. Readers of the author's other works will not be surprised to find that, next to Tudor England itself, the heroes of *The Tudor Age* are the Tudor seamen. When the form of his narrative compels him to tell of Perkin Warbeck and James IV and the Cornish rebellion, Dr. Williamson encourages his readers with a foretaste of the better things to come: "While these ephemeral doings were in progress, on 24 June 1497, John Cabot in his ship *Matthew* out of Bristol sighted a western continent which he thought to be Cathay . . ." And come they do: the voyages and travails of Cavendish, Davis, Dee, and Drake, of Frobisher, Gilbert, and Grenville, of Hawkins, Raleigh, and Wyndham and others who, in daring Spain and the elements, played a more vital role (the reader is left to infer) in what the author is inclined to call "the growth of the new England" than all the Wolseys and Cromwells and Burghleys. The emphasis may not be quite right, yet which of us is immune from sea-fever?

There is a note by the General Editor, Professor W. N. Medlicott, introducing the new nine-volume History of England (of which this is the first to appear). "There seems," he writes, "to be room for a rewriting of the history of England which will hold the interest of the general reader while it appeals at the same

time to the student." Perhaps there is still time for other contributors to the series to consider whether the needs of the student will be best met by more narrative or, as this reviewer thinks, less.

E. L. C. MULLINS.

The Tudor Age. By James A. Williamson. Longman's, 25s.

SEX EQUALITY

A wide survey of all that women have accomplished in every field of activity in the last fifty years was much needed, and this *Vera Brittain* has filled with a comprehensive record. Yet although she shows the amazing progress made in the position of women during the half-century, the author, in a frank dedicatory letter to her daughter, hopes to see "Women ascend to heights of achievement hitherto undreamed of." Time has moved so rapidly for women that there can be few or perhaps none nowadays that could write with the anguish and desperation of the frustrated Florence Nightingale; "Why, oh, my God cannot I be satisfied with the life that satisfies so many people? Why am I starving, desperate, diseased upon it? . . . Oh, how I have longed for a trial to give me food, to be something real . . . A starving life: that is the real trial . . . My God, what am I to do? Teach me, tell me." These are the words of one noble woman only. How many silent ones must have suffered like her! Thanks to the women who have gone before, the woman of today with a mission as burning as Florence Nightingale's can find a ready outlet, and moreover intelligence and capability are no longer wasted. But not all women are Florence Nightingales, and Vera Brittain raises a controversial question when she deplores "the valuable time swallowed up by household tasks." Pride in the home, with the varied skill, even art, that it takes to make a success of this career, is far greater than tapping a typewriter, filing papers, or turning the knob of a machine, which alas, is the aim and employment of many women today. It is only fair to give the tribute due to the men who had vision to join the ranks in the emancipation of women, although the author writes of "the old conflict between male and female." It was often women themselves who were the stumbling block in the great movement for sex equality. Women's achievements were recognised, as far back as 1828, when we see the Astronomical Society, whose members were men, rewarding Caroline Herschel with their Gold Medal. It was a man, Thomas Hood, who opened the eyes of thousands to the abuse of the sweating industry in his "Song of the Shirt," and *Punch*, with its male editorial staff, first published the poem. The author gives but a passing reference to the Women's Institutes and Townswomen's Guilds, yet the former is one of the greatest organisations for women in the half-century, and a great contribution to the national life. Not only has it opened up channels of activity in public service, but has discovered latent talent, and especially has helped country women to make more use of the leisure which they now find is theirs. But in a survey that covers so much ground, from Queen Victoria to Elizabeth II, it is impossible to give the space due to the multitude of activities that women now control, and Vera Brittain has, as one who herself fought for their emancipation, shown with an intensity the struggle and the sacrifice they have endured to reach the position they now hold with distinction. For this we are grateful to her.

THEODORA ROSCOE.

Lady into Woman. By Vera Brittain. Andrew Dakers, 15s.

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD

The author of this provocative book is the president of an organisation which calls itself "the Foundation for World Government." I have no idea how representative this body is of American opinion but it is most significant that the views which this book contains should be presented by an American at all. We are used to bitter attacks on America's foreign policy by representatives of the extreme and the moderate Left in Europe, Asia and Africa, but here we have a reasoned denunciation of the foundations on which American foreign policy is based, coupled with suggestions for the salvation of the world, put forward by a man who is most emphatically not a communist or even a socialist, and who is just as emphatically convinced of the superiority of the American way of life. There is no doubt that he is passionately sincere and earnestly tries to come to grips with the baffling problems of our time. Like so many well-meaning idealists, however, he tends to oversimplify the facts and the book has more than its fair share of platitudinous oratory.

The basic thesis is simple enough. The world, particularly its non-western part, is at the moment in the throes of a dual revolution the aims of which are political freedom and economic equality. Instead of helping and guiding this revolution America has been obsessed by her fear of Russia, and has concentrated on military rather than political and economic measures. The most important factor in the world situation, as the author sees it, is its appalling poverty. By helping to remove it America would win over the free peoples, and by taking the wind out of Russia's sails she would destroy the influence of the communists and thus solve her military problems as well. This is a very familiar and attractive thesis; the only trouble is that so far nobody, not even the author, has shown a way of translating it into practise. He realises that it would be utopian to hope for the establishment of a world government in the foreseeable future, so he contents himself with the proposal to set up a World Development Authority on the lines of the Tennessee Valley scheme. It would be the job of this gigantic international agency rather than that of national governments to develop the backward areas.

There is no doubt that international investment on a vast scale would do much to reduce political tension and would thus deny to the communists valuable propaganda material, although it is by no means proved that a well-fed world would for this reason be a less pugnacious one. Man does not live by bread alone, nor, unfortunately, does he fight for bread alone, as any but Marxian historians well know. It is at any rate somewhat naive to believe that Mr. Barr's international agency could be set up quickly enough and on a large enough scale to make any difference in the present cold war which, incidentally, is not entirely America's responsibility. Most of the investment would have to come from America, and experiences with the Colombo Plan and the reception of the recent Randall Report have conclusively shown that there is not the slightest chance of this. Even if it should happen, however, does anybody really believe that the communists would refrain from attacking this agency as they attacked the Marshall Plan? However international such an Agency might be, the fact that its funds would largely consist of dollars would enable the communists to describe it as an organ of American Imperialism.

The author states that he did not intend to write a scholarly treatise. In fact he has produced a political tract, but he might have given it very much more weight if he had treated the facts a little more scientifically. He knows all the objections which can be raised against his plan, if his vague suggestions can be called a plan, but he dismisses them rather summarily. Thus he pokes fun at Malthus, but does not even mention the Colombo Plan which so far has been the most precise and detailed attempt to tackle the problems the author

has in mind. Even if all the money is found which is required for its success, all that can be hoped for is the prevention of a further fall in the standard of life owing to the vast increase of population. It is of course possible that the authors of the Colombo Plan were wrong and that Mr. Barr is right, but this problem should at least have been discussed. Unsatisfactory though the book is to anybody who knows something about the complexity of the problem, it has nevertheless the great merit of stirring people into thought, waking them up from their complacency, and stimulating a discussion the outcome of which concerns the survival of mankind.

Dr. REINHOLD ARIS.

Citizens of the World. By Stringfellow Barr. Victor Gollancz, 13s. 6d.

ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY

This is a difficult book to review fairly, for Professor Tansill, of Georgetown University, Washington D.C., is the first person to make full use of the files of confidential correspondence on pre-war American foreign policy of the U.S. State Department. Its reviewers should also have access to these documents to be able to assess his conclusions properly. His principal thesis is that "the main objective of American foreign policy since 1900 has been the preservation of the British Empire." This is an extreme development of an idea which is better presented in Walter Lippman's *U.S. Foreign Policy*. The author maintains that "intimate ties between Britain and the United States were first forged in 1898 when Britain realised that her policy of isolation had deprived her of any faithful allies upon whom she could depend in the event of war." Mr. Lippmann believes that there was a tacit understanding throughout the 19th century, especially with regard to the Atlantic. The book is too long, particularly the historical introduction, which could have been left out. This is a common fault of books that are intended to serve both as textbooks and general reading. Moreover the style is handicapped by many clichés and hackneyed phrases. The Table of Contents is 11 pages long, the Index is incomplete. Newspapers are listed in a bibliography which is already unnecessarily long, and it is not clear whether the bibliography is supposed to represent the author's reading, suggested reading, or a complete list. And despite its length he lists only two English periodicals (the *Contemporary Review* is one). Mr. Max Beloff's book on Soviet Foreign Policy is listed as 1929, though the title brings it up to 1941.

Professor Tansill's preference for Nazi Germany, and hatred for Wilson, Stimson, Franklin Roosevelt, Hull, Sumner Wells, and Churchill prejudices his position from the outset. Many strange statements can be quoted; for example, the gigantic American naval construction of 1916 was due to British seizure of American vessels, Roosevelt's preference for China led him to accept the Stimson Doctrine, and was due to the fact that the Delano family made so much money there from "dubious operations;" the U.S. refused an opportunity to mediate war on a reasonable basis proposed by Hitler on October 6, 1939, because of letters from Churchill, hence British policy was followed and war continued; Hitler "strove in every way" to avoid war with the U.S.; "it is obvious that Churchill regarded Roosevelt as an American dictator who had little concern for the opinions of Congress and the American people . . . he believed that Roosevelt could plunge America into the conflict in Europe at any time he desired." Nowhere does the author recognise a real danger from Hitler or Nazism to the western democratic way of life, or even to British or American security. Many small discrepancies appear on close inspection. How could Miss Dorothy Thompson's *New York Herald Tribune* articles have "opened the eyes of Mrs. Roosevelt" when her article appeared in the *World Telegram* on 19 October 1939, and Miss Thompson's articles were published the 18th,

20th, and 23rd? This book can be very valuable or very dangerous, very valuable to one who knows how to sift the wheat from the chaff, very dangerous to others. It is shameful that the author is so prejudiced, for some of the wheat is important. It should be read along with the works of Professors Charles A. Beard and William Langer on the period—for balance.

RALPH LOMBARDI

Back Door to War, The Roosevelt Foreign Policy, 1933-1941, by Charles Callan Tansill. Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, 1952.

CHAUCE

Chaucer's greatness as poet has always been recognised in the past, but he has never been so widely known as he is today. Besides being a regular subject of study at schools and universities, he is now known to the general public through such popular mediums as Mr. Neville Coghill's translation of *The Canterbury Tales* in the Penguin Books and his broadcast readings from that translation. So human and lovable a poet deserves to be universally known, but the mediaeval world in which he lived, and about which he wrote, is very different from our own and a formidable obstacle to our enjoyment of him. There is of course a vast literature dealing with the Middle Ages and interpreting Chaucer in relation to them, but it is mostly of a specialised, academic character, and beyond the reach of the general reader. Mr. Brewer's short study commendably aims at people with literary tastes but not necessarily with any specialised knowledge. It is an admirable introduction to the subject, and will be found useful both by the student and the general reader. The mediaeval background is clearly presented with appropriate extracts from contemporary or near-contemporary sources. A book of this sort necessarily involves much pedestrian scholarship, but Mr. Brewer's is as readable as it is informative. Its value is further enhanced by the illustrations and by some of Mr. Brewer's remarks on Chaucer as writer. "Whenever Chaucer sets a group of people talking, especially from the middle or lower classes, . . . their arguments ding in our ears, the breath they breathe is the common air, flavoured, it may be, with malt." A very important topic which readers will miss is that of Chaucer's versification, and they will find themselves in disagreement with him on some of his suggestions. The chief of these concerns the note of Christian resignation which in Chaucer co-exists with his pagan love of the world. The duality is certainly there, but Mr. Brewer appears to be stretching a point too far by regarding it as the source of a deep tension affecting Chaucer's life and work.

Dr. J. C. GHOSH.

D. S. Brewer. *Chaucer*. Longmans, 10s. 6d.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

"Raleigh," says the author of this concise study, "is an underestimated poet". It is to show him in the light of poet, thinker, historian, more than in the more familiar guise as a man of action that this book is written, and which is, indeed, a valuable addition to the *Men and Books* Series. It is true that the Elizabethan Age expected the writing of poetry by its courtiers, for Miss Latham is quoted as saying; "poetry to a man like Raleigh was as natural as breathing." Although acknowledging him as a poet Mr. Edwards considers that his unfinished *History of the World*, written during his long imprisonment in the Tower, was the major achievement of his life. He devotes a whole chapter to his puzzling poem of 522 lines, *The Ocean to Cynthia*, the manuscript of which was found at Hatfield House in the 1860's. In this unfinished poem the poet dwells on the lost affection of a mistress he has served faithfully. Analysing it carefully, Mr. Edwards acknowledges that "the poem is a fevered elegy, obscure,

turbulent and erratic". So it may ever remain to those who lack the key to open the door into the intrigues, conflicts and personal quarrels of the age. In clarifying the Renaissance as a blending of the old and the new, the author suggests that no one embodies "the inimitable imagination of this period of stress" more than Raleigh himself. Old superstitions were giving way before the birth of science, but to the great majority scientific investigations were then considered to be no more than prying into the mysteries of the Creation. Was it not natural that Raleigh the explorer, the man with a questing mind, wished to open up new worlds of knowledge? To him it was but "the necessary endeavour of man to investigate these virtues and to apply them for the help and comfort of man". Mr. Edwards, together with two American scholars, Kosher and Strathman, discredits the assumption that Raleigh died a heretic to the orthodox Christian faith, and doubts whether the so-called "School of Night", a society which was held to advance progressive views on religion and politics, and which was brought against him in his trial, ever existed. It is to the credit of the author that, although expressing close sympathy with Raleigh, he places his weaknesses beside his greatness. Pride and ambition is outweighed by the grandeur of bearing in the hours of affliction, and superb is the courage shown at the end. This small volume, into which has gone much study, thought, and imaginative reasoning, is to be heartily recommended. The author has kept the poet and the man of letters in the forefront, and has also revealed a great epic, for the man of action, the visionary, the thinker stands out clearly in the background. "His epic was himself".

THEODORA ROSCOE

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Philip Edwards. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.).

Archangel, 1918-19, by Field-Marshal Lord Ironside (Constable, 21s.) describes the hopeless attempt to hold back the advancing Bolshevik tide after the Revolution of 1917. It is a depressing story which could only have one end, for it was merely a sideshow for the victorious allies in the West. That the Whites in Russia had had their day is confirmed by the picture of them in these pages as lacking discipline and conviction, in glaring contrast to the fanatical enthusiasm of the Reds who proclaimed the welcome gospel of immediate land distribution and immediate peace. All that the Commander-in-Chief of the mixed troops at Archangel could hope for was to slip away without much fighting. No wonder no official record of the campaign has been compiled. The vivid narrative of hardship and anxieties in the icy north, based on the author's diaries, is supplemented by a concluding chapter which draws the lessons. "Once a military force is involved on land it is almost impossible to limit the magnitude of its commitments. Military expeditions cannot extricate themselves from a country they have invaded as a ship leaves a port it has visited. Secondly, all ad hoc alliances disintegrate when the danger, which brought them together, has been overcome. Thirdly, Russia had for many years before the war of 1914-18 been living on the brink of revolution. In 1917 the storm broke." Kerensky, who could talk but not act, was no match for Lenin and Trotsky who stuck at nothing. The Bolshevik victory, declares the author, was a world tragedy, but it was certainly not his fault.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

MAY, 1954

THE BUDGET

MR. BUTLER'S third Budget has been described by some as disappointing. Others have said that it was courageous, for he did nothing to seek popularity or votes. Disappointment can only have been felt by those who have not followed the course of our recent economic history and the facts disclosed by the publication of Estimates and the Economic Survey. If, however, the critics had turned their minds back to the emergency measures of 1951 and the Budget of 1952, a feeling of relief would have been more natural than disappointment. The fact is that the Chancellor had no scope or power in the present position of our financial affairs to take any important steps to bring relief and help to any of the urgent cases requiring help without incurring serious risks which he did not feel able to face.

The Budget this year is consequently little more than a survey of our national accounts, but it nevertheless discloses the depressing fact that in a year of prosperity, full-employment and high consumption, and after meeting the taxation relief which was granted last year, there is practically nothing left over to lighten the present burden of taxation or to deal with the inescapable demands for further expenditure from the Social Services, housing, transport, the state monopolies and other sections of our domestic economy.

It may be that a depressing Budget might prove to be the salvation of our economy if it brought home to the nation that there are no dodges or manoeuvres which can ease taxation and enable us to meet our social and economic liabilities. At present our affairs, in spite of everything that has been accomplished, are still precarious, and it is only by a national effort and a full realisation that to take more out of our national product that we put in is really the cause of inflation, and inflicts injury upon all, especially the Old Age Pensioners and those living on fixed incomes.

Our economic history since the war has been one of recurring crises, and though considerable improvement has been achieved it is not impossible that through circumstances, some of which are beyond our control, a third crisis might arise. If we turn back to Mr. Butler's Budget of 1952 and note what has happened since, there is cause for much satisfaction. Industrial production has recovered from the set-back of 1952 and is still rising. The home market has absorbed a considerable proportion of the output and personal savings have shown a tendency to increase. In general, and partly because of good fortune in terms of our trade, the object which the Chancellor sought to achieve last year has been carried out; but as a result of the increase in consumption and high costs, the improvement in the amount of investment in private manufacturing industry has been very small. Investment in new and up-to-date machinery has fallen far behind the U.S.A. and in all

probability Germany is now spending more than we are. In these circumstances the Chancellor of the Exchequer has acted wisely in the new proposals for the relief of taxation of investment in industry, though it is doubtful how far they will create increased incentive and production. The necessity for this relief is due to the crushing burden of taxation, the high price of materials, and had it been possible for the Chancellor to reduce taxation, such measures would not have been required. They will undoubtedly be a help, but taxation and shortage of capital are not the only obstacles to development and extension. In some cases adequate capital is available, but with prices at the present level it is not possible to establish new plant at terms which will enable goods to be made and exported at competitive prices, or to compete at home with industries whose plant was set up before the rise in costs and has since been written off. In some cases the cost of machines is such that they can only be run economically on a double shift, and trade union restrictions do not always allow this to be done. There have been cases in which new machinery has not been installed because trade union procedure would not allow it to be worked sufficiently fast to enable it to be used on a competitive basis so that expenditure could be written off in 15 years. There is an element of speculation in the Chancellor's new proposals, for in the event of a further increase of inflation and higher prices the value of the concessions which have been made in this field would be wiped out.

There is a marked improvement in our exports—though the latest reports are not so encouraging—it is, however, clear that we are still spending up to the limit of our income and we are unable to make additions to our reserves which are necessary in order to be in a position to withstand any shock to our international trade. The outlook for our international trade and balance of payments in spite of all that has happened since the disaster of 1951-2 is still insecure, and the Chancellor wisely announced his intention of taking special measures in the autumn if necessity should arise. Any further decline in American business (a matter on which few observers feel able to speak with any certainty) might have serious consequences, as would a further increase in inflation through wage increases at a time when inflation has ceased in Germany and in Japan. In the event of further wage claims raising the cost of exports in six months' time, and the balance of trade being disturbed again, it may happen that we have not finally escaped from the series of dollar crises. It is this grim possibility that doubtless led the Chancellor to state in the Budget speech "The hard truth is that, much as we want greater relief of taxation, even our present high rates will not save us from a serious threat to the balance of future Budgets if the growth of expenditure is not controlled", and later "We are near the point—and in some cases we may have passed it—where further increases in wages and profit margins will price us out of our export markets. All round increases in wages have clearly played a large part in the upward movement of prices since 1945. Both stability at home and competitive power abroad require that wage increases should not outrun productivity: any improvement in productivity should show itself also in the form of lower prices".

The Budget does not contain any direct incentive to the individual, but it would appear that something more enduring than small tax con-

cessions is necessary if we are to make a further national effort which will enable us to meet our growing liabilities, dispense with help from America and give adequate capital assistance to the Dominions and Colonies. As a first step towards this end Governments must realise that we will only be rewarded by success when we make a new approach to our problems of production. The great issue, although vast experiments in state monopoly have been made in this and other countries in this scientific and technical age, is how industry can be made to work in a humane and efficient manner. We must abandon the obsolete idea that there are two sides in industry whose interests are incompatible. We must bring about an industrial outlook in which all are working in a common interest for the good of the nation.

Public interest in our national finances is generally concentrated in the few weeks before and after the introduction of the Budget. But if we are to understand the need for a greater and continuing effort to maintain our present standard of living and to cope with unavoidable increases in expenditure, an effort should be made to determine what our future needs will be in order that we can endeavour to meet them, or if they are beyond our resources (as they are today) which we feel should take priority. In a recent debate in the House of Lords it was suggested that there should be an enquiry into our expenditure on defence, which this year, including American Aid, amounts to £16,039 millions; the largest figure in time of peace. This proposal was not adopted, for sufficient reason, but there is a much stronger case for an investigation of our anticipated needs apart from defence. Such a picture would help to produce a change in our attitude towards production. It might lead trade unionists to adopt a similar attitude to production as that of the American unions, which, while driving a hard bargain on wages, will not tolerate any restriction in output, with the result that wages and output in America are higher than they are here. It is the duty of a Government which claims to be democratic and to draw its authority from the wishes of the people to see that the people are fully informed as to the size and nature of the problems which face the country and also have access to the known facts about the problems and any proposals for their solution.

There is to-day one problem above all others which should be the subject of everybody's earnest thought, especially those under thirty, namely the inadequacy of pensions and benefits under National Insurance, and how a rapidly increasing number of old people are to be supported. Owing to inflation and the rise in the cost of living since the scheme was introduced in 1948 there are now 1½ million people who find the National Insurance benefits are inadequate and are obliged to appeal to the National Assistance Board. This problem may be dealt with by Government when it receives (it is to be hoped in the near future) the Report of the Government Actuary for the period July, 1948 to March, 1954. The responsibility of the Actuary is to report on the state of the fund and adequacy of the contributions to maintain the benefits. The Report will show that the fund will be quite unable to meet the benefits at their present level. The duty of the Government is quite different. The Minister is required by the National Insurance Act to review the situation in relation to the circumstances of the time, including especially

the expenditure necessary to preserve good health and working capacity of the beneficiaries and take into account any changes since the rates were fixed or any which may be contemplated. The progressive burden of the increase in providing for the ageing population is serious and leads us to consideration of the further problem of the taxation arrangements affecting superannuation funds. As long ago as August 1950 Sir Stafford Cripps appointed a committee under the Chairmanship of Mr. Millard Tucker, Q.C., to examine the taxation treatment of pension for retirement. The Report of this committee has been presented to the Government and estimates of the costs of their proposals have been submitted to the Committee by the Revenue and amount in all to 72 millions. A formidable sum although it does not represent the net cost to the community. The tax treatment of pension schemes both public and private for the benefit of employees, for private life insurance and for annuity purchase out of capital has long been chaotic, and if the proposals of this able committee after 3½ years' work are adopted order and justice will be brought into this important field of saving for investment.

The Government acted wisely in view of the gravity of this question in appointing in July 1953 a committee under the Chairmanship of Sir Thomas Phillips to consider the economic and financial problems for provision for old age. It is to be hoped that this committee will include in its enquiry and report a full consideration of superannuation and insurance schemes covered by the Tucker Committee. There are some 8,000 such schemes which in 1952 were estimated to have an annual income of 70 millions and total assets of 700 millions. This and other important matters such as the American economy were doubtless much in the mind of Mr. Butler when he decided that he could do nothing now to meet the wish of the people that at long last justice should be done to Old Age Pensioners whose claims and hardships have been ignored while strongly organised sections of the community have been able to obtain an undue proportion of the national resources. In a year when the estimates for Civil Government expenditure have increased by 238 millions, when our national income will have to carry a larger proportion of the concessions made in last year's Budget, and defence expenditure is at record level, Mr. Butler has produced a Budget which is honest and as safe as possible.

H. GRAHAM WHITE.

ITALY'S SUCCESSES AND WORRIES

ITALY'S political crisis, which has now lasted for many months, seems to attract a great deal of international publicity. So did the Trieste affair last November. But what seldom receives any attention at all is her remarkable record of economic reconstruction and consolidation achieved since the end of the war. This record would be impressive enough if performed in favourable circumstances or against a background of solid economic wealth and moral health. But in Italy the very reverse has been true, which makes the achievement even more outstanding.

There have been three stages in economic reconstruction. First, in the years 1945-47, there came the fight against hunger and general paralysis. Then, in 1947-50, there followed a period when monetary and financial stability was achieved, while production was resumed and expanded. Finally there came the third stage in 1950-52—which is far from complete yet—when it became possible for the Government to take up a struggle against structural difficulties, while at the same time having to develop production and employment and also rebuild a constantly growing economic and political co-operation between Italy and other democratic countries.

The restoration of law and order, of the State's authority and of the fundamental framework of society, has been relatively painless and quick. There has been a rapid fall in juvenile delinquency, while more marriages and better education are another happy sign of improved conditions. The nutritional standards of Italy are still low compared to those of most other European countries, but they are getting better. Food is abundant; so, once again, is wine—despite all the destroyed vineyards. Money is stable and its purchasing power is strong. The shops are full. So are the restaurants. The building industry is booming, and, in addition to the staggering amount of reconstruction work already completed, there are huge new housing developments in all the major cities. With a few spectacular exceptions, industry is doing well. Inland transport not merely operates once more at full strength, but has been improved beyond belief. The merchant marine, which before the war aggregated just over 3 million tons and in 1945 stood at less than one half of this figure, has passed the 3.5 million tons mark in 1952. A liberal economic policy, inspired by the wisdom of President Einaudi and ably applied in practice by the Governor of the Bank of Italy, Donato Menichella, and—as long as he was Minister both of the Treasury and Finance—ex-Premier Giuseppe Pella, has produced admirable results.

The general index of industrial production (taking 1938 as 100) is now well over 150, while in many industries—especially chemicals, electric power and wool—it is nearer the 200 mark. Most spectacular of all is the development of the methane gas industry which is rapidly revolutionising the very foundations on which the Italian economy is built. Methane is now Italy's foremost mineral product. Jumping in a minimum of time from small beginnings to an annual output of some two thousand million cubic metres, this natural gas industry is still only in its early stages of development. Estimated production can be raised to twelve million cubic metres a day without endangering the apparently inexhaustible supplies which are found in different parts of the country, with large concentrations in the Po Valley and in Southern Italy. Such an output would be equivalent to eighteen thousand tons of coal or twelve thousand tons of oil a day and would cover about two-thirds of the country's total annual requirements in costly coal or the whole of the oil imports. Even now the present production is the equivalent of two colliers or oil tankers a day. All this not only means a tremendous saving of foreign currency, but a firm foundation for further profitable industrialisation as well. The most important use of methane gas, which is 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. cheaper than imported fuel, is for heating purposes in industry, in transport and

even in domestic consumption. But it can also serve an infinite variety of purposes in the chemical, steel and other industries. Of the total output, 95 per cent. is sold to consumers through a national corporation by means of a network of methanoducts, while the rest is compressed in containers which can be distributed anywhere. Italy now has over three thousand miles of these methane pipelines—or “metanodotti”—and new ones are constantly being established. Not through any compulsion, but of their own free will and for reasons of economy and efficiency, all the leading industrial firms are now using this fuel in ever increasing quantities. Many of them are getting together in groups for the joint construction of further “metanodotti”.

Not less far reaching are the structural changes which are being achieved through the land reform and the development—through the CASSA per il MEZZOGIORNO (Fund for Southern Italy)—of the hitherto poor and backward Southern regions. These are costly and extremely complicated projects, but the results already achieved are there for anyone to see and are most encouraging. The land reform, which is not completed yet and which involves the expropriation (for compensation of course) of two and a half million acres of land and its division amongst about 100,000 families, also means the creation of a wholly modern sector of agriculture with a consequent large increase in production from the first year. “This, however, necessitates a huge outlay of State funds not only to pay for the land itself, but for the purchase of equipment (by far the largest item, including vast quantities of tractors), new housing, livestock, roads, land conversion, irrigation and a variety of other purposes, such as the creation of village centres for the scattered farm population. The impact of these developments on the production of agricultural machinery or of household goods of every kind cannot be underestimated. Nor should a great constructive effort of this kind be ignored when assessing the social welfare activities of the Italian State and communities, on which some 220 thousand million lire have been spent between 1949 and 1952.

In a country which is traditionally poor in capital it is not easy to raise enough money for investment on this scale. Moreover, in addition to new development there still is an almost inexhaustible need of funds for reconstruction; for urgent repair and relief after such annually recurring calamities as floods, volcano eruptions, etc.; for the resettlement of refugees from lost territories; for unemployment relief and emigration; and, more recently, also for rearmament. In the spring of 1953, when Pella was still Minister of the Treasury he estimated Italy's national income at ten thousand times one thousand million lire—ten thousand milliards or, in American usage, ten thousand billion—a modest figure for a European nation of 47 million people. About 79 per cent. of the national income was spent on consumption he stated, and 21 per cent. on investments. These figures are eloquent enough and illustrate the supreme effort required to maintain or even expand Italy's economy. The standard of living is slowly rising. Real wages are higher; individual spending on food and clothes and even entertainment is constantly on the upgrade. There is still much poverty around, but nobody is starving and even among the two million “permanently unemployed”—with a population of 47 million, Italy has a labour force of twenty million men

and women, but enough work for only eighteen million—almost everybody is earning a little money one way or another.

There have been some unexpectedly beneficial developments, like a bumper harvest in 1953—this diminishes the need of wheat and cattle fodder imports—and the tourist season has been amazingly good. Some seven million foreigners visited Italy in 1953, spending about two hundred and fifty million dollars in the process. Not only such familiar landmarks as Rome, Venice and Florence are attracting the tourists, but the great Italian spas, like Fiuggi, St. Pellegrino, Montecatini, Merano and Abano—are rapidly regaining or acquiring world renown. Foreign visitors find Italian prices reasonable and service far better than in most other countries. Currency is stable. The days of a black market rate, even for dollars or Swiss francs, are gone. The official dollar rate is 624.90 lire to the dollar, but most banks or other money changers actually pay a fraction less—about 621—instead of paying more, as used to be the case. So much for the brighter side of the economic picture.

On its darker side are not only the old endemic weaknesses, like overpopulation, with consequent unemployment, budgetary deficits and an adverse balance of payments, but also all the new international complications. Foreign trade is out of gear, since there has been a considerable rise in imports and only a small increase in exports. The textile industry, which in days gone by used to be one of the principal yardsticks for measuring Italy's economic conditions, has lost its preponderant position as compared with some of the newer industries. But it still plays a vital part, and while it has been pushed out of some of its traditional foreign markets it has greatly benefited from increased domestic demand. The spectacular rise in the importation of coffee, sugar and petrol for automobiles and scooters is a further proof of the improved standard of living. Italy's production of motor cars and motor scooters is constantly growing and now constitutes a vital group among the exporting industries. The economy, though faced with many international and domestic uncertainties, is not threatened by any immediate dangers. With good luck and under the present competent management, its consolidation and even expansion could be carried on in a reasonably satisfactory way.

Italy's real dangers are political and social. Here it must be said that the picture is anything but rosy. The country's social peace is threatened from every side. Both the Communists and the Fascists—who have recently reappeared on the scene—find a happy hunting ground not only among the frustrated unemployed but also among the workers of the industrial North. Men in large factories are easy to organise. Moreover, they have many grievances—some legitimate, some not. Italy has some admirable employers like, for instance, Dr. Angelo Costa, the present President of the powerful “Confindustria” (Federation of Industries). But she also has plenty of industrialists who are totally devoid of any sense of civic duty and who choose to live like oriental potentates among the poor and exacerbated masses. Feelings are running very high. There is also an old and vexatious feud between the major labour organizations and the employers about the question of wages and the wage structure itself. There was a 24-hours' strike by some 3.5 million workers on September 24th which was intended as a warning. A similar 24-hours'

strike, involving 4 million workers took place on December 15th, while about 1 million Government employees, including railway and postal workers, struck on December 11th. An average workman now earns about 31 thousand lire a month. But only one quarter of this is his basic wage; the rest is made up of allowances of various kinds and cost of living bonuses. The labour organisations want the 31 thousand total to be made the fundamental wage; if that were accepted, overtime work and other extras would have to be calculated on a basis four times the size of the present one. The Confindustria replies that this would increase the cost of labour by ten per cent. and that industry cannot afford it. Indeed, it argues that such a measure would necessitate the dismissal of redundant workers and even lead to the closing down of certain factories. But this is precisely where labour's other claims come in, namely a demand for protection against dismissals, a guarantee of steady employment, and all-round wage increases, quite apart from the basic adjustment. The Confindustria is willing to recognise that in certain specific industries a rise in wages would be justified, but it firmly declines to accept all these global claims. It would not be surprising, therefore, if in the course of 1954 there were to be some kind of show-down, and both sides assert they are ready for it.

As to politics the elections of June 7th, 1953, have left the Democrazia Christiana the largest party in the country, but its position is much weakened. The nation is traditionally anticlerical and resents the excessive intervention of the Church in politics. Under de Gasperi's leadership, and with the Vatican's support, the Democrazia Christiana managed to collect just under 11 million votes. The Communists and Nenni Socialists polled slightly over 10 million votes. It would not require much effort, therefore, for the Left Wing Extremists to obtain a majority or at least to become the largest Parliamentary group with some 45 per cent. of all seats. On the extreme Right, the Fascists and the Monarchists, who were amnestied by de Gasperi much too soon, have re-emerged in great strength—with some 3½ million votes. The small Centre parties, which were in the de Gasperi coalition, and which are now once again participating in a precarious coalition Government under the Christian Democrat, Mario Scelba, have suffered a terrible setback. Stable government is impossible with the present composition of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. To all these complications must be added yet another one. The fact has now been established that the majority of the 1,300,000 votes which were in dispute in the June 7th election was cast in favour of de Gasperi's coalition. Nobody knows whether some seventy Communists and their Nenni sympathisers, or the Right wing deputies who got in thanks to this mistake, are entitled to sit in the Chamber or not. It would be impossible to throw them out and to determine by whom they should be replaced. A new election might produce even more adverse results.

De Gasperi's own position is not quite clear. Had the true election results been known at the time, perhaps he would not have resigned. When I had the privilege of spending a few hours with him at his residence in Castel Gandolfo some time ago, I did not get the impression that he was eager to return to power too soon. His well-known Western orien-

tation, his support of a United Europe plan and of the European Defence Community are not popular in Italy at the moment. Nor was his personal entourage, though his own austere integrity commands great respect. He is recognised even by his enemies as Italy's leading statesman. Next year the question of a successor to President Einaudi—who is 80—will have to be decided. Perhaps de Gasperi is the right man for the job.

Meanwhile the political situation remains explosive. The Trieste affair has played straight into the hands of the Fascists and the Communists alike. Both extremist wings can point to the fact that the West seems afraid of, and full of deference to, dictators, while treating a democracy with contempt. For their part, progressive people in Italy were horrified at the ease with which the Allies shot at Italians; nowadays, white people hesitate to shoot at natives, but in this case they seemed to have no compunction about firing on their fellow white-men. Granted that Rome's attitude, especially in its anti-British outburst, was outrageous; granted that the strong undercurrent of Fascist rancour, dating from the days of the Abyssinian war, and directed against Eden personally, was as foolish as it was unjustified, the fact remains that the Americans and the British handled the whole business with absolutely staggering ineptitude. Anti-British and anti-American feeling is strong; it is being fanned by both Right-wing and Left-wing extremists, feeding on everything and anything—however trivial or untrue.

As if all these difficulties were not more than enough for the courageous Prime Minister, Mario Scelba, (who, on February 10th, 1954, succeeded in forming a Government, thus following Amintore Fanfani, who lasted eleven days, and Giuseppe Pella, who lasted nearly four months), an absurd sex-and-drugs-and-corruption scandal has greatly added to his worries. The least interesting character in the Montesi affair is the wretched young Wilma Montesi herself, who was found dead on a beach near Rome a long time ago and who was largely forgotten until the recent outburst of malodorous sensations. The accusations which have been made in and out of Court by a number of witnesses involve so many people of high rank and reveal such an unhealthy state of affairs that the political consequences of the scandal are quite considerable. For the Communists and the Fascists this is an unexpected boon; for the Prime Minister's party, the Christian Democrats, who have governed Italy for eight years and have apparently tolerated plenty of corruption at the top, it is most embarrassing.

Mario Scelba, who in days gone by—as Minister of the Interior under de Gasperi—earned golden opinions for his courage, efficiency and integrity, is considered by both friends and enemies as a strong man. If anybody can ride the storm, he can. The dangers involved in cleaning up the administration and, if necessary, defying his own party or the extremist opposition would not stop him from taking any action he would judge legitimate. But he is a genuine democrat, who is fully aware of his parliamentary and constitutional limitations. Moreover, the coalition he has succeeded in establishing is a precarious one indeed. The moderate Social Democrats under Saragat and the Liberals are participating in the Government, while the Republicans have promised to support him in the Chamber but have refused to join the Cabinet. Whether in

the long run he can overcome his difficulties and can make a really constructive contribution towards solving his country's almost endemic social and political crisis it is too early to say. But one thing is certain: Italy will not be an easy country to govern in 1954 or in the years to come.

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK.

IMPRESSIONS OF ETHIOPIA

A VISIT to Ethiopia is both comforting and very interesting. That ancient and beautiful country, which has been for so many centuries more or less secluded from the rest of the world, had naturally a very different development from the other African states or colonies. It came into the limelight of international politics at the end of last century when Italy tried for the first time to play a dominant role there. With the defeat of the Italian army at Adua by Emperor Menelik, this endeavour was stopped for 39 years, but Mussolini's aggression in 1935 made Ethiopia the first victim of totalitarian aggression and domination. Owing to the Emperor's sturdy determination to maintain the independence of his country, and his successful fight to retain for Ethiopia her seat at the League of Nations, the refusal of the people to surrender to Italian rule and their continual resistance during the five years of occupation caused them to be prepared to join the British and Commonwealth armies in the field and to give great assistance in the liberation of their country, the first to be freed from totalitarian occupation. For an observer there are many signs which help us to understand the political and economic climate in a country. Long before the recent outburst in Morocco one could realise from the mood and words of the man in the street that a nationalist explosion was due any time. The same applies to police states, where you can read on the faces of the people in the street the unhappy state in which they are, just as you can see from their clothes the difficult economic situation in which they live, not to speak of the complaints they will readily give you when they can talk freely and unwatched.

The political and economic climate in Ethiopia strikes one as completely different. The people are happy, contented and healthy, kind, courteous, dignified, with a sense of humour and very religious. The writer was puzzled by this general good impression and tried hard to find if and what discontent exists, as it is bound to exist in every country. The only signs he could trace were individual grudges for purely personal reasons or because they would like a speedier advance. The people are absorbed in the struggle for economic and educational improvement. They are on the whole much more deeply absorbed in these national questions than in factions or personal disputes, and they are manifestly delighted by every new development. There are no political parties, and therefore these personal grudges are not canalised in the political field. There are sections with different interests and views, but the country is unanimously behind the father of this patriarchal democracy H.M. the Emperor Haile Selassie. Any citizen can go to him, as he holds public audiences three mornings of the week, or to the Prime Minister, the wise

Bitwoded Makonnen Endalkatchew, who does the same thing twice a week. Any complaint or demand for help and protection is followed up by the administration very quickly. One sign of the general content is the fact that the ministries are practically empty. Very few people want to see the heads or officials for personal reasons.

This happy patriarchal democracy is bound to change with the gradual introduction of modern democracy, but it is all to the credit of H.M. and the government that they do not want to rush their modernisation but do it slowly and gradually, guided by a score of experienced foreign advisers. The change is not urged and pressed by the population because they do not have to complain against a tyranny or dictatorship, and the basic human rights of each citizen are well assured. Nor does economic discontent prevail. Only the railway workers went lately on strike because the French Railway Company and its French Management did not keep its promises for pay rise. Beside this healthy political climate there are social differences, but this works out more in the due respect towards a high dignitary or a respected elderly man than in a class difference with different privileges. Grey or white hair is respected as a sign of wisdom. One explanation for this healthy state is that after the liberation the peasants were freed from the old feudal obligations to military and civil officials, etc. State taxes and Church Tithe were consolidated at a low rate and graduated to fertile, semi-fertile and poor land. Land registration and survey was at the same time instituted. Recent legislation enables tenants to convert their holdings into freeholds, and provides land for unemployed persons and State insurance for the Government employees. An Agricultural Bank grants loans for farming improvements.

Another good sign which strikes the observer is that Ethiopia is perhaps the only African country which has not to battle with those difficult and dangerous problems which plague most of Africa. It is an independent sovereign country, where there is no colour bar and no land hunger. The Ethiopians are a conglomerate of races but predominantly Amharic. A wise policy is tending to assimilate all races. The Imperial family for generations have intermarried with Galla and Tigrinya speaking families. There is no trace of xenophobia—on the contrary. There is however a slight sign of jealousy among the younger educated generation towards the wealth and monopoly of the Arab, Greek and Armenian merchants, but this jealousy is far from becoming dangerous, especially as some educational steps might be taken to encourage Ethiopian traders. Already many educated young Ethiopians have gone into business, and a sound financial backing could increase their number.

The government—especially the Minister of Finance Ato Makonne Haptewold—is keeping a close watch on all the problems which arise and might disturb the calm and happy atmosphere. He was rather perturbed that in Addis-Ababa, a town of 250,000 inhabitants there were 1 per cent. of workless. He immediately started to study the organisation of a Labour Exchange Office, and encouraged large public works. The whole capital is being reshaped, the streets and avenues are enlarged, primitive houses get new brick or stone facades, various government buildings are under construction. It is obvious that the building trade is flourishing, and there is room for serious and big foreign contractors to earn hand-

somely. Agriculture—cereals, coffee, oilseeds and cattle—is so far the main wealth of Ethiopia. The land is extremely fertile; in the warmer parts you have in a year up to 3 harvests of different crops, without any other fertilizer than grazing animals. The machinery is primitive, but according to the new theory and the French experience in parts of Morocco, as the humus is light and not mixed with clay no deep ploughing is necessary. The Ferguson tractor—which has been tried lately—with its harrow and disc implements should be sufficient. Thrashing is also primitive; by cattle and hand, here too small thrashing machines owned and operated on a co-operative basis could be the right answer. The Minister of Agriculture Blatta Ephem Medhen, who was Ambassador in London, runs his ministry in the most impressive way: there are two agricultural colleges one run in conjunction with the U.S. Point 4, the other to be organised with the help of German teachers. The Ministry has a South American as coffee expert, an Austrian expert for reafforestation, English zootechnical experts, a commission for the fight against locusts; the UNO Food and Agricultural organisation is working to stop by inoculation the frequent Rinderpest and other diseases. The immediate programme is to multiply the two existing model farms, of which I have seen that belonging to H.M. the Emperor named Shola and which is very effectively run by an Italian veterinary surgeon Dr. Martinelli. At Shola you can see prize cattle of each important breed: Guernseys, Jerseys, Ayrshires, Frisian, Hereford (all imported from the U.S.A.), Brown Swiss, etc. What is so successful is the crossing of pedigree bulls with local zebu type cows of small yield but 6-7 per cent. butterfat. This crossing and the demonstration of what an intensive farming husbandry can do is the real incentive for a steady improvement in Ethiopia's agriculture.

The army is trained by a Belgian military mission and can compete in drill and smartness with any army. It was known for centuries that the Ethiopians are excellent warriors, as has been proved lately in Korea. The Air Force is trained by Swedish Air Force officers, and they told me that the Ethiopians are as good pilots as any others. The Police was British trained and is very effective; not even a car belonging to the Emperor dares to park for a few minutes on the wrong side, such an authority has the Addis-Ababa Bobby. The cavalry has beautiful Australian horses more immune to the dangers of the region and climate. The main problem for the steady development is transport. The only railway from Addis-Ababa to the French port of Djibouti is a French private company, which exploits its monopoly with nearly prohibitive tariffs. It is underbitten now by the road transport from the Ethiopian port of Assab which is per ton, one fourth of the rail tariff. Even transport by Dakota planes of the Ethiopian Air Lines—excellently run by T.W.A.—is cheaper than by rail. There are roads linking the main regions with the capital and the ports, some of them have been built, but not too well, by the Italians, many by the Ethiopians. An American Company has undertaken the upkeep, but not to the entire satisfaction of motorists. For the future there is much to be said for cheap air freight. As for passenger transport the existing Ethiopian Airlines are already linking all main cities.

The U.S. Point 4 organisation has a big staff which is mainly concerned in studying the possibilities for mineral exploitation, industrialisation, etc. It is giving technical advice and preparing the legal framework so as to encourage foreign investment. The writer was told that 35 concerns from all West European countries are prepared to come into the country provided the law which should encourage and safeguard them is going to be accepted by the Government and passed by Parliament. This organisation also shares with the Government in financing the school of arts in Addis-Ababa and the agricultural college of Jimma. The leaders of this organisation assured me of the great wealth of the country and of the many possibilities for foreign capital. The Gold and Platinum mines are thoroughly modernised and give a great production, and the Sinclair Oil Company is ever more sure to strike soon on petrol. With the existing active budget and trade balance maintained the country is sure of a steadily growing prosperity. The Ethiopian dollar is considered a hard currency, anybody can exchange them for U.S. dollars at the official rate.

Naturally the battle between communism and Western ideas is on, for the moment only on the surface as communism has practically no adepts among Ethiopians except curiously enough among the well-to-do foreign elements. Moscow has opened large premises in which they display photographs and their magazines. It is a visual propaganda for the uneducated. I have seen six young men reading in the rooms, but the communist cinema hall for 250 people showing 3 times a week Russian films is almost always full, mainly because of the free entrance, and the Russian war films are much applauded. The U.S. Information Agency centre with an intellectual and artistic touch and its large library on the same day had 36 people reading mostly books and less the American magazines. The French have a circle with papers, magazines and artistic performances. Only the British Council has closed the former British Institute, but it does good work by providing teachers for the General Wingate Secondary School. The Ethiopian youth shows a real hunger for education, which is not compulsory—except in the capital—but very well attended. So are the English, French and German schools. Many of the best students are sent by the Government all over the world to Universities to specialise in one or the other science, and after terminating they get responsible positions in the administration.

The architect and moving spirit of this modernisation of Ethiopia is H.M. the Emperor himself, a matured statesman of great stature who in the recent past has united his country under His wise rule. He knows perfectly the qualities and defects of his people, as he knows what improvements should be adapted from different countries and also when to put them in practice. He is in constant and direct contact with his people. Hard working and benevolent, he trains the Crown Prince continuously for his important future rôle. H.M. is keen on hearing the observations and suggestions of foreign visitors, and likes to discuss with them problems of international politics or specific problems of different countries. It will always remain in history as an outstanding act of clemency and wisdom that the first measure on his return to Addis-Ababa was to decree an amnesty for all those who traded or collaborated with

the occupation forces, mainly non-Ethiopians. In his hard daily work the Emperor is helped by the Government and not less by his private secretary H. E. Ato Taffara Worg. His official visit to the U.S.A. and to other European countries will certainly strengthen the existing ties with Ethiopia, which could become also strategically of primary importance to the Western countries.

V. V. TILEA.

JUSTICE IN AMERICA

THE species of political indecencies known to the world as McCarthyism is only the outward manifestation of a corruption in American justice that has for long given concern to those acquainted with the facts, and which in recent years, under the impetus of anti-Communism, has spread alarmingly, leading to a serious deterioration in what are known in America as "civil rights." But although the immediate causes may be the hysteria born of the fear of Communism and a lack of faith in the legal procedures established to safeguard the community, there must be and is a basic factor, or factors, which enables such monstrous growths as McCarthyism to take root and to grow pumpkin-like in such a relatively short time. Those factors are the historical lawlessness of Americans, and the circumstances of life which have compelled Americans, and still compel them, to accept the law and judicial decisions only when these either suit their purposes or can be enforced by Federal, State, or local action. There is not, in America, the sense of law-abidingness which in Britain makes not only for a comparatively very low rate of crime but also for a national feeling that justice is fair and evenly meted out, not politically distorted and erratic.

The purpose of this article is to examine the relative lack of respect for the law in America, and the use of illegalities which in the words of Mr. Justice Douglas of the United States Supreme Court "smack of the police state." The United States of America was born in violence and illegality. Few historians nowadays find any real justification for the Declaration of Independence and the Revolutionary War in the so-called ill-treatment of the colonies. Instead, it is fairly generally accepted that the alleged discriminations against the colonists were used by the small minority fervently desiring independence to force their views on the largely apathetic majority—as witness both the difficulties of General Washington in his quest for troops and money, and the need for French assistance before victory was gained. The success of force in the first years of the country's history more or less set the example for future generations to follow both in national, state, local, and purely personal affairs. It was succeeded by dozens of examples in which the law was successfully flouted by persons from the President downwards. Thus there has been every practical encouragement for the theory that might is right.

The rigidity of the American Constitution has been one of the most important factors in this trend towards illegalities. The written Constitution could not and did not provide for all eventualities, and there

has always been a possibility that each President would be called upon to "stretch" the Constitution as new circumstances and conditions arose. President Jefferson, for example, confirmed the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from Napoleon even though he believed his act to be unconstitutional. The doing of illegal acts from sheer necessity has also occurred in the relationships between the Federal and State governments. The treatment of the Red Indians is also a history of broken promises and indecent behaviour. In some cases the very decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court have not been enforced owing to the refusal of the President to use the police or military for such purposes. Other decisions of the Court have been ignored by the States as being too offensive to local beliefs. Thus the very authorities in whose hands the administration of justice rests have themselves been guilty of deliberately breaking or ignoring the law and legal decisions. Small wonder then that there has grown up in America a widespread feeling of congratulation for those who break the law for their own ends and "get away with it."

Lack of the ability to enforce the law has also tended to bring it into disrepute. In such a rapidly growing country as America, where distances are vast, it has never been easy to implement either the law or judicial decisions. Possession has tended to become in fact nine-tenths of the law. The lag in the settling of injustices has also encouraged the doing of illegal acts. It is indeed because of these two factors that lynching came into being—a plain indication that the country was either unable or unwilling to maintain law and order. Lynching was the outward expression of great dissatisfaction with the settling of illegalities and disputes. The very weakness of law enforcement encouraged mob justice, even if only of a rudimentary nature, and the very success of this violence further encouraged the use of violence in the settling of personal disputes. Then again, in a rich country where social distinctions are based mainly on wealth, there has been a strong tendency towards bribery and corruption. The lack of any true national type of behaviour in this respect, caused mainly by the amalgamation of so many different racial strains, has made for unconcern in these matters on the part of the general public. There has thus come into being a lack of respect for the law, not only on the part of the public generally but also in the case of the highest legal officers in the country, and right down the ranks to the local police officers, many of whom have come to be associated with such illegalities as breaking into private homes without warrant, and with brutality towards suspects. The national belief in success as a virtue has tended to lower personal codes of morality, and has encouraged the belief that both illegalities and unethical behaviour are justified in the quest for success—a lack of virtue being offset, according to this thinking, by the acquisition of an accepted virtue, success.

The remark made by Secretary of Defence Wilson on his appointment, that what was good for General Motors was good for America, clearly revealed his inability to appreciate the unethical position he would have occupied had he retained his big holding in the very company to which he would by virtue of his position have been awarding the greater part of the defence contracts. In a similar way the "fixing" of police charges by bribery and political influence has now assumed the proportions of a

national scandal, and has itself encouraged the breaking of law on other occasions by those not fortunately placed in that instance. This lack of respect for the persons supposed to be responsible for the administration of justice has led to the use of mechanical gadgets so as to avoid personal decisions. The lie detector, and the drunkometer for helping decide cases of drunkenness, are cases in point. Both are obnoxious by British standards, both seek to effect justice mechanically, yet both have quickly gained widespread acceptance in America. In some cases, laws which in effect flout the Constitution are enforced day after day. Thus the New York State Supreme Court has held that chemical tests for allegedly drunken drivers are unconstitutional. Yet a suspect driver by refusing to have a test may lose his licence. Thus such a driver is either compelled to forgo his constitutional rights or lose his licence. This monstrous abortion of decency and justice is similar to that in the Fifth Amendment cases, where people who claim their right under the Constitution not to be compelled to testify against themselves may thus lose their employment. It seems incredible that although it is perfectly legal to be a Communist in America, and, presumably, to claim one's rights under the Constitution, such a claim when allied to Communistic activity may well result in the loss of one's livelihood.

There is also more than a suspicion that perjury indictments are now being used to "get" those opponents not capable of being "got" in other ways, and that Congressional powers are being distorted to that end. Any witness, as innocent as a babe, may easily answer incorrectly questions relating to activities of long ago, especially when such questioning is carried out for several hours and days at a time. Yet many people believe, even if such beliefs as yet lack legal justification, that such answers, often to quite trivial questions, are made the basis for perjury indictments against those completely innocent of the original charges. Congressional investigations are also associated with the televising of proceedings and the badgering and in some cases the forcible ejection of witnesses whose answers have not suited the purposes of the investigators. Recently there have been the proposals to legalise the use of evidence obtained by the tapping of telephone wires, and that to deprive of citizenship those convicted of conspiring to overthrow the State. Also that by Texas to make being a communist a capital offence, punishable by death.

One of the most important cases infringing personal rights under the Constitution was that of *Irvine v. the State of California*. Irvine carried on an illegal business of gambling in California, but the police did not have sufficient testimony to bring a case against him. Under a Federal Act, Irvine bought a federal wagering tax stamp and made a report of his gambling activities. The information he gave and the stamp he bought were used to convict him and sentence him to prison for violating California's anti-gambling law. The Supreme Court held that this was not a case of compelling the witness to testify against himself in defiance of the Fifth Amendment. The more important aspect of the case, however, concerns the methods by which additional information against the suspect was obtained. The police and their agents first made a key to the home of the suspect. Then they bored a hole in the roof of his house. Using the key they entered the house, installed a microphone,

and attached it to a wire which ran through the hole in the roof to a nearby garage where officers listened in relays. Twice more they used the key to enter the house in order to adjust the microphone. First they moved it into the bedroom where the suspect and his wife slept. Next, they put the microphone into the bedroom cupboard. Then they used the key to enter the house to arrest the suspect. They had no search warrant, but they ransacked the house. The evidence so obtained was used by California to send the suspect to prison. The Supreme Court held, by a five-to-four majority, that such evidence, although illegally obtained and unconstitutional, could be used to convict the suspect. Thus, as Mr. Justice Douglas remarked in his dissenting judgment: "Today we throw the weight of the Government on the side of lawless search by affirming a conviction based on evidence obtained by it. . . . Not only is privacy invaded. The lawless invasion is officially approved as the means of sending a man to prison. . . . It is no answer that the man is doubtless guilty. The Bill of Rights was designed to protect every accused against practices of the police which history showed were oppressive of liberty."

The case is noteworthy in emphasising the lack of respect for the law even by the highest court in America. If the United States Supreme Court sanctions the use of barbarous illegalities to obtain evidence, can it really be wondered that such things as McCarthyism exist?

New York.

JOHN BROWN.

THE PLIGHT OF INDONESIA

THE evacuation of Indonesia by the Dutch Government opened the door for Communism which has made rapid progress in all branches of the social, industrial and political life of the Republic. The Communists are the most highly organised of the minorities, and in spite of the wishes of the majority of the people who, generally speaking, have no desire for Communism, they have infiltrated into many of the key positions in Government and industrial centres. The National Farmers' Organisation, for example, has been taken over entirely by Communists who have elected a Communist controlled Board. In this manoeuvre they were given considerable assistance by fellow travellers at the Convention held at Jakarta in September 1953. This Organisation includes various peasants organisations composed of landowners and small farmers who are anti-Communist but for economic reasons continue as members of the Organisation. The Communists have also gained complete control of the Newspaper Writers' and Journalists' Union. In like manner they have control of the Estate Workers' Union which numbers over 100,000 members. Under Communist direction, this Union would be in a position to bring about economic distress by staging strikes on the farms which would imperil the food supply of the population especially if arranged at the time of harvest. It is evident therefore, that through the control of these powerful Organisations, the Communists are now in a position to bring overwhelming pressure to bear on the Government

in the furtherance of their own designs for the spread of Communism in the Pacific.

A large proportion of the population of Indonesia consists of Moslems. They are divided into two bitterly hostile camps, the "Darul Islam", a National body strongly opposed to Communism, and the United Moslem Party which has been actively combating Darul Islam. It is in close alliance with the Communists. A rising by Darul Islam was sternly suppressed by the Communists and Communist-Nationalist control was restored. By many outside papers Darul Islam has been regarded as a terrorist organisation of fanatical Moslems, but recent intelligence from Indonesia describes it rather as a religious movement for self-defence against the encroachments of the Communist-controlled Indonesian Government. It makes an unbending stand against all attempts to suppress the rights of Islam. There are also other Moslem Parties, The Masjumi Party, the Indonesian Moslem Association and the Hizbullah Party. The Masjumi represents political resistance by Moslems while the Moslem Association interests itself rather in the cultural sphere. The Hizbullah is the name for the Moslem Youth Organisation which attracts numbers of young people and seems to be increasing in numbers and importance. The Communists have made repeated demands on the Government for arms for their volunteer organisations. These demands have hitherto been refused by the Prime Minister but despite his refusal it is well known that in Sumatra and other distant localities, arms from Government forces have been handed over to the Communists. Arms have also been landed from Chinese boats in Java and the Celebes. In this connection it may be of interest to note that the Indonesian Ambassador in Peking is strongly inclined to the Left. Whatever their sources of supply may be, it is an undoubted fact that the Communist volunteer forces in Indonesia are well armed and are organised on military lines.

The economic situation in the Republic appears to be deteriorating to an alarming extent. Prices as well as wages are rising rapidly but, as is usually the case, wages can never catch up with the cost of living which is largely due to higher wages and consequent increase in prices of food and commodity goods. Foreign investors are inclined to fight shy of investing in industrial and commercial concerns in Indonesia owing to the uncertain state of affairs and the inclination of the Government towards the Left. The powerful influence that the Communists can exert in the Government and the country itself acts as a deterrent to any possible investment. As it is, oil companies have cancelled their programmes for development and expansion owing to their mistrust in the economic and financial stability of the Republic.

Production in Nationalised industries has decreased considerably. The Mining Unions are dominated by the Communists who have succeeded in breaking up the Islamic Trade Unions which had been formed to combat Communism. Under the Communist dominated Government however, the Communist Unions assumed complete control of the industries. The land reform measures inaugurated by the Communists is leading to chaos and disaster in the country's agriculture. Land owners are being compelled to allot a large proportion of their land to landless people with the result that much of the harvest is lost and the country is faced with a

possible food shortage which, with ordinary care, would be impossible in Indonesia.

Production is seriously handicapped by the fantastic numbers of holidays in the week on which no, or very little work may be performed. Moslems may not work after 11 a.m. on Friday. No one works after noon on Saturday. No work of any kind is performed on Sunday, a Christian holiday. There are in addition, national holidays on which no work may be done. The Indonesian considers that the tropics are too hot for serious work and prefers to linger in the shade round his rice bowl. Not so the Chinese who are a hard working community and contribute in no small degree to the present stability such as it is of their adopted country.

The general standard of living is low compared to other countries and official efforts to keep wages down to pre-war levels have brought about corruption and encouraged the black market. Corruption has become a recognised state of things in everyday life. Bribery of every minor official is essential before one can approach the sole Minister with whom all foreign traders have to do business, from the doorkeeper upwards. As this person's salary was the equivalent of £3 per month it is not difficult to understand that he had a keen desire to reap a harvest from visitors whom good fortune sent in his way.

The Dutch Mercantile Marine which carries the trade between the hundreds of islands of the Republic are to a great extent responsible for the maintenance of the economic situation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that were this service withdrawn, and the Chinese stopped work, the economy of the Republic would collapse. In spite of their business value, the Chinese are regarded as second class citizens. They have to carry special identification papers and their business concerns are much restricted. No new business may be started without Malay partners irrespective of their capacity. In short, all foreigners are cordially disliked by the Indonesians especially the Dutch. The Government policy appears to include a desire to force foreign traders to leave the country and not to allow any more to come in. If carried to its logical conclusion it is not easy to see how the export of the country could be carried on in view of the almost universal illiteracy of the inhabitants.

The natural resources of Indonesia if even only moderately developed on modern lines should render it one of the richest countries of the world. The dead hand of Communism however with its crippling conditions of nationalisation already spreads its shadow over the land and chokes the stream of individual effort by which alone prosperity can be achieved in spite of the disinclination of the Indonesians to work. Under the present régime there seems no prospect of improvement and it is probable that, swept up in the onward inexorable flood of Chinese Communism in the Pacific, Indonesia will be submerged with a few years to the level of a Russian Satellite State with a puppet government controlled and dominated by Communist officials from China and Russia. The people would stand by helpless and unable to help themselves or to save their country from slavery.

The state of the country is deplorable. Travellers are never safe from attack from brigands and terrorists. Conditions of affairs have worsened even since I was there a few years ago. We were often shot at while

travelling in our jeep from camp to town and several bombs were flung at us, happily without any harm being done. The present government is incapable of maintaining law and order. Guerilla bands of Darul Islam and the Communist Bamboo Spears are operating openly in parts of Java holding up trains and robbing the passengers. Trains running to Jakarta are now heavily guarded but in more distant districts lawlessness prevails. The army is apparently useless for any purpose whatever, being completely under the control of the leftist Government who appoints officers in accordance with their political opinions. It is incapable of suppressing the anarchy that exists in the outlying districts where brigands and guerillas are free to harry the unfortunate people without restraint. The Defence Minister and the Commander in Chief, who owe their appointments to their political activities, are powerless to effect any improvement in the military situation as it would displease the Communists who, to a large extent, control the Government. So far as is known at present, there is nothing in the nature of the Russian system of political Commissars in military units, but it is possible that at any time this system may be introduced.

Indonesia is in dangerous proximity to Australia which would be seriously threatened should the Republic become a Communist State. The general situation in the Pacific hangs to a great extent on events in Indo-China where the French and Viet Nam armies are fighting for their existence against immense masses of rebel Communist forces armed and supplied by China. Should the French be compelled to evacuate the country, the whole of South-East Asia would come under Communist domination ruled by Chinese officials. Malaya would be threatened, Siam and Burma would succumb without serious resistance. Communist rule in Indonesia would undoubtedly restore law and order with the customary purges and executions and the islands would regain much of their former prosperity, for the benefit of their Communist masters no doubt. For the first time in their life the Indonesians would be compelled to labour and holidays would be merely a memory of better times. Finally, the gloom of Communist slavery would spread over the land and freedom would cease to have a meaning.

H. E. CROCKER.

CONFIDENT SPAIN

THE writer has visited Spain four times since the war: in 1947, 1948, 1950 and late in 1953. He related some of his impressions in an article published in the *Contemporary Review* in 1951. Visiting the country after nearly three years' interval he was again struck by the obvious progress made in many domains, but what impressed him even more was the air of confidence permeating that country. This can hardly be wondered at as 1953 was an exceptionally good year from many angles, from tourism to politics. Let us begin with the lighter subject, tourism.

Since 1947 foreign tourism has been an increasingly important factor in Spain's economic life. The cheapness of Spain contributed largely to that country becoming Europe's favourite holidaying ground. France

by her almost prohibitive prices has lost heavily to Spain, as is proved by the presence of a large contingent of French tourists in Spain who find their own country much too expensive. Swiss people succumb to Spain's attractions, not only because of her cheapness, but also because of her colourful, exotic character; and Scandinavians flock to the South and places around Alicante as well as to Majorca and Ibiza to enjoy reliable sunshine. The first place in this tourist contest is held by the British, for whom Spain offers the best market on a £40 or £50 a year allowance. While the British favour the Costa Brava—sharing it with the Germans who, since 1951, tend to assume the position of the most travelled nation of the Continent—the French proceed to Valencia and beyond, or to Majorca, in search of still cheaper regions. Costa Brava and the coast around San Sebastian are regarded as the most expensive coastal stretches of Spain. Prices, of course, are not what they used to be in 1947 or 1948, when one could get a hotel room with full board in Madrid for 50 pesetas, or live in Palma de Mallorca for as few as 35 pts. a day. The hotel prices have nearly doubled since 1948; still, there are places on the coast where one can live for about 75 pts. which is about 17 shillings a day. The prices have gone up but there is a marked improvement in some of the 'ingredients' of tourism. For example, roads are better, especially trunk roads connecting centres like Madrid and Barcelona. Many of the roads which used to be pretty calamitous only three years ago have been given decent surfaces, particularly those leading from the French frontier to Barcelona. Trains which were in a truly deplorable state show definite signs of improvement; Barcelona is now connected with Madrid by a diesel train of the TAF type built by the Fiat works and the same kind of very comfortable train, air-conditioned and excellently equipped, runs on the Barcelona-Valencia line. Granada has just been linked with Madrid by a similar autovia; Madrid has had since 1951 a modern diesel train running to Irun. These light and comfortable fast trains seem to provide the best solution to the antiquated RENFE carriages and the long distance buses show a definite improvement. Italian and German firms compete in supplying light train coaches; German cars, especially the Volkswagen and the WV 'pocket buses', rapidly become a favourite with the Spanish buyers. German businessmen make a great effort to obtain a lion's share on the Spanish market. In this they are helped by large, resourceful German colonies in Madrid and Barcelona, strengthened during the war and at the end of it by many rich people from the Reich who preferred to avoid witnessing the final reckoning in their country. More or less camouflaged German firms—like Hapag—as well as German banks survived the earth tremors of the last war and are now coming into the open to back the German trade offensive in Spain. A German Gymnasium was recently re-opened in Barcelona. Foreign tourism is now a source of considerable income to Spain. It seems that last year was by far the best of all the post-war vintages: probably about 400,000 tourists came, mainly from this country, Germany, France and Scandinavia. Tourism tends to become an all the year round proposition: one can bathe near Alicante as early as March and beaches around Malaga, like Torremolinos, boasts of sunshine until late December.

It is not only the ever-increasing influx of tourists that creates a more

optimistic mood as visitors bring foreign currency into the country. Their presence is definitely adding to the general liberalisation of life. The tedious bureaucracy which made life for a tourist in 1947 very cumbersome—one had to sign the infamous triptico even if one intended to spend a few hours in a hotel—has been almost completely abolished. The triptico is dead; the men from the Seguridad who used to walk up and down the corridors of trains have been thinned out. Spaniards admit that life has become much easier for them and there is every reason to hope that this liberalisation will continue. The regime can afford such a step as it is apparently much stronger than it was in, say, 1950. Those who advocated a more lenient policy towards Spain, her admission into various international agencies, more active and vigorous trade with her, increased contacts with her economic and cultural life, have been completely vindicated by events. Thanks to the increased influx of tourists she has liberalised her internal policy, and those who come from abroad can see for themselves that she is not the dreaded police state described by people of certain political denominations who are always ready to salute Tito's Yugoslavia but in the same breath ostracise Franco's Spain. We know by now that the West has gained many points with Yugoslavia by increased assistance to that country, and the growing presence of tourists in Yugoslavia seems already to be acting as an additional brake on the regime's dictatorial propensities. The rules affecting Yugoslavia also affect Spain, probably even more so as Franco's Spain long ago passed the peak of severity which Tito's regime has reached only quite recently.

Spain has weathered the most difficult years both from the economic and political point of view. A very poor country, inadequately equipped in foodstuffs, was excluded from the Marshall Aid which helped richer nations to get over the dangerous post-war 'hump.' Spain found a second best, a rickety substitute, in the development of her trade and exchange with South American countries; but actually the policy of tightening the belt was adopted by a country both proud and well seasoned in poverty. Now, with American aid flowing easily, Spain should experience a definite change for the better. Of course American aid will be mainly concerned with building strategic roads across the peninsula and air bases and enlarging existing port facilities. But all these investments will inevitably bring in their wake greater prosperity: houses and encampments will be constructed, American food will flow in, employment will be found for thousands. It is by now no secret that the Spanish Government had to object to the original American scheme of direct American employment of Spanish labour: it rightly feared that this would be likely to provoke a minor revolution as the American rate of payment would greatly surpass the frugal Spanish pay. Ultimately an agreement was reached by which the recruitment of local labour was to lie with the Spanish sub-contractors. So payment will be regulated by Spanish laws, but it is obvious that better housing and better food will be the lot of those employed on the construction of American roads, bases and ports.

It is rumoured that the Americans are to build several roads cutting across the mainland from west to east—from Cadiz to Alicante, for instance—and some even say that those trunk roads will lead from the Portuguese coast to the Mediterranean coast of Spain. Airports are to

be constructed by the dozen; some of them, it is said, will be among the largest in Europe and will be able to accommodate the heaviest bombers. Spain offers excellent possibilities in that respect; there are innumerable high plateaux, ideal for building vast airfields, and clear weather and perfect visibility are provided by the climate. There are already brisk activities in various parts—especially in Alicante—connected with the promised American aid.

Even without American aid many things have been done for the workers. Any visitor to the South, round Granada and Cordoba, can see for himself new settlements, especially for those working on the new cotton plantations. New living quarters for the workers have been built in Salamanca, Avila, Granada and many other cities, as it is obvious that no modern dictatorship can neglect them. People of certain political colouring prefer to forget that, after all, Hitler's own party was called NSDAP, and that the German workers when given various privileges through their Arbeitsfront and Kraft durch Freude were probably the least accessible to the idea of revolt against the dictator. They showed wonderful discipline throughout the war, even under severe punishment by Allied Air Forces, and very few acts of sabotage were committed; those that were accomplished were mainly by foreign workers taken to the Reich from subjugated countries. Mussolini was by no means slow in cajoling Italy's workers, and Franco's efforts are also directed towards winning for himself that section of the population which is probably the most important in any modern society marching towards industrialisation—even as inadequate and slow as Spain's still is. Social services have been steadily improved and some of the new buildings and hospitals, like the Residencia Sanitaria at Caleta near Granada, constructed for the Seguro de Enfermedad, the equivalent of the N.H.S. here, are imposing examples of those activities.

There is little doubt that Franco's position has been greatly strengthened by his deal with America and also by the apparent weakness of internal opposition. The monarchist issue seems to be less acute than even three years ago: Franco has established himself in the imagination of the masses as a Regent. People believe that after his death a monarchy will be re-established, but how is anybody's guess. The majority seem to accept the theory that for the time being there is no other choice for Spain but Franco; that Falange has greatly lost its prestige, authority and influence; that the regime is a bureaucratic-military machine with hardly any ideology left; and that the chances of the émigré politicians are practically nil. They are forgotten, for their exile has lasted too long. That Spain has emerged from her isolation after 55 years, and that the country which helped her to reappear again on the international scene was that very Power which dealt a death-blow to her position by defeating her in the Spanish-American war, is a source of great moral satisfaction for the Spaniards. They are glad that their isolation has ended, and the protracted ostracism so stupidly enforced by the Western Powers has served only to rally many elements of that proud nation to Franco's support. They set great hopes by this ending of their isolation, and America is today extremely popular in Spain. This may change with the advent of American experts, fancy goods and military establishments,

but one cannot deny that there is today an enthusiasm for things American. Britain should make an effort to come into the market, as, with the probable cooling off of Spanish enthusiasm for Americans in a not too distant future, a certain void will be created which, if not filled by this country, will inevitably be filled by the Germans.

Franco will strive to put Spain on the map again. This was clearly indicated by his message to the Cortes Españolas in which he not only declared his desire to serve the dignity, greatness and progress of his country, but also said that fortunately for Spain she has remained outside the post-war decisions which resulted in such tragic mutilation of Europe. In the same message he stressed that: *no podemos ser indiferentes a la defensa occidental*. Obviously he feels that his prudence and patience have been rewarded: he was the only prospective ally of Hitler who managed to outmanoeuvre him. Compared with Franco's astuteness, that of a true Galician, Mussolini's emotional vendetta against France and England seems a childish affair. Franco regards himself as a man who knew how to wait. The West came round to his point of view that Communism is a deadly enemy. The most powerful country in the West wants an alliance with him, and should catastrophe overtake the E.D.C. America will rely either on German re-armament and military strengthening of Spain, or will withdraw into its old conception of a 'peripheric defence' which comprises Britain, Spain, Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey. In the event of defeat of the E.D.C. Franco's shares will jump even higher. This is also the feeling of people in Spain. The Spaniards feel that after 55 years of living on the circumference of world affairs they are drawn again into the ring. The pact concluded with the U.S. had a great psychological effect. Confidence returns. There is an air of expectation and optimism enhanced by the promise of American help and relief that the long isolation has at last ended.

AXEL HEYST.

THE LEGACY OF LOUIS XIV—II

THE political ideology of Louis XIV was formulated by the most eloquent preacher of the age. In his massive treatise *La Politique tirée de l'Écriture Sainte* Bossuet spoke for France with the same authority as Locke and Halifax interpreted the England of 1688. As in his better known *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* compiled for his pupil the Dauphin, the Bishop of Meaux derives his arguments from scripture, history and reason in support of the system of dynastic autocracy. The Bible, he argues, is the touchstone of truth, in the political no less than in the religious sphere. Sharing the conviction of Hobbes that by nature men are wolves to one another, he reaches the same conclusion that absolute power, preferably exercised by hereditary monarchy, is needed to keep them in order. He rejects the Aristotelian maxim that man is a political animal, and attributes the creation of society to the instinctive physical need for self-preservation. To fulfil his duty of securing the public welfare the sovereign must possess unfettered authority; his right

once established, all other rights fade away. Private rights are valid only if recognised by the law which the ruler decrees. Having entrusted all their power to a single person, the people can do nothing against him: even their lives are in his hands and in case of disobedience he may take them. Bad princes, even tyrants, possess the same right to obedience as good ones, and the early Christians performed their duty in praying for Nero. If opposition is permitted for any purpose, the state is in peril and public order is threatened. The ruler is no less under an obligation to maintain his authority unimpaired than his subjects to obey his commands for its diminution would paralyse his capacity to keep the peace the best government is that which is furthest removed from anarchy. All benefits should derive from him alone. It is right that he should be loved but he should also be feared. Caring nothing for political or religious liberty Bossuet denies both the need and the value of constitutional guarantees for it is as easy to sign a scrap of paper as to tear it up. Hereditary monarchy has proved the best system for in working for his state the monarch is working for his own children.

So far Bossuet's premisses and conclusions are pure Hobbes, but as the argument develops vital differences emerge. While the free thinking publicist is an incurable pessimist about human nature the pious Bishop sees the stars shining in the heavens since Christian ethics point the way to a better life. Though subject to no terrestrial authority the ruler is under the moral law, and is in duty bound to maintain ancient institutions, fundamental laws and inherited privileges. Tradition, which meant as little to Hobbes as it was later to weigh with Bentham, possessed for Bossuet an authority which he dared not and had no wish to ignore. He believed in the wisdom of our ancestors, and in his eyes the passage of time gradually legitimised conquest. If, however, the ruler neglects his duties—even if he openly flouts the laws of God and orders his subjects to do the same—he could neither be punished nor resisted: Like the early Christians they must if necessary suffer and die. While the system of Hobbes rested on the fear of punishment, the political edifice of Bossuet was theoretically cemented by love. He was too fine a spirit to flatter, and his paeon to the ruler breathes genuine devotion. "A good subject loves his prince as the embodiment of the public weal and the safety of the state, as the air he breathes, as the light of his eyes, as his life and more than his life. He is more than the head of the state and the fatherland incarnate. Next to the love of God comes love for the prince, and how greatly must he love his people in order to retain their love! All men are brothers and should love each other like brothers. If he fears the people, all is lost. If he fears the great nobles, the state is weak. He must fear God alone. The more exalted the office, the greater the severity of the divine judge: mercy is for the little man, torments for the mighty. Without the divine judgment-seat absolute authority degenerates into arbitrary despotism." Both as a believer in an all-powerful executive and as a pillar of the Catholic Church Bossuet rejects liberty of conscience as a challenge to the true faith and a threat to the spiritual solidarity of the state. As an embodiment of the *mystique* of absolute monarchy on a Christian basis in seventeenth century France Bossuet's treatise ranks with the writings of James I and the Divine Right teachings of High

Church theologians of the reign of Charles I. Its purpose was to convince the heir to the throne that a Christian prince was the representative of God on earth with all the powers, privileges and obligations appertaining to the post. Written when Le Roi Soleil was at the height of his glory, it breathed boundless confidence in the strength and stability of the Bourbon monarchy. As, however, the reign moved towards its close an atmospheric change, arising from the almost unceasing wars and the ever increasing frustration and resentment, stimulated a search for alternatives.

The critical spirit of a younger generation found its most eloquent expression in Fénelon who, like Bossuet, was appointed to train an heir to the throne, though he was allotted a more promising pupil. No preceptor could have struck sparks from the Dauphin, but the qualities of his son, the Duc de Bourgogne, seemed to authorise the highest hopes. Saint-Simon's portrait of Fénelon is one of the gems in his incomparable gallery. "This prelate was tall and thin, well proportioned, with a big nose, eyes from which fire and intelligence poured like a torrent, and a face unlike any I ever saw and which, once seen, could never be forgotten. It was full of contradictions, yet they always harmonised. There was gallantry and gravity, earnestness and gaiety; there was in equal proportions the teacher, the Bishop and the Grand seigneur. His whole personality breathed thought, intelligence, grace, measure, above all nobility. It was difficult to turn one's eyes away." For Saint-Simon the Archbishop of Cambrai was the most dazzling ornament of the Court. No French ecclesiastic except Richelieu has left such a legend of personal distinction; no Frenchman of his time looked so far ahead and gave his contemporaries such sound advice. A century before the Revolution he proclaimed that the pyramid must rest, not on its apex, but on its base, and two centuries before the League of Nations he pleaded for an interdependent world. It was characteristic of this practical idealist that his earliest publication was a plea for the higher education of women.

Télémaque, like *Gulliver's Travels*, is a *roman à thèse*, a political tract in fictional form: everyone realised that it was a broadside against autocracy in general and Versailles in particular. Translated into many languages, it was read with delight by the King's enemies, including the persecuted Huguenots at home and abroad. Mentor is the oracle, *Télémaque*, the son of Ulysses, the pupil eager to learn. Every incident contains a moral or implies a criticism. Bossuet was the greatest of French Conservatives except Joseph de Maistre, Fénelon the greatest Liberal of his age. His sharpest arrows are aimed at the craving for fame and the wars of conquest to which it led. Though he scarcely ranks with his contemporaries William Penn and the Abbé Saint-Pierre among the pioneers of a League of Nations, he denounced the slogans of arrogant nationalism with equal force. Not merely wars but the trade barriers of Colbert's mercantilist system were an offence against the conception of the unity of mankind. War was the costliest of royal follies, but the building mania was not far behind. Believing that all people and all nations are brothers, he paints a picture of the Elysian fields, a Christian utopia, a land of peace and joy. "Peu sérieux," commented Bossuet, "et peu digne d'un prêtre." Though the Eagle of Meaux had powerful wings he lacked originality and never soared into the upper regions of the sky.

The attack on the principle and practice of autocracy was developed in an unpublished *Lettre à Louis XIV* so vehement in tone that its authenticity might be challenged but for the autograph manuscript, doubtless a first draft. "All you Ministers," begins Fénelon, "have abandoned all the old maxims in order to glorify your authority. People no longer speak of the state, only of the King and his good pleasure. They have raised you to the skies, but absolute power is only a sham, for real power resides with the Ministers, who have been harsh, arrogant, unjust, violent, false." The King's worst fault was his passion for war, and the Dutch War had unleashed all the troubles of France. "Your Majesty was driven into it to enhance your glory but such a motive can never justify a war." A terrible and obviously exaggerated picture is drawn of the plight of France in 1691. "Your peoples are dying of hunger. Agriculture is almost at a standstill, all the industries languish, all commerce is destroyed. France is a vast hospital. The magistrates are degraded and worn out. It is you who have caused all these troubles. The whole kingdom having been ruined, everything is concentrated in your hands and everyone must feed out of your hand. The people which loved you so much is beginning to withdraw its affection, its confidence and even its respect. Your victories no longer arouse delight. There is only bitterness and despair. Sedition is boiling up. You do not love God; you only fear Him with a slavish fear. It is hell you are afraid of. Your religion consists of superstition and superficial practices. You relate everything to yourself as if you were God on earth." That the letter in the form we know it was read by the King is inconceivable.

The death of the Dauphin in 1711 turned all eyes to the Duc de Bourgogne who might be expected to succeed his septuagenarian grandfather at any moment; and there, it seemed, was the chance of the saintly reformer at Cambrai. "Our trouble," he wrote to the Duc de Chevreuse, "is that this war has been the personal enterprise of the King, who is ruined and discredited. It should be made the concern of the whole nation, which must save itself." Since he might perhaps be called to power, he felt bound to draft a new policy for the new reign. After prolonged discussions with his old pupil's closest friends, the Duc de Beauvilliers, his ex-Governor, and the Duc de Chevreuse, he formulated maxims in which he approached closer to practical issues than ever before. The first tasks were to overcome the active or passive resistance of the Court, abolish sinecures, curb the building craze, and introduce simpler furniture and cheaper apparel. Such austerity could only become effective if the people joined in the reforming campaign. For this purpose it would be necessary not only to summon the States General which had not met for a century, but to integrate it into the life of the nation, meeting every three years and sitting as long as circumstances required. Since the members would doubtless be as moderate and loyal as the Estates of Languedoc and Brittany, they could discuss every aspect of policy at home and abroad. In his anxiety to limit the power of the ruler he argued that Gallicanism was no longer necessary since the power of Rome had so sharply declined. Give the Church a little more freedom and let the parishes have *curés* of their own choice. The most conspicuous omission in this generous programme of reform is the absence of any reference to

liberty of conscience, for Fénelon approved the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and had no use for the Jansenists.

A few other points are made in a little essay, *Examen de conscience des devoirs de la royauté*, which urges the sovereign to inform himself in detail of the state of the various classes and the working of central and local institutions. Above all he must have no favourites and must strive to avoid war, the mother of misery; if forced to fight, he should observe the laws of war. "He is the cleverest and the most fantastical head in the kingdom," grumbled the old King. Had he peered more closely into that scintillating brain he would have recoiled in anger at the audacity of its schemes. That the Duc de Bourgogne never came to the throne was the disappointment of Fénelon's life and was a major misfortune for France, for the first seeds of revolution were sown in the closing years of Louis XIV.

A scarcely less formidable critic of the régime, though he attacked on a narrower front, emerged from a different camp. Among the Marshals whose triumphs built up the renown of Louis XIV none occupied a loftier place in the regard of his countrymen and the Court than Vauban. Though Condé and Turenne were his superiors on the battlefield, he was the prince of military engineers whose fortresses on the eastern frontiers remained the admiration of Europe long after his death. He was also a man of noble and unselfish character whose interests embraced the problems of peace no less than war. Staggered by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he deplored in a letter to Louvois the blow struck at industry and commerce and the revival of religious strife. Despite a rebuff he forwarded a copy to Mme de Maintenon, but the appeal fell on deaf ears. The decision, he argued, weakened France by the loss of industrious citizens and strengthened her enemies. Kings were masters of the life and property of their subjects but not of their opinions, and they should not press that authority too far. His next venture was more ambitious and might appear to have more chance of success, for the financial plight of war-worn France was notorious. The Peace of Ryswick in 1697 was merely a truce after a generation of continuous struggle which emptied the treasury and almost beggared the people. The Intendants were instructed to investigate and report on the condition and needs of their districts. It was the wrong method of approach, for they were likely to minimise the evils and in some cases to conceal the abuses which brought them gain. Far weightier was the counsel of Vauban who had studied conditions on the many journeys and marches of his long life. No one since Sully had displayed such deep and unflagging interest in the peasantry, which he regarded as the backbone of the state.

When the return of peace afforded him ampler leisure Vauban summarised his conclusions in *La Dime Royale*. Since France, he estimated, could support 24 millions but contained only 19, there was no over-population; the climate was temperate, the soil good, the peasantry thrifty and industrious. Why then was there such misery? Taxation was heavy but not unbearable if the burden were fairly distributed. The fundamental cause was that many contributed too much while the nobility and the clergy were exempt. The privilege of the former was an in-

heritance from feudal times, when the landed proprietors were expected to aid the Crown from their own resources in time of need. The exemption of the clergy was equally a survival from the ages when the Church was a law to itself. These financial entrenchments Richelieu himself had not attempted to storm. The gross injustice was resented by the Tiers État, but there were no institutions through which it could express discontent. Every year the King's Council fixed the sum required from the several districts, and the local collectors required police protection. If the taxpayer could not meet the demand his animals, agricultural implements and even his furniture might be seized. The knowledge that a substantial portion of the yield never reached the coffers of the state increased the smart.

Minor changes, argued Vauban, were useless and a new deal was required. A tax should be levied on all citizens, ranging from 5 to 10 per cent. according to the needs of the state, in place of the existing *taille*, local *douane* and *aides*. The idea of a tenth was familiar to the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans and the early French kings. The Church tithe aroused little complaint and involved no corruption. The hated *taille* was not adjusted to the capacity to pay, since the value of properties changed and gross favouritism was rife. To avoid the *taille* peasants often concealed their resources and went about in rags. Comparing the yield of tithe and *taille* in some fifty parishes, he discovered that the former yielded the larger sum. The Dime Royale would be assessed on land, houses, mills, fisheries, salaries, pensions, and every other source of income, concealment of assets being punishable by confiscation and doubling the original demand. Manual workers should only pay a thirtieth, since they were frequently unemployed and their standard of life was low. Passing to changes in indirect taxation, the author proposed the reduction of the salt tax which many were too poor to pay, and an extra charge on wine supplied in cabarets, a measure which might help to keep peasants at home and not waste their money on drink. The new system should be introduced gradually so that the whole country could witness its benefits. It was not intended to increase the total yield of taxation but to diminish the burden on those least able to bear it. Vauban expected opposition from the "leeches and harpies." He accepted autocracy but declared war on the swarm of parasites up to the highest levels.

Vauban wrote, not to inflame the public, for his book was not on sale, but to convert the King and his council, expecting that his record of service would ensure attention if not gratitude. A manuscript copy was sent to the King who, if made aware of its contents, cannot have resented it, for the author was promoted a Marshal two years later. When, however, it was printed anonymously in 1707 without seeking the usual permission of the police, which he feared would be refused, a storm blew up. Though the book was only presented to a few influential friends, the authorship was no secret, and it was denounced by the tax farmers and other vested interests. A demand was raised that the audacious reformer should be sent to the Bastille and his book destroyed. The shock was too much for the old warrior, who died of a broken heart. When the King heard the news he exclaimed: "I lose a man greatly attached to my

person and the state." Perhaps he may have felt a momentary twinge that he had not held his shield over a man who was saluted by Saint-Simon as the best of Frenchmen. Three years later he was posthumously vindicated when the King imposed a special war levy of a tenth for three successive years. Yet temporary expedients were no substitute for the drastic reforms which alone could avert a revolution when the cup of suffering and exasperation was full.

G. P. GOOCH.

To be continued.

THE FATHER OF RUSSIAN MARXISM

"It is *impossible* to become an intelligent *real* Communist without studying—precisely *studying*—all that Plekhanov wrote on philosophy, because that is the best there is in the whole international literature of Marxism." Lenin, in a pamphlet published in January, 1921.

GEORGE VALENTINOVIC PLEKHANOV, the Father of Russian Marxism, was eclipsed by more spectacular rivals and is little known outside Russia. Yet he founded the first Russian Marxist party in 1883—the year of Marx's death—collaborated with Lenin on the editorial board of *Iskra* ("The Spark") and lived to witness and oppose the Bolshevik seizure of power in 1917. Plekhanov was born in 1856, the son of a small estate-owner, and attended the military secondary school at Voronezh. While still in his teens he adopted advanced views, and it is said that when his father died in 1873, he threatened to set fire to the crops on the family estate if his mother did not agree to sell the land to the tenants. In 1874, after a year at a military college, he went to the mining institute at St. Petersburg. The *narodnik* (populist) movement was at that time catching the imagination of Russian students, and young Plekhanov was soon immersed in political activity. In 1876, a few days after his twentieth birthday, he took part in a public demonstration organised by the "Land & Freedom" movement. As a consequence of this, he was in danger of arrest and fled abroad. He returned to Russia the following year and engaged in underground political activity.

The *narodnik* movement at this time consisted of two main groups. The extremists believed that only by terrorism and assassination could their revolutionary objectives be achieved; the moderates favoured a policy of education and propaganda. In 1879 the movement formally split, Plekhanov becoming the leader of a moderate secessionist group known as "Black Partition". A few months later Plekhanov again went into exile. Having encountered the works of Marx and Engels, Plekhanov now declared himself a Marxist. He translated the Communist Manifesto into Russian, and Marx and Engels wrote a special Foreword for the edition. In 1883 Plekhanov, together with Paul Axelrod, Vera Zasulich, and Leo Deutsch, founded in Geneva the "Emancipation of Labour Group", the first and for a time the only Russian Marxist party. He

soon became as well known in advanced Russian circles as Herzen had been half a century before. Lenin was greatly influenced by his early writings which he apparently first encountered when he was a student in Kazan. Trotsky recounts that at one time Lenin was content merely to echo Plekhanov's views on philosophical questions. Certainly Lenin always admired Plekhanov as a pioneering Marxist thinker, and Lenin's widow records that the works of Plekhanov stood beside those of Marx and Engels in Lenin's study in the Kremlin. "The best exposition of the philosophy of Marxism and of historical materialism is given by G. V. Plekhanov", wrote Lenin. "His personal services in the past were enormous. During the twenty years 1883-1903 he produced a large number of excellent works." Trotsky described Plekhanov as "the profound and brilliant commentator of Marx, the teacher of entire generations, the theorist, politician, publicist and orator of European fame."

In a letter written from prison in 1896, Lenin asked that a copy of Plekhanov's *On the Question of the Development of the Monist View of History* should be sent to him. He later described it as "a remarkably logical and valuable exposition." Alexander Potresov, the socialist publisher, recounts how in 1894 he persuaded Plekhanov to write a defence of Marxism which could be published legally in Russia. He went from St. Petersburg to Geneva, where he met Plekhanov's wife who told him that her husband was in London. Potresov went to London and had no difficulty in persuading Plekhanov to write the book. "We settled down in the same lodgings. He wrote . . . and I copied . . . In the first half of October I returned to St. Petersburg . . . The book was ready by December 20 . . . was put on sale on December 29, and was sold out in less than three weeks." It appeared under the pseudonym of N. Beltov and with the innocuous title already quoted. "I selected a long and clumsy title as a lightning-conductor," wrote Plekhanov later.

In 1900 Lenin was released and, accompanied by Alexander Potresov and Julius Martov, went to Geneva to discuss the starting of a Marxist paper and what he called a "theoretical journal". Eventually it was decided to establish a weekly magazine *Iskra* ("The Spark") and a journal *Zarya* ("Dawn"). There was to be an editorial board of six—Plekhanov, Paul Axelrod, and Vera Zasulich from the "Emancipation of Labour" group, and Lenin, Martov, and Potresov from the newer "St. Petersburg League of Struggle for the Emancipation of the Working Classes". It was a difficult venture from the start. Apart from the difference of temperament and age between the two trios on the editorial board, there was the geographical problem. These Russian publications were issued first from Stuttgart, then from Munich, and finally from Geneva. Some members of the board lived in Switzerland, others in London. Lenin abounded in confidence and resented criticism. Plekhanov, the "Elder Statesman" of the board and nearly twenty years Lenin's senior, was inclined to be pompous. Vera Zasulich once told Lenin that Plekhanov was like a greyhound. "He will shake a thing for a while, and then drop it; whereas you are a bulldog—yours is the death grip." "I know George [Plekhanov] can be unbearable," she said on another occasion, "but in reality he is an awfully dear beast." N. A. Alexeyev, a Russian refugee in London, once told Trotsky that Lenin might prove more important for

the Russian revolution than Plekhanov, a remark which evidently surprised Trotsky at the time.

Plekhanov was one of the forty-three delegates who attended what has come to be known as the Second Congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party, held first in Brussels and then in London in 1903. It is, perhaps, misleading to call the 1903 gathering the Second Congress of the R.S.D.L.P. for the R.S.D.L.P. did not exist in 1903. In 1898, nine representatives of a number of Russian Socialist groups had met in Minsk in an unsuccessful effort to create a unified socialist party. The majority of those who attended represented the so-called Economists, those who believed that the working-class should engage in an economic struggle against their employers, leaving the political struggle to the *bourgeoisie*. These views were akin to those of the German "revisionist" Edward Bernstein and of some of the early English Fabians.

Lenin was determined that the 1903 congress should face up to the basic issue facing the Russian Socialist movement. An industrial proletariat, which—according to Marxist orthodoxy—should act as a revolutionary spearhead, barely existed in Russia. Some of the Russian Marxists, including young Stalin at that time, took the view that it was pointless to work for immediate revolution and that the proper course was to wait until industrial capitalism had further developed. Lenin, on the contrary, had little time for theoretical arguments of this kind. He believed that the key to success was to organise a resolute and disciplined party, ready to seize power when the right moment arrived. On the surface, it was on this question of organization rather than on the niceties of Marxist theory that the 1903 conference split. Lenin proposed to the conference the following definition of the duties of party membership: "A member of the party is one who accepts its programme, and supports it both materially and by personal participation in one of its organisations". Martov proposed to replace "personal participation in" with the looser phrase "regular co-operation under the leadership of". Plekhanov gave Lenin somewhat half-hearted support; Axelrod, Zasulich, and Potresov supported Martov's amendment. After a long debate, a vote was taken, and Martov's wording was adopted by 28 votes to 22. This was a severe defeat for Lenin, and it was an added disappointment that only Plekhanov from the *Iskra* editorial board voted with him. Plekhanov, it seems, had come to the conclusion that Lenin was a man to be reckoned with, and he was anxious to avoid a breach. "Napoleon had a passion for getting his marshals divorced from their wives," he said; "some marshals gave way, although they loved their wives. Comrade Akimov in this respect is like Napoleon—he wants to divorce me from Lenin at all costs. But I am showing a stronger disposition than the Napoleonic marshals; I am not out to divorce Lenin, and I hope he does not intend to divorce me."

Then Lenin's luck changed. The question had arisen of the relationship of the Jewish Socialist Bund to the R.S.D.L.P. The delegates of the Bund wished to have their organisation recognised as the sole representative of the Jewish working-class. Having been defeated on this issue, their five delegates withdrew from the conference. This altered the balance of forces, and at the next session two delegates from the Union of Russian Social Democrats Abroad (Akimov and Martynov) also with-

drew. Lenin could now command a majority of votes, and his supporters thereupon became known as Bolsheviks (the majority).

Plekhanov was appointed president of the R.S.D.L.P., an executive committee was formed exclusively from Lenin's Bolshevik supporters, and an editorial board for *Iskra* was elected, consisting of Plekhanov, Lenin, and Martov, though in fact Martov refused to serve. The 1903 conference seemed to have ended in a Leninist victory. But to Plekhanov there was another side to the picture. He had spent twenty-five years in the confused and bitter atmosphere of revolutionary intrigue; of secession, division, and withdrawal; of rivalry and competition. The 1903 conference had been held in an attempt to achieve what had been attempted at Minsk five years before, the creation of a united Russian Socialist party. The result had been the withdrawal of the Jewish Bund and the Union of Russian Social Democrats Abroad, and the division of the remainder into two factions—Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. Plekhanov regarded it as a major task to unite the two sections; Trotsky, who was temperamentally a Bolshevik but had voted with Martov on the organisational issue, took the same view. There was the further point that Plekhanov's old associates Axelrod and Zasulich were in the Menshevik camp. Plekhanov, in a spirit of conciliation, decided to co-opt on to the editorial board of *Iskra* a number of Mensheviks. He told Lenin he wanted to "kill the Mensheviks with kindness". But Lenin was uncompromising; he had no wish to appease his opponents who, in any case, now only commanded a minority of votes in the party. He soon resigned from the board of *Iskra*, which thereupon became a Menshevik journal. This was really the final rupture between Plekhanov and the Bolsheviks. Thereafter Plekhanov nearly always found himself in disagreement with Lenin. They differed on their attitude to the 1905 Russian Revolution, to the world war, to the Provisional Government, and finally to the Bolshevik seizure of power. It is true that in 1906, the Bolshevik and Menshevik factions came together again as a result of a so-called "unity" conference held in Stockholm. But it was an unreal rapprochement and did not last. Each faction suspected that the other was being disloyal. There were, in fact, two rival organisations existing side by side, and in 1912 they again parted company. Thereafter there were two distinct Russian Marxist parties until the suppression of the Mensheviks after the Revolution.

Plekhanov returned to Russia after the overthrow of the Tsar, arriving in Petrograd three days before Lenin. Although he was now definitely identified with the Menshevik point of view, he still thought that the two Marxist factions must unite if they were to be successful. But he held, as he had in 1879, that the prime need was for education and propaganda rather than revolutionary violence. Along with Leo Deutsch, Vera Zasulich, and Gregor Alexinsky, he started a "League of Personal Example". These people recaptured some of the fervour of the early *narodniks*, while rejecting the grosser forms of nihilism. They were devoted visionaries, almost puritanical in their personal lives. But Bolshevik-Menshevik unity was impossible because, apart from anything else, the two factions differed on the basic question of their attitude to the war with Germany. When Kerensky announced in June that a Russian offensive had begun, Plekhanov took up the position of what Lenin called "social chauvinism":

"Citizens if I ask you what this day is you will say 'Monday'. But that is a mistake. Today is the Resurrection Day. Resurrection of our country and of the whole world. Russia, having thrown off the yoke of Tsarism, has decided to throw off the yokes of the enemy." By contrast Lenin was at this time denouncing Kerensky and "the ten capitalist ministers" whose collapse—he asserted—was both inevitable and imminent.

In August Plekhanov was invited to join the Provisional Government, but the Petrograd Soviet was opposed and he declined the appointment. When the October Revolution took place he was lying ill and unhappy at Tsarkoye Selo. He was invited by Boris Savinkov, Kerensky's deputy, to become Prime Minister in a future non-Bolshevik government. "I have given forty years to the proletariat" he replied, "and I will not shoot it down even when it is going along the wrong road; and I don't advise you to either." A few days later Red troops captured the town. Some guards entered his house to search for arms and found him in bed. "To what class of society do you belong?" they asked him. Plekhanov answered proudly: "I am a revolutionary who for forty years has devoted his life to the struggle for liberty." Unimpressed a workman replied: "Anyway you have now sold yourself to the *bourgeoisie*." His paper was suspended by the Bolsheviks a few weeks later. Shortly afterwards he left Russia and settled in Finland where he died in 1918, an unhappy and largely forgotten figure.

SYDNEY D. BAILEY.

ROBERT BRIDGES

CAN anyone hope to say anything not new, but even fresh? Can we say anything more about Robert Seymour Bridges? It may well be doubted; and yet one is always the better for a walk in the morning air—a tonic which may be taken over and over again without any sense of sameness, or any failure of its invigorating quality. There is a pervading wholesomeness in the poetry of this man—a vernal property that soothes and refreshes in a way of which no other has ever found the secret. His writings were prolific and sustained. His first volume appeared in 1873 and last in 1929; in that year he received the Order of Merit as a small token of appreciation of his verses. After an enviably extensive training as a classical scholar, a traveller and a physician, he retired from professional life at the age of thirty-seven, and devoted his remaining days to the interest of culture—pure English, art, hymn-singing, and above all, the creation of poetry. During his long, laborious life, he produced almost every type of poem, from dramas to quantitative hexameters, but the most notable is his immense body of odes and lyrics. No contemporary humanist was more convinced than Bridges that to reform the poet, you must reform his prosody, and with this in view he experimented in the choice of words and the techniques of versification.

In content, in thought, in imaginative power, Bridges' work can claim a distinctive place in our literature. He is peculiarly an English poet; and English in a more homely sense than ever was Tennyson. The subject of his verse he turns to those joys of everyday life that lie nearest to hand—dreams, memories, friendships, and in particular the joy of the countryside, the beauty of the flowering bank, the June meadow, the winter thicket, the weald stretching away from the foot of the hill. These he is content merely to describe; hardly any nature poetry is more simply descriptive than that of Bridges; and in everything he finds a kindly joy which suffices to fill the content of his days and the measure of his verse. His poems are idylls and songs of graceful love, vignettes of landscape and meadowed valleys, glimpses into a serene and undisturbed mind. Of himself he has written—

"But since I have found the beauty of joy
I have done with proud dismay;
For howso'er man hug his care
The best of his art is gay."

If a pensive melancholy visits him, the "proud dismay" of greater poets can hardly have touched him at any time. All his work is the reflex of a serene, a shy, and cultured mind far removed from the stress of the world's endeavours and battles. His lyrics are the work of the scholar, the recluse and the prosodist, gifted with a true, and constant, strong emotional response to life.

In 1913 Robert Bridges was appointed to the office of Poet Laureate which he held till his death in 1930. Among living poets none has a name more to be held in honour for the rare and delicate beauty of his work, for the respect he has shown for his art, and for the light he has thrown upon the laws and secrets of English versification. Many of his lyrics are of rare beauty—"Awake, my heart, to be loved", "There is a hill beside the silver Thames", the ode "A Coy Inquisitive Spirit, the Spirit of Wonder", to name a few—and much that he has written is scarcely inferior. Besides being skilled in verbal music he is a master of the descriptive phrase. The quality of his lines on a view of warships:

"Those murderous queens walking in Sabbath sleep,
Glided in line upon the windless deep."

pervades much of his work; and in his highly finished narrative poem "Eros and Psyche", the level of description is admirably sustained. Robert Bridges is truly the poet of Beauty and joy. His work owes much to a very fine culture, of which the most splendid fruit was his philosophical poem, *The Testament of Beauty*, (1929). Although the poet uses the purest language, the feelings to which he appeals are often rather subtle. But all whose taste is already formed must value Bridges' poetry for its unfailing refinement, and honour its author for his devotion to the highest ideals of his art. It has been often remarked that "the distinguishing qualities of Robert Bridges' verse are sober sincerity and a fastidious simplicity." In his love of experimentalising, in his dainty and delicate sense of rhythm, in the freshness of his diction, he derives from romanticism. Yet how unlike are the pearl greys of his decorative muse to the

glowing tints of romantic verse as we know it. Take for instance a portion of this song:

"I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made,
With sweet unmemoried scents.

"A honeymoon delight—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour—
My song be like a flower!"

Robert Bridges is certainly a passionate writer, yet the passion has light without heat. His finest work has the beauty of a spring dawn—a dawn of gradually diffused silver grey, never merging into anything warmer than a faint delicate amber. He belongs neither to the philosophic verse-maker, as illustrated by Matthew Arnold, nor the marmoreal school of sculptured phrase, of which Landor is so distinguished an exponent. He is reflective and pensive like Arnold; he is austere cool like Landor; but his muse, unlike these, is essentially a lyric muse. Perhaps Robert Bridges has made his point of view sufficiently clear in this verse:

"Simple enjoyment calm in its excess,
With not a grief to cloud, and not a ray
Of passion overhot my peace to oppress;
With no ambition to reproach delay,
Nor rapture to disturb my happiness."

Wherever the English language is spoken Bridges' poems have been the subject of criticisms, favourable and adverse. In regard to the lines quoted above it has been remarked that "this is more ascetic even than Wordsworth, whose austere raptures were none the less raptures; whereas the 'simple enjoyment' of Mr. Bridges seems a curiously negative affair." To some this rigid tranquillity may suggest stagnation. Yet there is certainly never that; and though it may be candidly conceded such a temperament is singularly restricted in its appeal, yet to a few it can make a very definite appeal. The work of Robert Bridges is essentially the work of a sensitive scholar, who dallies delicately with the simplicities and complexities of Nature and of Art; shrinking from robust expression and fervent rapture as something noisy and distasteful. We can imagine him retreating with faint, well-bred amazement from the coverts where the nightingale was singing out her heart; not wholly unresponsive, for after all he is also a singer, but inclined to endorse the criticism of the lady who observed after one of these tumults of song, "Very pretty; but don't you think the bird overdoes it?"

Robert Bridges has a horror of overdoing anything. But we must be thankful for the gifts he has bestowed upon the language; and the delicate flutings of our ex-Poet Laureate carry with them admittedly a magic of their own, while the deft skill of his prosodic experiments interest even when they do not convince. There is a twilight of Rossetti that hints at

nocturnal mysteries, but a cool silver grey from which he whispers to us sedately and graciously.

In his book *Ideas in the Twentieth Century*, H. V. Routh has summarised Bridges' writing in a scholarly manner. "The reader will at once appreciate the impeccably good taste, the sensitive and scholarly handling of words, the chastened pleasure in Nature's everyday beauty, and sometimes what Hopkins called 'the manly tenderness and flowing, never-failing music'; the quality which Charles Williams has termed 'beauty in restraint'". Edward Thompson, in *Robert Bridges* (1944) has depicted the old-world, scholarly atmosphere in which the poet lived, and makes much of this middle period of lyrics devoted to the "growth of love" and the study of Nature's charm. Yet this sometimes rather superficial faultlessness was not the goal of his career. It was a preliminary. Even his most felicitous lyrics—for instance, "London Snow" and "Asian Birds"—despite their "assured quietness" and "more certain knowledge" are exercises, mere glimpses of a much wider synthesis. Bridges had grasped the varied and apparently conflicting essentials of scientific and artistic culture, and then, as he wrote to Henry Bradley in 1901, "beyond that, stretching out to infinity, the realm of the imagination." Since the vision, after ranging over humanism and science, found its spiritual focus in the necessity for what is fair and lovely, he entitled his exposition *The Testament of Beauty* (1929).

The long, beautiful poem, the climax of his life, is one of the most revealing and characteristic documents of the twentieth century. "Many poets have felt," writes Routh, "consciously or subconsciously, that a sense of beauty is the crown of culture, even the blessedness of religion." Bridges differs from all of them in that he is an inveterate teacher and tries to convince as well as persuade.

The Testament of Beauty is chiefly important because the poet writes with the exaltation of a mystic, and is yet in sympathy with D'Arcy Thompson and A. N. Whitehead, who maintain that the structure of matter corresponds to the morphology of art, and with Santayana, the materialist who accepts super-material values, a believer in "the realm of essences". It is also noteworthy that to a certain extent Bridges anticipates Herbert Read's definition of art as "mankind's effort to achieve integration with the basic forms of the physical universe and the organic rhythms of life". Some critics have said that Bridges would have been a great prose writer, and perhaps the discipline of prose might have saved him from many distracting digressions and discontinuities; but he wrote in "loose alexandrines", in which he expected his argument to move freely.

Perhaps the most beautiful part of his life was his old age. That in most men is decay, was in him but beneficent prolongation and adjournment. His interest in affairs unabated, his judgment undimmed, his fire unchilled, his last years were indeed "lovely as a Lapland night". There never was a sign of dilapidation in that stately edifice. His equanimity was beautiful. He loved life, as men of large vitality always do, but he did not fear to lose life by changing the scene of it. Visiting him in 1929, just before *The Testament of Beauty* was published, with a friend, he said to us, among other things—"I have no desire to die, but also no reluctance. Indeed, I have a considerable curiosity about the

other world." There was a springtime mood somewhere in his nature "that put a spirit of youth in everything". He seemed to feel that he could draw against an unlimited credit of years. He told me smilingly when my friend and I were about to leave him, and mentioned a trip to Trinidad later in the year, "Well, well, I mean to go myself when I am old enough to profit by it." He was at the time eighty-five. We have seen many old men whose lives were made waste and desolation, who made longevity disreputable by their untimely persistence in it; but in his length of years there was nothing that was not venerable. To him it was fulfilment not deprivation; the days were marked to the last for what they brought, not for what they took away. The memory of what Robert Bridges did will be lost in the crowd of newer activities, but it is the memory of what he was that remains precious to us. His courage and highmindedness were personal to him; let us believe that his industry, his love of literature, his devotion to duty, go in some sort to the credit of the society which gave him birth and formed his character. In one respect he is especially interesting to us, as belonging to a class of men of whom he was representative, and whose like we have not now a great deal. Born and bred in an age of greater social distinction than ours, he was a gentleman in a sense that is good even in a welfare state. He had the sense of a certain personal dignity inherent in him, and which could not be alienated by any whim of the popular will. There is no stouter stickler than this for independence of spirit, no surer guarantee of that courtesy which, in its consideration of others, is but paying a debt of self-respect.

It is true to say that the contemporary world is apt to be the gull of brilliant parts; and the writer of a lucky poem or painter of a picture, the winner of a lucky battle, gets perhaps more than is due to the solid result of his triumph. It is time that fit honour should be paid also to Bridges who showed a genius for public usefulness, for the achievement of character, who shaped his life to a certain classic proportion, and came off conqueror on those inward fields where something more than mere talent is demanded for victory. The memory of such a man should be cherished as the most precious inheritance which one generation can bequeath to the next. However it might be with public favour, public respect followed Robert Bridges unwaveringly during his long life, and this was because he had never forfeited his own. In this, it appears to us, lies the lesson of his life, and his claim upon our grateful recollection, and it is this which makes him an example; and if the measure of deeds be the spirit in which they are done, that fidelity to instant duty which according to Herbert makes an action fine, then Robert Bridges' length of years should be very precious to us for its lesson. Talleyrand, whose life may be compared with his for the strange vicissitudes which it witnessed, carried with him out of the world the respect of no man, least of all his own; and how many of our own public men have we seen whose old age but accumulated a disregard which they would gladly have exchanged for oblivion! In Robert Bridges the public fidelity was loyal to the private, and the withdrawal of his old age was into a sanctuary—a diminution of publicity with addition of influence, for his work lives and will endure.

J. B. PRICE.

SPENGLER AFTER THIRTY YEARS

THOSE who went up to the University at the end of the 1920's may remember the deep impact made upon some of us by "Der Untergang des Abendlandes" in C. F. Atkinson's translation. As our young world drifted drearily into a depressed decade, we sought and in part found an explanation in this bible of pessimism. Ten years earlier, young Germans, confused and frustrated as they emerged from the defeat had found in it an answer to their searchings. And now after a second and more catastrophic defeat some Germans have been turning to it again. Perhaps more significant it has found a response in France where, following the misery of the occupation, the traditionally clear atmosphere has been heavily laden with Germanic "Weltschmerz" and "Weltanschauung". Since Spengler wrote what he called "the" philosophy of our time more than thirty years have passed, during which our world has seen the Russian Revolutions, the end of a World War and its aftermath, a World Economic Depression, the Nazi Revolution, and a second World War. And now as we live uncertainly amid a "cold war" and look darkly into the Atomic Age of the future, few would deny there is a crisis, and no one should dismiss summarily the explanation of a man who, whatever his pretentiousness, was possessed of a deep historical insight and imbued with a tragic sense of life. Even those who maintain his work to be largely dross cannot remain blind to its bits of gold. And if we discard his morphology and his theory of culture cycles there still remains an acute prognosis of the crisis of our times. Historians have been severe on him, philosophers hardly less so. But though many have criticised the method and the system, no one has refuted the prognosis, perhaps because it is too early. It may be as well to note his warning that the second half of the twentieth century will see more imperialist wars, the breakdown of parliamentary democracy and further technological advances in the interests, not of human welfare, but of high finance. Only time, and ourselves, can show the validity of these gloomy forebodings.

For Spengler the nineteenth and twentieth centuries mark the stage of exhaustion of our Culture and its hardening into Civilization. With this we enter the period of "contending states", which, as its name implies, is given up to wars of a particularly violent and revolutionary kind. For the very nature of war changes. There is, for instance, the war without war, which Spengler thought began at Versailles in 1919 and which we have seen since Potsdam in 1945. The whole states system is transformed. Instead of a number of states, large and small, each performing in diplomacy and war according to the perfected pattern of the Baroque period, there succeeds a political system wherein each small state is eliminated and becomes a satellite and two or three or perhaps four big states manoeuvre in opposition to each other. This for Spengler is the story of the next hundred years. True, his eyes were so focussed on Europe that he failed utterly to see in the United States, rather than in Prussianised Germany, what for him was the final expression of West European Civilization. As for the Soviet Union, his vision did not comprehend it. Nevertheless, looking morphologically at the Second Century B.C. his penetrating eye picked on a number of features which

will also characterise the struggles of our century. The wars will be fought by the great contending states for the purpose of establishing defensive frontiers. Had he lived he would doubtless have pointed out that what the Soviet Union did in Eastern Europe in 1945 and the United States in the Western Pacific is precisely what Rome did during and after the Second Punic War. For "Imperialism is so necessary a product of civilisation that when a people refuses to assume the role of master, it is seized and pushed into it." Perhaps President Truman was, in this sense, pushed into it when he decided to fight in Korea. If so, General McArthur may go down as the first of the great American pro-consuls in the East, great because he starts a tradition that will tie America's destiny inextricably to Asia. Again Spengler would perhaps have compared the situation in Europe today with that of the Greek City States of the Second Century. For characteristics of both are a sense of exhaustion, war weariness yet continuous strife and party feuds, scepticism, and the utter political failure to unite for a common purpose or against a common foe. There were efforts at integration, but in the end Greece became the battleground between East and West, and unity had to be imposed from without. All "good Europeans" and some not so good could well take note of this. If we want to make the parallel complete, it is necessary only to think of those American Imperialists, who, like the Scipios of old, are convinced that the defence of the United States lies as far off as the Yalu River and the Oder-Neisse line.

Turning now from International to internal politics, Spengler saw in our time parliamentarism in full decay. To his readers immediately after 1918 this may have appeared somewhat rash. For the war had been fought and won "to make the world safe for democracy". Indeed everywhere democratic constitutions were being established, above all in Weimar Germany. To crown all the League of Nations was seen as a Parliament of Mankind. Very soon, however, most of these constitutions were abrogated or destroyed by dictators, and in the 1930's parliamentary government almost everywhere lost prestige before triumphant totalitarian dictatorships. If the French National Assembly remained an important asylum of free speech on the European Continent it lost its hold on public opinion once the venality revealed by the Stavisky scandal led to the riots of 6th February 1934. Even the position of the Mother of Parliaments did not go unchallenged at the hands of leftist intellectuals and trade union militants. The massive majority behind the National Governments did little to inspire great parliamentary leadership or fire the public imagination with a faith in democracy. That had to wait until the bombs rained on London and destroyed the House itself. In that "finest hour" there stood a leader who, with his superb sense of destiny, could defiantly warn those who came on to break parliaments that parliaments would break them, as break them they did. The victory that finally emerged in the West behind Roosevelt and Churchill enhanced the cause of parliamentary democracy. But for how long? Are democrats everywhere vigilant enough and conscious of the need to win the victory anew each generation? Were he alive Spengler would remind us that Churchill is, after all, the last of the great Victorians, while the land of the "New Deal" is today riddled with communists or driven into a frenzy by McCarthy.

The "passing of parliament", which is the subject of a recent work by G. W. Keeton, has given cause for concern to public men and scholars for a generation now. Since Lord Hewart warned of the "New Despotism" in 1929 the enhanced power of the executive arm of government and the practice of delegated legislation have led some to see a trend toward the abandonment of the rule of law and to "bureaucracy triumphant". In the United States there is much talk of the growth of Presidential power and the need to rehabilitate Congress. At this very moment the Bricker amendment seeks to limit Presidential power in foreign affairs. To Spengler parliamentarism is the political form invented by and for the liberal minded bourgeois and it will pass with them. What he does not mention is that principle of government which was introduced by the liberals as the foundations of democracy; the agreement to differ. Unfortunately parliamentarians and the press alike spend so much time on what separates them from their opponents and so little on what unifies them that the public mind is confused and disturbed. Some talented politicians as far apart as Westminster and Canberra, disappointed with their impotence as private members, irked by party discipline, or disgusted with the practice of jobbery and place-hunting, increasingly threaten to resign and leave politics. The calm surface of parliamentary life could quickly be disturbed if political liberalism is further weakened or in the event of another economic depression or a third world war. And as instability deepens in Paris and Rome he would be a bold man indeed who could look around the world today and assert that parliamentary government is safer than in 1918.

When he leaves the political for the economic order Spengler is less sure of himself. His analysis of the function of money and the machine borders on mysticism. The machine is "the queen of our century". But while he extols the coming technological triumphs, he views them not as directed towards human welfare, but as an expression of the Faustian will-to-power. Just as Marx admired the ruthless capitalists of his time, so Spengler admires the managers, the engineers, "those priests of the machine", and, above all, the master minds of the financial kingdom. These types, men of massive intellect, and in no way the masses, will dominate the economic scene. There will certainly be struggles to possess and to harness the material sources of nature, and the welfare of the masses will receive attention insofar as their political support may be useful. But the only real decisions will be made by those with the "know-how" and those with the intellectual power to create money and make it function. Eventually battle will be joined between the machine and money, when science will declare war on plutocracy, its master. Then the invisible body of scientists throughout the world will cry, not "all power to the workers", but "all power to science. For science can and will bring order to the world in its own interest." Much of this may appear fanciful. But we have heard in recent years of the "End of Economic Man" and the "Managerial Revolution". We have seen the whole economy of the "Soviet Fifth" subjected ruthlessly to the domination of a new managerial class. We have seen world trade shrink, mass unemployment grow, and political and social revolution ensue from the decisions or the want of decision of the men of the money market.

We have seen science applied triumphantly to industry and to agriculture, and in consequence an amazing rise in productivity. But with it has gone a tremendous increase in the world's population so that we are once more beset by the Malthusian nightmare. And finally we have seen in Nazi Germany, in New Deal America, and in the British Welfare State revolutions made, not against the state, but within and through the state, using to the full its panoply of power,—directive, technical and financial. The "revolt of the masses" has not then taken the form of the proletarian revolution, which haunted the dreams of the ruling class from 1848 to 1917. Rather it is one of managerial revolution, with technics and capital in the dominant roles, and the mass of humanity looking on, without understanding, and, except in terms of material satisfaction, without hope.

Such was Spengler's picture of our political and economic future, a somewhat gloomy prospect, enough to fill some with apprehension. But need we despair? Much of what Spengler says may be true, but he sees men and events as from another planet. Though this gives him an "objectivity", it denies him the vantage point, and perhaps the gift, to look into the hearts of men. All that goes to make up the infinite variety of men and women does not count for him. It is outside his interest, and therefore irrelevant. Men are types—kings, priests, warriors, plunderers, Caesars or just frogmen and fellaheen—and events are predetermined. And just because he is so utterly lacking in charity he is blind to important aspects of human life that do not fit easily into his system. In its essentials his prognosis may prove correct. However, while the rival powers struggle for dominance "on the heights of waking-being" and the Caesar approaches "with firm tread", men on the plains of common living will continue to work and play, to make love and seek beauty, to weave patterns in thought and material, to seek solace in dreams and in prayer. And so it will continue to be until the day comes when some future historical philosopher will in his turn give "Der Untergang" a fixed place in his morphological pattern of the early twentieth century.

The University of Tasmania.

W. A. TOWNSLEY.

THE DOUKHOBORS

THERE exists in Canada today a part of the population known as the Doukhobors, who refuse on purely religious grounds to be controlled in certain matters by the Government. These people were first heard of in the early part of the eighteenth century, some seventy years after the appearance of the great Russian schism, the Raskol. The name, short for Doukhobortsy, was originally given to them by the Orthodox Church signifying "fighters against the spirit", and adopted by themselves as meaning "fighters for the spirit". They assign the origin of their sect to a legendary retired Prussian non-commissioned officer, or to a Quaker, and were widely but thinly scattered about Russia. Their religious beliefs are difficult to understand, because they have always been secretive about communicating them in entirety, and not all of them believe the same things all the same time. Moreover, they have no written scriptures, but quote the Bible freely to

justify themselves, though it is not considered to be divinely inspired. Their faith is that the spirit of God is in every human being, and that no man has the right to rule another, especially by violence. Yet they show unquestioning obedience to their theocratic leader, who appears to be accredited with a double portion of the spirit. It is not known how their leader is chosen, though heredity has a good deal to do with it, but not everything. In 1927 Petrovich Verigin came to Canada from Russia to be their leader after the mysterious death in 1924 of his father Peter Vassilyevich Verigin, Peter Vassilyevich had great influence as a public leader, and some regarded him as the Apostles looked upon Christ, while to some he was a God-man, a prophet, and just an ordinary person. Their main belief is that each man must be allowed to decide for himself what he should do, which renders both the government and the church unnecessary and even evil. Some will not kill animals, use or eat them, and many do not smoke or drink strong liquor. It has been known that some have refused to use things made of metal, because this would encourage people to work in the mines or to till the earth, though they are on the whole very good farmers. The belief not to wear clothes has not persisted, but they are apt to take their clothes off in public as a means of protest. They meet in one another's houses, and do not build churches or use ikons. Bread, salt and water are the only symbols displayed, and they bow down to the ground expressive of respect for the spirit of God immanent in everyone when they meet.

Alexander I allowed them to settle near the Sea of Azov in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and nothing was heard at this time of their actually refusing military service, but the hiring of substitutes was then allowed. The thirty elders and twelve "apostles" ruling in the settlement at that time in place of the leader, a weak man who had taken to drink, established a reign of the utmost cruelty. After five years investigation the entire 4,000 of them were transported to the Caucasus in 1841-4 in the hope that they would be wiped out by the wild Mohammedan hill-men. Instead the hill-men admired them, and despite the severe climate the Doukhobortsy succeeded in prospering. It was in 1886 that Peter Vassilyevich Verigin succeeded the then woman leader, who had died. This caused the sect to split and some followed him, but in 1887 he was banished to north Russia, without trial, as a disturber of the peace. However, he was kept well supplied with money and was often in communication with the south, and they obeyed the orders he sent them, one of them being that they were not to perform military service, "since war offends God." They decided therefore to have a ceremonial burning of all weapons on June 29th 1895, but the authorities regarded this as the beginning of an armed rebellion, so the Cossacks attacked and drove them from their homes to be settled among the Georgians and other tribes. This action caused the press of the world to draw attention to their plight, and the followers of Tolstoy and of the Quakers, who regarded them as harmless primitive Christian anarchists, helped about 8,000 of them in 1899 to migrate to Canada, some via Cyprus, where they made an unsuccessful attempt to settle. They settled at and near Yorkton, Saskatchewan and in 1909 some moved to British Columbia. Because of their refusal to furnish vital statistics, it is

uncertain how many there are in Canada today, but a rough estimate is about 20,000 over half of whom live in British Columbia.

On arriving in Canada the Doukhobors had no leader and did not understand the language or the laws of the country; even today they speak Russian, and not all can speak English. Their religious objection to using money, working animals, raising stock and making private property of God's earth made life harder for them. Several times many hundreds set out on a pilgrimage "to meet Christ, to preach the Gospel, and to reach a warm country where there would be no Government, and where they would eat fruit from the trees". It was not for the want of trying that they did not achieve this end for during a Pilgrimage in May 1903 the participants started taking off their clothes as they entered a town or settlement to show that they were as simple as Adam and Eve. However, Verigin, who arrived in Canada in December 1902, discountenanced the Pilgrimage and all other extremes. The Doukhobors regarded the Tsarist Government as evil, and this applied to all Government, so that when they came to Canada they believed that they would be allowed to live without any imposed government. This created a grievance when they discovered that this was not the case. Furthermore, their ideas of property were ambiguous, because in a Russian village community the land was held in common and the council of elders decided what land should be farmed by whom with the belief that private ownership was evil. In Canada they were thus faced with the struggle against wealth and property, so that it became no longer necessary to band together spiritually against oppression. In one direction, this led to the relaxation of the laws of austerity, fraternisation with non-Doukhobors and to prosperity. On the other hand, the more extreme Doukhobors known as the Sons of Freedom, in the Kootenay region, tightened their rules and customs in the name of spirituality and tradition by verbal and physical attacks in an attempt to prevent defection and recall backsliders to their pristine austerity.

Many Doukhobors are still undecided whether they should live communally or as individuals, although the individualists have gained greater prosperity and the community attempts have generally been failures. Under the name of the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood Ltd. an attempt was made at community ownership in 1926, but this did not prosper, possibly through mismanagement. A small community of about 100 people exists at Hilliers on Vancouver Island, which is said to live communally, even husbands and wives being in common, but this last is denied. Both Federal and Provincial Governments have been given much trouble through the Doukhobors' refusal to supply vital statistics and to comply with the Education Acts, though most of them now conform. The only thing that all the Doukhobors now have the same opinion about is that they will not take an active part in war, but many of them find that if they conform they prosper, and they like prosperity. It is the so-called "fanatics" who create the most trouble. Except for their refusal to comply with the registration laws and the Schools Act, the Doukhobors are desirable settlers for they are devoted to agriculture and general industry. Their protest against sending their children to school has been displayed by burning houses, blowing up

railways and parading naked. The reason for the objection to education is that it tends to break up the sect, showing another and more desirable way of life; and education in English, the registration of births, marriages and death is the thin end of the wedge of conscription. Therefore fire is used as a symbolic purifier to purge out "new ways" to punish those who give way to temptation, as a protest against something vague, and in the burning of one's own property as a joyous personal sacrifice because "property is evil" and "our people are becoming too worldly".

These immigrants have given the authorities trouble ever since they arrived in Canada. There have been "vigilante movements" and police raids, while about 600 Doukhobors on Piers Island in the Gulf of Georgia were convicted of nudism in the segregation of 1932, and in 1950 about 400 men were imprisoned at New Westminster. These men burnt their prison quarters, and were transferred to the main prison. One of the conditions for their release was that they should give a pledge of respect for the Canadian laws, but some of them refused. Moreover, the Doukhobors have brought economic loss to themselves and others through the actual burning of buildings, and because people have stayed away from work to guard their property; and from the general feeling of insecurity which these outbreaks engender. The Sons of Freedom cause the most trouble, but the Canadian Government is unwilling to carry out the suggestions that they should be deported, especially with the memories of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia in 1758. Though the Sons of Freedom are willing to emigrate, no country has yet been found to accept them. Furthermore, unless it was possible to segregate them altogether, which seems undesirable after the Piers Island experiment, their relocation in another part of Canada would not solve the problem. However, the Doukhobor Research Committee, which worked under the auspices of the University of British Columbia, recommended in its report of 1952 that there should be a permanent Commission on Doukhobor Affairs responsible to a Minister, appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

Nevertheless, the problem is a complicated one, because the Doukhobors rely in their purest form on a theocratic leader; if they had one like a practical man such as Peter Vassilyevich Verigin, who was in constant touch with such a Commission, it might be possible for the extreme Doukhobors to continue to live in Canada without being segregated. There is no such leader. The secretary of one sub-sect, the Union of Spiritual Communities of Christ, is John Verigin, great-grandson of Peter Vassilyevich, but he has not the same influence as did his grandfather and great-grandfather. It is believed that when Peter Petrovich was dying in 1939 he referred to a son he had left behind in Russia and who had been sent to Siberia in 1934 for opposing the Communist regime, but advised his followers not to send for him as he would come or send for them when the time is ripe. There is a tradition that the Doukhobors will return to Russia before they find a country where they can settle peacefully. Although the Quakers are looking for this man, it is not known whether he is dead or alive, and for this reason John Verigin cannot assume the leadership of the whole sect. The Sons of Freedom made a public admission of their misdeeds in December 1949.

36.
1956.11.10
1956.11.10

69653

It is difficult to obtain evidence against them as they will not inform against one another, even if they belong to different sub-sects, but they repented and promised never to repeat them. Yet there was another outbreak in September 1953, when about 150 Doukhobors were charged with nudism and contributing to juvenile delinquency. In the past forty years the Doukhobors have caused damage and incurred costs estimated at \$30 million.

E. H. RAWLINGS.

NORTHERN NIGERIA

THE present secessions, combinations and crises of Nigerian politics, arising out of the campaign for "Independence in 1956", are bringing the problem of Northern Nigeria before the mind of the informed public to a degree unparalleled since the occupation of that country in 1902. For fifty years Northern Nigeria has been the scene of the most extensive experiment in Indirect Rule in the British Colonies, and, at the same time, has enjoyed a period of such uneventful development that it passed almost completely out of the news until the political advance of the two Southern Regions forced it from its peaceful obscurity. But where news is scant, myth flourishes, and there is a widespread impression of Northern Nigeria as a country in which a number of alien Muslim Emirs exercise despotic rule over a subjugated population, composed partly of fanatical Mohammedans and partly of primitive pagan tribesmen. It is suspected (and with some truth) that the majority of the delegates of the North in the Central House of Representatives are nominees of these Emirs, and it is known that these Northerners are so strongly opposed to immediate Nigerian independence that they have threatened partition of the country, and a reversion to the situation obtaining before 1914, with Northern Nigeria as a separate Protectorate under the British Crown. From these impressions and facts, some observers draw conclusions, ranging, according to political taste, from a belief in the altruistic loyalty of the Northerners to the British, to a suspicion that the Emirs support the British connection as the only support for their position in the face of a discontented and oppressed populace. There is also the feeling that, if the British were to withdraw, the Muslims would "dip the Koran in the sea", having waded through blood to the Gulf of Guinea. This belief has been voiced of other parts of the world. The actual situation seems to be more complicated and less spectacular.

It must first be emphasised that three out of the eleven Provinces of the North are in fact dominated by non-Muslims. Benue, Plateau and Kabba Provinces have wholly non-Muslim representation in the Northern House of Assembly. Four others—Ilorin, Niger, Zaria and Adamawa—have large non-Muslim populations, many of which are not under Emirate rule. The situation is further complicated by the fact that the majority of the population in Ilorin Province is composed of Yorubas, the people who form the dominant majority in the Western Region, and the backbone of the Action Group. Nevertheless, the Muslim population

is large, and that of some of the Emirates impressive; the Muslim population of Kano Emirate is larger than the total population of Southern Rhodesia. Despite the existence of a large non-Muslim minority, Northern Nigeria is a predominantly Mohammedan country. Who and what these Muslims and their rulers are, and what principles they are likely to follow is the fundamental problem of Northern, and indeed of Nigerian, politics. The ruling families of almost all the Emirates are descended from the Fulani, a non-Negro cattle-herding people, and base their right to rule on conquest arising from the Jihad of Usuman dan Fodio which began in 1804. Nevertheless, the Fulani families whom the Jihad brought to power in most of the Emirates of what is now Northern Nigeria were very far from being simple cattle nomads. Even at that time they were an aristocracy of town-dwelling learned men and administrators, and a century and a half of rule has almost completely obliterated the differences between them and the Hausa, the predominant Muslim people of the North. In manner, in dress, in customs, in language and in outlook they are indistinguishable from the Hausa, except in so far as a ruling class is necessarily distinguishable from its subjects; and though Fulani descent is still prized as a passport to influence and office, even that is ceasing to be sufficient in a society where Western ideas are opening more and more careers to the talents, and insisting on ever higher qualifications for the traditional positions. In the Muslim Emirates it is quite erroneous to regard the ruling class as alien to its subjects.

A close understanding of his people is a marked characteristic of a Nigerian Emir, and springs from two sources. First, any son or grandson of a former Emir has a claim to succeed to the title. Since the Emirs are polygamous (though adhering to the Koranic maximum of four wives at one time), and are usually prolific, there is always a large number of potential candidates. A man who has accumulated the necessary following and reputation to make a bid for the succession must have proved himself in the lower ranks of the hierarchy to be effective and popular, and also (with the eyes of the British Administration upon him) reasonably efficient and honest. Secondly, the fact that the outward forms of Emirate administration are autocratic should not mislead one into the belief that the content is so also. Northern Nigeria is an area of considerable and continuous movement of population, and every ruler, from an Emir to the headman of a hamlet, is concerned to attract as many people to him as possible, and to forestall any tendency in his people to drift away. An unpopular ruler is in danger of having no subjects. The conservatism of many Emirs is a reflection of the conservatism of their people, and the Emir's question to the District Officer: "When you came to this country you knew that we needed Western education—why did you not then compel us to have it?" is the cry of the ruler who dare not take the responsibility of pressing his people beyond their tolerance. It is rare to find an Emir who does not want his people to advance, but it is also rare to find one who dare proceed with less than the utmost caution in the transformation of their lives.

Educationally, Northern Nigeria is extremely backward when compared with the rest of the country, and it is most noticeable how almost all of the higher Western type appointments in the North are held by

Southerners. The staffs of the Railways, the Post Office and the rest of the Civil Service, as well as of the great trading Companies, are overwhelmingly Southern, principally Yoruba or Ibo, and it is this fact, together with the differences of manners and customs, which makes for the unpopularity of the Southerner in the North. In fact, it is surprising that the unpopularity is as mild as it is. It would be quite misleading to think of it as "fanatical hatred". The Northern Muslim likes alien officials no more than does anyone else, but he is able to tolerate them to a remarkable degree. The fact remains, however, that the North will continue to need foreign technical, clerical and even political assistance for some time to come, and most of this must come from the South; on the other hand, the Northern Muslims would prefer that as much as possible should be furnished by the British, especially in positions of authority. They admit that their own Emirs are not yet fit to rule without supervision, but they cannot envisage any immediately effective alternative within the limits of their own society. Since, for the time being at least, the Emirs must be supervised, they feel it better that the British should do the supervision, by right of conquest, of use and of colour. It is most rare to find a Northern Muslim who would accept supervision of the government of his Emir by another African.

On the other hand, partition is a hardly acceptable solution of the problem. The prosperity and future progress of the North depends on free access to the sea for its products, and a frontier drawn across the country would mean economic strangulation. At the same time, partition would hit the South at least as hard, for it would cut the Southern Regions off from their hinterland, and the increased "Northernisation" of the public services consequent on partition would be a serious blow to many parts of the South which depend for their economic viability on the remittances of their sons in Northern employment. It is to be hoped, and it is not improbable, that the threat of partition is being used by the North as a strong bargaining counter to offset what is regarded as a threat of Southern domination. The most notable characteristic of West African politics which has so far emerged is a curious blend of ferocious oratory with a remarkable capacity for shrewd and generous compromise. It is to be hoped that the present crisis is only another example of the first half of this combination.

PETER DRY.

THE BLUE DAMSELS

FRAIL creatures of the sunshine, they are unquestionably among the daintiest of all living things. On wings so diaphanous as to be almost invisible, they cruise without apparent purpose over the lake-side thickets of sedge and meadowsweet, settling at frequent intervals, changing direction continually, their blue, needle-like bodies glinting like light-beams, not of the sun which is their essential element, but of the moon which they scarcely know. In early summer a favoured stretch of lake-shore may well be astir with scores of these insects, emerged only

recently from their aquatic nymphal stage. They are the commonest of the damsel-flies (*Coenagrion puella*), and this culminating, sun-steeped phase of their existence lasts at most for a few months. Not one will survive the winter, or indeed will make any attempt to do so. By the end of August few will be seen; but all, or almost all by that time, will have fulfilled the object of their being. The females will have laid their eggs among the water-weeds along the margin of the lake, so that, in the fullness of time a new generation of blue damsels may cruise and hover over the forget-me-nots that vie with them in blueness, over the sedges, the watercress and the meadowsweet.

They belong to the same order as the dragonflies, those larger, far more strong-winged insects, among the most superb of flying things. Unless the technical term, *Odonata*, is preferred, they must be called dragonflies, though the name is anything but well suited to such ethereal, fairy-like creatures. But the relationship is beyond question where structure and life-history are concerned. Breeding habits too are closely similar in all members of both sub-orders, particularly the strange attitude adopted for the consummation of the mating process. This indeed is more than strange: it is unique in the whole world of living things. The sex-organs of the female are placed near the end of the long abdomen, and the same is true of those of the male. But his use of these organs is indirect, since for some strange reason, whose origin remains a mystery, he prefers to bring into play a set of pairing-organs on the underside of the second segment of his abdomen, the segment, that is to say, next but one to his thorax. Before mating takes place he transfers the sperm from his sex-organs proper to this specialised pairing-organ, and when this has been done he is ripe for marriage. Consummation is brought about in two stages. In the first the male makes use of yet another set of organs, the claspers, at the far end of his abdomen. With these he takes a firm grip of the narrow neck of the female between her head and her thorax. The second stage is effected by the female who, with what must be a considerable effort, curves her whole abdomen downwards and forwards until the pairing-organ near its tip is in contact with that of the male near the forward end. The bodies of the two of them in this way form a closed ring, though by no means a symmetrical circle. The marriage of the larger dragonflies is not easily witnessed, since the ceremony is often proudly aerial, the male swooping down upon his mate in a glittering parabola and gripping her by the neck. Whereupon the two of them, with a rustle of wings, soar far up among the tree-tops for the consummation of their nuptials in some remote and leafy perch, far above ground level.

With the lowly blue damsels it is quite different. Their flight, though dainty to a degree, is by comparison feeble, taking them no farther than a few feet above the surface of the water, or a few yards beyond its edge. The result is that you may intrude wholeheartedly upon their privacy, witnessing with ease, and without apparent resentment on their part, the most intimate details of their lives, from the initial phases of their courtship, through the completed act of marriage, to the ceremony of egg-laying that follows soon upon it. Choosing conditions of sunshine and windlessness in the month of June, you may take up your position among the waist-high herbage of a favoured lake and settle down for a long and

absorbing vigil. They will be all about you, to all appearances unaware of your presence. It is the males that are blue, barred and streaked with black. The females, less showy as so often among living creatures, are pale yellowish green. Both are so oblivious of human presence, so weak in flight, that it is not difficult to catch them either with the unaided hand, or under a dropped handkerchief. But handle them with the greatest care, for even the most sensitive fingers are too clumsy where such delicate creatures are concerned. Then under a lens you may marvel at the bulbous, china-blue, compound eyes, the complicated mouth-parts, the veining of the wings, and the black pencilling up and down the elongated abdomen.

Meanwhile the business of marrying and of egg-laying is going forward and demands attention. The damsels are on the wing, most of them unpaired, but many in tandem. On leaves of the water-side plants a number of marriages are in the act of being consummated in the manner already described. So absorbed are these coupled pairs that you may peer at them from a range of a few inches and even bring a lens to bear. If disturbed they fly off, still mutually yoked, and choose another perch for the completion of the rite. Those flying in tandem, that is to say where the male has a grip of his mate while she is otherwise free, are in search of a site for the laying of eggs. This demands nicety of choice, though by no means every pair will hit upon a spot of the same kind. Sometimes rafts of the filamentous alga, *Spirogyra*, floating on the surface like tangled masses of bright green cotton-wool, beaded with bubbles of oxygen, will serve. More often leafy stems of forget-me-not or watercress are chosen. In every instance the eggs must be laid in the water, either in the floating raft, or within incisions made in a plant-stem below water-level; and always this egg-laying is an act of partnership, the male playing a subsidiary though important role. Sometimes the female submerges herself bodily, inserting an egg in the tissue of the stem. Sometimes she is content with dipping the end of her abdomen below the surface. While this is going on the business of the male is to assist and sustain his mate, as she ventures, either wholly or in part, into what at this stage in her life-history is an alien element. Often he rears himself bolt upright, rapidly fanning his wings, and so lending her additional buoyancy. This charming co-operative enterprise appears to be the invariable rule among the blue damsels. It governs also the egg-laying of the larger dragonflies, though by no means of all, and in many instances with them the female engages alone and on the wing, dipping her abdomen repeatedly into the water, allowing it to wash off an egg with each dip.

Another characteristic of the nuptial antics of the blue damsels, and perhaps an important one, is the numerical preponderance of males over females. The free-flying damsels, in some places at least, are almost all males. When a female is seen it is nearly always one of a yoked pair. The result is a surprising number of unattached, but by no means contented, bachelors. They cruise about among the mating pairs, clearly showing their jealousy towards their more fortunate brethren by constant intrusion on their intimacy. It seems to be rather the rule than the exception for a pair consummating their wedding, or engaged in co-operative egg-laying, to be attended and pestered by at least one, and sometimes

two, of these resentful bachelors, hovering behind or in front, fanning them with their wings, even butting them in the face. What clearer proof of this preponderance could be needed than the sight, by no means unknown, not of two damsels yoked together, but three, two males and a female. Here the intrusive third cannot fasten his claspers in the neck of the female, since his successful rival is already thus engaged. So what does he do but take a grip of his favoured brother, impressive evidence, if nothing else, of the overmastering urge that prompts him.

What is the significance of this excess of males over females? At first sight it might be supposed that the continual interference of the unattached males must mean that many a marriage is frustrated, many an egg-laying brought to nothing, and the conclusion would seem to follow that this is Nature's device to limit the propagation of the species. It is unlikely that this is the truth. On the contrary we can probably regard it as a device to secure the opposite end, namely the utmost propagation of the species by ensuring the impregnation of as many females as possible. Such a state of affairs is not unknown elsewhere in the world of insects, ants for example, many of whom habitually mate while on the wing. When the great throngs of these insects are assembling in preparation for the marriage flight, the smaller winged males are greatly in excess of the equally winged females.

LESLIE REID.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

WORLD GOVERNMENT?

THE ideal of world government has again been proposed in those English-speaking circles which have on former occasions been exercised and perplexed by it. This time the occasion was a Pilgrim's dinner given on March 18th last in the joint honour of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the recently appointed British Ambassador to France, and the former British representative at the United Nations, and of Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations. It seemed inevitable, on such an occasion and with such speakers, that speculation should be pursued into the roots of the prevailing unrest and of the available remedy, if any. Mr. Hammarskjöld plunged into the middle of things by recalling "the world's hope and need for a world-embracing association of peoples", and elaborated the hypothesis by the remark that "From the point of view of sheer revival, two world wars in 25 years and the threat of much worse disaster if a third world war should come are sufficient evidence of the need for world organisation"; while Sir Gladwyn, out of his abundant experience of the United Nations, gave testimony to the failure of the Security Council as a safeguard of the peace: a failure resulting from its present limitations. He thence deduced the urgency of a better alternative machinery.

It is a natural deduction from the bald facts to suppose that the only alternative to war between sovereign states is some form of common allegiance between States which would deprive them of their sovereignty.

It follows equally naturally in our present era of world war—a product, this, of rapidly expanding scientific knowledge without corresponding moral control—that the notion of world government should for the first time in history fall within the category of practical expedients, or at any rate of realistic discussion to that end. The dividing line between the former scope of aspiration towards a limited or regional fusing together of national governments and the present global conception of a world government was drawn in 1914, the year which more and more stands out as a decisive landmark in history. Even before the world war then started came to the end in November, 1918 of its first phase, *The New Europe*, that august periodical which was started during the war by R. W. Seton-Watson, began a series of articles on the project of a League of Nations, the ideal being roundly summarised in the first of them as “the Parliament of Man”. (*The New Europe*, vol. V. No. 62, December 20th, 1917. p. 294).

It was not the first time in history that the idea had been mooted of taking the sting out of national sovereignty. (The word “sting” was used by Mr. Eden in a House of Commons debate in November 1945 when the topic of discussion was precisely this relationship of national sovereignty with war.) What was new was the sense of urgency about it, and its world-wide scope. A generation ago President Woodrow Wilson took the lead in what became something like a holy crusade for a League of Nations. The last of his Fourteen Points (January 8th, 1918) postulated that “a general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike”. The wording of that famous pronouncement illustrated the prevalent muddle in thought that duly vitiated the Covenant of the League of Nations when it was drafted in the following year. It is not indeed “political independence” that gives the clue to international security. It is rather “political inter-dependence”. It is true that independence is a fair call in the rudimentary sense that one nation has no right to subjugate another; but in the fuller sense it would be as intelligent to talk of the independence of one’s right arm from one’s left as to talk of the independence of one nation from another. We are all members of one body politic, dependent upon each other.

Woodrow Wilson himself had in part clarified his own mind a little later when (July 4th, 1918) he propagated “four ends” of a peace settlement, of which the third read thus: “The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct towards each other by the same principles of honour and of respect for the common law of civilised society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states, and in their relations with one another, to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right”. As a still further step in the progress of his own clarification he enumerated “five particulars” in his specification for peace (September 27th, 1918) of which the third spoke of “the general and common family of the League of Nations”. The word “family” gives the clue to good sense in this matter.

It happened that the formal Covenant of the League of Nations was duly agreed at Versailles and incorporated as an integral part of the treaty of peace that was signed on June 28th, 1919. And it happened that the instrument utterly and irremediably failed, as a means of binding the nations together in the mutual cause of peace and commonsense. And then, after a second phase of world war, it happened, as it were for the second time of asking, that the Charter of the United Nations was agreed and signed at San Francisco on June 26th, 1945. A quarter of a century had passed, and a virtually second attempt was being made to bind the nations into mutual security and peace. It failed, even more spectacularly than the first attempt failed. By March 18th of the present year that second failure was so well established that at the Pilgrims’ dinner above referred to Sir Gladwyn Jebb could put it in this way: “It is clear that, for so long as the cold war continues, the Great Powers are quite unlikely to be unanimous. Therefore, we must regretfully conclude that the Security Council cannot at present be relied upon to cope with any aggression other than a minor one in which the interests of the Great Powers are not engaged. Until such time as we arrive at what in effect will be a World State—and that will be a long time yet—we have just got to realise that the Security Council, action by which was rather optimistically presupposed at San Francisco to be possible given a “minimum of harmony” between the Great Powers, is useless as an instrument for dealing with any serious aggression”.

At a first glance (but happily that need not be the last) it looks as if, on the experience of the first half of the twentieth century, the ideal of world government must remain an ideal: must, that is, be recognised as practically unattainable within a measureable future. Mr. Hammarskjöld indeed went so far on March 18th as to propound the thesis that “the diversity of the nations made world government impossible”, but added the apt corollary that “the inter-dependence of the nations has made world organisation necessary”. If President Wilson’s word “independence”, used in 1918, has by 1954 been rejected in favour of Mr. Hammarskjöld’s truer word “inter-dependence” as the keynote of political thought on this subject, then something at least has been gained, a step has been taken in the right direction.

On a cursory view it may seem a little depressing to notice that substantial progress towards any ideal is seldom apparent in this transitory life. But on more mature reflection it becomes apparent that chaos is an almost essential element in the circumstance of man’s individual progress towards his appointed destiny. If one happened to be born into a world where the lion lay down the lamb; and where the national governments of the world ceased to behave towards each other like complete idiots, it is at least arguable that the human soul would be crippled by an atrophy of its intended exercise: as J. K. Stephen once put it,

“When there stands a muzzled stripling,

Mute, beside a muzzled bore:

When the Rudyard’s cease from Kipling

And the Haggards Ride no more?”

Indeed it is one of the perennial sources of human paradox, a paradoxically comforting mystery, to notice that the human individual, that is, a soul

created by an omnipotent God, whose omnipotence is manifested in love without measure, rides the storms of this earthly life and is not dismayed. The devil himself, it seems, is permitted to do his devilish worst for an ultimately good purpose: how else could God permit him to operate at all? In international affairs the devil enjoys an unending field-day.

As these lines are written, the world in its political aspect looks like one large cockpit of purposeless strife, involving the shedding of innocent blood, the waging of unnecessary vendettas, the general massacre of decency and of normal good fellowship among men. This is a remarkable thing, a big thing, a challenge. The fighting men who at the place in Indo-China we call Dien Bien Phu (although no such town any longer exists) or in the Aberdare forests of Kenya are concentrated blindly on killing as many of each other as they can; the quarrelling politicians who in Cairo or Moscow or—the irony of it—in Jerusalem, are concentrated as blindly on fomenting bad blood: these men, as individual men, no doubt lead a contrastingly ordinary, normal, sensible and good life as husbands, sons, brothers. What is interesting is the apparently irreconcilable sort of motive that operates at the two extremes of man's activity: the private and the public. In the private life of individuals, the devil, it is true, is unceasingly at work, but the grace of God is the decisive thing. In public life, it looks as if the grace of God is inoperative and the devil walks over unresisted. What is it that explains the discrepancy between the private and the public functioning of the same person?

The answer is obvious. A man as an individual is directly and undilutedly responsible to his conscience for what he does. He seems to lose or at least in part to shed his sense of responsibility when he becomes a cypher in an organisation, or a cog in a wheel. In other words it is the sense of spiritual values transcendentalising the materialist circumstance, that alone keeps a man on the lines. Yet the mediaeval conception of a universal Church ruled by the Pope and a universal State ruled by the Emperor, together binding mankind into a balanced unity, and constituting something akin to what the World State now talked of ought to be, spent itself without effect, no doubt because man was not yet ready for so big a step forward. Similarly the League of Nations Covenant, the Kellogg Pact, the Locarno Treaty (which logically implied a limitation of the sovereignty of the four Western European Powers, Britain, France, Italy and Germany, because it deprived them of the power to declare war upon each other except in the condition prescribed by the treaty) and the Charter of the United Nations, all in their turn over a period of a quarter of a century spent themselves without effect.

It seems therefore to be an established truth that there can be no progress towards world government unless and until this snag of national sovereignty be dealt with. The Charter of the United Nations, that latest attempt at a world organisation, was vitiated from the start by the retention of full sovereignty by the Great Powers. It was retained by the instrumentality of Article 27, which gave to each permanent member of the power of veto over the others. Since the days when Aristotle discussed the nature of sovereignty in the Greek "city-state", there has been no end to the like discussion in reference to more modern States, and no beginning of an inkling of a solution of the problem involved.

On May 7th, 1946, when Mr. Churchill was given the freedom of the City of Westminster, and was fêted for his "glorious leadership", "unmatchable example", "stirring words", etc., he himself, while acknowledging the honour conferred on him, was full of doubt and anxiety for the future. "What happens" he asked "if the United Nations themselves are sundered by an awful schism and clash of ideologies, interests, policies and passions? What happens if, with all our loyal endeavour, we can build no more than a Tower of Babel?" He dwelt wistfully upon "the noble task of building and maintaining an all-powerful, world-governing instrument to preserve freedom and to prevent war". They all yearn for it. Mr. Ernest Bevin on November 23rd, 1945 in the debate mentioned above, declared "I am willing to sit with anybody, of any party, of any nation, to try to devise either a franchise, or a constitution—just as other great countries have done—for a world assembly, with a limited objective—the objective of peace". It was in that same debate (which took place in the House of Commons on November 22nd and 23rd, 1945—on the morrow of "victory") that Mr. Eden cried out from his depths: "For the life of me I have been unable to see, and am still unable to see, any final solution which will make the world safe for atomic power save that we all abate our present ideas of sovereignty."

It was a remarkable thing that towards the close of 1945 the British House of Commons should sincerely and realistically debate such a topic as the connection of national sovereignty with world tension, Mr. Bevin urging what he called the "merging" of national sovereignty into a wider sovereignty, Mr. Churchill urging a partial surrender of sovereignty, and Mr. Eden a revision of our former conceptions of sovereignty. Mr. Bevin went on to envisage in so many words "a world assembly, elected directly from the people of the world as a whole for whom the governments who form the United Nations are responsible, and who in fact make the world law which they, the people, will then accept, and be morally bound and willing to carry it out." Bad grammar, good sense. It is not an accident that this talk of modifying, surrendering, or taking the "sting" out of national sovereignty should take place at the beginning of the atomic age. The atomic bomb, and still more the hydrogen bomb, has cast a potent shadow over the world. More and more people who have developed the habit of simple logical thought (including Sir Winston Churchill) have expressed the opinion that this new bomb may well have the effect of putting an end to war. War results from the mutual fear of competitive armed nations. A greater common fear, the fear of impartial universal destruction, may drive out the smaller.

A never ceasing stream of new evidence accumulates about this unspeakable new bomb. The spectacular "test" of its explosive power having taken place on March 1st last, when the United States authorities staged it at Bikini in the Pacific, President Eisenhower in his Press conference on March 24th, was constrained to remark that something must have happened that scientists had never experienced before; something that must have surprised and astonished them. For it happened that the explosion of the hydrogen bomb on that occasion was so far more powerful than the scientists had expected that it could not be accurately measured

on the instruments at their disposal. Buildings had been shaken 176 miles away, a nuclear cloud had been thrown up 17 miles high and 28 miles wide, islanders living 150 and 160 miles away from the scene of the explosion had had to be evacuated from their islands because they had been affected by the radiation, and could not be allowed to return to their homes until heavy rain had washed away the radioactive material; and 23 Japanese fishermen, fishing some 150 miles from the scene of the explosion, had been contaminated by the cloud of radioactive dust and taken to hospital in Tokyo. Professor Oliphant, vice-chancellor of the National University in Melbourne, declared on March 25th that the hydrogen bomb exploded at Bikini on March 1st was a mere "baby", that the Americans undoubtedly had "bigger and better ones"; but that there would be no danger to Australia from future tests of these "monsters" unless the American scientists should make what he called "scientifically impossible" mistakes in handling them. He added that in view of the apparent mistakes made by the scientists on March 1st they would be certain to be "100 per cent." careful in the future. He went on to give the staggering information that the characteristic quality of the hydrogen bomb was that it was "absolutely unlimited in size", that its destructive power could not be exaggerated, that it had "fifty million times" (whatever that may mean) the force of the atomic bomb and "four hundred times the destroying radius".

He put a rider to that tale of woe by expressing the opinion that the apparent curse was a blessing in disguise, because in his opinion the best safeguard against a third world war was the fact that man knew that he could not get away with it without destroying himself. Only twenty four hours earlier Lord Salisbury had said in the British House of Lords, on the subject of the hydrogen bomb: "We must accept that fearful weapon not as a nightmare of the future but as a hideous reality of today. That does not mean that war is nearer. It ought to mean that world war will be henceforth impossible."

If such a belief were to spread fast enough, it would itself go some way towards solving the problem of international tension and even of world government. The present "sting" of nationalism is that of national power resting on national armaments directed through national sovereignty. If the possibility of war were removed from men's minds by the overriding fear of hydrogen bombs, then the manufacture of armaments, the existence of armies, navies and airforces would all overnight become things of the past. Miracle is of an overwhelming perfection in its achievement. The disappearance through disuse of national armaments would involve the disappearance of national sovereignty, for which in its turn there would no longer be any use. World government in effect might descend upon an astonished humankind as naturally as the gentle rain from heaven. Common welfare would be the common aim, unimpeded by fear. The prospect in such a sense was described in the Foreign Affairs section of the Contemporary Review of January 1946: "The only effective alternative to national sovereignty as a magnet of allegiance in world affairs is the oblation of ourselves in allegiance and love to God our common Father, whence would follow as an essential consequence the sovereignty of mutual good will among men and peace on earth."

A NOTE ON GIBRALTER

"The Rock", as it is somewhat affectionately known in our country, now protrudes prominently in Anglo-Spanish affairs. An article published in the *Times* of January 28th last from its Gibraltar Correspondent began with these words: "Spanish claims for the Rock of Gibraltar, until recently largely confined to hysterical outbursts by students and members of Falangist youth movements, have now become officially sponsored. They have even produced two Ambassadorial protests against the visit of the Queen next May". Little is gained by ignoring the bitterness of feeling that increasingly characterises these outbursts of Spanish students in Madrid and elsewhere. General Franco has himself lately stated in public that Spain has "never accepted" British ownership of Gibraltar. Now it is a commonplace fact, well known to the diplomats, that in such matters treaty rights weigh little in the balance by comparison with racial and national emotion and prejudice. In Spain they simply argue that it is no more fitting for Britain to own Gibraltar than it would be for Spain to own Dover; and they are bored or exasperated by the historical argument such as was excellently summarised by a letter published in the *Times* of February 3rd last, from Dr. Randolph Hughes. The treaties of Utrecht (1713), of Seville (1729) and of Versailles (1783) are normally quoted in our country as constituting the British legal claim, freely granted by Spain in return for benefits received, to Britain's possession of the Rock. But no realist person imagines that the problem is thereby disposed of. It is one of the bitterest as well as potentially most important of contemporary disputes. In the prevailing circumstance of communist aggression and the incidental communist designs upon strategic points in the Mediterranean the problem is of a baffling complexity. Moscow has already been denied access to the Mediterranean through Trieste and the Adriatic as a result of Yugoslavia's defection from the Cominform. Would it not be possible for Spain, staunch defender of Western Christianity as she is, to accept an *ad hoc* understanding with Britain about the importance of the Rock as a bastion of their common defence, and indeed of Western defence in the widest sense?

April 12th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

PLANS FOR PERMANENT PEACE

German historians have often excelled in that difficult branch of their discipline which deals with the history of ideas, and Professor von Raumer in this important book* has made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the genesis and development of the ideal of permanent peace in European society. The book, which forms part of a series of works on political thought, is written in the best tradition of Friedrich Meinecke, Ernst Troeltsch, and Ferdinand Tönnies. It is divided into two parts of which the first forms a penetrating dissertation on the development of the ideal of perpetual peace as set out in the writings of Erasmus, Sebastian Franck, Sully, Crucé, Penn, Bentham, Saint-Pierre, Rousseau, Kant and Gentz. The second part contains reprints of the writings

of these authors on the theme of peace some of which have for a long time been virtually inaccessible to the general reader. The book, therefore, is of the greatest value to anybody who would like to study the growth of the ideas which ultimately led to the establishment of the League of Nations and UNO. It is particularly gratifying that, unlike the case of most works of a similar character, the writings used for documentation here have been reproduced as fully as possible and as far as could be judged the translations from French and English are adequate and lively.

The author does not claim to have written a comprehensive history of the intellectual attempts made by European thinkers to come to terms with the problem of war and peace. He wisely contents himself with using the authors of his choice, who undoubtedly were also the most important spokesmen in this field, as it were as representatives of the intellectual trends and currents of their time. In doing so he has not only managed to give an absorbing account of the changes in the intellectual climate of Europe from the Humanism of Erasmus to the Idealism of Kant and the somewhat disillusioned realism of Gentz with his trust in a balance of power system, but he has also given valuable material to the political historian. Although most of the ideas and proposals set out in these writings have never actually influenced political events directly, the climate in which they grew was of course the same which shaped European politics, and the general reader cannot help feeling that his understanding of the complex traits of European history has both been widened and deepened by studying these ideas which have so often been thrust aside as utopian and irrelevant by the professional historian. It might also come as something like a revelation to many that the movement for peace was a genuinely European movement, and that men participated in it who were as widely different in outlook and tradition as were the Dutchman Erasmus and the Prussian Kant. Kant's treatise, which is perhaps the most important contribution to the subject, is in fact as important and relevant today as it was when it was first published. In spite of the limitations which the author sets himself it is regrettable that the book stops at about 1800. After all it was in our own century that the first attempts have been made to translate the ideas so learnedly expounded and analysed in this book into practice, however ineffectual this translation may have been. Perhaps the author felt that he could not take his story to recent times in the absence of a modern Rousseau or Kant to give us guidance in our own struggle for peace.

Dr. REINHOLD ARIS.

**Ewiger Friede*. By Kurt von Raumer. Karl Albert, Freiburg, Munich.

RUSSIAN IMPERIALISM IN THE FAR EAST

Most of the numerous books on Soviet Russia contain little or no information about the Soviet Far East, and in consequence practically nothing is known in the West about this sparsely populated but extensive part of the world which in recent years has become even more important as the result of the communist victory in China. Mr. Kolarz, the author of *Russia and her Colonies*, in this new book fills a gap in our knowledge, and although his account is not first hand it is based on Russian sources and is carefully documented. Some of the stories, e.g., his account of the downfall of that enigmatic creator of the Far Eastern Russian Army, Marshall Blukker, have probably never been told before in Western literature and are of absorbing interest to the student of world affairs.

The book is written in a studiously objective manner, and the author successfully avoids the passionate partisanship so common in books on Soviet Russia. Nevertheless, despite his impartiality, or perhaps because of it, the author

manages to convey an almost frightening indictment of Russia's colonial policy which fits in only too depressingly well with our knowledge of her imperialist policy towards her European satellites. It is one of the greatest ironies of history that the leaders of a country which prides itself on being in the forefront in the fight against imperialism and colonial exploitation should themselves be responsible for a policy of ruthless suppression of national and racial minorities and of a complete disregard for the most elementary human rights which surpasses almost anything done by other colonial powers. Mr. Kolarz gives a detailed account of the various forms of this exploitation, the use of slave labour for forceful colonisation, the expulsion of Japanese, Chinese and Korean minorities, the destruction of tribal and religious institutions and countless other manifestations of imperialism in action. The picture of Russia's colonial policy in her Far Eastern territories that emerges from this book is not only extremely crude but also rather confused. We gain the impression that the European masters of these Asiatic tribes are themselves, in spite of all their training in Marxian dialectics, by no means clear about the way in which their primitive colonial subjects fit into the communist pattern. The result of this uncertainty is a constantly changing policy of decree and counter-decree, purge and counter-purge, which in spite of the material advantages it may have brought to these backward and incredibly primitive parts of Asia has been far more cruel than anything the white man ever did in Africa. It remains to be seen whether the author is right when he asserts that Russia in her Far Eastern policy is impaled on the horns of a dilemma; because if she continues her policy of European supremacy she will inevitably come into conflict with China and possibly Japan, and if she admits Chinese and other racial groups on a basis of equality she will ultimately lose her territories. This of course is an attractive thesis to Western ears, but we know that the East has a way of confounding the experts and it may well happen that Western materialist communism, which is utterly alien to the Eastern mind as the author rightly insists, will adapt itself to Asiatic needs and conceptions.

Dr. REINHOLD ARIS.

The Peoples of the Soviet Far East. By Walter Kolarz. George Philip & Son Ltd., 15s. 6d.

THE SECOND BRITISH EMPIRE

The great merit of this book lies in Professor Harlow's determination to relate events to ideas, not spasmodically and at large but continuously and in detail. No book so massive can be or ought to be light reading. But this book affords enjoyable and instructive reading throughout because one is never allowed to lose touch with the central theme. That theme is the development and effects of a reconsideration of the purposes of colonies. This reconsideration, which antedated the outbreak of the American Revolution by a decade, was based on a "revulsion against colonisation"—taking colonisation to mean the foundation and extension of settlements peopled predominantly by emigrants, or the descendants of emigrants, from Britain. Compared with such men as Cecil Rhodes or Kipling the Englishman of the mid-eighteenth century was a prosaic, money-grubbing soul. Living before the humanitarian and romantic movements he saw little attraction *per se* in an empire which stretched from palm to pine or in assuming the white man's (or any other avoidable) burden. He sought tangible results from the employment of specific assets. The greatest of these assets was what would be called today the "industrial potential" of Britain, and the emigration of artisans would diminish it. The settlements which those artisans formed or strengthened might become economically competitive or politically recalcitrant: at the best they would demand a vast and costly amount of administrative effort which would never show an adequate return in hard cash.

What was the alternative? "To find a vent for the widening range of British manufactures by creating a network of commercial exchange extending through the Pacific and Indian Oceans . . . a chain of trading posts, protected at strategic points by naval bases" (pp. 3, 4). In his first four chapters Professor Harlow describes, in fascinating detail, the efforts to this end, including those which aimed at developing trade with China and Japan by creating emporia in the Malay Archipelago. As he reminds us, this was being done while the controversy with the American colonies was still in its initial phases.

There was the crux of the difficulty. An empire which was a collection of trading posts might be desirable but, in hard fact, the British empire as it stood was a great deal more than that. Massachusetts might be burdensome in comparison with Sumatra or the Celebes but it was nevertheless the dominating reality at the given moment: as always, the future—the glittering future of infinite possibilities with a minimum of expense—was bound to the present and the past. No set of men in high office could afford itself the luxury of looking wholly in one direction, and British statesmen had to take into account Samuel Adams as well as James Cook. So far as Professor Harlow allows himself to have a hero the hero is Shelburne; the statesman at the utmost range of contemporary thought who yet had to deal with the present and the past and who attempted in one supreme effort, in the negotiation of the Treaty of Versailles, to provide for the future. It was only with the most extreme reluctance that Shelburne abandoned his plans for some form of Anglo-American federalism. His mind, vast and fertile and essentially humane, had its limitations: he failed to "come to terms with the human species" (p. 445), British politicians or American nationalists. The impression which he made on the French envoy, Rayneval, was a major contribution towards the peace settlement; it was not the impression of nationalism on nationalism but of one mind upon another; the flower and perhaps the justification of an oligarchical age. But Pitt declined to admit Shelburne to his cabinets: the disinterested intellect could be a political liability.

It would be unfortunate if this book were to be regarded as a proper study for students of imperial history but for no one else. It is far more than that. The basic problem which it exhibits is that of the reaction of the mind to facts, circumstances and probabilities. The possibilities of remedial action were not limitless—they never are—and they were further bounded by what was politically practicable. Nor was the "Second Empire," in the event, to be a mere collection of trading posts. As the movements for the abolition of slavery and for colonial self-government proved, more fundamental responsibilities could not be shelved so easily. Possibly the best tribute to Professor Harlow's book is that it makes the reader anxiously conscious of the difficulties inherent in the government of human beings.

PROFESSOR W. L. BURN.

The Founding of the Second British Empire, 1763-1793, Vol. 1, Discovery and Revolution. By Vincent T. Harlow. Longmans. 45s.

STEFAN GEORGE AND HOFMANNSTHAL

In December 1891 the 23 year old Stefan George sought the acquaintance of the 17 year old Hugo von Hofmannsthal in a Vienna Coffeehouse. Shortly before his death the Austrian poet described the event in a letter to a friend. "Without any intermediary George approached me; as I sat late at night in the Café, reading an English periodical, a man of very marked appearance with a proud passionate expression (a man who seemed to me much older than myself, perhaps nearly thirty years of age) said to me, that he had read one of my essays, and that what he had heard about me, seemed to indicate that I was among the few people in Europe (and here in Austria the only one) with whom he had to

establish contact: it was a matter of uniting those who could fathom the nature of poetry." That was the beginning of a momentous connection which was to last intermittently until 1906 and whose vicissitudes can be closely followed in this final edition of the correspondence. It appears that after a stormy beginning the passionate friendship between the two poets came to an abrupt end, owing to too great a diversity of temperament, though it lingered on for some fourteen years. For George this meant the crushing of a hope which all but broke him; for he perceived in the precocious Austrian boy the prototype of that "disdainful, penetrating and refined intelligence", that superior being, for which he was looking all over Europe and which he had now met for the first time within the confines of German-speaking lands. There can be no doubt that Hofmannsthal was equally attracted and revolted by the overpowering presence of the German poet, and subsequently withdrew into his shell as a means of self-protection and preservation.

The deep disappointment to which George gave vent, in a newly found document, with the elemental force of tragic confession was answered by Hofmannsthal in moving words of youthful dedication, to which he yet lacked the strength and the will. "I can only give myself", he wrote on January 10th, 1892, "I can do no other. My being pours forth the wine of its young life. . . . He who can, takes. I believe that one man can be much to the other: torch, key, seed, poison . . . but I see no guilt and no merit where Tyche alone is mysteriously at work. . . . I wished I could hold you to render thanks for the depths you have shown me; but you like to stand where you shudder and proudly love the abyss which few can see." But none of this came to fruition. Throughout the correspondence George appears as the wooer, the ruling spirit, whose work and person the Austrian poet cherishes with a strange mixture of admiration and fear. Ten years after their first meeting George revealed the true nature of his hopes and intentions with an astounding bluntness of purpose, from which the Austrian poet, perhaps justifiably, shrank. In July 1902 George wrote: "I was of the firm opinion that we—you and I—could exercise in our literature a very wholesome dictatorship for years to come. That this did not materialise, for that I must hold you alone responsible."

Though George so urgently wanted to enlist the only other considerable force in German letters besides his own in the crusade that he was waging for the purity of art and of life against the ravages of naturalism and rampant vulgarity in the Germany of Hauptmann and of Dehmel, he does not appear in these letters solely as the ambitious and overtowering lawgiver who would brook no other way of life but his own and that of his devoted followers. In many a letter to Hofmannsthal he reveals such warmth of sympathy, such generous acknowledgement of the younger poet's genius, such deep understanding of his personal and national predicament, that it is surely one of Hofmannsthal's great tragic failures to have rejected such partnership for the sake of his own theatrical successes and the lesser human and literary associations. Already by 1897 George had abandoned some of his original severity towards the friend. He makes allowance for Hofmannsthal's different way of feeling and upbringing. He excuses him on account of the "incomprehensible distraughtness" of his mind. He declares his unceasing love, based upon admiration, and pays the highest tribute to his art. Yet fate had not willed their united kingship. The Austrian poet drifted farther and farther away from the steep and uncompromising path of George, until in one of the last utterances to Hofmannsthal he must confess his sorrow that "there hardly seems to exist a single point where we do not misunderstand one another."

F. M. GODFREY.

Briefwechsel zwischen George und Hofmannsthal. Verlag Helmut Kupper, Munchen und Dusseldorf.

THE BURNING GLASS

To put the matter temperately, the English stage is hardly flourishing. Slowly, with up-hill concentration, an Eliot and a Fry have attained a position high on the slopes of dramatic achievement. And there, alone, off the beaten track of theatrical labours, they shine apart. Below them—thousands of feet below—their lesser colleagues make their bid for fame. Their reward—a noisy indiscriminating applause. If we ask the reason for this disparity, the answer perhaps is that the more popular playwrights seem afraid of seriousness, both in language and in situation. No such preliminary disadvantage attends on Mr. Charles Morgan's third play, *The Burning Glass*. Indeed, its theme is of such moment as to warrant, in the manner of Shaw and his *Prefaces*, an introductory essay *On Power over Nature*, which strikes me as the best thing in this new work. The substance of *The Burning Glass* is the haphazard discovery by a British meteorological scientist of a means by which the sun's heat can be focussed on any part of the earth's surface. The possibilities of applying this knowledge for beneficial or destructive purposes are theoretically equal; but—awake to the conscience of governments—the scientist knows which use will be promoted. He resolves therefore to communicate the formula to no one save his wife, and to place it at the disposal of his country only in the case of emergency against a totalitarian power. But before security methods to protect him have been put into operation, he is abducted by enemy forces. An ultimatum is delivered by the British Government, but one minute before it expires the scientist is returned by plane to his own home. The secret formula has not been learnt by the hostile states and so the vexed peace of the cold war continues. As a drama of ideas, *The Burning Glass* is not without a certain suggestive value. "The time may come—has come, perhaps—", one of the characters concludes, "in which science will be seen again as a source of wisdom, not of power. . . . Isn't it possible that the whole era of Power for Power's sake is near its end?" But a play must be more than a stimulating thesis: it must humanly (even as intellectually) convince; and this *The Burning Glass* fails to do. To me it seems that the characters are either idealised (the scientist, his wife, and mother), or *villainised* (the foreign agent) out of all likely recognition. This leaves us with a Prime Minister, who might have come out of a work by Oscar Wilde, and a neurotic ex-R.A.F. type. Judged by most plays now running in London, *The Burning Glass* is adult entertainment. Alas, that criterion is not itself adult.

DEREK STANFORD.

The Burning Glass. By Charles Morgan. Macmillan 9s. 6d.

THE QUAKER APPROACH

This very interesting book deals with the many problems in the world today, which challenge Friends to thought and action. If Quakerism is a way of life, it must be concerned with the whole of it, and the writers cover very widely differing subjects, including the well-known antagonism to all war, the practical work of relieving its results, industrial and economic problems, prisons, punishment and race relations. It is the English edition of an American book, so is written mainly from the American viewpoint.

Quakers' activities, varied as they have been, have been both extended and limited by their faith. "In the Quaker Society, religion, instead of being the conservative, traditional force which it usually is, became a radical, revolutionary instrument, tearing men away from the mere acceptance of tradition, to a rediscovery of the fountain of truth itself, in the hearts and minds of men." (Page 48). They did not accept authority, either of Church or Bible, but

sought it in the divine Inward Light in their hearts, which led them to an experimental religion.

"Quakers believed," as Rufus Jones has put it, "that the relations between God and man is direct, energising, vital, and transforming, and as much a matter of experience and verification as sunlight." (Page 167).

This led them to be pioneers, innovators and reformers in many directions. On the other hand their activities were restricted by their principles, the Army, Navy and many professions being closed to them.

Science and medicine have always attracted Quakers, and it is a curious fact, mentioned by Prof. Kathleen Lonsdale in her chapter on Science, that statistics during the last 150 years, show that a man or woman—Quaker or of Quaker birth—has 20 to 30 times the chance of election as an F.R.S. that others have.

The article by Roger Wilson on "Relief and Reconstruction" deals with the requirements and difficulties of good team work, and details some of those encounters when association with Government agencies is required. It is a pity that in his outline of earlier Quaker relief he omits to mention that, in the First World War, Anglo-American joint relief was initiated, and large scale work carried out in 9 countries, during 9 years. For this, at one time, money at the rate of £1,000 per diem was being received in London. Neither here, nor in the later most interesting chapter on Quakers' connection with Russia, is there any account of the Famine Relief in the Samara district in 1922-3, when there were 900 feeding points in the British area of work, and a very large number of lives were saved. This chapter tells how many contacts there have been between Quakers and Russia, since George Fox wrote to the Emperor Alexis I in 1656; and though we must not overestimate the influence of Quakerism on Russia, it is curious that Stephen Grellet and William Allen, in the early nineteenth century, found Barclay's Apology, the great Quaker classic, being used by a section of the Orthodox Church, and the recent pamphlets by American Friends on better relations between the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. "were well read East of Berlin." (Page 231).

The chapter on Race Relations is important as showing the recent advance in American Quaker thought and action on the matter. There had been a quiescent period since the days of John Woolman, and "it was only the continuing, impassioned, concerns of individual Friends during this period that kept the approaches of the Society of Friends from becoming more than a matter of historical record." (Page 97).

Then, in 1949, came an important statement on segregation, and now there seems no question about Negro membership in Friends' Meetings, and an American Negro physician headed the American Medical Mission among Arabian refugees in Palestine.

The book is too full of interesting matter for it to be possible to summarise in this short review—it is well worth reading, but it is a great pity there is no index.

A. RUTH FRY.

The Quaker Approach to Contemporary Problems. Edited by John Kavanaugh. Allen & Unwin. Price 15s.

• • • • •

In *The Lamartine Ladies*, (Macdonald) Mrs. Laura Ragg describes learnedly and lengthily the Lamartine domestic scene. The gay Romantic was born into the privileged in 1790 and grew up with traditions of behaviour that welcomed the Restoration, "for the Kingdom of God would again be born". He entered the crack Garde du Corps, sought safety in Switzerland during the Hundred Days, and then the patronage that secured him diplomatic posts. He embodied the emotions of the post-revolutionary generation which rebelled against the

eighteenth century deification of reason, and in his *Meditations*, 1820, he launched the lyricism that captured the age. The Romantics were not contemplatives. Lamartine entered the Assembly and his *Histoire des Girondins* marked a legitimist's pilgrimage to people's governance, little dreaming that he was preparing the way for a Mock Napoleon, for France was still Caesarean. He was caught in "the hot fury of the Seine" in 1848 and only saved the Republic by his lyrical appeal to the red bonneted mob. "The Red Flag has but made the round of the Champ de Mars. The Tricolor has encircled the globe". It was not the only time that a flag decided France's destiny. He failed to secure the Presidency and, burdened by his extravagant generosity, he was forced to sell his family patrimony, "work like a galley slave to the pen", and accept a pension from a Napoleon. He died in 1869 before having to mourn the great defeat. Throughout his turbulent life there shines the love and tenderness of his home. His devoted mother reared him in piety, his English wife Mary Anne Birch tenderly partnered his work, and when she departed his homely niece provided comfort. They are gracious ladies who built the edifice of affection and peace within which his genius could flower. Mother-devotion and wife-love are eternal without which life would flicker away. Modernism, however, has distorted their contours. What is striking is the changed claims of the hearth. The fulcrum of this scholarly book is the mother who holds that "women should enter marriage as into an Order. When she marries, she takes vows, a vow of Poverty since she puts her fortune into the hands of her husband; a vow of Obedience to him; a vow of Chastity since she must henceforth seek to be pleasing to no other man. She vows herself to Charity towards her husband, her children and household, to the duty of tending them in sickness and of teaching them to the best of her ability". The Lamartine ladies kept their vows lovingly.

VICTOR COHEN.

• • • • •

In *Glyn's 1753-1953* (Macmillan, 21s.) Mr. Roger Fulford has written an interesting and valuable history of Glyn Mills & Co., the last of the great private banking houses in Lombard Street. On January 5th, 1754, the three original partners opened their commercial bank with a capital of £24,000 and a few clerks. After a short failure in the financial panic of 1772, the business steadily prospered until in 1939 it had a balance sheet of nearly £80 millions and a staff of 750. Much of the book is devoted to the financial and political careers of the leading partners who, in the course of developing their business, contributed in a marked degree to the development of British economic strength in the nineteenth century. For example, Mr. Fulford discusses in some detail the Bank's part in financing the construction of the London and Birmingham railway and in promoting Canadian development in the 1830's. As the last century progressed the private banks were threatened more and more by the competition of the great Joint Stock Banks. It is a remarkable tribute to the ability of the partners that Glyn's not only remained independent, but continued to prosper until the second world war. In 1939 the complications of death duties in the event of the young partners being killed, and "the unpredictable character of those times," induced the partners to sell their capital to the Royal Bank of Scotland. It is an inspiring story which has a real place in the economic history of the last two centuries.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

JUNE, 1954

THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE

THE centre of interest in world affairs has in the last three months shifted away from the Middle East to the Far East. Central Europe and German rearmament of course held the limelight during the Berlin Conference and are still a matter of vital interest and indeed disquiet. The running sore of Arab-Israel relations also claims frequent attention, and there is considerable fear that the disorders on the Jordan-Israel frontier may provoke more serious developments. For until that frontier is redrawn there can be no peace in that part of the world. Jordan, whose statesmen are no doubt in fear of assassination by the irreconcilable Arab elements, refuse to meet Israel representatives officially for fear of being accused of recognising that country. Egypt meanwhile seems to be settling down to a state of chronic instability. The military junta that replaced the corrupt regime of the King has produced no Ataturk, and so seems compelled to call in administrators and political leaders who were connected with the old regime. Consequently the Suez Canal negotiations hang fire because no one likes to negotiate with a Government which may be overthrown overnight.

The one ray of light in the darkness of the Middle East is the Turco-Pakistan Pact. These two countries have decided to co-operate diplomatically and to explore the ground for common security arrangements. Geographically they are rather far apart, but the possibility of Iraq joining their Pact is not excluded. Iraq being the most stable and on the whole the best governed of all the Arab states, and along with Jordan the most friendly to the West, could just provide the coping stone to the edifice of Middle East security from the Bosphorus to the Indus. It is just here in the area round the Persian Gulf that the defences of the free world are so weak. With negotiations also taking place between the new Persian Government and an oil Consortium of mainly Anglo-American interests for the settlement of the tragic oil dispute there is reason to hope that this part of the Middle East at least will show some degree of stability and progress in future.

Along with the Far East however the affairs of Central Europe and Germany claim the main attention. There was never much hope of a concrete result for the Berlin Conference. After Stalin's death it looked as if a new and more liberal line was taking shape in foreign affairs in Russia. The attitude to the local nationalisms of the satellites seemed to be softer. It was even thought by some that the Kremlin, seeing the hopelessness of its position in East Germany and the impossibility of ever winning the confidence of the Germans, might be preparing for a gradual withdrawal from an untenable position. National minorities within Russia too under Beria's control of internal security were treated better and the policy of russification damped down. The peasants all over the

Union were treated with more leniency as regards economic policy in the hopes of raising agricultural output which is lagging seriously behind the industrial and so threatening economic plans. Greater emphasis has been shown on consumer goods in the interests of the general public.

A change took place after the rising in Berlin and in the other cities of East Germany in June of last year. Beria's liberalism came too late and his policy became discredited. The Red Army took over or rather made its voice heard more than before, and it was apparently decided that the military defence policy of the U.S.S.R. demanded the occupation of East Germany no matter what the political considerations. Thus though the Kremlin policy seems unchanged for home affairs we are moving in foreign affairs back towards the Stalin era. Russia therefore was never going to allow the Berlin Conference to weaken her grip on East Germany. Moreover one must never forget that Russia's foreign policy gets more intransigent whenever she sees a chance of exploiting differences among opponents. And what a chance the Kremlin has had to fish in troubled waters when one looks at the state of public opinion on the subject of German rearmament and E.D.C. in France and Britain! As far as Britain is concerned there is a gradually increasing acceptance of the principle of German rearmament under control but not without considerable misgivings which is found even inside the Conservative party. But the most critical situation has been created on this issue inside the Labour Party. The Parliamentary Party is roughly equally divided. The local Labour parties are in the main hostile to E.D.C. and so are some trade unions. The large mass unions mainly support it. All this confusion has deep-seated causes which go back to the early history of the Labour movement. There is of course a small pacifist section of extreme idealists attracted to any movement of the Left. Owing to the fact that the movement was born at a time when no one bothered much about foreign affairs, when the British navy ruled the waves, and when there was no conscription here, an attitude of indifference to foreign policy arose and the idea was unconsciously created that we could go on with Socialism and ignore the world outside. It was of course wishful thinking which the first World War did something to break down. But there still remains a widespread and instinctive dislike of all armaments which interfere with social changes. There is also an unwillingness to believe that Russian Communism is anything like as bad as it is painted, which accounts for the pathetic clinging to straws, like the argument that even after Berlin it is still possible to get Russia to agree to a united democratic Germany. There is a refusal among this section to see that they are playing Russia's game and a lack of understanding that Russian Communism is unswerving in its aims and only pauses or changes tactics if faced with forces which cannot be broken or undermined.

Left-wing opinion in this country has not reached the stage of demoralisation which it has in France, and there is some evidence now that the steadier elements of the Labour Party have taken the lead with moderate success. But there is a strong element of emotion in this opposition to German rearmament in any form. Memories have not faded of what happened after the First World War. But the situation in Germany is not the same as it was then. The anti-German rearmament

section of the Labour Party have not realised the slow process of change that has gone on in Germany over the years. After the First World War the Allies made the fatal mistake of not occupying Germany. Statesmanship had not got beyond the idea that the occupation of important strategic positions, like the Rhineland, Kiel and Heligoland, was enough and that it did not concern them what happened in the rest of Germany. The result was that during 1919 and 1920 the old military machine with its officer caste, damaged but not broken, was able to climb back to power and by a series of murders, unpunished by courts sympathetic to the murderers, got rid of all leaders of progressive opinion. The result was that by 1921 all the parties of the Left were demoralised and the Right-wing Socialdemocratic leaders, who had only fought this half-heartedly, were left high and dry for they were weakened by the loss of their non-Communist Left wing. Ebert and Scheidemann appointed General Groener to try to establish a force behind the political centre, but they were beaten by the inflation which ruined the middle classes and threw them into the arms of the now rising Nazi party. The Russians also had their share of the responsibility for this development, for Karl Radek at this time was busily engaged in bringing about an agreement between the army leaders and the Communists for re-establishing German military power with Russian aid. So militarism in an even worse form was re-established after 15 years, and these events have sunk deep into the minds of that section of the Labour Party that opposes emotionally all German rearmament. They would be right if the clock had stood still and nothing had happened in Germany during this time.

But that is not so. First of all the Allies have occupied all West Germany. The leaders of the Nazis and of the old army have been suppressed, and have not been allowed to influence the elections held in Germany since the war by other than legitimate methods. Murder gangs which decimated German Liberalism after the First World War had no chance to grow. That undoubtedly savage streak in the German character, probably having its roots originally in the 30-years War, was kept down, giving the nobler traditions of German culture a chance to come out. The result has been that two great parties have dominated the political scene, the Christian Democrats, heirs to the Catholic Zentrum, with its centre in the Rhineland, and the Socialdemocratic party, heirs to the tradition of Bebel and Lassalle. These two parties may differ on home affairs but they are devoted to the principles of the Democratic Republic and of civic liberty.

Will such a set-up last? The answer is that there is no guarantee, except that the new situation in Germany indicates a progressive move in the right direction, when taken in the perspective of German history. This means of course taking a risk. But that is what all great international decisions involve. The only guarantee is the new forces in Germany today. The one thing that would make reaction possible and bring back Nazi militarism in perhaps a new form would be a refusal to show these new forces confidence in their strength and thus undermine their morale. Germany is the youngest of all the West European nations and hence the least politically experienced. The free German spirit which showed itself in their great writers and musicians in the 18th century was sup-

pressed in the 19th. It has taken till now for this new (actually old) Germany to reassert itself and break through the crust imposed on it in 1862 by Bismarck and the King of Prussia. We are thus engaged today in a struggle for the soul of Germany. Our task should therefore be to encourage German abilities in the right direction and to ensure that the great economic power which she is re-establishing and which has hitherto been harnessed to a military machine is from now on harnessed to the forces of democracy. It is unfortunate that a section of the Labour Party do not yet seem to realise that by emotional dislike and obsession with the past they may throw away the chance of having at last a stable and really democratic Germany in Central Europe. In foreign affairs they are in fact the real Conservatives.

The attitude of France to E.D.C. is conditioned by another factor not affecting the British attitude, namely the war in Indo-China. France is exhausted by this war and public opinion in a state of chaos. Most people would like to get out of it, if they could only do so without too grave a moral disaster, which might have serious repercussions at home. There can be little doubt that if the war in Indo-China was ended, the chances of getting E.D.C. through the French parliament would be increased. With these facts in view however it is not likely that Russia will try to influence China to be moderate in her policy in S.E. Asia. Moreover it would be unwise to assume that China will consider only her Asian problems and ignore Russian interests in Europe. China in fact has probably two main aims in her foreign policy. First she is determined to be regarded as a Great Power and to have all the rights and privileges of a member of UNO. As long as she is thwarted in any of these aims by the United States, she is going to make all the trouble she can everywhere. If she could attain some or any of these aims, it is not impossible that she might be willing to come to a compromise over Indo-China. Here there is the possibility of a deal with Communist China whereby she drops her aggression in Indo-China in return for a recognition by the free world of her international status. The stumbling block to this is of course the United States where a large section of opinion behind the ruling Republican Party continues to regard a world crusade against Communism as necessary. It is not enough to contain Russian and Chinese Communism and prevent them from taking areas which would be a menace to the free world. The war must be carried behind the Iron Curtain and Chiang Kai Shek's forces in Formosa must be let loose. A continuation of this philosophy might lead to the gravest consequences, though the rebuff which Mr. Dulles has experienced in Europe may now cause second thoughts.

The second point to consider in China's foreign policy is the fact that, being a Communist power, her philosophy must compel her to extend the frontiers of Communism wherever the free world shows signs of weakness. And there is plenty of evidence of this among the Western Powers in South East Asia and indeed among the South Asian states themselves. First of all France has queered the pitch from the start by her colonial policy and by not granting independence to the Indo-Chinese states till the eleventh hour. Unfortunately French colonial policy never has recognised the idea of Dominion status which has been practised by

the British Commonwealth. That makes it so difficult for France to deal with the situation in Indo-China. Independence however seems at last to be coming to Vietnam and the Kingdoms of Laos and Cambodia, but it may be too late. Therefore what with Anglo-American differences over China's international status, the differences between France and the other Western Powers over colonial policy, and the differences between all three and the South Asian states, there is even more opportunity for the Communist Powers to fish in the troubled waters of Indo-China than there is in Central Europe.

The South Asian states, India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Siam and Indonesia have been meeting in Colombo to consider whether they can have a united foreign policy. From the reports of their deliberations and the vague resolutions issued at the end it is plain that a common policy has not been found. Ceylon is definitely anti-Communist and would like measures to be taken to stem its advance in South Asia. So would Pakistan, fresh from the Turco-Pakistan Pact, and so would Siam. Burma has fought its own Communists but seems indifferent to those outside. So is Indonesia. The largest and most influential state, India, still regards European "colonialism" as far more dangerous than Communism. This idea seems to be behind Mr. Nehru's plans of mediation and he has a considerable following inside the British Labour Party, who seem quite ready to follow his lead in Asia. That able man's mind is so dominated by the "colonial" obsession that it prevents him from being really great or playing the role of a mediator. Nevertheless he typifies a large body of opinion in these Asian countries which does not regard Communism as a serious menace to its free existence but only as a local nuisance which can be dealt with by negotiation and appeasement.

On one matter of course Great Britain, the United States and the Asian states are all agreed, namely that Indo-China must become really independent. Public opinion not only in the Labour Party but throughout the country would not tolerate any move in the Indo-Chinese war against China until this is done. What would happen however if, after the Indo-Chinese federation of states acquired full sovereignty, and Ho-Chih-Min with Chinese backing refused to make peace or offered terms which the Emperor Bao Dai and the King of Cambodia could not accept without signing their own death warrant? Then supposing the Indo-Chinese federation asked for help from UNO in repelling further aggression, would public opinion here support military aid and would Congress agree? A situation of that kind would put the case of Indo-China on all fours with that of Korea which at present it is not, thanks to French colonial policy. And that situation may arise during or as a result of the Geneva conference, for China, whose national aims may be limited to securing her international status, may also seek her ideological aims of extending Communism. The temptation is there owing to the weakness of the Western world's defences in that part of Asia. Moreover the military situation may be past repair but, if it could be re-established after French colonialism is gone, the free world, which in this case would amount to Great Britain and the United States, will be faced with a critical decision. They will have to consider what practical help if any can now be given to stem the tide. Hence it is vital that the misunderstanding that has arisen

between London and Washington over Mr. Dulles' rash policies before the Geneva conference should be removed. It is argued that a Communist Indo-China would not necessarily endanger Siam, Malay, Indonesia or Burma. But he would be a rash man who did not reckon that, if this situation arose, the Communists would acquire a position of economic and strategic value which they could use for further advances if they thought the time ripe. The history of what happened in Korea shows that armed force as well as other methods has to be used in opposing Communism.

M. PHILIPS PRICE.

THE FRENCH OUTLOOK

IT IS safe to say that when the Geneva Conference was arranged neither official France nor French opinion foresaw the storms amid which it would begin. War was still going on in Indo-China, but there seemed to be no occasion for particular or acute alarm. Nobody expected Dien Bien Phu. But when M. Bidault left Paris for Geneva the drama of that battle was at its height. The French Government pressed for the intervention of American bombers to support the besieged garrison. The revival of the American suggestion of a joint declaration by the three Western Powers warning China against direct participation in the campaign of the Viet-Minh went beyond this question of limited aid and threatened to raise the whole matter of Western defence policy in South-East Asia. The British refusal to consider this question during the Geneva Conference put an end to the discussion.

French public opinion was deeply stirred both by the events of the war and by the altercation between the Western Powers in the lobbies of Geneva and almost in the presence of the Orientals. No doubt French Ministers were above all concerned to get American bombers over Dien Bien Phu immediately. The one bright aspect of the whole situation was the courageous stand of the expeditionary force and of the troops of the French Union. Whatever losses French prestige has suffered politically, here was a gain. The consciousness of the gallantry of the Dien Bien Phu garrison and of its plight encouraged opinion to follow its natural bent and seek out the responsibilities for the Government's conduct of affairs both militarily and politically. It was recognized that the Viet Minh offensive, with that mingling of war and diplomacy which had been so often used in Korea, had been timed to influence the Geneva Conference. Questions were asked about possible interference from Paris in the planning of the French military campaign in order to impose political objectives, such as the defence of Laos, which involved great military risk.

Behind such particular points of criticism or doubt a large body of opinion was concerned about the larger intentions of Government policy. The Socialists announced an interpellation on Indo-China, which was designed to obtain from the Government an indication of the instructions given to the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Geneva Conference particularly with regard to the "Asiatic problem" and the organization of

a "cease fire" in Indo-China. In a debate on March 10 M. Mendès-France has said that in the Government's policy there was an *arrière-pensée*: that of an American intervention. M. Laniel had given the National Assembly on March 6 a general view of his Government's intentions. They would negotiate, but for a "cease fire" they must have guarantees of the safety of the French forces and the associated States. The Prime Minister seemed to be making an impressive enumeration of difficulties, but he made the general declaration that there was now a unanimous desire to settle the conflict by negotiation. In the Assembly debate on May 4 however, after the first agitations at Geneva, impatience with the Government's line of policy was expressed, there was a good deal of feeling about the risk which had been apparently run of an extension of the war, and frequent assertions that mistakes had been made by successive Governments in the conduct of affairs in Indo-China. In the end the Government obtained a vote of confidence by a fairly respectable majority, because of a recognition of the serious situation which would be produced at Geneva if M. Bidault were recalled by the resignation of the Government. But the Government was severely injured, and the authority which remained to it to face the debate on the European Army and other trials to come was gravely impaired.

The Laniel Government was paying for the errors of years. Most of their critics directed their attacks in reality against M. Bidault (absent at Geneva during the debate), who had been a member of so many of the successive Ministries which had made the mistakes. A large section of opinion is convinced that opportunities for settlement in Indo-China have been repeatedly ignored in the last eight years. Every opportunity let slip increases the price which will have to be paid later. It has been noted that Bao Dai obtained more concessions than those which the French Government had refused to Ho Chi Minh in 1947. The effect of the Geneva incidents on the future course of French policy can hardly be discerned. Obviously the first necessity was to pursue negotiation between all the interested parties, including the Viet-Minh. But whatever French Government may come into office will be compelled to take account of the strategic position of Indo-China in Asia, besides a policy of making peace with the Viet Minh.

For the moment, at any rate, Indo-China ousted the E.D.C. from the position of Foreign Affairs No. 1. But the decision about the European Army cannot be postponed for ever. It seems likely that those who were in favour of the E.D.C., but asked for British and American guarantees, will accept the declarations of the two Governments. The Saar is a more difficult point. Although the proposal for Europeanisation has been accepted as a basis of discussion there are reserves. As far as one may judge of French opinion after the resounding controversy of the last months there remains a wide-spread approval of the general aim of European federation. This is a strong point in favour of ratification of the E.D.C. Another point, of course, is that the Treaty creating it was actually signed. But the objections raised are comprehensible and not to be lightly dismissed. The "Europe" of the French ideal was not one of six countries but was intended to include many more. The insistent effort to get British participation had also the aim of bringing in the

Scandinavian countries. French critics of the E.D.C. feel that France has been enclosed by it in a small company which includes two Powers, Italy and Germany, both dissatisfied and capable of putting forward territorial claims in the future. There has been talk of seeking alternative schemes, but the E.D.C. is itself an alternative scheme. It was put forward by the French (though not in its present shape) as an alternative to the independent rearmament of Germany on a national basis which was being urged by Western military leaders.

M. Edgar Faure, who enjoys a reputation as an able Finance Minister, has been making efforts in various directions to stir a stagnant economy into more active life. An important fiscal reform has put the business turnover tax on a new basis. Various measures, including detaxation of some forms of business transactions, stimulation of exports, encouragement of useful concentrations in industry, together form a plan covering 18 months, and M. Faure affirms that this will result in a 10 per cent. increase in production. The slight improvement in production which began at the end of last year continues slowly; but there is still no vigorous and confident trade push and the demand for labour for the second quarter of 1954 showed no improvement on that of the second quarter of last year.

Despite the agitations about important international questions the dominant problem is the reform of the national economy. Trade stagnation is due to many causes, including the two wars, and particularly the paralysing occupation during the last one. Industries have learnt to be excessively cautious, fearing devaluations of currency, and fearing not less open international competition. The last factor was made manifest in the failure of the Laniel Government to liberate trade exchanges from import quotas up to the limit of 75 per cent. as France had promised. In face of many objections from industries the proportion of liberation was raised to 53 per cent., but, even so, the right was reserved to put on compensatory dues to shield industries which might be too hard pressed.

One of the reasons why protection is difficult to remove is that it forms in a special sense a part of the traditional and deeply founded French economy. It seemed to fit the famous balance between industry and agriculture, which made France at one time self-sufficing in many essentials, but it was always injurious to productivity, which modern international competition has made a necessity. French agriculture is far below the average in point of yield per acre. This is largely due to the subdivision of property among a great population of peasants. But the peasant community of land-owners is a solid political foundation for the country. Farming has steadily improved, largely by co-operative buying and selling and the hiring of modern machinery. The disadvantage of subdivision is now being seriously attacked by the integration of small exploitations into larger ones permitting farming on a more profitable scale, but this *remembrement*, though rich in promise, is not being accomplished quickly enough.

There are indications that public opinion has now learnt some of the lessons of the recent years of inflation. The failure of the 24 hours strike called by the Communist-controlled C.G.T. for April 28, nominally to expose economic grievances but probably with an eye on the Geneva Conference, showed that workpeople in the mass do not lend themselves

easily to "political" strikes. Opinion appears to be becoming more aware of the truth, which M. Mendès-France continues to preach, that the position of France depends above all on a healthy economy. From a different political angle M. Pinay sees in the continuing stabilisation, at present at stagnation level, an opportunity for a vigorous effort of restoration. As a result of the Monnet Plan the country now possesses greater means of production than ever before. M. Pinay points out also that the monetary stabilisation has started a revival of savings. Both M. Pinay and M. Mendès-France insist on the potential value of the great increase in population which has occurred since the war. The two men are outstanding among political leaders in the sense that they have given the impression that they will not seek office merely to preside over ephemeral Ministries of current affairs, or tolerated Ministries like that of M. Laniel, depending on the fitful support of jealous and changing groups. If they seek power it will be to accomplish a big task which they have defined for themselves. M. Mendès-France has recently made one or two speeches in the Assembly and in the provinces which seem to mark him as a candidate for office if the opportunity presents itself. It remains an obvious question whether the present National Assembly can be brought to form a steady majority for a large policy, and also whether public opinion has progressed enough towards a recognition of realities to face reforms which must include painful measures.

Vernon, Eure.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

LIBERALS AT BUXTON

EVERY PARTY in every democracy is a confederation of lesser parties or groups. The Liberal Party—the historic Alliance of Whigs, Radicals, Peelites and Cobdenites—is no exception. Even today the emergence of a Radical Reform Group within the Liberal Party Organisation illustrates the theme. But surely, when examined from the viewpoint of philosophy instead of the narrowed vistas of electioneering, the divergences and deviations, such as they are, are mainly of shade, colour and emphasis rather than of faith and dogma. Liberty is the very root or kernel of the Liberal philosophy; liberty and justice are intertwined; a free economy lays the foundations of, say, old age pensions; social reform is neither more nor less than a facet of liberty in action. Liberty and social action were never the opposite sides of an equation. Nor are they today. To assume that they are would be to denigrate liberty, of which "social reform without Socialism", properly understood, is only one manifestation. This is, or ought to be, the lesson of Buxton. The Liberal Party Assembly at Buxton (April 21-24) did not always emphasise the distinctively Liberal attitude so specifically or so vigorously as at Ilfracombe last year. More than once it was protested that Resolution A or Amendment B was not distinctive enough. There was, perhaps, broader unity or harmony. The Radical Reform Group's withdrawal of its expected opposition to the "Unity of Purpose" Resolution, expounded in a scintillating speech by Mr. Derick Mirfin, President of the Cambridge Union, and seconded for the National Executive by

Mr. Geoffrey Acland, enhanced the tonic and bracing influence of the thousand-foot-high surrounding hills. Liberals must, however, be different. They know it in their bones. Moreover, if there happen to be proposals in which they are in seeming accord with their opponents, they know full well that other parties' propaganda facilities for "putting over" such notions are far more formidable.

The dispersal of monopoly by law reforms to help Free Trade is, self-evidently, a distinctive Liberal issue. As is his wont, Sir Arthur Comyns Carr, Q.C., marshalled the argument supremely well when he proposed an unusually short Executive Resolution on monopoly-breaking: "That this Assembly, having received the second report on Monopoly, deplores the inadequacy of the measures adopted by the Conservative and Socialist Governments to deal with this grave problem and re-affirms the radical anti-monopoly programme adopted by the 1948 Assembly". This gave Mr. Oliver Smedley the cue for a neat three-minute speech on monopoly in the white fish industry as a representative example of "the set-up in practically every other industry today".

Another such issue concerned the future of Africa, on which the Liberal M.P.s. enjoy a fine record. The present writer moved the Official Resolution on Africa South of the Sahara, which was lifted bodily from the Liberal International Congress proceedings at Mondorf-les-Bains and commanded the Executive's emphatic support. Recognising that antagonism between whites and blacks, and its political consequences too, arose from the impact of Western civilisation on primitive societies, and from the social and economic conflict between technologically skilled Europeans and unskilled Africans, this Resolution demanded an early conference between the Governments of administered and self-governing territories south of the Sahara to work out the general principles of the continent's future development. It urged upon the Governments the need of proclaiming the equality of rights and duties of Europeans and Africans. The subject-matter of this session covered a vast terrain. It comprised the Prime Minister's statement of April 13—excellent as far as it goes—on the Protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, the progress of the Gold Coast under the Nkrumah Government, the Malan Administration's new Native Resettlement Bill for the Africans of Johannesburg (which puts back the South African clock to 1826), Central African Federation, Kenyan education estimates and land distribution, our conduct towards the Kabaka and Lukiko of Baganda, and the psychology of Sir Andrew Cohen.

Feeling is obviously running exceedingly high among British Liberals against "the advent of Mr. Lyttelton to the Colonial Office, the most shockingly inept appointment in British imperial history since Lord North lost America to the First British Empire," and against the implicit repudiation of our 1891 and 1923 pledges to maintain the paramountcy of native interests in Nyasaland and Kenya. A spirited plea by Mr. Richard Moore (Union of University Liberal Societies) for reference back was heartily defeated. Mr. Moore protested that the Resolution contained no reference to joint consultation between Africans and Europeans. That was fair enough complaint, but, in point of fact, the mover had already stated the premises of action as follows: 1. To maintain the joint principles

of "no colonial discrimination" and "no political domination by economically interested parties". 2. To devise new machinery for collaboration and co-operation, for example, an *All-Africa Consultative Assembly*. 3. To ensure that genuinely democratic usages and practices may flourish in plural communities. 4. To lay the foundations of partnership in a new integrated multi-racial society, affording equality of opportunity and the highest educational facilities to men and women of every race, colour and creed. The Resolution was carried with a very few dissentients.

Yet another major question was co-ownership, which may, or may not, prove to be a clearly differentiated Liberal issue, for there are those who say that it is coming anyway. Mr. Elliott Dodds, Editor of the *Huddersfield Examiner* and self-styled "grandfather" of Ownership for All, won a sensational personal victory on the second morning for his new detailed blueprint for statutory co-ownership, (dismissed as "fancy" by the *Manchester Guardian*), of which a 65-line synopsis stood in the names of Anglesey, Denbigh and four other constituencies. The Reigate Amendment, skilfully piloted in a statesmanlike speech by Mr. James Walters, declared that still further research and investigation were needed on such problems as the mobility of labour, the amount of the benefits accruing to workers, capital investments, and the impact of such projects upon workers engaged in non-profit-making industry. Mr. Dodds was pretty well in a minority of one among the Party leaders, both inside and outside the two Houses. The Party's Economic Advisory Committee, including Professor Frank Paish, Mr. Graham Hutton and Mr. George Schwartz, had concentrated a withering fire upon these new proposals, together with the earlier Blackpool blueprint of 1948. Nevertheless, despite the revealing thinness of Mr. Dodds' "platform" support, despite the energetic onslaught of two ex.-M.P.s, Sir Arthur Comyns Carr and Mr. Frank Byers, and of Mr. Frank Eggleston, the monetary authority, despite successive warnings from the *Manchester Guardian*, despite, too, the *Church of England Newspaper's* "front-page spread" on the very day of the debate for a striking article by Mr. Neville Penry Thomas on the ethical impropriety of the compulsory principle, the Assembly rose in its majesty or wrath, and wisdom or unwisdom, rallied to Mr. Dodds and defeated the Reigate Amendment by the very close vote of 290 to 246. The promoters graciously accepted an Amendment from Hornchurch, which endorsed the principles of the Co-ownership Committee's new Report, notably a recommendation that, by an appointed day, every company enjoying the statutory "privilege" of limited liability should be required to conform thereunto. This was carried.

Doubts lingered. The protagonists of the new scheme were overjoyed. Others felt that it was but a Pyrrhic victory. Economic libertarians reassured themselves that, with the elimination of guaranteed prices from the Party's agrarian policy at Ilfracombe in 1953, there remained only one facet of doubtful validity to expunge from Liberal policy—the obligatory element in co-ownership. Many shared the conviction that, while a party conference is an admirable forum for political education, it is hardly the milieu for the introduction of a model Act of Parliament. Others contended that the most dangerous factor in the Co-ownership plan was the implicit reversal, in the case of some nine million workers, of

the historic advance from status to contract—an advance which, as Sir Henry Maine rightly held, comprises civilisation. The project, with its undefined concept of “standard” profits, made, too, for a static economy instead of the dynamic, adaptable, expansionist economy which Britain needs must embrace or perish.

There had been far less tension in the debate on agricultural policy, which was much less lively than the historic controversy at Ilfracombe. The question of guaranteed prices was already eight or nine months out of date, and had meanwhile yielded precedence to the question of National Farmers’ Union-dominated marketing boards. But two ex-M.P.s., 88-year-old Mr. Charles Roberts, Asquith’s Under Secretary for India, and his son, Wilfrid, who farms 1,000 acres in Cumberland, fought a brave and unavailing rearguard action for the retention of fixed prices. Mr. Alan Brinton rightly commented in the *News Chronicle* that this 2½-hour debate was “confused, with many delegates apparently finding it just as difficult as I did to pick their way through a heavy mass of amendments, liberally sprinkled with hearty points of order”. The Executive Resolution, moved by Mr. Lawrence Robson, retiring President, who farms in Oxfordshire, maintained the Ilfracombe demand for the abandonment of guaranteed prices, insisted that the right approach was to keep farmers’ costs low, and advocated measures to restore and increase competition in the industries supplying farmers’ needs and handling their produce. It also demanded the cessation of the right of dispossession by the Ministry of Agriculture. Its final clause urged the repeal of Mr. Peter Thorneycroft’s increased protective tariffs imposed last December on eighteen classes of fresh and preserved fruit and vegetables. “The majority of farmers”, said Mr. Robson, “are prepared to face freer marketing conditions for British agriculture, but they are not prepared to accept the imposition of burdens upon agricultural costs designed for the benefit of the industries from which their requirements in machinery, fertilisers and other farming supplies are obtained. . . . A liberalisation of the food markets of the world should go hand in hand with the liberalisation of the markets for manufactured goods”. Mr. E. Youngman, of Suffolk, accurately mirrored the general attitude of his fellow-delegates when he said, “I would much rather rely on consumer demand than on any Government guarantee”. A boldly-conceived Amendment from Saffron Walden succeeded in substituting marketing facilities through farmers’ co-operative societies for marketing facilities through State aid and access to the necessary capital resources. Thus Ilfracombe principles remained intact—and triumphant.

Buxton gave the lie, albeit very gently, to the widely prevalent notion that international affairs are outside the field of party. In the debate on the Executive Resolution, moved by Sir Andrew McFadyen, it was manifest from the outset that the Party was ahead of Lord Layton, Deputy Leader in the Lords, then absent in Paris, and perceptibly ahead of the Foreign Secretary and most Ministers in its almost unqualified support not only of “intimate association” but full British participation in the European Defence Community and the European Steel Community. Sir Andrew commented that he had never understood what arguments we could present against our own entry into the European Defence

Community which could not just as well be advanced by the French Union. To those who suggested that Commonwealth commitments were an obstacle he replied, “No Dominion leader has sought to discourage us from the completest association with Western Europe. Why should they if that association is our best and possibly only effective form of defence and gives us that added strength through unity which is the vital interest of every member of the Commonwealth?”

Sir Andrew also introduced an Addendum on nuclear weapons, urging that the attempt to institute international control and supervision of their material and the process of manufacture be unremittingly pursued, commending President Eisenhower’s attempt to induce the Soviet Government to discuss agreement on the civil use of atomic power, and trusting that it would be made possible to arrange for a much fuller exchange of information between the nations of the free world and to avoid such declarations of policy in this matter by one Power without previous consultation as are calculated to spread disquiet among its associates. An Eye Amendment asked for the Addendum to be inserted at the beginning of the main Resolution, instead of at the end, and for a new preamble with a formula for a resolute campaign for “the establishment of world law and the renunciation of selfish nationalism”. Sir Andrew did not much care for it. He pointed out that the Party had long crusaded for both, and “that issue is cheapened if at every opportunity it is tacked on like a Charles’s head to each problem as it arises”. However, Eye prevailed, and the amended Resolution was subsequently passed.

The Leader’s Assembly speech, too, one of his best, and, heavily punctuated by applause, was notable for two particularly forthright declarations on foreign affairs. Mr. Clement Davies averred, first, that Britain could not ask France to do what we ourselves are not prepared to do in the European Defence Community, and, secondly, that an Asian or Pacific or Indian Ocean version of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation would command British Liberal support, subject to the qualification that “the peoples of Asia shall be regarded as equal partners (not only among themselves, but also equal with any people of European origin); that there shall be no question of colonisation or preserving or enforcing colonisation”. That badly needed saying. It was well timed. Such, then, was the Buxton approach to some five or six topics for today—monopoly, Africa, co-ownership, agriculture, international affairs, the hydrogen bomb. It was at once high-minded and matter-of-fact. “An annual miracle of political persistence and doggedness in the face of adversity”, pronounced the *Observer*. There is no denying the Phoenix-like resiliency of British Liberals. “To act with faith and enthusiasm”, Mr. Adlai Stevenson has said, “is the condition of acting greatly”. Liberals lack neither.

DERYCK ABEL.

PROBLEMS & PROSPECTS IN THE SUDAN

DEMOCRACY got off to a ragged start in the Sudan, but while everybody must deplore the violence and bloodshed of the March 1 riots—on the day that the new parliament was to open with fanfares and celebrations—this brief explosion probably means that worse

disaster, often foreshadowed, may be avoided. For it means that the parties in office, the National Unity group, held together by a minority of pro-Egyptians who used to call themselves the Ashiggs, or Blood Brothers, must have learned that they must move cautiously in their dealings with Egypt. It means that the blatant Egyptian propaganda, which began on the tide of political unity in February 1952 and reached the flood when the National Unity group were returned to power in the elections last December, has failed, at any rate in its immediate aims. Major Saleh Salem and his cronies stand in relation to the Sudan as Egypt has done for most of the past 130 years—the feared northern neighbours whose word is not to be trusted and who might at any time revert to type as the slave raiders of the nineteenth century. It means, too, that the British administrators, far from being smug, as has been alleged in many publications in the last few months, have really triumphed with their quiet acceptance of treaties and obligations, and by never deviating from the course laid down for them by such great men as Cromer, Kitchener and Wingate. From many sides British officials in the Sudan were pressed by political pundits and propaganda “experts” (including myself) to reply in kind to the Egyptian methods of bribery, corruption, the suborning of political leaders, lying and inflammatory speeches. To all of which they replied, to their everlasting credit: “We stand or fall on what we have done. Our aim has always been to lead the Sudanese towards independence, to choose their own future. We will stick to the rules and not tell lies about anybody. If the Sudanese choose to link with Egypt, we shall be sorry, but so be it.”

It has also been alleged that the British officials were hypocritical in these statements because they had not employed the best technicians or enough of them in order that science and agriculture could progress hand in hand with political education. The moves towards political maturity are familiar. Sir Hubert Huddleston as Governor-General and Sir Douglas Newbold as Civil Secretary speeded up local and central government primarily through the Advisory Council of 1944, and Sir James Robertson, successor to Sir Douglas put an even greater spurt on this progress by introducing the Legislative Assembly in 1948 and in 1952 the new constitution which was the basis of the free elections last December. All this has been called “slow suicide” by the British, yet those who called it so are the very people who have also criticised the British for holding up progress by retarding the appointment of qualified technicians. The truth here is that technicians were appointed as fast as money could be got to pay their salaries: the British policy was that the country must pay its way. Its social services, roads, railways, education and health had to come from internal resources. It is easy for the casual observer to sweat and lose his temper over the many dusty unmetalled roads of the Sudan and to compare these with the mighty feats of engineering in neighbouring Eritrea. But it is well known now that Mussolini bolstered up the economy of Eritrea to provide an outlet for the produce of his over-populated Italy, and that his roads were not for the peaceful exchange of commerce within the country, but to carry lorries and tanks for the chief purpose of attacking the Sudan itself and giving quick access for troops from the port of Massawa. While these roads were being built

in the 'thirties the Sudan was struggling with the rest of the world against the ravages of an economic slump. With the brilliant exception of the Gezira cotton scheme, the country was largely on a care and maintenance basis. The Gezira was kept running at a loss, but there was no other money in the chest for such luxuries as new roads. No family man buys a new motor car when he has just taken a salary cut, though he may repair the leaks in his house. And though in these times of economic distress the Sudan Government did not “lash out” on expensive technicians, the few it did appoint were of the highest quality, so that when the time for expansion came they were able to startle the world with the country's post-war access to prosperity. This small band of devoted and highly competent technicians working in the security provided by a sound administration enabled the Sudan to be ready to embark on the greatly accelerated economic development as soon as the war was over. There was not much time to achieve a great deal between the end of the slump and the outbreak of war. But economically the Sudan did well out of the war, and plans were ready for great development schemes long before it was over. By this time, though the money was available, technicians of the required standard were not easy to find. The Sudan was not the only country to which the war made development both necessary and possible of achievement.

In 1954 the Sudan reaps the reward of the so-called “smugness” of its earlier administrators. As self-government becomes a fact economic stability is at hand. The country is a going concern. It has no debts which it cannot pay, little invested foreign capital, and a record of international honesty and security—saving only the blemish of the March 1 riots—which will make possible, if it is desired, the raising of loans to enable it to expand still further its standards of life and culture. And behind this healthy front window are a happy people, free to speak, write or worship, to join trades unions, to buy their own houses, travel as they wish, with their education and health services provided gratis by the State.

It has been said that the British political officers of the Sudan Government with their home background of “feudalism” became too confident of their own popularity, and that they neglected secondary education because the only people they could get on with were those of their own class or those who had no education at all. The only relationship they could understand, it was stated, was that between the Lord of the manor and the village idiot—one of tolerance and benignity and good works. The truth of all this is that when a country such as the Sudan is built up from devastation, education must start from scratch. There cannot be secondary education on a large scale until the masses have been given elementary education. Only a year ago the Principal of the University College, Khartoum—which Kitchener founded in memory of General Gordon as a primary school—spoke of the shortage of Sudanese able to benefit from higher education. He said it was essential to widen the field of choice and this could only be done by building up from the bottom—in other words by concentration first on elementary schools. By this means the standards could be raised of those entering the intermediate and secondary schools and eventually the university. Britain

faces the same problem in her search for scientists. Industry wants more and more scientists, but they are not forthcoming in sufficient quantities. The reason is that nearly all want to enter industry where the pay is good, but few want to be teachers, where the pay is poor. But if there are not enough teachers it is not possible to keep up the rate of production of scientists. Rates of pay are not the big problem in the Sudan. There it is the difficulty of finding from among nine millions, whose grandfathers were mostly savages, enough people to train as teachers for the higher posts—and thus speed up the “suicide” of the British administration.

There is one other factor of which the British had to take cognisance. With the examples of India and Egypt before them they had to beware of creating a nation of Government clerks. In the early days it was the ambition of a young Sudanese to qualify for a black coat and striped pants and sit at a desk. To him reading and writing appeared to be the only qualifications for such a job. In India and Egypt thousands of the kind were created, and in the slump many of them walked the streets out of work. They had been taught, they thought, to use their brains, and were unwilling to soil the clean hands which to them are the essential adjuncts to brain work. If a smattering of education was to make men afraid to work on the land in an essentially agricultural country, then obviously the subject must be treated with extreme caution. Quite a lot of the criticism of the British education policy is directed at girls' education. It is often forgotten how reluctant the Sudanese have always been to allow their women into the limelight of public affairs. An ex-Government official tells of his experience 30 years ago as a district commissioner in Kordofan, the western province noted for its gum arabic gardens. He urged upon the tribal chiefs to send their girls to school. They went away for discussion and returned after three days. Then they announced: “We are willing to send our girls to your schools on two conditions: 1. There must be no girls over nine in the school; and 2. There must be no male teachers under the age of 70.” Some progress has been made since then, in spite of opposition from the mothers and grandmothers. The fathers see in girls' education the prospects of a good marriage, and for this reason they have talked round some of the female elders to letting the girls go to school.

There has been one other major criticism of the British administration—the emphasis on cotton as the mainstay of the country's economy. But nobody in the country has ever been blind to the fact that this fickle crop, subject also to unpredictable fluctuations in world prices, not to mention the rigging of markets, should be supported by something more stable. For many years, even during the pre-war slump, experts have been trying to find alternatives to cotton. Every possible trace of industrial wealth has been probed by geologists. In their researches they found slight chance of oil deposits near the Red Sea hills, a trace of coal in the Kassala province, and chrome of low grade in the south-west. None of these yields hope of commercial exploitation. Raw materials such as limestone clay and gypsum for making cement have been found, and a fine modern cement factory is in operation between Ed Damer and Atbara, near the railway headquarters. An efficient system of extracting salt from the sea has been devised at Port Sudan, supplying all the needs of the country

and exporting to adjacent countries, Japan and India. Gold is found in this area in Equatoria and the Fung District, and there is a considerable mother of pearl industry near the Red Sea. These are the limits of the country's industrial prospects so far as can be seen. For the rest the country is agricultural and pastoral and no pains have been spared to find new crops and to develop healthy livestock. Across the clay plains of the west, where husbandry depends on capricious rainfall, huge schemes are in progress to find new spring water and conserve rain as it falls. Water storage is being built up by the creation of huge reservoirs, or *hafirs*, and new water supplies are being found by the digging of deep boreholes. The effect of these schemes is two-fold. If permanent water supplies can be established the wandering cattle owners, always searching for water, would in time form settled communities. Working with the teams of reservoir diggers are mechanical farmers teaching the tribesmen to plough their land by modern methods, and to get the best out of it. The immediate crop here is *dura* (sorghum), staple diet of the Sudanese and in world demand for animal feeding stuffs. It is visualised that in time these vast fertile areas may provide wheat, creating in the middle of Africa a huge granary to feed the countries of the Middle East and beyond. Experiments have also been made with coffee, tobacco, sugar and rice. Some of these have got to the pilot stage—remember that the great Gezira cotton scheme began as a pilot scheme. In the Sudan, as distinct from some areas such as Tanganyika and Queensland, great schemes had small beginnings.

If the tribesman can be induced to settle in communities round the new water supplies, another great enterprise in the Sudan may reach fruition. Traversing hundreds of thousands of square miles millions of cattle, camels, sheep and goats are continually on the move. These animals are real wealth, and their preservation and the improvement of their stock have always been aimed at by British agriculturalists. The great bane of cattle in the Sudan has for years been rinderpest, and when they wander the disease is difficult to check. Not only is the wandering pastoral at the mercy of his fellow tribesmen who may drive diseased animals among his flocks, but he is remote from veterinary attention. For years veterinary experts have fought rinderpest and are near to winning the battle. Laboratories for the manufacture of vaccines have been built at strategic points in the cattle areas, and more than half a million doses of vaccine, which provides immunity from the disease, are produced every year. The incidence of the disease has been reduced to an astonishing degree, sufficient at any rate to inspire confidence in a meat canning firm to use the cattle for their products and to be a canning factory on the spot. Plans for even bigger immunisation campaigns are in operation. Area by area in this vast cattle rearing country veterinary surgeons are vaccinating every living animal. Once that process is complete it will be necessary only to treat the young animals as they are born.

Finally, a word about the political future. The first Prime Minister, Ismail El Azhari, leader of the extreme pro-Egyptian section of the National Unity parties, has been made to realise that he can continue to hold office only if he pursues a moderate course, acceptable to the leader of the Khatmia religious sect, Sayed Sir Ali Mirghani. Sayed Sir Ali

wants no more than an unspecified friendly link with Egypt, and, though the power of the religious leaders may appear to be declining among the Intelligentsia of the towns, it is still strong enough to warrant the serious attention of Ismail El Azhari. It is hoped, however, that this influence will not prove strong enough to force on him a political and religious witch-hunt in trying to fix responsibility for the tragic events of March 1. Such a persecution would rebound first on the head of Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman El Mahdi, leader of the opposing Ansar sect, whose son Sayed El Siddiq is president of the Umma, or independence, political party. Any serious attempt to pin responsibility for the outrages on these two leaders would undoubtedly result in more internal strife. Internal strife is the last thing anybody wants anywhere. The Sudan wants it least of all as it strides out to its destiny, and nobody knows this better than Ismail El Azhari. As has been shown, too close a relationship with Egypt can also bring disaster. So Azhari finds, as many an extremist who forced himself to power has found, that in the early stages, at any rate, his safe course is the middle one. If he keeps this in mind he may remain in power long enough to give his country a solid push on the road to stable government. If not, his government is sure to fall.

JOHN HYSLOP.

THE LAST YEAR IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

THE Communist regime in Czechoslovakia approached 1953 with a spirit of certainty and a show of definite purpose. The great Slánský purge and trial had been successfully concluded; the rate of agricultural collectivisation had exceeded all expectations during 1952, and although a poor harvest and a certain amount of passive resistance on the part of the peasantry had aggravated existing economic problems, the leadership of the Party could feel reasonably secure politically. Stalin was in his heaven and Gottwald was his prophet in Prague. This apparently indestructible set-up was disturbed by Stalin's death in March 1953, followed within a week by the death of Gottwald after an attack of coronary thrombosis. Antonín Zápotocký, hitherto Premier, was elected to the vacant Presidency and gave up his old post to the senior Vice-Premier, the Slovak Communist Široký. The changes in Czechoslovakia after Gottwald's death went off comparatively smoothly and without the struggle for power which took place in the Kremlin at the same time. The Czechoslovak Presidency gained an incumbent of more considerable standing in the person of Zápotocký, whose political roots are in the old Czech Trade Union movement and who has always appeared to be a man of some character, particularly in comparison with the insignificant Gottwald. So far Zápotocký has not taken over Gottwald's other office, the Party Chairmanship, and Party affairs are being managed by Novotný, the Chief Secretary of the Central Committee. Changes may take place after this month's Party Congress.

No startling developments resulted at first from the new political arrangement, and despite an amnesty for non-political prisoners decreed

by the new President in May 1953, the harsh policy associated with "Stalinism" found expression in the confiscatory currency reform ordered at the end of May and in a severe decree, setting out draconic penalties for absenteeism in industry, issued on June 30th. After the Trade Union movement had promised to combat absenteeism more effectively, the Government revoked its decree, and nothing has been heard of it since. The currency reform, on the other hand, has left an indelible mark on the country's economy and political temper.

The monetary reform, which became effective on 1st June, was one of the most drastic and severe on record. By wiping out most savings and all internal debts and by destroying concealed reserves of purchasing power, the Government hoped to curb inflation. All currency in circulation was exchanged at a ratio of 50:1, with the exception of the first 300 crowns (£2 according to the official rate of exchange), which were exchanged at 5:1. Wages and prices were adjusted at the ratio of 5:1. The abolition of the rationed market, where prices had been heavily subsidised, caused considerable hardship, particularly to workers who had benefited most from the existence of rationing owing to their privileged position. According to the July issue of the UN Economic Bulletin for Europe, this currency reform reduced real wages in Czechoslovakia by 10 per cent. A number of price reductions carried out in the second half of last year and tax concessions for single and childless wage-earners have led to a rise in real wages since then, but the official claim that real wages had risen by 9 per cent. during 1953 must be dismissed as an exaggeration. It must be conceded, however, that the Czechoslovak Government has succeeded in halting inflation and in forcing farmers to improve deliveries by depriving them of their hidden reserves of money. The immediate result of the currency reform was a series of outbreaks of industrial unrest in various parts of the country. In Central Slovakia even Communist Party officials sided with those who protested against the severity of the reform. The most serious outbreak took place in Plzeň, the centre of the huge "Skoda" (now "Lenin") arms and engineering combine. For a few hours the demonstrators were in command of the situation; they seized the Town Hall, where they destroyed pictures of Communist leaders and burned official documents. A small squad of soldiers, sent to quell the riot, joined the insurgent workers. The town was soon occupied by special para-military police formations sent from Prague, and the usual diatribes against reactionary provocateurs and the usual trial and executions followed. However, for one instant the rulers of Czechoslovakia had been given the chance to see the red light, which was to warn their East German comrades two weeks later.

The Plzeň riots certainly played a part in determining the introduction of a new economic policy in the Communist-dominated countries of Eastern Europe in the second half of 1953. The consumer goods drive in the USSR has its counterpart in Czechoslovakia and the official emphasis on the production of consumer goods and on service in the shops has been marked. One of the chief projects of heavy industrial development, the HUKO foundry combine in Eastern Slovakia, has been abandoned for the time being, presumably to make increased capital investment in light industries possible. In September Premier Široký

announced an immediate reduction in the planned volume of industrial capital investment by 16.1 per cent, together with an immediate increase of 665,000,000 crowns in agricultural investments and improved credit facilities for farmers. Farmers have also been offered higher bulk buying prices and more favourable delivery conditions by the Government as part of the drive to secure a better supply of consumer goods.

Agriculture has always been the weakest link of the Communist economy in Czechoslovakia. 40 per cent. of the national total of agricultural land has now been collectivised, while 8.2 per cent. is cultivated by state farms. The collectives depend on state tractor stations, which have a virtual monopoly of modern agricultural machinery. Their work has gradually improved, but they are still subjected to severe criticism in the press. The Minister of Agriculture, Uher, ascribed their poor performance to the lack of technical cadres in an address before the Central Committee of the Communist Party last December. He stated that not a single manager of a state tractor station had enjoyed a higher education and that only 3.5 per cent of managers had attended secondary school. The performance of Czechoslovak agriculture may be judged by the fact that the country, which was largely self-sufficient before the war as far as food was concerned, now depends on the USSR for meeting about one half of the people's grain consumption. In comparison with 1952 last year's imports of butter increased by 15 per cent., of meat by 73 per cent., and fats by 145 per cent. Czechoslovakia's dependence on Soviet supplies of grain is of the greatest political significance and represents a constant incentive to meet Soviet demands for industrial products. The intensive and sometimes forcible collectivisation drive of 1952 has been definitely abandoned for the time being as the regime has recognised that farmers cannot be driven so far and as hard as industrial workers. Disaffected farmers have been told by the President that they are at liberty to leave collective farms, and many official spokesmen have been at great pains to stress the voluntary character of collective farming.

Industry, commerce and transport are almost completely in the hands of the state. Gross industrial output increased by 10 per cent. last year as against 1952 and most industrial sectors have fulfilled or at least approached their targets. Coal and electricity, however, have constantly lagged behind the rate of overall industrial development, and, in view of this fundamental weakness, the official hope of increasing steel production by 4.5 per cent., hard coal production by 8.5 per cent., and that of aluminium by 600 (sic) per cent. this year is not likely to materialise. Considerable efforts have been made to recruit more labour for the vitally important Ostrava coalfield and to build more houses for miners, but all this has had little influence on coal production figures. Two vast systems of hydro-electrical power stations, involving the construction of three dams on the Vltava River in Bohemia and 15 dams on the rivers Vah and Orava in Slovakia, have been taken in hand. A number of new power stations built as part of the Slovak project has already been completed. Much has been made of the completion of 30,000 housing units last year, although this achievement is by no means impressive. During 1953 the total of employed workers increased by 180,000 and women now form more than 35 per cent. of the permanent labour force. According to the official

plan implementation report, Czechoslovakia's national income increased by 5 per cent. during the year.

Despite admitted difficulties and set-backs, particularly in agriculture, the regime has registered some economic progress, which may not be reflected in the country's living standard, but which has extended its industrial potential and has thus contributed to the strength of the Soviet bloc as a whole. The present concern for the flow of consumer goods appears to be a temporary expedient; Soviet practice has always demonstrated that in the final instance the well-being of the citizen must give way to the overall aim of increased industrialisation. Given time, the economic policy of the Communist regime in Eastern Europe may well succeed. Given even more time, the need for heavy industrial expansion may be fully satisfied and the production of consumer goods may assume proportions which will remove the grievances of the dissatisfied customer, enabling him at long last to buy enough goods with his hard-won earnings. To win this final political and economic victory the Communists must win the ideological struggle first. They must really convince the people that the present state of affairs is preferable to the past and in Czechoslovakia this means that they have to erase the memory of Masaryk's Republic which existed between the wars. The regime knows well enough that it cannot hope to convince middle-aged men and women, who still remember the old times, that the present is immeasurably superior to the past and that Thomas Masaryk was a sort of capitalist Gauleiter of Czechoslovakia. Indeed, Communist propaganda is not really interested in this age group, but aims at gaining the minds of the young, who have no personal memories to support them.

Stressing the importance of the anti-Masaryk campaign, the Communist daily "Rudé Právo" told Party propagandists in a leading article dealing with the publication of a collection of "Documents" purporting to prove Masaryk's despicable activities: "It is our responsibility to reveal the class roots of the ideology of the capitalist Republic, to unmask Masaryk and Beneš, the ideologists of the bourgeoisie, as servants of the Western imperialists. . . . All false tales and all deliberately concocted untruthful legends concerning Masaryk's merits and his democracy must be smashed." It is significant that the fight for the minds of the country's youth is by no means one-sided, even though all the weapons would appear to be in the Communists' hands. Parents and teachers, particularly in secondary schools, still pass on the truth as they see it, despite the risks entailed. The Communist press contains frequent calls to teachers to make the struggle against the "Masaryk legend" more effective.

The riots which followed the currency reform gave rise to a vigorous propaganda campaign directed against "leftish radicalism" and "social democratism", i.e., against those who advocated more favourable wage conditions and less stringent production norms for the workers. It is being continually repeated that demands such as these, which had their use in the era of bourgeois rule, are outdated and, indeed, subversive in a People's Democracy, where everything belongs to the people, anyway. Local authorities are being constantly told that they must not give way to such demands, but that they must re-educate the masses in a more progressive spirit. The Central Committee of the Party met last

December to discuss ideological shortcomings. Novotný, the Chief Secretary, warned against formalism and cosmopolitanism in music, literature and architecture and urged theatres to produce more Soviet and Russian plays. In the scientific field the regime obviously needs the experts trained before the war and Novotný accordingly asked the Party to treat these older scientists with proper respect. Kopecký, the Minister of Culture, speaking at the same meeting, extolled the virtues of socialist realism and urged all artists to use national themes in their work, as the present Communist-led regime was the true heir to all the national traditions of Czechs and Slovaks. He deplored the poverty of satirical writing and called for the provision of more light entertainment to make the life of workers "less dull." It remains to be seen whether the Communists will win their struggle for the minds and souls of the Czechoslovak people. Previous totalitarian regimes have found it most difficult and often impossible to conquer the human soul, but the techniques of Communism used for this purpose have been brought to perfection, if that is the right word to use in this connection. Whatever the outcome of the cold war, victory for the West would be useless if the Communists were to win this ideological fight for the minds of the captive peoples in Eastern Europe. Despite the need for economic and military strength on this side of the Iron Curtain, it must never be forgotten that the West must win the ideological war and that this cannot be done by relying on the resilience of the nations under Communist rule and by telling them of the evils of Communism, of which they have much more knowledge than people in the West. A positive policy, offering a worthwhile alternative, has yet to be found.

JOHN APPLEBY.

ST. TERESA AND ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

IT IS rather more than a year since Edgar Allison Peers died in Liverpool. A man of great activity, he was a student of politics, a great liberal, an apostle of Spanish culture, with a special interest in Catalan; but he was, above all, a specialist on those heights and depths of the spiritual life which come into our minds with the word "mysticism." His speciality was the mystics of Spain, and a short but precious book on them appeared just after his death. But he concentrated above all on Spain's two towering Carmelites, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. In the last book to be published, he reverts to their story and makes a plan of the men, the women and the places connected with it. One can thus see at a glance just where each fits in, when otherwise one might well be confused with the complications and intrigues. This book is a useful work of tabulation—no more. Its interest is that it has to do with these two Spaniards who wrote masterpieces and are high in the history of Spanish literature. They were at the same time classical authorities on the mystical life; yet as they pursue their way to their hiding place of the soul's essential calm in its unity with the Spirit of God, their story is one of combat and of scandal; so fierce is the enmity that they arouse among other Spaniards vowed to the life of prayer. At the last they succeed in

establishing their reform of the Carmelite order and spread a deeper devotion to the inner secret of the spiritual life.

Their story is centred on the walled city of Avila rising above the high plateau of Old Castile. There in 1515 St. Teresa was born; there in 1536 she became a nun; near there St. John was born in 1542. He does not meet St. Teresa, however, till 1567 when, having written "The Way of Perfection", she goes to Medina del Campo where he also had become a Carmelite. The following year he joins the Reform she had inaugurated. From 1572 to 1577 he was chaplain to her Convent at Avila while she was often away establishing new Foundations. In 1577 she brought to an end her masterpiece on the whole range of the Mystical life: "The Interior Castle". But just at that very time she was encountering the most stormy opposition from other Carmelites, some of whom succeeding in kidnapping St. John of the Cross and carrying him off to Toledo where they treated him with the direst severity. In the midst of these torments he composed some of his finest lyric stanzas. After escaping he resumes his life as a friar and composes two prose treatises on the mystical life. In 1581 he and St. Teresa meet for the last time at Avila. The next year she died at Alba de Tormes and he went to Granada, where he wrote his masterpiece "The Living Flame of Love". He held high offices for some time, but was deprived of them in 1591 and shortly afterwards he died. That briefly suggests how these two people fit into the Spain of Philip II.

What is the secret of their grip over the present day? With St. Teresa it is now—as it was always—above all in the hold and radiance of her personality. She had the tastes and social gifts of a distinguished Spanish lady: one of them was a sovereign simplicity, another a zest in life, a third gaiety, and with gaiety went shrewdness and efficiency. "When it is her week to do the cooking," wrote one of her nuns, "they never lack for anything." She detested the people who tried to pass off a pious demeanour as real goodness; such "were saints in their own opinion," she said, "but when I got to know them they frightened me more than all the sinners I had ever met." "God preserve us from religious houses", she wrote again "where they fuss about their personal honour. Such places never do much honour to God." With this utter lack of nonsense about her she was never brusque; on the contrary, she had a natural ease which made men and women adore her. "She was so natural and so courteous", one nun wrote about her, "that no one who looked at her would think that there was anything of the saint about her". "Saints" can too easily repel. She wrote however "I was very fond of being liked by others." "Charm, cheerfulness and high breeding," says the Spanish historian Cabrera, "marked her manners and attested her place in society." To these she added "a tall and well-formed figure, a white complexion, dark curly hair, round dark eyes, a delicately formed nose", and "in dress she was immaculate".

Added to all this she was a writer, mistress of a Castilian fine and racy. Luis de León said that her writings are documents of rare excellence: "In the loftiness of the things she discusses, in the delicacy and luminousness with which she treats them, in the purity and ease of her style, in the happy composition of the words and in an unstudied elegance in the

highest degree delightful, I doubt whether in our language exists any work to equal them. And therefore whenever I read them, the more I marvel." These are the words of a poet who himself wrote excellent prose; there is little anyone can add. The writings of St. Teresa bring us into her presence: they have the frankness of her talk, but a pleasant and indeed a captivating image is at her disposal whenever she wants it, and at times, when the occasion invites it, the words, always telling, are brilliant with the beauty of a heavenly vision.

The prose of St. John of the Cross is far more formal. It is related to his ardent verse, having about it the sense of fervour, of art and of *décor*. It is preoccupied with poetry and beauty. Again and again it is less a paraphrase than an elaboration of the verse. There are long loose sentences, it is true, and awkward parentheses; but, at its best as in "The Living Flame of Love" it is rhythmical, elaborate and picturesque. St. John of the Cross is a poet even in his prose. But what are we to say of his verse? There one great critic after another comes forward with the last word of tribute. Both Menéndez Pelayo and Menéndez Pidal place him on the summit of Spain's lyrical poetry; and, as Damaso Alonso has pointed out more recently, he is acknowledged as Spain's greatest poet because of the quality of a body of work which is extremely small—just a few short poems, but they have such intensity and passion and at the same time such literary subtlety and finish that none surpass them. They give an impression of freshness and virgin purity, like a breeze. The poet was sparing in his use of verbs, still more of adjectives, yet he achieves an effect of both longing and rapture which excel those of our own Donne or the French Ronsard. With poetry of this order the simple verses of St. Teresa cannot compare. Yet they too have their attraction, and Allison Peers points out how much we should miss of St. Teresa were there none of them. The most familiar of them is her bookmark, and that reduces itself to three words: "Only God Sufficeth." *Dios Solo Basta*.

Here then we have two friends occupied in a religious reform who are at the same time writers of supreme skill: they have in their different, almost contrasting ways a power of intimate appeal which time seems only to increase. Never was St. John of the Cross so much read and admired as now, and none can say that St. Teresa's attraction wanes since the time when Richard Crashaw paid her a famous tribute in verse at the same time as Bernini was depicting her in marble. She remains one of the most fascinating women in history. We know now—better than was known then—the whole strange drama of their lives: how these masterpieces were written while the writers were being subjected to storms of persecution, she mocked and insulted, he starved also and thrashed; vile intrigues and calumnies pursued him even beyond the gates of death. Such is the story. Castile and Andalusia with their sweeps of plain, their mountains, their intensity of light, their extremes of keen air and blazing sun, their noble monuments and cities provide the *Mise-en-scene*. That half-oriental air which hangs on from the days of the Moslem conquest throws over all an additional attraction.

But the strong power of these two saints is something more than these—it is their "mystical theology" which means the insight they gained into the secrets of God by no effort of the mind but rather by finding it

stilled in the adoring calm of love. Even in human love, there is the busy person always intent on rendering a service: here is another type which finds that love itself is an absorbing occupation which floods the faculties with rapture and with calm. It keeps the mind fixed on some aspect of the life, the character or the presence of the person loved. So it is in religion. There is the active and the contemplative, and among contemplatives the most blessed are those to whom the offices of prayer and praise are found imperfect in relation to the still communion which is blessedness and love. For St. John of the Cross it was the surrender to purest rapture:

So on his breast I lay reclined
and there I learnt the rarest kind
Of a delicious science.
Then holding nothing back, but all
Surrendering to his charm and thrall,
I did my soul affiancé.

All that I ever did or owned
Was freely to his service loaned
In one bold enterprise.
I have no task: I guard no sheep:
I have no other prize to keep
Love's all my exercise.

That is how he imaged it in "The Song of the Spirit". I stayed and forgot myself," he wrote in "The Dark Night," "laying my cheek against my beloved". And in "The Living Flame":

How mild and ah! how amorous
Thou comest to my heart which lives
Through thine indwelling, secret and alone.
And now thy breathing savourous
Such gracious good and glory gives
That all thy subtlest ardours are mine own.

"I was so ravished, so absorbed and so estranged from myself that my consciousness remained void of every impression". "The sum of knowledge—if you wish to hear—consists in an immediate apprehension of the Being of God—*un subido sentir del Divinal Essencia*." That is how St. John put it in one verse or another. And St. Teresa describes it as a stream of water flowing in to irrigate a garden without any effort of the gardener. It flows in on the soul like rivers of peace. As this stream flows over it the faculties are lulled to sleep and all the worshipper knows is the peace, the quietness, the savour. In "The Interior Castle" she explains how this peace, the recollection of the faculties, becomes habitual. A peace not of this world but of the Christ Himself comes with Him into the depths of the soul. Every word about this rest and this peace wafts to the delicate sense some faint perfume of eternity. Those who know it belong to a brotherhood transcending other categories. They live by it and for it; and so to live is Christ. Those who have tasted of this savour are in the company of these incomparable Carmelites. But to those who know nothing of it every word about it will be what St. Teresa called

algarabia which being interpreted is gibberish. And just because this gibberish opens the everlasting gates for the King of Glory to come in, it is absolutely infuriating to those who talk only the language of their busy virtues. "He that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit: so it is now." This quotation from St. Paul takes us far through the history, and applies to the present day just as well as when it was written nineteen hundred years ago.

ROBERT SENCOURT.

THE LEGACY OF LOUIS XIV—III

LOUIS XIV lived too long for his reputation, and during the last two decades of his reign he forfeited the respectful admiration which he had enjoyed in his prime. The atmospheric change from the major to the minor key was recorded by many witnesses, with Saint-Simon and Madame, Duchess of Orleans, at their head. He himself was growing old and weary, though he put a brave face on his misfortunes. The distress which had inspired the composition of Vauban's *Dime Royale* rapidly increased as the latest and fiercest of his many conflicts, the War of the Spanish Succession, dragged on year after year, with the scales turning steadily against France under the hammer blows of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. National bankruptcy was in sight. Critical pamphlets and verses began to appear for the first time since the *Mazarinades* in the days of his youth. In 1709 nature conspired to swell the mounting tide of misery with the cruellest and most prolonged winter in the history of France. The young Apollo who had trampled the serpent of faction under his feet and gathered the laurels of victory in a series of campaigns had withered into a disillusioned old man fighting for his life against a coalition provoked by the acceptance for his grandson of the throne of Spain.

He had always been industrious, and when Colbert and Louvois were gone he worked harder than ever. For eight or nine hours daily he presided over the Council of Ministers, studied reports from his Generals, gave audiences to Ambassadors, dictated replies and instructions, and occasionally, as in the correspondence with his grandson the King of Spain, wrote letters in his own hand. It was an exacting profession. The scandals of the early years were now a distant memory, and Mme de Maintenon had little reason to complain. The secret marriage left her official status unchanged. *La veuve Scarron*, ex-governess of the royal bastards, continued to be styled the Marquise de Maintenon, second *dame d'atours* of the Dauphine, but the royal *ménage* told its own tale. From 1685 onwards they were inseparable, and her apartments at the various palaces were connected with his own. His free moments were spent with her, and every evening he worked with one or other of his Ministers in her room. Though she took no part in the discussions she knew everything that was going on, and he discussed his many problems with a cool-headed and sympathetic woman who cared as little for money as for intrigue. "She is a saint," declared the King. "She has all the perfections and plenty of intelligence, and I have none." One

day he remarked: "Madame, a King is called Your Majesty, the Pope Your Holiness, and you should be Your Solidity."

Döllinger's well-known description of Mme de Maintenon as the most influential woman in French history is unjust to Joan of Arc, Catherine de Medici and Mme de Pompadour. That she took a lively interest in ecclesiastical affairs was known to everyone, but here too the King's will was her law. If he was ever influenced by any human being it was by his Jesuit confessors. Knowing the limits of her power she never dreamed of crossing the boundary, for unquestioning subordination was the condition of her hold on that wayward heart. She was fortified by the conviction that her sacrifice—she often felt it to be her martyrdom—was the will of God, that she had rescued the proudest of European monarchs from a life of sin, and that she had enhanced the dignity of the crown. She was also sustained by her love for the Duc du Maine, the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and her little girls in the École de Saint-Cyr. Romantic love she had never known, and her second venture was a *mariage de raison*. To understand her character and her trials we must turn from the caricature of Saint-Simon and the malice of Madame to the affectionate record of her beloved secretary, Mlle d'Aumale. Saint-Simon's unscrupulous schemer was a woman of unblemished repute, unfailing tact, culture and refinement. The mud hurled at "the old Sultana" and "Mme Ordure" does not stick. A fairer verdict was recorded at her death in the Journal of Dangeau who had studied her at close range for many years: "a woman of such great merit who had done so much good and prevented so much harm that one cannot praise her too much." That this tribute was denounced by Saint-Simon as "a stinking lie" reflects discredit on the spiteful little Duke, not on the morganatic wife.

"Do you not see that I am dying of grief," she wrote, "and am only saved from collapse by the grace of God? Once I was young and pretty, enjoyed pleasures, and was a general favourite. A little later I spent years in an intellectual circle. Then I came to favour, and I confess it all leaves a terrible void, a disquiet, a weariness, a desire for change." The atmosphere of the Court filled her with disgust, and Mlle d'Aumale often saw her in tears. "I witness every kind of passion, treacheries, meannesses, insensate ambitions, disgusting envy, people with hearts full of rage, struggling to ruin each other, a thousand intrigues, often about trifles. The women of today are insupportable, with their immodest garb, their snuff, their wine, their gluttony, their coarseness, their idleness. I dislike it all so much that I cannot bear it." Yet bear it she did for thirty years. Too reserved to radiate very much warmth, she was respected by those who knew her well and loved by those who knew her best.

Next to Mme de Maintenon the old monarch found his chief happiness in Marie Adelaide, "the Rose of Savoy," the child-wife of the Duc de Bourgogne, who brought a gleam of sunshine into the gloomy halls of Versailles and in the words of Madame, Duchess of Orleans, made everyone feel young again. "She is a treasure," reported Mme de Maintenon to her mother, the Duchess of Savoy. "She is the delight of the King, amusing him with her gaiety and pranks, though she never goes too far. One can talk seriously to her without her being bored. She dislikes flattery and is grateful for advice. She is prettier every day.

She is growing a little and her figure is perfect. She dances well and no one ever possessed such grace. I never exaggerate. No one dreams of spoiling her. Perhaps it will not always be so. Traps are set for princes as for ordinary folk. I hope God will protect her. She fears and loves Him, and has a great respect for religion. Her education has been excellent and her range of knowledge is surprising." Her only failing was a passion for the card table, which the King encouraged by paying her debts. In her combination of youthful levity, natural charm, and warmth of heart she reminds us of Marie Antoinette. During the first phase she appealed more to the King and Mme de Maintenon than to her austere husband, who disliked society and loved to shut himself up with his books; but as motherhood and advancing years ripened her character she learned to appreciate his noble qualities, and it grew into the first happy marriage in the Bourbon family.

When the shadowy figure of the Dauphin, his father's only legitimate child, passed away at Meudon, few tears were shed. The most colourless of the Bourbons had sought relief from his lifelong inferiority complex in the pleasures of the table and the chase; "*sans vice ni vertu*" comments Saint-Simon disdainfully. He had lost his Bavarian wife, and his three sons meant as little to him as he to them. His death at the age of fifty in 1711 was welcomed, not only because it removed the threat of a ruler totally unfitted for his task, but because it opened the way for a successor of exceptional promise. In dynastic autocracies the abilities, virtues and vices of the Royal Family make history. Twice in the course of the eighteenth century there seemed to be a chance of the Monarchy renewing itself, and twice the cup was snatched away by a cruel fate. When the full measure of the unworthiness of Louis XV came to be realised, the nation looked back nostalgically to the Duc de Bourgogne, the pupil of Fénelon. The King was very fond of him, testifies Mlle d'Aumale, and the whole Court adored him. He was born a terror, records Saint-Simon, and during his youth he made his entourage tremble by paroxysms of fury, for he could not bear the slightest opposition. Often there were storms so violent that his body seemed ready to burst. He was obstinate to a degree, with a passion for all kinds of pleasures—good cheer, the chase, music. He radiated intelligence. His repartees were astonishing, his answers pointed and profound, the most abstract subjects his delight. From this blend of dross and precious metal his admirable Governor, the Duc de Beauvilliers, and his Preceptor Fénelon, we are told, fashioned a casket of shining gold. "The marvel was that in a very short time their devotion made him another man, changing his serious faults into corresponding virtues. Out of this abyss we have witnessed the emergence of a prince affable, gentle, human, generous, patient, modest, humble and—for himself—austere. His only thought is to fulfil his duties as a son and a subject as well as those to which he is summoned by destiny." His youthful passion for the card-table had been overcome, and Mme de Maintenon, an exacting critic, described him as a saint.

Among the papers found in his desk after his death was a meditation on the call awaiting him which confirms Saint-Simon's portrait. "Of all the people who compose a nation the one who deserves most pity and receives least is the sovereign. He has all the disadvantages of grandeur

without its delights. Of all his subjects he has the least liberty, the least tranquillity, the fewest moments for himself. Soldiers go into winter quarters, magistrates have vacations, everyone has periods of rest: for the King there are none and never will be. If he changes his residence, his work follows him. A day of inaction involves a crushing task next day or else everything stagnates. His whole life is spent in a whirlpool of business—a round of ceremonies, anxieties, disagreeable tasks, solicitations without end. His plans go wrong. The people, conscious of their evils, ignore his efforts to help. In appointments he seeks for merit but is deceived. He tries to make someone happy, but he reaps discontent and ingratitude. He has palaces which he has not seen and riches which he does not enjoy. He fulfils St. Paul's ideal of a Christian: he has everything and possesses nothing. Strictly speaking he is the poorest of his subjects, for all the needs of the state are his needs and they always exceed his fortune. A father is never rich when his income does not suffice for the sustenance of his children."

The Duc de Bourgogne was fortified by the counsel and affection of friends who composed what Saint-Simon calls "*le petit troupeau*," which stood for piety, austerity and reform. He needed moral support, for the disastrous campaign of 1708, in which he held a high command, had depreciated his stock. The leader of "the little flock" was his ex-Governor, the Duc de Beauvilliers, one of the few stainless figures, *sans peur et sans reproche*, on the crowded stage at Versailles. At his side stood his brother-in-law, the Duc de Chevreuse, who shared his devotion to the heir to the throne. Both of them looked up to Fénelon, who, though banished from the Court, remained in close touch by correspondence. The youngest member of the group was Saint-Simon, who in long private talks urged him to restore the political influence of the *noblesse* when he was called to the helm.

His testing time came sooner than he expected, for his father died of smallpox. During the five days of his illness the Duke and his wife held open court and were equally gracious to all comers. In Saint-Simon's glowing words it was like the coming of the spring. Not only was the whole Court there but "*tout Paris et tout Meudon*" flocked to worship the rising sun. When the news of the Dauphin's death reached Versailles late at night Saint-Simon rushed out of his apartments and found "*tout Versailles*" assembled or assembling, the ladies emerging from their beds or bedrooms just as they were. The new Dauphin—"tout simple, tout saint, tout plein de ses devoirs"—embodied the hopes of all that was best in France. He had discussed financial reform with Vauban and was prepared for still more fundamental measures: the machinery of government must be transformed and a popular element introduced. Looking beyond the walls of the palace he longed to aid the common man and the common soldier who had never had their chance. It was a false dawn, for within a year the Dauphin, his wife, and their eldest son died within ten days. For once Saint-Simon, who could love as well as hate, gave way to passionate grief. The Duke, he declares, was born for the happiness of France and all Europe. "We were not worthy of him. I wished to withdraw from the Court and the world, and it needed all the wisdom and influence of my wife to prevent it, for I was in despair."

To the Duc de Beauvilliers he exclaimed after the last scene at St. Denis: "We have been burying France," and Beauvilliers agreed. Their grief was shared by Mme de Maintenon, who wrote to the Princesse des Ursins: "Everything is gone, everything seems empty, there is no more joy. The King does his best to keep up his spirits, but he cannot shake off his sorrow." Never in the history of France has there been such universal regret at the death of a reigning monarch or heir. In the words of Duclos it would have been an era of justice, order and morals.

The Duke of Orleans, now marked out as the future Regent for the little boy of two who was to become Louis XV, shared some of the views of the Duc de Bourgogne, but he never inspired the devotion and respect which had been so widely entertained for the pupil of Fénelon. The three remaining years of the most memorable reign in the history of France were a gloomy time. The routine of Court life, the music, the gambling, continued, but the sparkle had disappeared. The weary old monarch, like Francis Joseph at a later date, plodded joylessly through his papers. The fairest flower of the Court, the only member of the Royal Family whom he had taken to his heart, was sorely missed, and Mme de Maintenon, always a restful rather than an exhilarating influence, was nearing eighty. The victory of Villars at Denain saved the French cause on the brink of catastrophe, and procured an honourable settlement in the Treaty of Utrecht, for the King's grandson retained the Spanish throne. Yet the country was exhausted by half a century of warfare, poverty-stricken and depressed, and the ruler felt that he was no longer beloved. It was time to go, and he died with the dignity which had never deserted him in good and evil times. The sun went down in a bank of dark clouds, for the heir was a delicate lad of five. The second grandson was far away in Madrid and had resigned his claim to the throne. The third grandson, the Duc de Berry, had passed away in 1714. On his deathbed he sent for his great-grandson and addressed the little boy in words which deeply moved all who were present. "My child, you will one day be a great King. Do not imitate me in my taste for war. Always relate your actions to God, and make your subjects honour Him. It breaks my heart to leave them in such a state. Always follow good advice; love your peoples; I give you Père le Tellier as your Confessor; never forget the gratitude you owe to the Duchesse de Ventadour." He embraced the child, gave him his blessing, lifted his hands and uttered a little prayer as he watched him leave the room.

The future of France was constantly in his thoughts. Shortly before his last illness he drafted instructions for his great-grandson which he requested Marshal Villeroy to hand to him on reaching the age of seventeen. "My son, if Providence allows you to shape your own life, receive this letter from the hands of the faithful subject who has promised me to deliver it. You will find therein the last wishes of your father and your King who, in quitting this world, feels a peculiar tenderness for you in your childhood that the troubles he apprehends during your minority cause him more anxiety than the terrors of approaching death. If anything can soften my pain it is the promise of good subjects who have sworn to me to watch over you and shed their blood for your preservation. Reward them and never forget them nor the services of my son the Duc

du Maine whom I find worthy to be placed at your side. This distinction will doubtless be assailed by those whose desire to rule it frustrates. If anything happens to him, or if my dispositions in his favour are set aside, I desire you to restore everything to the position existing at my death, both as regards religion and the Duc du Maine. Have confidence in him. Follow his advice. He is quite able to guide you. If death deprives you of such a good subject, preserve for his children the rank I have bestowed on them and show them all the friendship you owe to their father who has sworn to me only to abandon you at death. Let the ties of blood and friendship ever unite you to the King of Spain and allow no reason or misunderstood political interest to separate you. That is the only way to preserve peace and the European equilibrium. Maintain an inviolable attachment to the common father of the faithful, and never for any reason separate yourself from the bosom of the Church. Place all your confidence in God, live rather as a Christian than a King, and never incur His displeasure by moral irregularities. Thank Divine Providence which so visibly protects this kingdom. Set your subjects the same example as a Christian father to his family. Make them happy if you desire happiness. Relieve them as soon as possible of all the heavy burdens necessitated by a long war which they bore with fidelity and patience. Grant them the long period of peace which alone can restore your kingdom. Always prefer peace to the hazards of war, and remember that the most brilliant victory is too dearly bought at the expense of your subjects' blood, which should only be shed for the glory of God. This conduct will earn the blessing of heaven during your reign. Receive my blessing in this last embrace." Whether the letter was communicated to Louis XV we do not know, but in any case it could have produced little effect. The Duc du Maine was living in enforced retirement, and Cardinal Fleury was in command. The actions and errors of Le Roi Soleil spoke louder than the exhortations of a tired old man with one foot in the grave.

Louis XIV, who had raised France to the highest pinnacle, lived long enough to destroy much of his handiwork. "I noticed in my youth," wrote Duclos many years later, "that those who lived longest under his reign were the least favourable to him." He bequeathed a national debt which hung like a millstone round the neck of his descendants, and a system of personal government which only a ruler of equal capacity and industry could operate with success. His fame began to revive when France shed her last illusions about his degenerate successor, and Voltaire saluted the reign of the most decorative of rulers as the most civilised era in the history of mankind.

G. P. GOOCH.

THE ENGLISH IN SOUTH AFRICA

WITH an Afrikaner republican party firmly entrenched in power, what future is there for the English in the Union of South Africa? How much of the African sub-continent is likely to remain permanently within the British Commonwealth? Some people of English descent in Southern Africa are asking such questions with

growing anxiety. The first half of the twentieth century has seen changes that make them fearful of what the second half may produce. Fifty years ago what is now the Union of South Africa was manifestly a part of the British Empire. There were four British colonies in which the Union Jack and the English national anthem denoted close association with the Mother Country. The heads of most of the Government departments were Britishers, many of whom could not speak Dutch. Commerce was conducted almost exclusively in English. In the schools of the ex-Boer republics teachers from the British Isles were hopefully striving to transform Dutch children into loyal English-speaking British subjects. In politics there were English parties led by Englishmen who could, and did, become Colonial Premiers. Today no man of British descent sits in the Union Government. For thirty-three years no English party of any size has appealed to the electorate. The Union Jack has been replaced by the Union flag and the English national anthem by "Die Stem van Suid Afrika". The heads of the Government departments are almost exclusively Afrikaners and mostly republican Nationalists. In the schools the cry goes up for more English teachers, because, as a spokesman of the Transvaal Teachers' Association says: "Unless more English-speaking teachers can be found the standard in South Africa will be the lowest of any English-speaking country in the world. There is even the danger of English not being able to hold its own as an official language and dying out in this country".

After a century and a half of race rivalry the Afrikaners have become *baas* and are likely to remain *baas*. Money power and military might were against them. Number was their sole defence. Yet there were only twenty-five thousand of them when Great Britain took over the Cape in 1806, and the racial balance could readily have been brought down on the side of the British. In 1820 some ninety thousand people in the British Isles applied for passages to the Cape, but the British Government sent out only five thousand men women and children. There could have been English immigration in 1857 when settlers were needed for the eastern part of the Cape Colony, but Sir George Grey contracted with a Hamburg firm to transport four thousand Germans who soon swelled the ranks of Afrikanerdom. After the 1899-1902 war Milner tried to increase the English section of the population, but the effort was on too small a scale. Today there are in the Union roughly nine hundred thousand people of British descent and fifteen hundred thousand Afrikaners of Dutch, German and French descent. From a race point of view White South Africa has never been British. Now it never will be. The Afrikaners have the higher birth rate, and under National Party rule there is more immigration from Holland and Germany and Belgium than from the British Isles.

Politically the English *qua* English liquidated themselves in 1921 when their Unionist Party, led by Sir Thomas Smarts, merged its identity in the Afrikaner South African Party in order to give Smuts a majority in Parliament over Hertzog's National Party. Historians may hold that the self-effacement of the English as a separate party was a mistake. They may argue that the English could have held the balance of power between the two Afrikaner parties which came into being after Hertzog broke with

Botha in 1912 and could have defended British ideals more effectively. On the other hand the presence of a purely English party might have instantly reunited the Dutch and given them a permanent majority in a political struggle carried on upon racial lines. Since the Smuts-Smarts merger there has been no dividing line of race in Union politics. Hertzog countered the alliance with a pact with the almost wholly English Labour Party. He presented the Pact as the defenders of White South Africa against the pressure of the Bantu, and won the 1924 election and remained in office for the next fifteen years. Since the early 1920's the political conflict has been between two big parties, both led by Afrikaners, with English supporters on both sides, though the bulk of the English have remained in the United Party. The rise of secondary industries led to an Afrikaner trek from the countryside into the towns which were once English strongholds in politics. The change has helped to entrench the Nationalists in power. Ten years ago they held only three urban seats in Parliament: now they have twenty-four. Then they held only one seat on the Rand: now they have thirteen. The mainly English United Party—led by J. G. N. Strauss since the death of Smuts in 1950—makes a few converts among the Afrikaners, most of whom dislike its slightly more liberal policy on the colour question. Unless they split, Dr. Malan's National Party seem likely to remain in office for a long time. Afrikanerdom is definitely in the saddle.

Taking a coldly objective view of the race composition of the Union one must conclude that there is little future for the English *qua* English. They are losing ground linguistically as well as politically. There is certainly no future for them as a separate minority group waving the Union Jack, singing "God Save the Queen," and forming devolution leagues and federal parties in the vague hope of creating an English enclave which might eventually link up with a new British Dominion north of the Limpopo. There is no future in the Union for English insularity, isolationism, or ideas of superiority. But apart from a small die-hard group disposed to retire into their Ivory Tower and let the South African world go by, the mass of the people of British descent are now content to be South Africans first. Most of them were born in the Union. There are probably fewer than 100,000 individuals who in their census papers return their birthplace as England—and among them what is called "the climate of opinion" is more akin to Afrikanerism than to the Britishism which was a powerful emotional force in South Africa fifty years ago. The English are fast becoming bilingual and will have no difficulty in fitting themselves into a community in which the language of the majority will always be Afrikaans. The "dual loyalty" of which Hertzog used to complain is waning. The sense of national oneness is growing.

If the English have become to some extent Afrikanerised the Afrikaners have also become Anglicised. A Professor from a university in Holland who spent many months in the Union saw that the Dutch had also been influenced by long contact with another race. In a public address he said: "As a social animal the Afrikaner belongs to the species called British. . . . The effect of this Anglicising process is a strange anomaly of which the Afrikaners are apparently unaware. Their outlook on life,

their conception of the world abroad, their method of government, business administration and forms of social intercourse, bear the trade mark: Made in England. A foreign observer will notice this similarity more easily than an Afrikaner who, intent on being and proving himself un-English, is more keenly aware of the little differences that make his Afrikaans individuality". People abroad get the impression that the two White races in South Africa are constantly at loggerheads and that there is a danger that one day the Union may split into fragments. The atmosphere is never as highly charged as that. In daily life the English and the Afrikaners associate on the friendliest terms. There is no barrier in religion. Intermarriage is common. In sport, business and social life there is no dividing line of race. Moreover there is a powerful unifying force that is drawing English and Dutch together even in the sphere of politics. It is the vital all-important need for maintaining White civilisation and White supremacy in face of the rising tide of Black nationalism. Confronted by a common danger the Whites in South Africa are forming a racial amalgam more easily than are the English and the French in Canada, where religion is an obstacle to integration.

Whether the Union of South Africa will remain permanently in the British Commonwealth will depend in the long run upon the policy of Great Britain on issues affecting the security and the authority of the White race in the African sub-continent, and among those issues is the future of the High Commission Territories or the Protectorates as they are often called. If Socialist ideologues in Britain try to extend Gold Coastism from Lagos to the Lion's Head the loyalty of even the ultra-British in Southern Africa will be strained to breaking point. At the moment there seems to be a disposition in Great Britain to regard the Union as lost to the Commonwealth and to attempt to replace it by a new British Dominion untroubled by Afrikanerism, republicanism, bilingualism and Apartheid. Hence the formation of the Central African Federation composed of Southern Rhodesia, in which the Blacks outnumber the Whites by twelve to one; Northern Rhodesia, where the Whites are outnumbered by forty to one; and Nyasaland, in which the Whites are outnumbered by five hundred to one. This Federation, in which there are only 215,000 Whites to 6,500,000 Blacks, is to be based upon a so-called "partnership" of White and Black so cunningly devised that the Whites "will never surrender political power" and will retain "social and residential separation". If the leaders of the Natives ever accept such a premiss it will only be to recoil a little in order to leap the batter. In the end they will demand Gold Coastism; and with a Socialist Government in power in Great Britain they would doubtless get their way.

But whatever the reaction of the other parties to the Federation may be, the 160,000 Whites in Southern Rhodesia will never consent to be ruled by Blacks. Rather than that they will move into the orbit of the Union. The gap between English and Dutch in the African sub-continent can be bridged far more easily than that between White and Black. Both are moved by the instinct of self-preservation which is proverbially the first law of Nature. The English in South Africa are more deeply concerned about their survival as Whites than they are about their

survival as English. They realise that the issue which overshadows all others is not whether Briton is to dominate Boer or Boer to dominate Briton, but whether in the end the Bantu may not dominate both.

Johannesburg.

L. E. NEAME.

Formerly Editor of the "Rand Daily Mail" (Johannesburg) and "Cape Argus" (Capetown).

AND SO TO MADEIRA

IF IT IS true that a land with no history must be full of happiness then the island of Madeira, out in the Atlantic, was an enviable place until the year 1418 when for the first time it heard the voices of men. One Zarco, a captain in the service of Prince Henry the Navigator, had been despatched from Portugal on an expedition to the south and he had made a landfall on a small island which he called Porto Santo. While he returned to the mainland with the news of this discovery his men had been gazing across the water to the south-west and what they saw had filled them with apprehension. The dark shape of some unknown object rose mightily out of the sea; and, in order to placate it, they frequently crossed themselves. But when the gallant Zarco came back he did not simply wait for the monster to descend upon them; overcoming the reluctance of his men he put out to sea, ready to attack whatever he might encounter, and presently he set foot upon a land extremely mountainous and wooded, for which reason he called it Madeira, which in Portuguese is the word for wood.

For seven years the Portuguese burned the forests round the southern bay in order to prepare the land for vineyards. The butt of Malmsey, in which the Duke of Clarence drowned himself, is the sweet variety of Madeira wine. "A cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg," says Shakespeare in "Henry IV." Particularly after the marriage of Charles II with Catherine of Braganza this wine was sent in ever increasing quantities to Britain and it is interesting to know that the first British consul appointed to any country was one Carter who was sent to Madeira in 1658; the most famous of his successors was Henry Veitch who was the sole British personage allowed on board H.M.S. Northumberland when she was taking Napoleon to St. Helena. At Napoleon's request he brought him fruit, wine and books, for which the ex-Emperor paid in French gold coins and these were placed by Veitch under the foundation-stone of the English church which was consecrated for worship in 1822. As at that time the authorities did not permit a non-Catholic church to have the appearance of one, this English church with its portal of Ionic pillars looks rather like a library. Some years later when the Scottish church was built the Portuguese were more tolerant, so that the Presbyterian church does indeed look like a church. Many were the Scots who came to Madeira after the '45; the oldest wine shippers are the Leacocks, the first of that name having started in the wine trade in 1747 and the present head of the firm is a lineal descendant. There was a time when the wine was sent on a long sea voyage; for instance in October 1799 a fleet of nearly 100 English vessels was anchored in the Bay of Funchal to load more than

3,000 pipes—a pipe, by the way, is 92 gallons—for the Antilles, whence most of it was brought back to England. Nowadays the same result upon the wine is secured by placing it for six months in an “Estufa” at a temperature of between 130 and 170 degrees Fahrenheit. The most important vessels that Madeira sees today are the Union-Castle liners which in alternate weeks stop on their way to the Cape at Madeira and the Canaries. And, talking of heat, thanks to the surrounding ocean the seasons are retarded, the warmest months being September and October, so that a wise traveller will take advantage of the reduced steamer and hotel rates from the middle of May until September. The average temperature in Madeira during June and July is 75 degrees Fahrenheit.

In the 16th century Custom-House at the harbour you will find a gaily-coloured old book of the four Gospels on which you can swear that you have nothing to declare. And as you drive away through wildly romantic country the very hedgerows are formed mostly of myrtle, rose, jasmine and honeysuckle. As a change from driving in a car along the admirable roads that climb with numerous hair-pin corners across the island one can lie in a bullock-cart, the two attendants of which resemble Edwardian tennis-players in their uniforms of white duck and straw hats with pale-blue ribbons; every now and then they grease the runners of the cart by placing under them a roll of sacking filled with tallow. You can also travel in a hammock; but perhaps the greatest novelty for visitors is to toboggan down the steep cobbled roads into the town. Talking of steepness, it is from the mountains, rising above 6,000 feet, that a splendid irrigation system brings water to the farmers by means of canals that go down and through the mountains. Once a fortnight the farmer is allowed so many hours of water—what he does not use on his land he can store in cisterns—and this operates so efficiently that no complaints are ever made, at any rate not in public, as one can hear in Spain at the celebrated Water Tribunal which meets behind the cathedral in Valencia.

In every hamlet you find women at work on the world-famous Madeira embroidery, the linen coming from Ireland, the organdie from Switzerland, the thread from Britain and France. This exquisite work was not native in origin, having been introduced in 1850 by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Phelps, who started a school of embroidery in Funchal, where the girls quickly became very expert. Today some of the factories employ as many as 200 girls and a few mere men who design, print, perforate and so forth the miscellaneous articles which have been or are to be embroidered by the thousands of hands all over the island. So lovely are the tablecloths and handkerchiefs that, for instance, when the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art asked for half a dozen samples and a dozen were sent the Museum asked if they might keep them all. There is a notable difference between the flower-sellers around Piccadilly Circus and those who ply their trade in the streets of Madeira, for these have to be arrayed in the hallowed national costume, a bright red cape edged with gilt and a red skirt with stripes of blue and gold.

One of the most interesting places in Funchal is the Museum, where the bodies or skeletons of marine creatures are displayed. There, at your ease, you can examine the barracouta that frequents the troubled waters between the Lighthouse Island and the eastern promontory, where

opposing currents meet in a mad tumble of froth and spray. There you will find a giant ray, with a wing-span of 14 to 15 feet, which was harpooned after a five-hour struggle; such a creature is usually accompanied by several brightly-striped pilot-fish, which flicker nervously about him, and a couple of large sucker-fish, adhering to his back, which only leave when the monster dies. There you have the tunny, that great traveller of the deep, which falls to the bait of mackerel. A local expert told me that he hooked his last tunny at a depth of 1,000 feet and there was another 2,000 feet below him. The curator of the Museum is much indebted to a collaborator, the *alepisaurus ferox* (which, he tells me, is too rare to have an English name). This wild lizard without scales was first described about 100 years ago by the Rev. T. R. Lowe, the British chaplain, who was an excellent naturalist. It lies some 600 feet under the surface of Madeira's waters and has the convenient habit of swallowing but not quickly digesting anything it comes across. The Principal of the Museum has an arrangement with the fishermen who, when they bring one in, remove its stomach and give him the contents. This has resulted in a number of rare fish and other sea animals being added to the Museum. It is not only because one may encounter unfriendly inhabitants of the sea that bathing off the coast is to be deprecated. The shore, is as a rule, fringed with rocks against which one may be thrown. Therefore three spacious Lidos have been constructed, one of which is public, while the other two are owned by the chief hotels, Reid's and the Savoy. It is pleasant enough to stroll down to one's Lido through gardens of orchids, but to climb back to the hotel would be too arduous; and so one makes the ascent of 150 feet in a lift.

Talking of gardens, there lies, high up in the hills, the unique botanical gardens of the Blandy family, who came out from Britain a long time ago. There you find some 800 different trees from South America, South Africa and the Himalayas, acres of blue and white agapanthus and tens of thousands of camellia bushes. Nearer to Funchal is a tulip-tree, a venerable relic planted by Captain Cook when in 1772 he landed on his last and most famous expedition to the Pacific. This tree is in the glorious garden of Walter Grabham, who was born in Madeira, his mother, a Blandy, having been the sister of Lady Kelvin. One can still see in Funchal harbour the remnants of the first tidal gauge which Lord Kelvin, long before he rose to that dignity, built there to pursue his pioneer work on ocean tides. Funchal has seen other scientists—H.M.S. Challenger touched there when outward bound in 1873 and on her return voyage in 1876. Half a century later the Danish Expedition ship Dana, whose leader the great biologist Dr. Johannes Schmidt solved the mystery of the migrations and propagations of the common eel, was in Funchal. And the other day the Swedish Professor Pettersson, in command of the good ship Albatross, sojourned for a while in Madeira on his way to investigate the great depths of the ocean bed. Of course in Madeira, which he calls a roseate dream floating on a sea of lapis lazuli, he was suitably entertained, as indeed he was on an atoll in the Pacific where a monogamous King David likes his health to be drunk in nothing stronger than coconut juice. When you visit one of the Madeira wine cellars you will be asked to sample a Solera reserve of 1792, or perhaps a rare Buol of

1808 or an exquisite Buol Solera of 1826. But the vineyards have had their vicissitudes; in the terrible year 1852 a fungus blight, *Odium Tuckerii*, all but completely laid them waste. With the aid of sulphur the blight was checked; then, however, in 1873 came an insect pest—*Phylloxera vastatrix*—which settled on the roots of the vines, sapped their life-blood and killed them outright. Recourse was had to American vines resistant to phylloxera, but the resulting quality was poor until, by grafting shoots from surviving *Verdelho* vines onto the imported stocks, grapes of good quality and resistance were obtained and the vine industry revived. A good many farmers, however, have gone over to the production of bananas, as far less care needs to be lavished on a banana tree than on a vine. Whether it be vines or bananas, most of them are grown by small farmers who, in the old feudal fashion, pay half of their crops to the landlord in lieu of rent. Land in Madeira is immensely valuable, the cost of an agricultural estate being higher than what in other countries is paid for land for building purposes.

In the days of the above-mentioned Henry Veitch the Committee of the English Factory was all-powerful. In 1826 they were startled by the report that a daily newspaper was to be printed in Funchal. The sum of 600 milreis was immediately set apart for the protection of any British subject who might be attacked in the columns of the much-dreaded paper. As a matter of fact the relations between Portuguese and British have been cordial, even when for some years in the Napoleonic epoch British troops were quartered in Madeira. And it was economically an excellent thing for the island when in the last war 2,000 Gibraltarians were placed there by the British authorities.

Many a British visitor has experienced that Portuguese word which is on the tomb of Prince Henry the Navigator—*Saudade*, infinite longing and regret—when he finds that the funds he has been allowed to bring with him will not permit a longer stay in this delectable island. But every effort is made. For instance there was a dance at which a lady from London appeared in a model gown and when the British consul's wife admired it the visiting lady said at once that she could have it for £16. I have heard that a passenger returning from Madeira is allowed by the Customs to bring in free of charge one piece of those beautiful embroideries. To do so, apart from all else, makes the journey well worth while. . . . And where else can one see cows fed on arum lilies? Another animal that lives in luxury is the turkey which, for a few weeks before Christmas, has a diet of walnuts and wine.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

REMY DE GOURMONT

COMMONPLACE though it may be, it is hard to avoid comparing Remy de Gourmont to a diamond of many facets, always throwing out light, and always encouraging others to see. He was a poet, playwright, story-teller, novelist, literary critic, scientific critic, and finally a philosopher. Add to this the fact that he and Anatole France were two of the finest stylists who lived into this century and there is enough to

arouse the admiration of the less gifted. It was not that superficial gloss that has won a reputation for so many critics, but a capacity to take the lead in any department of mental activity that attracted him at the time. Louis Denise, when founding the *Mercure de France* in 1889 proposed inviting Remy to join them with these words; "C'est un homme extraordinaire, qui sait tout. Il a déjà publié dix volumes (he was thirty-one at that date) et cent articles sur tous les sujets. Il ne jure que par Villiers, écrit en ce moment un roman qui sera une révélation. Il vit à l'écart, ne fréquente aucun de nos milieux littéraires, n'allant ni au François Ier, ni au Vachette, ni au Voltaire, ni au Chat-Noir, ni à la nouvelle Athènes. Il n'a collaboré à aucune de nos petites revues. Mais il a lu nos moindres essais". This statement is highly interesting in that it shows clearly one or two features of Remy's character. He preferred, as he says himself, always to study the works and not the comments of critics on the works of notable authors. Yet he wanted affection from his fellow men, and thus made a clear distinction between his literary work and his every day relations with his family and friends. Obviously, it would be impossible to deal, save superficially, with this many-sidedness. It will suffice to mention one or two of his poems, a sentence or two from his prose poems, his introduction to *Le Latin Mystique* and then to pass on to his *Promenades Philosophiques*, which have, perhaps, been less studied than his *Promenades Littéraires*.

As a poet he was always simple and had much love for nature. But he was also artificial, like the diamond, a work of man's art and at the same time a product of nature. He was much delighted by flowers and woods, yet he is on occasion reminiscent of Baudelaire, whose poetic gift was undoubtedly greater. Remy writes;

Simone, il y a un grand mystère

Dans la forêt de tes cheveux.

There is always a mystical background to his poems, which may explain his love for mediaeval Latin.

Nous penserons à Dieu, à nous, à bien des choses,

Au chien qui nous attend, aux roses du jardin.

The names of flowers fascinate him as do the poplars in autumn,

Les peupliers nus frissonnent-leur feuillage n'est mort, il danse, il danse, il danse encore.

As an example of his poetic prose, the *Pèlerin du Silence* should suffice. In "Portail" he writes; "Aux matines de notre amour le ciel fut blanc et miséricordieux:". Both the picture and the prose rhythm are almost unforgettable, and here it seems that there is nothing artificial. It is simple feeling, simple poetry. His description of the asphodel, although clearly a work of conscious art, is likewise worth recording. "Asphodèle, épi royal, sceptre incrusté de rêves, reine primitive induite en la robe étroite des Pharaons". But *Le Livre des Litanies*, containing comments on the many flowers that the poet loved, is beautiful with occasional gems, but it is a studied beauty. His preface to *Le Latin Mystique* begins boldly and strikingly enough. "C'est de la langue et de la poésie latines que je vais parler, d'une certaine langue latine, de celle qui va du cinquième au treizième siècle et au delà, de Saint Augustin à Thomas à Kempis, des *Confessions* à l'*Imitation*". It is a most attractive book and is but another

example of his diamond-like facets. His *Promenades Philosophiques* show an extraordinary breadth and, one may also say, depth of outlook and insight. In the three volumes there are ninety-one essays on such diverse subjects as "Une loi de Constance Intellectuelle", "Le sens topographique des fourmis" (personal observations), "Herbert Spencer," "L'Art de voir", "L'Illusion du joueur", etc. On every subject he writes something of interest and even if his views are not always accepted they cannot ever be ignored.

Particularly is this true of his views on evolution, which he seems to have accepted somewhat uncritically, since it still remains a pious belief, or as others would say, an impious belief. Jacob, whose study of Remy was published by the University Press of Illinois University nearly twenty-three years ago, is much perturbed by Remy's long essay "Une Loi de Constance Intellectuelle", because he obviously had not any personal knowledge of the problem and could not realise that Remy was no more incorrect than the current views, and probably with the insight of a true poet possibly nearer a faithful picture of man than the rest. His final paragraph is worth quoting; "La constance est la raison de l'évolution et l'évolution est la condition de la constance. Quant au progrès sentimental dont les foules s'énivrent, et dont il est bon qu'elles s'énivrent, comme le dit M. Jules de Gaultier, si sa réalité matérielle est un fait d'évolution, sa réalité intellectuelle est un fait de constance. Notre état de civilisation est le produit momentanément final d'une intelligence qui, invariable en son principe, se diversifie par l'accumulation de ses conquêtes; mais on reconnaîtra, aux exemples que j'en ai donnés, que ces mêmes conquêtes prouvent qu'il n'est pas chimérique d'essayer de poser, en l'introduction à l'histoire de l'humanité, une loi de constance intellectuelle". This, naturally, would upset the orthodox. In spite of Remy's insistence on the discovery of fire, and its portability as the greatest mental conquest of man, they were obliged to ignore such a suggestion. What would become of all the illustrations of primitive man, drawn accordingly to the fond fancy of the artist, which occupy so prominent a place in text books? Once admit Remy's idea, and Huxley's pathetic picture of the evolution of the horse, so beautifully illustrated by Osborn, would have to go, for not one of the putative ancestors for the horse put forward so dogmatically by Huxley is today accepted. Remy did think, and no doubt that faculty will result in his becoming one with Nineveh and Tyre.

His own observations on the topographical sense of ants are highly instructive and serve to demonstrate how necessary are brains, using the word in its accepted sense, even in an observer. "In topography," he writes, "the earth, according to the manuals, is considered as a plane." This aphorism, according to his observations, applies with great accuracy to the ant-world. The scene represents the wall of a house and the land that stretches in front of this wall. There is an ant-hill at the further end, at the base of a shrub, ants are to be met all day in front of the house. Some are going off, others are returning, generally bringing some booty. "I choose one ant", writes Remy, "on a low step and follow all its movements until it reaches the nest. It carries a burden but in spite of that moves agilely enough. The ground is somewhat rough. I have always observed that ants, even where the ground is level, do not return home in a

straight line. My ant hesitates a lot. One would have thought that the wall at the foot of which it was going would have guided it as it would an animal with appreciable weight; for the ant the wall did not exist. I watched it pass from the horizontal to the vertical plane, and reciprocally, as if the line joining the two planes were imaginary. I saw it go up the wall at least three or four times, come down again, go round about on the soil, then go up again. It ascended so high that I thought it had lost its way. But how can one lose one's way on a vertical surface if one has any sense of the vertical? It is obvious that it believed itself always on horizontal ground, and had the sensation of going to the left and right of the road that led it to the nest. This observation was confirmed a few days later by an ant with booty climbing straight up a pine tree. Suddenly it crossed over, came down, went round the tree, ascended and descended again, and finally disappeared among the branches. It had certainly lost its way. So, for ants in particular, the world must be a plane". It does not seem that observations like these have been recorded anywhere else. One would like to have mentioned the illusion of the gambler who always finds an excuse for his failure. But, however incorrect this illusion may be, writes M. Cornetz, which accompanies man during his lifetime, it is a necessary condition of his existence, a precious product of the vital instinct.

Finally, in *L'Art de Voir*, Remy discusses the sorrows of Professor Claparède, of the psychological department of Geneva University. He first mentions Froude as an observer. Froude said that he saw at his feet, in a plain traversed by a river, a town of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, not one of which has ever known or would ever know the slightest anxiety about its three meals a day. Now Adelaide stands on high ground, and at the time when Froude visited it, its population, half the size he stated, was suffering from a terrible famine. "Nothing", writes Remy, "is more difficult than what is too easy". Owing to some peculiarity of building, there is at the University of Geneva a large window opening inside on the left as one enters past the concierge's lodge, and opposite it. Claparède asked fifty-four students about the existence of this window, by which they passed every day. Forty-four categorically denied that such a window existed. Claparède declared that collective evidence of this kind is discouraging and disconcerting. Who would not agree with him? asks Remy. He proceeds to analyse the reasons for this depressing state of affairs and comes to the conclusion that people generally answer according to what they think probable without any reference to the actual evidence. He advises approximation as the best we can aim at where our sight is concerned, which is rather a counsel of despair. Space does not permit the further mention of various other interesting subjects that provoked an essay from Remy de Gourmont, though there are many, Ruskin, Pain, Boredom, Accident. But what it has been possible to give should show very clearly the astounding range of Remy de Gourmont's vision. Nor should it be forgotten that all these essays are written in the most lucid and attractive language, and that the dictum of Rivaril, whom he admired so much, can be applied to his writing, "What is not clear is not French".

THE FOURTH GIORGIONE

IN 1468 James II, King of Cyprus, married Caterina Cornaro, then just fourteen years old, whose father, a Venetian merchant, was one of the counsellors of the Doge. He, seeing the commercial advantages of the union, lost no time in proclaiming the young bride "Daughter of the Republic of Saint Mark", and gave her a dowry of no less than a hundred thousand ducats. A year or two later, James II died—of Venetian poison—according to the chroniclers of the time and the young widow deeded her realm to the Republic. Thus Cyprus became a Venetian colony, and the man through whom Caterina Cornaro first met her husband, the condottiere Tozio Constanzi, went into retirement, after a life full of vicissitude and excitement. The little town of Castelfranco, in which Constanzi had settled, also sheltered a young painter named Giorgio, or Giorgione, as he is usually called. Giorgione da Castelfranco had learnt to paint in Venice, as Giambellino's pupil, whose skill, in time, he far surpassed. When Giorgione was twenty (he was born in 1478), Constanzi commissioned him to paint a Madonna for his chapel. This painting, depicting the Madonna with Saint Francis and Saint Liberalis, is the first of the only three paintings known to art historians as wholly and truly the work of Giorgione himself. It may still be seen in Castelfranco, as the main ornament of the parish church. The frescoes with which he adorned Constanzi's chapel have vanished with the very walls themselves.

A similar fate also befell the other frescoes which the young Giorgione had painted. Of his frescoes on the external walls of the Loredan, Grimani, Flangini, and Soranzo palaces in Venice none now survive, eaten away by the salt-laden air of the lagoon city. Yet we know how they looked from the etchings of the Venetian Zanetti who, in the eighteenth century, used some of the still surviving figures as models in his own work. From these we see that Giorgione was, as it were, the first realist, for he did not hesitate to include scenes of everyday life with his scenes taken from mythology. We may reasonably assume, moreover, that the "worthy companions among the Italians" whom Durer met in Venice, would have included Giorgione, for at the very time the German artist was painting his canvas of the Rosary for San Bartolomeo, Giorgione was painting his frescoes for the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, the new headquarters of the German guild built by Girolamo Tedesco on the Doge's orders after the previous one was burnt down in 1505. No less a master than Titian helped to paint these frescoes, and he too helped, for instance, to finish the "Slumbering Venus" (Dresden), which Giorgione left unfinished when, in 1510, he succumbed to the plague. These frescoes of the Fondaco were also eaten away by the sea air. As a result, until twenty years ago, only two other pictures, indubitably attributable to Giorgione, were known to exist. Of these, the "Storm", known also as the "Family of Giorgione", was still drawing wondering sightseers to the Palazzo Giovanelli in Venice, until thirty years ago. The owner then being in need of money, an American museum offered Prince Giovanelli no less than five million dollars for it. However, the Italian government then intervened, and pressed an edict banning the export of old art treasures. Thus, all the owner could then do was to sell the picture to

the Italian government for five million lire. Now it hangs in the Accademia delle belle Arti in Venice, and is a three-star attraction to foreign visitors. The third indubitably authentic Giorgione is "The Philosophers", the property of the former Imperial Picture Gallery at Vienna; this is also known by the title, "The Three Surveyors". As proof of the authenticity of these three pictures, and that they are entirely, and not only in part, by Giorgione, we have not only evidence of his style, but documentary proof also, whereas, for each of the other works attributed to this painter, such as the "Concert Champêtre" in the Louvre, or the "Concerto di Musica" in the Pitti in Florence, similar conclusive proof is unavailable.

In the last twenty years, however, better and more adequate evidence has come to light, for, since May 1st, 1934, in the first room of the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna, there has been exhibited the portrait of a woman, now established as having certainly been painted, and wholly painted, by Giorgione, and this has been fully proved. The story goes thus: Some thirty years ago Dr. Johannes Wilde, pupil of the celebrated Max Dvořák and then an assistant at the Kunsthistorisches Museum at Vienna, began to give his attention to the Venetian paintings hanging in a side gallery, shut to the public. Such a gallery is no lumber-room, where pictures are crowded together and left to the dust and dirt, but an exhibition room reserved for pictures of minor interest to the public, those needing to be restored to repair new-found defects. Many look as though they have been through the wars, for where the paint has blistered or the surface damaged, they are covered with first-aid bandages and patches to stop the spread of decay. Here, in this gallery, Dr. Wilde was struck by a picture which in the ninth volume of his monumental history of Italian painting Venturi described as "Poetessa", by the painter Boccaccino. Evidently the painting has been named "The Poetess" because of the laurel sprays which form the background to the portrait of a woman; yet it was by no means clear why she was shown with her breast uncovered. Dr. Wilde therefore decided to consider the laurels a symbol, and to rename the picture "Laura". When, however, the painting was taken down and Dr. Wilde has studied it more closely, a vague feeling told him that the work was not necessarily by Boccaccino, but might be by another painter. Versed as he is in Venetian painting, what struck him was "Laura's" resemblance to the woman shown in Giorgione's "The Storm". And after an enlargement of the head had been prepared it was no mere resemblance which became apparent. Both pictures had clearly been painted from the same model. This, then was evidence of the model, though not of the painter. Giorgione had not necessarily employed the same model twice; the picture might be by another artist. Yet when the back was carefully examined, an indistinct and half obliterated inscription was found. With patience, a knife or scraper, and special chemicals, the stubbornest coats of dirt may be removed. Armed with his patience and the restorer's tools, Dr. Wilde removed the layers of dirt and, letter by letter, deciphered the following lines: "1506 a di primo zugno fo fatto questo de man de maestro zorzi da chastelfranco chollega de maestro vinzenzo chatena ad istanzia de misse giacomo. . . ." which, being translated, reads: "1506, on the first of June, this was completed

(made) by the hand of Master Giorgio of Castelfranco, a colleague of Master Vincenzo Catena, at the bidding of Master Giacomo. . . ." And this signature, indisputably in Giorgiones hand, provided even stronger proof of the authenticity of this picture.

From all over the world came the experts, with Professor Venturi himself among them, and all were obliged to admit that it was indeed a true Giorgione, the fourth to come to light to the world of art. Even then, however, the secret was not revealed to the outside world, for not until 1931 did Dr. Wilde, in an article in the *Jahrbuch der preussischen Kunstsammlungen* write about his tremendous discovery. To ordinary visitors, however, the picture continued inaccessible. First had to be discovered how it had got to Vienna, but old catalogues revealed that even in the 17th century it was in the possession of the Archduke Leopold Wilhelm, Governor of the Austrian Netherlands, for a number of illustrations of Schleissheim Castle comprising a sort of catalogue of the archducal collection showed the painting "Laura" among them. True, her bared bosom had meanwhile been modestly painted over, but overpainting can easily be removed. True again, the corners were cut off, but evidence remained that while in this condition Karl IV had it built into a wall in the Stallburg, where it had so remained for at least two years. Finally, in December 1933, it was decided to undertake the hazardous task of restoration. The overpainting was two hundred years old. Sebastian Isepp, a Carinthian, after softening the surface of the paint with chemicals, scraped it away with a fine knife. The small areas about the mouth and eyes which had been destroyed, were not replaced. The cut-off corners were however restored; the upper two to show a simple dark background. But in the lower right-hand corner a part of the dress was restored, and in that on the left, part of the hand was completed. Today, in her ruby-red gown, trimmed with brown fur, which blends miraculously with the olive green laurel sprays,—in the *Kunsthistorisches Museum* in Vienna, hangs "Laura", the fourth Giorgione in the history of art.

JOSEPH KALMER.

WHAT LIES BEHIND FAIRY TALES?

EVERYONE is aware at times of an echo of significance in an old tale. *Beauty and the Beast* we say, and a moral bell rings in our minds. *Jack the Giant Killer* we think, and note that children must be taught to face their giant fears. In an essay in his book *Liberties of the Mind* Charles Morgan goes further insisting gently that in the old fairy tale the values are those of the spiritual world. This is a suggestion worth pursuing. The fairy tale with which we are concerned is the traditional folk tale handed down by word of mouth. In detail it may be German, French or English but in broad outline it may be found anywhere between Iceland and India. There are, for instance, we are told more than two hundred versions of *Cinderella*. The tales most often told in these days of print were amassed in France in the late seventeenth century by Perrault, whose collection includes *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Cinderella*, *Puss in Boots* and *Red Riding Hood*. In the early nineteenth century the

brothers Grimm added their contribution. Such stories share the character of myth and proverbial saying being depositaries of early wisdom. Like dreams they have meanings at different levels. The surface meaning, say of *Cinderella*, is obvious, the deeper meaning is hidden. On the surface the position is that of any little girl with older sisters: *they* go to the grown-up party *she* stays at home. *She* has to do all kinds of uncongenial tasks like eating her porridge (or is it spinach today?) and tidying away her toys, *they* go off with curled hair, the loveliest of dresses and, what she sees much more clearly, slippers so very unlike her own! Every child as she listens is *Cinderella*, waiting for the magic and the Prince. It is the normal fairy-tale situation: Jack, Hansel and Gretel, or *Cinderella* against the evil hosts of witches, giants, stepmothers, wicked uncles and the like. And the weak thing plus magic, and enchantment—or is it grace?—wins. On the surface the evil is the normal inhabitant of the child's world. Mother who in her kindness is a fairy godmother, becomes a wicked stepmother or a witch. Father, the all-powerful and good father rarely appears his place being taken by wicked uncles and long-legged giants. Herein lies the fascination of the tale for the child. In it he sees his own situation, Mother kind, Mother cross, Father loving, Father big and angry, and sees himself by enchantment as conqueror.

Primarily, however, the tales are adult tales reflecting life more profoundly than is sometimes suspected. Three main types may easily be distinguished: first, those that deal with the initiation or passage from childhood to maturity: second, those that give definite warning of evil and its results: and third, tales that concern the whole of life conceived as a journey and give light on the Way. *Jack and the Beanstalk* is probably the best example of the first type. It appears to belong to the Cornish people, and unlike *The Sleeping Beauty* suggests a pre-Christian era. The situation is familiar. Jack is at the end of his childhood. He has suddenly discovered that his home is a poor one, that is that it no longer satisfies him, being too small, too limited. His father is dead, meaning that the young adolescent finds no longer the hero of his childhood; "Daddy" is no more. Mother, being necessary in Jack's eyes is alive but alienated. And the old cow no longer gives milk! In other words the spiritual sustenance once offered in the love of Mother and home is no longer suited to the growing boy, and as it has dried up he must seek further driven by his need. So he sells the old cow of his mother's care, at least he tries to market it but instead exchanges it for five shining beans. Beans are sustenance, it is true, but they are also seed. These were shining and new and a great treasure to Jack. He displayed them to his mother on his return; the new world he saw with his new eyes, the fine sounds he heard with his new ears, the smells of his new world, its taste, its ravishing touch. Five beans, five senses newly thrilled to the growing life within him, the awakening of new instincts. His mother might have brought them into the home, where they might have grown but she wanted none of his growth and she pitched them out of the window. They grew. From them came the great beanstalk of Jack's new manhood that would carry him into maturity. So Jack climbed his beanstalk to find at the top a little home so like his own, a little old woman so like the mother down below, a world so like yet, seen objectively for the first time, so

unlike the world of childhood. Unlike especially it was since in it dwelled the Giant, the evil to be overthrown by Jack alone in his new strength, his childhood now behind him. The battle is threefold suggesting a Christian accretion: in the first round Jack seizes the means of sustenance, the hen and its eggs; in the second round the money bags fall to him, and so the flesh and the world overcome, he faces the Giant himself and in the conquest of the devil the beanstalk of adolescence ceases to be and Jack back home is a man in full possession of his man's heritage. He has grown up, and that the old tale says is how it is achieved.

In *Red Riding Hood* we have a typical warning tale. Little girls who disobeyed and wandered about in the waste lands round the early settlements got lost and the wolves ate them. That was true in fact. Until the seventeenth century it was possible in England as it is still possible in European forest areas. The rescue by the woodman is probably an addition, the real Red Riding Hood perished like her grandmother. But the tale is a more subtle warning. The wolf, unlike the bear, in all northern literature is a symbol of evil. Fenir, the evil bound by Tyr, (Tuesday's god) at the cost of his right hand was incarnate as a wolf. Dante and T. S. Eliot both accept and use the wolf symbol. There are no men in the older versions. Grandmother, and mother wrap the child in their life-blood, a red cape for living; she is to be a child, their child for ever, going only from one to the other. But even that is unsafe. She must cross the waste land, and alone, as we all do however well protected. On the famous day the child disobeys by loitering, picking flowers, (a sort of primrose path?) and finally like Eve engages in conversation with the animal-tempter and thus opens the way for him. Next time she meets him he is clothed with the body of her grandmother, as if within her the original sin, the ancestral stain, had quickened, and to it she succumbs, unless as the tale now given tells, the woodman rescues her. That the addition is late is confirmed by the fact that he does so without pain to himself. Rescuers in myth foreshadowing truth must suffer. Did not Tyr lose his right hand, and Soma, goddess of the Eskimo, tear off her fingers to make seals that her people should not perish?

In *The Sleeping Beauty* we find a world of Christian symbol and myth. It begins with a christening. Father and Mother, exalted into the highest beings known, all powerful King and Queen would have a daughter possessed of every fair gift, a daughter without sin. But even their power could not keep away the evil fairy and the doctrine of original sin is clear. Nothing happens until the child growing up seeks the oldest part of the castle, the oldest woman, or her own inmost inheritance, and finds the sharp point. Even so it is her own disobedience that is punished. She pricks her finger, the blood flows, and she dies, dies that is the little death of sleep. Alone since everyone else is also in the same state, behind the great barrier of hedge she lies, completely helpless. The princes come, stick fast in the thicket and die, and then, as Grimm says, "there came a King's son into that land", on "that very day when the hundred years was completed" the echo is plain, "when the time was fulfilled". Theologians call it the doctrine of prevenient grace, we say "When, we were yet sinners . . ."

Many tales describe man's life as a journey and indicate the perils of

the way. Such begin, "There was once a poor woodman sitting by a fire in his cottage"—or, "Dear children, said a poor man, to his four sons, I have nothing to give you, you must go out into the world and try your luck." So from "a ditch close by the sea-side", from a garden, an enclosure, a palace, a cottage they set forth. "Home is where one starts from", said T. S. Eliot. And St. John of the Cross continues:

In a dark night
With anxious love inflamed
Forth undeterred I went
My house being now at rest.

From the sheltered home the children go forth to their adventures, to perform an impossible task, to find a golden well,* to kill an evil dragon, to find a fair princess, to find themselves, to come across a pearl of great price, or a "lifetime burning in every moment", and "going ever a little further", find "on that last blue mountain" Flecker's "prophet who can understand why men are born". In the best tales no man succeeds by his own prowess alone. There is always that something else symbolised by enchantment or magic, that grace that seeks. It may be "a little light", a "snow-white bird", a "golden ball", or water from a well, but it always leads home, to the Father's house, since after the great Encounter in the old fairy tale all the heroes come home. What lies behind the fairy tale? Intimations of the Spiritual World.

GRACE A. WOOD.

**The Golden Well, an Anatomy of Symbols.* By D. Donnelly.

HERONS

I CAN never watch a heron land in a tree without feeling that I am in the presence of something magical, almost supernatural. The grey bird wheels and planes down to the tree-top, arches its wings over its back, thrusts down its stilt-like legs and steps with an air of deceptive daintiness on to a branch. In that moment the transformation is incredible. The soaring master of the air, balancing gracefully on lazily-flapping wings, broad and rounded at their ends, suddenly becomes something not of this world, a kind of grotesque suspiciously hesitant tight-rope walker. Yet for all its apparent ungainliness up among the branches, a heron is quite at home balancing and stepping in any large tree. It is really the perfect example of the extreme adaptability of nature. For herons are not tree birds at all, as anyone can see. They are designed to live entirely on the ground, nesting and roosting there and feeding in water by wading in with their long legs. Only because of their age-long persecution by man in this country, as in some other lands, have they abandoned the mode of living for which they were originally intended and become arboreal in habit, nesting in the tops of trees. Where they are not killed or harried they still nest on the ground—but you won't find many herons' nests built that way in this country.

Hérons are among the oldest inhabitants of Britain. When Caesar's hordes landed on our shores they must have taken wing at the sight of

the intruders, rending the still air with their harsh cries as they lumbered away over the marshes. For they doubtless were very numerous then, and they probably nested in colonies among the reeds and sedges. When falconry was the sport of kings and the recreation of gentlemen, the "hern" was a favoured quarry. Exciting indeed is the duel between giant heron and headstrong gyrfalcon or goshawk. The hawk goes straight at its quarry, but the heron is not to be caught so easily. Disgorging the half-digested contents of its crop by way of lightening ballast, it gains height and as the hunter attacks the awkward-looking bird jinks and stalls with great skill. Legs are brought into play, if need be, and even the most efficient falcon has sometimes to be swift and alert to miss the rapier-thrust of the heron's bill, its major weapon against all comers. Our forefathers enjoyed sport against herons and the eventual kill with the big bird brought down was both uncommon and highly-prized. But through the centuries in which falconry held sway the numbers of our native herons must have been considerably reduced by such means. Modern falconers, those few intrepid enthusiasts who still fly their peregrine and goshawks over our fields and moors, seem to think little of the heron. And, anyway, he is a protected bird in many places.

You can see herons in every county in England and Scotland, and they breed anywhere except in Rutland, occupying some 300 widely-scattered heronries which may contain as many as 120 nests or as few as two. In some parts of the country they are shot more freely than in others, and at the moment Sussex and Norfolk have the most herons, together with Northants and Kent. But they continually move from a dangerous area to a safer one, while depleted numbers are also made good by emigrants from well-populated districts. Thanks to the patient efforts of quite a large body of amateur bird-watchers, we have a fairly accurate picture of Britain's heron population, although, as in the case of nearly all our wild birds, of their specialised daily habits we know far less. It is easy to watch herons fishing in rivers and ponds, and counting their occupied nests in early spring before the leaves are on the trees is child's play. But it is no joke perching insecurely in a tiny hiding-tent alongside a tree-top nest to study their breeding behaviour. In spite of the endless rocking of your platform and the incredible racket and stench which are part of every heronry, your particular birds may take it into their heads to give you a miss. All the same, every April and May many ardent ornithologists and bird-photographers hoist their apparatus into the upper branches for this very purpose, risking life and limb in the pursuit of their hobby. We know that in spite of all the vicissitudes of a wild bird's existence, there are about 4,000 breeding pairs in this country today. Not many, it is true, but this figure remains remarkably constant over the years. In a severe winter herons suffer more than any other large bird since they cannot fish at all, and all the lesser fry upon which they normally feed, frogs, voles, mice, lizards, snakes, newts and so forth, are impossible to find. Consequently they tend to starve very easily, often losing all fear of man and coming into his farmyards and gardens in search of something to eat. After a bad winter the number of herons seen about drops noticeably. After a few years, however, these queer birds make good their losses once again. What puzzles naturalists about the business is their

apparent inability to start increasing to any extent when we have a series of mild winters.

Man has never been very well disposed towards "hanser" or "old Nog", as he is called in various parts of the country, but then man is never very pleased with other creatures which do certain things so much better than he can himself. Herons are still shot today because they catch trout and other fish so much better than the anglers who may have put the fish there in the first place to provide sport. Come upon a heron fishing in the shallows without disturbing him, and if you pursue the contemplative art, you will feel like screaming. With shoulders hunched back into lean body, neck curved, black crest conspicuous and eye alert, the tall bird stands there in the water like some motionless, diaphanous ghoul. Suddenly a fish will be spotted and down will flash that spear of a bill and up will come a struggling trout or grayling. The bird may move on a little, and after a few minutes, the process will be repeated with equal efficiency. Still they come, perch, roach, dace, chub, frogs, eels—all are swallowed to fill the heron's capacious and insatiable pouch. A heron has an uncanny knack of telling just where the fish lie. Our angling ancestors used to believe that there was some magic property in a heron's legs which attracted fish to the bird as it stood in the water. They used concoctions made of crushed heron-legs as bait, but without startling result.

Like many fishing birds the heron is a voracious customer. No matter how big the prey, he will get it down somehow, even if it chokes him which it actually does on occasion. More than one dead heron has been picked up with a giant pike stuck between its mandibles, or an over-grown vole firmly wedged in its gullet. If a fish caught too large to deal with by immediate swallowing, a heron will take it to the shore and beat its brains out on a rock to still it before swallowing. It sometimes happens, however, that a bird will forget this elementary precaution, and if the quarry should happen to be an eel, which is a favourite meal, the consequences may be disastrous. One heron had hold of a long eel by one end on one occasion, but the fish had other ideas and strangled its captor. Another eel, even more resourceful, was swallowed alive and actually killed the bird by gnawing its way to freedom through the side of the bird's crop. Eels and over-large beaksful apart, herons are always getting into difficulties of one kind or another. They occasionally slip in trees and get caught in a fork by their long necks, never to escape. And they have been known to break their bills on hidden rocks submerged beneath the fish they were about to spear.

A visit to a heronry in spring is a unique experience. Most people think of herons as silent birds, and it is true that outside the breeding season they utter only their harsh *fraarnk* when disturbed. But at the nest they bark like dogs, trumpet like elephants, and scream like hysterical hyaenas. I have often taken friends to a centuries-old heronry near my home just to amaze them with this babel of heron cries, while if I play my gramophone records of herons (so ably made by Ludwig Koch), few people suspect birds as the cause of all the clamour. Young herons, incidentally, have a vocabulary all their own, and when their parents feed them on evil-smelling disgorged fish, they clatter incessantly exactly like a

typewriter being used at speed. So although you may not like the heron if he steals your trout, or empties your garden of goldfish—one bird ate 300 goldfish overnight—you cannot but admire him and his solitary, unconventional ways, all three feet of him. After all, he is the only British member of the stork family, which is no small distinction in itself.

DAVID GUNSTON.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

WAR BY ANY MEANS

THE fall of Dien Bien Phu on May 7th last, coinciding as it did in the communist strategy with the diplomatic conference being held at Geneva, illustrated the prevailing phase of major cold war and minor hot war. By all the means at their disposal the communist aggressors pursue and intensify their campaign. They seek to mobilise the nationalist element in Asian unrest by fomenting the physical struggle, whether in Korea or in Indo-China, while mobilising China in the diplomatic struggle. For the moment Chou En-lai falls in with the plan; but there are those in the west, who, knowing him and the ancient civilisation of his country, are convinced that his own purpose is opportunist, and that in the due course, when Asia is duly freed from "the white man's burden", he will present to Moscow the collateral and logical truth that the greater tyranny of marauding imperial communism will be even more decisively thrown out than the milder "colonialism" now in question. The facts so far established are not the end of the story.

The conference which began in Geneva on April 26th and that which ended in Kandy (having moved there from Colombo) on May 2nd had the effect, if none other, of illustrating the Kiplingite gulf, so to speak, that divides the East from the West. A long communication issued on May 2nd from Kandy by the chairman of the conference, Sir John Kotelawala, outlined what had been achieved. It amounted to very little, and merely showed that the five participating countries, Ceylon, Pakistan, India, Burma and Indonesia, were primarily concerned with their own local problems while in the wider outlook taking a non-committal and ostensibly impartial view of the ideological conflict being waged at Geneva between Russia and China on the one part and the United States, Britain and France on the other.

It is true that in their communication of May 2nd the five Asian Prime Ministers affirmed their faith in democracy, declaring their "unshakable determination" to resist any "external" communist interference in their countries, but they added their equal determination to resist interference by "anti-communist and other agencies". Mr. Nehru in particular was at pains to avoid an appearance of solidarity with the west, and his colleagues agreed in their motive of holding even the scales between east and west. In other words the five Asian countries on the one hand tended to emphasise their condemnation of what they called "colonialism", wherein they tilted in a friendly gesture towards the opportunist propaganda of the Kremlin, and on the other hand tilted towards the west in their condemnation of the Kremlin's tyranny.

In Geneva meanwhile the Russian delegation was more concerned to mobilise the full Chinese alliance against the three western Powers than to make any honest practical contribution to the theoretic business in hand, namely the settlement of the issues in Korea and Indo-China and the general lessening of world tension. Geneva constituted a continuing cockpit of the diplomatic world-war, Colombo blowing hot and blowing cold the while. Nothing was done or said in Colombo about Kashmir, about the pact concluded between Pakistan and Turkey, about United States help to Pakistan. Nothing was done or said in Geneva about the central issue which divides the world of this time, namely about the challenge of an atheist, materialist tyranny to the old Christian civilisation. The hydrogen bomb, when it was considered at all, was weakly assigned to that separate compartment so assiduously prescribed by Russian propaganda, instead of being rigorously correlated with the general problem of disarmament where it rightly, logically and reasonably belongs.

What comfort then is to be derived by the ordinary man and woman, who yearn for decency and commonsense, from these interminable unprincipled exhibitions of bad blood and low mentality in the field of what we call high diplomacy? Is there to be no respite from this bedevilled vendetta? Of course there is; but no credit thereby devolves upon high diplomacy as such. Willy-nilly these politics do in the end submit to the moral law which overrides them, even although in the very process of the surrender the protagonists hardly know what they do. At this moment, when the hydrogen bomb and the cobalt bombs dictate a respite in the chronic habit of open international war—for the certain prospect of universal impartial destruction faces the world if those bombs be launched—we helplessly survey the muddled reactions of influential people who ought to have more sense. This hydrogen bomb, they say, must be outlawed, because it is too horrible a thing to countenance. Russia blandly agrees with the argument, thinking thereby to deprive the United States of an advantage in the exclusively military calculation. Let the Russian insincerities be put aside. Let the mentality of these western pundits be analysed. Do they want to make the world safe for continuing war of the old type? Or will they not rather welcome the respite offered by an all-pervading potential horror which might make them all lay down their arms? In that respite, the essential business of high diplomacy could be profitably pursued, namely the effective disarmament of the world, atomic weapons and all, by chastened agreement. Until that be done, these Geneva and Colombo conferences are alike of no avail to the welfare of man. If it be done, the problems of diplomacy, east and west, will be readily soluble through the instrument of unimpeded reason and a spiritual faith liberated at last from the devil's tyranny of mutual fear. If we concentrate upon the essence of the issue now confronting the world, it becomes clear that it is none other than the problem of disarmament.

ARMS AND THE MAN

The further away we get from that important year 1914—and the present year takes us forty years on—the more important it seems to become. The prevailing psychological tension, which includes in its scope a

spreading apprehension and bewilderment, is of some interest to those level-headed people who have retained their sense of values through a half century of horrors. To such people it is obvious that there is a direct connection between 1914 and 1954, between that not very distant age when there were no airforces and hardly any motor cars, and the present age when the monstrous thing we call a hydrogen bomb is being experimentally let off in the Bikini islands, throwing out its clouds of radioactive dust to a distance of a hundred miles or so from the scene of the original explosion, and the cobalt bomb is waiting in the offing with its radius of a thousand miles of destructive power. There can be little remaining doubt in any mind that the year 1914 was the dividing line between one era and another.

But the mere chronicle of the changes and chances in the new era is of less interest than the story of the apparently miraculous outcome now shaping. Let not the suggestion of miracle cause surprise. It is one of the paradoxes of experience that there is nothing more commonplace than miracle. By the spring of 1954 a cartoonist whose function it was to entertain the readers of a popular picture-paper, could base his picture of the day on the quip that "this terrible explosive should make another war impossible, since the use of such a weapon would bring us all down in common disaster". The interesting thing was not the pictured ring of primitive savages sitting round a barrel of gunpowder, but the implied familiarity on the part of wide masses of people with the notion of war being made impossible by the weapons now available. Such is miracle. Alfred Nobel after all was right. He was merely ahead of the times in his prediction that if war were made horrible enough, there would be no war. Herein we see a classic example of the twin fact that evil not only eliminates itself, but leaves good in its place. *Ex malo bonum.*

Only a few years ago those simple-minded people who declared that the atomic bomb would put an end to war were ignored as impractical visionaries, and the political leaders went on piling up their stacks of conventional weapons—guns, tanks, bombs and the rest. A mere atomic weapon, it appears, was not enough to sober them. It needed the hydrogen and the cobalt bombs to pierce their comprehension. On March 30th last Mr. Wilson, the United States Secretary of Defence, observed to his press conference that the results of the recent hydrogen bomb test were "unbelievable", and added that the hydrogen bomb bore the like relationship to the atomic bomb as the atomic bomb to T.N.T. It was Alfred Nobel who produced T.N.T. He did not foresee the further stages of destructive power that paradoxically were to father the constructive achievement of world disarmament: but in his bones he knew it. The gigantic fact emerges that, as it were overnight, the obstacle to disarmament which has persisted since 1919, has at last disappeared.

A half century's story can now be told, of disarmament as an ideal, remote and unattainable, suddenly ceasing to be an ideal and becoming a possibility. The latest snag, namely Russia's too clever differentiation between atomic weapons and conventional weapons, disappears with the rest. To urge, as Russia has urged these past eight years within the United Nations, that atomic weapons be abolished (she being at a comparative disadvantage therein) while conventional armaments be merely

reduced proportionately (whereby her advantage therein would be mathematically safeguarded) ceases to be a possible stratagem when the very existence of conventional weapons approaches its appointed end. A stab of delicious irony is to be seen in this sudden discomfiture of the Russian plan. Russia wanted to abolish the atomic, and retain the conventional, weapon. She finds, or soon will find, that, as a result of what happened at Bikini on March 1st, it is the conventional weapon that is doomed, and the hydrogen bomb destined to be retained. Tanks and submarines, armies and navies: these are doomed *in toto*. The hydrogen and cobalt bombs will remain with perhaps a minimum of auxiliary airforces: the sentinel, the guarantor of an otherwise disarmed world.

From the vantage point of 1954 a prospect opens of an incalculably new potentiality, incalculably good. If national armaments be gone, international fears go with them, the sting at last taken out of national sovereignty, world government suddenly becomes possible: and by this same token becomes unnecessary. Irony and paradox tumble over each other in this new cavalcade. Just as men assailed with the temptation to over-indulgence in tobacco or alcohol, otherwise harmless and even beneficial, must learn the lesson that if they cannot resist it, they must; whereas if they can, they need not: so the nations have been led to learn that in face of threatened war, they must set up world government, but when the threat is removed, they do not need the instrument. Let it not be thought that such imaginings are vain. The hydrogen bomb would certainly be used in the event of world war. No previous agreement could prevent its use, or the fear of its use. Therefore a third world war would involve the certainty of prompt impartial destruction on an incalculable scale. Therefore, there will be no world war. "We should be doing a disservice to the free world" said Sir Winston Churchill on March 30th last "if we tried to stop our American allies building up their overwhelming strength in the weapon which provides the greatest possible deterrent against the outbreak of a third world war". The notion of marching armies, marauding submarines or raiding aeroplanes fades into the dim past. Disarmament, accomplished through the falling into the disuse of armies, navies and airforces, and through the instrumentality of a *pax hydrogenica* is now after all these years of frustration a promised guerdon: encompassed through the miraculous, though normal, working of the moral law which subordinates evil to good and in the end safeguards the welfare of men.

HISTORY OF THE TRANSITION

The transition from the status of an apparently hopeless ideal to that of an impending fact in this matter of disarmament has become a focus of increasing speculation and hope. The Disarmament Commission of the United Nations has been convened again in the new light that is being shed. It nowadays goes without saying—though it is better to go on saying it—that war can be avoided only if the nations be disarmed. Experience has proved, what commonsense suggests, that sovereign armed nations will sooner or later go to war with each other, because the mere fact of being armed has the dual effect of increasing their fear of each other and enabling them to follow the dictate of fear into that devil's game of self-defence

against each other. As the gentle rain from heaven helps to produce our physical food, so the mercy of God nourishes our spiritual life by the operation of a moral law, which among other provisions ordains that petty mutual fear, the enemy of nations, shall one day be routed by the greater fear of a common danger. The respite thus gained should give the opportunity for a general demilitarising of frontiers after the pattern of the U.S.A.-Canadian frontier which has guaranteed peace through lack of fortification since 1818 and the Swedish-Norwegian frontier which has performed the like service since 1905. Peace, like the nettle, must be grasped firmly and without reservation if it is to be grasped at all. That is what is implied in disarmament.

The Hague Conferences which took place at the turn of the century (1899 and 1907) had for their professed object "an understanding not to increase for a fixed period the present effectives of the armed military and naval forces, and at the same time not to increase the budgets pertaining thereto; and a preliminary examination of the means by which even a reduction might be effected in future in the forces and budgets above mentioned". Such were the words used in defining the object by Count Mouraviev, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, he being the mouth-piece because the conferences themselves resulted from a proposal made by Nicholas II of Russia—an ironical commentary on the fact that half a century later it was Russia, now in communist hands, that was the main stumbling block to the purposes of the Disarmament Commission of the United Nations.

But the halting, gingerly approach made to the problem at the Hague was totally ineffective, as were the succeeding similar approaches made throughout the first half of the present century. War can be prevented only by total disarmament, that is by a firm grasping of the nettle, not by a "reduction" of armaments. The limitation of armaments leaves the back door open for fear again to enter. The quaint declaration, one of three that were adopted at the Hague, about bombs, though the word itself was not then used, added to the irony. It decreed the "prohibition of the launching of projectiles and explosives from balloons or by other similar new methods". There were as yet—and this within living memory—no such things as aeroplanes. When the first world war had duly run its course and the full horror of modern war had been visited upon us, the Covenant of the League of Nations, riddled at its very drafting by the mutual fear among nations which in our time has made nonsense of high diplomacy in all its works, duly and solemnly made this remarkable provision (Article 8): "The Members of the League recognise that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations".

On the very morrow of that fatal first world war—in which for instance in Great Britain one out of every four men between the age of 20 and 40 was killed—intelligence was shut out from diplomatic action. Fear was still the devil in the piece, the worm in the wood. Fear normally destroys commonsense. Being sickened of war, and disposed to banish it for the future, the "victorious" allies none the less could not bring themselves to take the only step that would so banish it. They jibbed at disarmament,

hugging the very armaments that they knew would be their undoing, and lamely provided instead for a "reduction" of armaments which in their hearts they knew was useless to the purpose.

Similarly in the Preamble to Part V of the Versailles Treaty which almost totally disarmed a defeated Germany, the Allies in their mood of chastened contrition—yet not chastened enough—explained that their purpose in thus disarming Germany was "to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations". Again that accursed make-belief, "limitation". And of course the years passed without any attempt being made on the part of the Allies to redeem even that craven promise to a defeated enemy. Yet the German leaders of the immediate post-war era, exemplified in Gustav Stresemann, hugged that promise in their hearts, believing that it might lead to general full disarmament, and believing that only such disarmament could guarantee peace for the future. At Locarno, six years after the Versailles promise had been made, the patient Germans received a renewal of the promise (1925), which they proceeded again patiently to hug, and in the faith of their hugging they hopefully sought and received admission into membership of the League of Nations in the following year (1926). Again six years passed before any inclination was manifested on the part of the League to take any step towards disarmament.

In February 1932, however, thirteen years after the Treaty of Versailles was written, the League of Nations did at last convene what was officially called a Disarmament Conference. German hopes revived. After six months of talk, in which the literal notion of disarmament was not even mentioned, the German delegation, in a spirit now of exasperation, proposed that in default of disarmament, there should at any rate be agreed a drastic measure of reduction in armaments, their specific proposal being that the four western Powers on whom the peace of Europe and therefore of the world chiefly depended, the four Powers who had made the Locarno Treaty seven years earlier, should agree to limit the peace-time strength of their armed forces to 300,000 men apiece. The proposal was rejected by the British and the French Governments, who were unwilling, under the influence of the old fear, to accept a status of equality with Germany in the matter of armed forces; and the Germans, at last disillusioned and exasperated, quitted the conference, seceded from the League of Nations, and three months later, in January 1933 *elected* Adolf Hitler to be Chancellor. Hitler had been imprisoned by those same Germans a decade earlier for preaching the doctrine that Germany would receive neither mercy nor charity from their victors unless they tried the expedient of another war and won it.

Such is the way of tragedy. In 1933 the war suspended in 1918 was in effect resumed, though the actual renewal of the fighting did not take place till 1939. After the second world war the Charter of the United Nations, an amended redraft of the Covenant of the defunct League of Nations, proceeded to repeat the same mistake as before, under the influence of the same old fear. Instead of providing for disarmament, it provided (in Articles 42 and 43) that there should instead be a United Nations army (which "may take such action by air, sea or land forces as may be necessary to maintain or restore international peace and security" as Article 42

put it). And full national sovereignty was at the same time reserved for the Great Powers by Article 27 which provided for the famous veto in the procedure laid down for the Security Council. The United Nations itself was duly fighting in Korea within five years. The question *cui culpa*, in the case of Korea, is not here being discussed. Let it be freely admitted, there being no possible doubt in the matter, that the aggressor was Russia. Russia was and is a member of the United Nations, and albeit anonymously, was the aggressor against whom the United Nations were fighting in order to "restore international peace".

Let it be noted only that here is muddle of the first degree; that there is no peace; that the United Nations is proved to be as great a fiasco as was the League of Nations. Half a century has passed, and within the province of unaided human action, the last state is obviously worse than the first. And now, these new bombs. The practical resultant question is: can the new fear drive out the old and give the opportunity at last for a realistic approach to true, effective disarmament? A confident "yes" may be given as the answer. Where human wisdom has failed in a matter of essential concern to a world made by God, God intervenes. A miracle, emanating from the very circumstance of the human folly, comes to our rescue.

May 11th, 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

*THE CHURCHILL SAGA

Among the few welcome results of the Second World War was the call to Winston Churchill to produce the greatest of his books. His volumes on the First World War are of the highest interest, but in that epic struggle he was never in control and for a time was out of office. In the later and more terrible conflict he was almost from the start the captain of the ship. In the six massive volumes the interest never flags, and the wealth of documents enables us to follow events from day to day; yet the diversity of the threads never interferes with the unity of the pattern. In these colourful pages we feel the throb of the world's pulse, and the dynamic personality of the author, a born leader of men, is stamped on every page. It must have been a consolation in the bitterness of electoral defeat in 1945 that he was granted leisure to compose one of the masterpieces of historical literature.

The sixth and final volume opens with the landing in Normandy in June 1945. The half crazy megalomaniac in Berlin, like the Kaiser in 1917, lost the war on the day that the United States entered it: henceforth the question was no longer which side would win but when the three aggressors, Germany, Italy and Japan, would collapse. If the invasion of France from north and south proved a little easier than expected, the passage of the Rhine was a far harder nut to crack, and the Rundstedt offensive revealed that there was still plenty of spirit in one of the great fighting races of the world. Even this last desperate effort could do no more than postpone the final catastrophe by a few weeks. Germany, like Italy and Japan, was beaten long before she laid down her arms, and she knew it. The Führer's legacy to his countrymen was a heap of ruins, the humiliation of unconditional surrender, and the detestation of the free world.

Perhaps the greatest value of this survey of ten crowded months is the light it throws on the relations of the Big Three who won the war, Great Britain, the United States and Russia. The closing phase of the titanic struggle in the West is familiar to all who lived through those eventful days, and the wonderful story of Russia's recovery from the defence of Stalingrad onwards was watched with breathless interest. What we did not know, and what we learn from this volume, is the mood of the Russian Dictator towards his Western associates. That Stalin was a big man, a born leader, and master in his own house is as clear to readers of this volume as it was clear to the author who studied him at close range. The distressing story of the cold war, of which he was the main author, should not blind us to the fact that Russia owed as much to the resilience and resource of this tough Georgian as Great Britain to Winston Churchill. That the two men liked and admired each other—Stalin called Churchill the old war-horse—shines out in the reports of their meetings at Teheran, Moscow and Yalta to his colleagues in the Coalition Cabinet in London and to President Roosevelt. "We have found an extraordinary atmosphere of goodwill here," reported the Prime Minister to Roosevelt from Moscow in October, 1944. Five days later he reported in high spirits to King George. "The political atmosphere is extremely cordial. Nothing like it has been seen before. The Prime Minister and Mr. Eden in their talks with Marshal Stalin and M. Molotov have been able to deal with the most delicate problems in a frank, outspoken manner without the slightest sign of giving offence. The Prime Minister attended a special performance of the ballet, and received a prolonged ovation from an enormous audience. Presently, when Marshal Stalin came into the box and stood beside him, there was an almost passionate demonstration." After a memorable fortnight, "in which we got closer to our Soviet allies than ever before or since," the author despatched a grateful letter to his hosts. "Eden and I have come away from the Soviet Union refreshed and fortified by the discussions. This memorable meeting in Moscow has shown that there are no matters which cannot be adjusted between us when we meet together in frank and intimate discussion. May we soon meet again." They met again at Yalta in the Crimea in February 1945, when the atmosphere was almost equally cordial, though some of the discussions were extremely controversial. In proposing the health of Stalin the author spoke with confidence and gratitude. "There was a time when the Marshal was not so kindly towards us, and I remember that I said a few rude things about him, but our common dangers and common loyalties have wiped all that out. The fire of war has burnt up the misunderstandings of the past. We feel we have a friend whom we can trust, and I hope he will continue to feel the same about us. I pray he may live to see his beloved Russia not only glorious in war but also happy in peace."

How came it that these warm and trustful exchanges were followed by the tragic disappointment of the cold war? Many streams are needed to make a mighty river, but this volume clearly reveals "the little rift within the lute which makes all music dumb." The main source of the Polish patriots who rose against the poignant pages describe the butchery of the Polish patriots who rose against the German troops in Warsaw. With Hitler's forces staggering back from Russia and the victorious Russian troops only a few miles from the city, the Polish insurgents naturally believed they would receive Russian help against the common enemy. Nothing of the sort occurred. Rejecting the agonising supplications of the citizens and the hardly less urgent appeals of the British Government, Russia allowed the revolt to be drowned in a sea of blood. That it was not merely the indifference to human suffering which characterises Eastern nations—and the Russian mentality has always been more Eastern than Western—but a settled policy was proved by the callous refusal to allow British planes with supplies for the insurgents to land on the territory east of the

Vistula which was occupied by the Russian forces. This denial not only of ordinary humanity but of the principle of allied solidarity was a profound shock to the British Prime Minister and the Western Powers. What then was the motive behind the decision? Simply that it was the unalterable policy of the Kremlin that Poland should be liberated and ruled by Communists and by nobody else.

This was confirmed by Stalin's refusal to admit the émigré Polish Government in London, which was recognised and aided by Britain, to a status of equality with the Lublin Government which took its orders from Moscow. Despite the agreement reached at Yalta that the London and Lublin Poles should combine to form a national Government, Stalin placed every obstacle in the way of the former, whom he treated as enemies rather than friends. That they were enemies of Communism, and that every Pole who was not a Communist detested the thought of being ruled by Russian puppets, was true enough; but it was equally true that they represented the majority of the Polish people who had always looked to the West for their culture. Though this double-dealing justly angered the author and the British people, it is only fair to Russia to try to understand her case. After the unspeakable horrors of the German invasion it seemed vital to her security to instal a Russophil regime in the country through which the Germans had marched to the attack; and a Russophil government could only be a government under Communist control. Since the choice lay between a potential foe and a tame satellite state, the decision was inevitable.

It was an immense consolation for the author during these stormy years that he enjoyed not merely the confidence but the affection of President Roosevelt. Churchill has a warm heart, and the perfect understanding shines out in almost every chapter. Some differences, not of aim but of strategy, were to be expected. For instance they differed about the Vichy regime and General de Gaulle, and still more about the author's dream of an attack from the head of the Adriatic in the hope of reaching Vienna before the Russians. Despite such disagreements, it is a happy story of David and Jonathan till the death of the President, himself a war casualty. A surprising revelation in the pages devoted to America is that Harry Hopkins, for some unexplained reason, lost the favour of his chief during the last phase, as Colonel House had been dropped by Wilson twenty years before. The most moving item in the whole volume is the author's tribute to his friend in the House of Commons. "In Franklin Roosevelt there died the greatest American friend we have ever known, and the greatest champion of freedom who has ever brought help and comfort from the New World to the Old."

The epic story closes, not with a burst of trumpets, but on a note of apprehension. The election of 1945 was a shattering blow to the old captain who had steered the ship through the terrible storm. He does not realise that the Labour victory expressed, not ingratitude to himself, but a desire for more far-reaching social changes than his party was willing to provide. Far graver was his anxiety about the policy of Russia. Though Stalin, he declares, had been a magnificent ally, Soviet Russia had become a mortal danger to the free world, and a new front had to be created against her onward sweep. "Abounding triumph only intensified the inner darkness of human affairs." One of the most familiar experiences of history is that coalitions always break up when their immediate purpose is achieved, and that the more decisive the triumph the more bitter the disappointment. That he had done his best not only to win the war but to keep the Grand Alliance intact is proved beyond challenge by this documented record of the fiercest struggle in the story of mankind.

G. P. GOOCH.

* Winston S. Churchill. *The Second World War. Vol. VI. Triumph and Tragedy.* Cassell. 30s.

COMMUNISM OR CHRIST

This book covers so large a canvas that it is hard to summarize it briefly. The main thesis is an analysis of the antithesis between Communism and Christianity, both of which are vividly portrayed, though somewhat repetitively, but with excellent accounts of both. One feels that Dr. Lowry writes as a truly enthusiastic Christian, with a real sense of a mission to make clear to his readers the unique miracle of Christ. He has evidently grown to realize this more and more, so he does not treat it as something to be taken for granted but as an exciting discovery. On the other hand he is amazed at the incredible evil of Russian Communism, which "puts man into a strait-jacket which is unbearable, and which it is inconceivable he will endure for long." This new "religion" which was born in the British Museum, in the brain of the exiled German Jew, Karl Marx, has set out to conquer the world. In less than a century it has become more radically inhuman than the system against which it arose as a protest, being "reversion" not "revolution." It has "sealed people as in a tomb," under the all-inclusive power of the Party. We may call it Neo-Pharaohism. For never since those ancient days have men been treated so absolutely as mere things, robots, without rights or privileges of any sort. Yet today it controls 800 millions of human beings.

What is the source of its ability to gain such a victory? It may be attributed in part to the fact of its complete this-worldliness. It is the first great secular religion. It has a dream of "complete equality amid perfect plenty"; it has a picture "of a new transformed, uncompetitive, warless, classless, social order." But this dream could not have captured men's minds if the pre-condition had not been suitable for it, and this psychological pre-condition "was the creation of a spiritual vacuum in the soul of Western man through the loss of faith and through exclusive concentration on the things of this world . . . (Communism) is a symptom of disease and disorder in the body of Christian and liberal culture . . . It is a spiritual challenge to every responsible human being." In this immensely important moment of world history, America has suddenly come of age and come dead against this "stark, shocking, frightening reality." Its continental safety is no more, and it realizes that the appalling weapons it has helped to create may be turned against itself. "Can America learn humility? Can our people see themselves and their possessions and achievements and way of life with some detachment and sense of proportion? Can they be realistic about the American way, its values, defects and prospects in the world in which we live? Are they able to recognize themselves along with . . . all men in the portrait of the Prodigal Son? . . . If America can do this . . . there is hope of recovery, of reconciliation of health and new life." If not "gloom alone is left. Freedom passes and mankind puts on again the chains of slavery." This is the tremendous decision which it is essential to make. God does not force us to do right, "Providence must respect the freedom of man."

Dr. Lowry likens our age to the early centuries of our era, when men turn from reason and lose their nerve and their feeling of security. In such a time Christ came, healing and renewing the whole being of man, turning the world upside down, creating a new man, a new outlook, a new society. We learn this perhaps most clearly in the Gospel of St. John. "The Gospel produced by this great lover as well as thinker is something utterly unique. It is the supreme work of genius in Christian religious history; . . . the real interest of the author is . . . in the spiritual Christ." The miracle of this Gospel is that the result is not an incredible mythological figure, but a being who is personal, real and appealing in the highest sense. . . . The message of St. John is that love is sacrifice and that God, being Love, could not do other than give Himself, in and as Christ. And though Love, as Christ showed it, was rejected, yet the Crucifixion,

which seemed the absolute end, was truly the beginning of the mightiest triumph in history. So today, when it seems as though we are threatened by a complete collapse, there is, as in the earliest days of Christianity, a renewed interest in religion. The author believes it is possible to say that America, among other countries, is experiencing a religious revival, and he gives much evidence of this. It may be that U.S.A., which has "the mightiest opportunity in history", may "lead faltering mankind beyond the twilight and the hovering darkness into the sunshine of a larger and happier day." These are a few of the very interesting comments on our world situation today, written from the American point of view. Dr. Lowry sees with intensity the appalling difficulties and dangers which confront us. But he sees equally intensely the amazing, undefeatable power of Christianity, which gives his book a truly extraordinary interest. It is not a large book, not always an easy book, but it is a book which can guide us all to a greater understanding of the amazing times in which we live and can give us courage to hold fast to that which we know is good. Each one of us is needed as a crusader for Christianity in its purest form. May this book be very widely read.

A. RUTH FRY.

Communism or Christ. By Charles W. Lowry. M.A. (Harvard), D.Phil. (Oxon). Eyre & Spottiswoode. With a Foreword by the Dean of St. Paul's.

MALAYA

From Eton to Oxford; from Oxford to a Guards Regiment; with them to Malaya; and in Malaya from the army camp to the jungle in the north of the peninsula—alone, for a fortnight; not to fight the terrorists, but to spend a holiday. From a diary written during that holiday sprang up a book: fourteen days, fourteen main chapters. The author—Tom Stacey—is now 23. When he conceived and wrote the book he was 20. Does that mean that one has to be indulgent? Young author . . . first literary effort . . . Stacey does not need this. He stands on his—literary—feet quite strongly, despite his age. "The Hostile Sun" is definitely more than essay, more mature than many an attempt of similar character written by older men. What an unusual idea: to go to the jungle in order to spend a fortnight's leave, with little money, but a great deal of curiosity! With small experience, but a sincere wish to penetrate not only into the inside of the jungle, but also to the minds of that dying out tribe of Malayan aborigines who are apparently so near and so dear to the author's heart. They are called Temiar and are supposed to belong to the most primitive men in this world.

Tom Stacey has strong likes and dislikes. He likes the Malaysians and dislikes the Chinese; he loves the countryside (so why is the sun hostile?) and does not love the army. He has his, not always flattering, opinions about our civilisation. Altogether there are many things he disagrees with. Growing older he might change his strong opinions; but his book leaves one with the certainty that he will not change his opinion about Temiar—those little men and women, deep in the jungle, who live off fruit which they snatch from monkeys, and—when they are lucky—off monkeys who snatch their fruit. Pathetic, disease-ridden Temiar who wish no one ill, who are no fighters, who want nothing else than to be left in peace in their jungle world—and are not left in peace, because there is a war against terrorists in Malaya, and that war spread to the jungle. It is the Temiar dance, lasting three full nights, a dance to fight ill spirits, which conquered Stacey's imagination and is the centre piece of the book. He considers himself lucky that he had the chance to attend: a primitive dance of primitive people, accompanied by primitive songs, to chase away the demons, the primitive man's greatest enemies. That the author was

accepted into the holy circle at the time of the dance has a good reason. The Temiar think that he is the son of Pat Noone. But who is Pat Noone? Stacey went to the jungle not only to find out about Temiar; he went there also to find out about Pat Noone. Noone disappeared during the war, and there are several theories about what has happened to him. According to some, he died; others think that he is still alive, but hides himself for some reason. During the war against Japan he was engaged in fighting the invaders. Is he now with the terrorists—a white man with the yellow bandits? But why? Does he want to protect the aborigines? His wife was an aborigine. The Temiar people seem to know, but they would not tell, not even to one who stole himself—partly—into their confidence by letting them think that he was the great Pat Noone's son. And so Stacey could not solve the riddle. Perhaps it will be solved one day, now that a book was written around the riddle. With Stacey's literary methods one need not necessarily agree, but disagreement would not be fair, considering that the book is a diary only. The diary may at times appear controversial, in many parts it is enchanting. The enchantment of the jungle and the primitive aborigines is presented by a young man who possesses a strong capability to be impressed. Sometimes when the narrative becomes too complicated, one may be tempted to think that the young author's mind, too, is a jungle still; but there is nothing primitive about him: he is an aborigine of Kensington.

SIMON WOLF.

The Hostile Sun. By Tom Stacey. Duckworth & Co. 15s.

"POOR DEAR AUGUSTUS"*

When Molly Lepell, Lady Hervey, lay dying in 1768 her last words were "poor dear Augustus." They were spoken to her sailor son, Augustus Hervey, the husband of the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, the defender of the unfortunate Admiral Byng, and her favourite among the eight children whom she bore to the ambiguous creature called by Pope "Lord Fanny." Augustus, later third Earl of Bristol and Vice-Admiral of the Blue, would make an excellent subject for a full-scale biography. One cannot but regret that David Erskine should have limited himself to transcribing and editing the journals which cover only thirteen years of a life packed with incident. These diaries are always honest, often racy, not infrequently unedifying. On the other hand, there are long stretches dealing with naval activities which, however valuable to the historian of the English Navy in the second half of the eighteenth century, tend to be too technical for the average reader. Mr. Erskine is an admirable editor, neither too lavish nor too laconic in the matter of notes and commentaries; but is it not a little less than just to label as the "English Casanova" this likeable, if, far from moral, sailor? Whatever faults "poor dear Augustus" may have had, he never resembled that stock figure of melodrama, the "cold-hearted libertine"; and if his story were carried as far as his death in 1779 many traits would emerge to mitigate a judgment so severe.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

**Augustus Hervey's Journal.* Transcribed from the original Manuscript at Ickworth and edited by David Erskine. Kimber. 25s.

THE NEW WEST AFRICA

This composite work, edited by Basil Davidson and Adenekan Ademola, is a study of some of the problems of the transition to national independence. The historical background is described by Amanke Okafor, while Thomas Hodgkin, Henry Collins and Le Gros Clark deal with some of the actual sociological, political and economic aspects of the problem. The dedication to E. D. Morel, "great champion of African liberties," may carry the mind of

the reader back to the position in 1919 when his "Black Man's Burden" roused the conscience of the British people to the injustices suffered by the African. Though some doubts are cast on the intentions of the British Administration, no one could read the book without a vivid appreciation of the progress of some of the African peoples since those days and of the way their innate capacities have been fostered through educational opportunities and the work of missionaries and administrators. This is recognised by Ritchie Calder who, in his Introduction, refers to "the efforts and services of the enlightened, sincere and self-sacrificing British men and women who have worked for the well-being of the Africans." Amanke Okafor's historical chapter, with its quotations from bye-gone travellers, gives a remarkable impression of the strength and vitality of West African civilisation; of the achievements in arts and crafts and in community life, which were observed by travellers centuries ago and which were able to survive even the barbarities of the Slave Trade years. Other chapters tell of the breaking down of the old traditional loyalties and the building up of modern societies with new attachments and interests. Le Gros Clark emphasises that in the sphere of technical progress it is only Africans "who are familiar with the traditional African methods and know the feel of African soil on their fingers" who can determine the best course. This may seem sound in other spheres too. The peoples struggling towards self-government must surely work out their own ways of applying the doctrines and practices of the European Government. One may question the wisdom of Basil Davidson's suggestions for the speeding up of the process of change. And is it so certain that the "progressive policy" which he wishes to see adopted is really what the Africans would want?

MOSA ANDERSON.

The New West Africa. Allen & Unwin, 15s.

An excellent translation of the massive work of Ernst Robert Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 35s.) is a boon to scholars who cannot read or cannot procure the German original. Literature is here broadly defined as "the great intellectual and spiritual tradition of Western culture as given form in language," and there appear to be no gaps in his knowledge of this vast field, stretching from the classical world to our own times. Only a specialist in medieval languages and literature could do justice to the author's erudition, but it soon becomes clear to the general reader that this is one of the most ambitious and authoritative treatises of the last half century. The copious notes, the bibliography and the exhaustive index enhance the value of a work which deserves a place in every college library. Portions of the book dealing with philological questions and little known writers should not scare away the amateur who will find plenty of familiar names from Virgil onwards to welcome him. The most arresting figure on the crowded stage in Dante, who rightly receives the fullest treatment. The reader would do well to begin with the lecture delivered at the Goethe bicentenary in 1949 entitled "The Medieval Bases of Western Thought," which summarises a good deal of the matter collected in these six hundred pages, and he would be wise to read it again when he has assimilated as much of the narrative as he can digest. Rarely does a reviewer meet with a work of scholarship which excites not only interest and gratitude but the reverence due to an acknowledged masterpiece.

69653