THE EUROPEAN

THE JOURNAL OF OPPOSITION

NOVEMBER 1956 Vol. VIII. No. 3

Two Shillings and Sixpence

Contents include :

MARXISM AS A THEORY OF HISTORY
by ***A. JAMES GREGOR***

THE STORY OF EZRA POUND
by ***HARVEY BLACK***

DR. ADENAUER AND SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

ANALYSIS by ***EUROPEAN***

European economic union and the British Dominions : Does Mr. Macmillan suggest that Germany should finance the upkeep of the British Empire ? If not, the only alternative is the European pooling of overseas possessions : Is world war likely to begin in the Middle East ? The necessity for modernised conventional forces : Is the Suez situation the fault of Mr. Dulles or of Sir Anthony Eden ?

THEATRE CINEMA

POLITICS BOOKS TRAVEL

THE EUROPEAN

THE JOURNAL OF OPPOSITION

Number Forty-five
November - 1956

CONTENTS
NOVEMBER 1956

ANALYSIS by ***EUROPEAN*** .. .. Page 131
European economic union and the British Dominions : Does Mr. Macmillan suggest that Germany should finance the upkeep of the British Empire ? If not, the only alternative is the European pooling of overseas possessions : Is world war likely to begin in the Middle East ? The necessity for modernised conventional forces : Is the Suez situation the fault of Mr. Dulles or of Sir Anthony Eden ?

DR. ADENAUER AND SIR OSWALD MOSLEY.. Page 138

THE ECONOMICS OF HUNGER
by ***ROBERT ROW*** Page 139

MARXISM AS A THEORY OF HISTORY
by ***A. JAMES GREGOR*** Page 146

THE STORY OF EZRA POUND
by ***HARVEY BLACK*** Page 163

A DIARY .. .. Page 165

THEATRE : *EDINBURGH AND STRATFORD*
by ***EDWARD BOURKE-HALIBURTON*** Page 168

CINEMA : *CHAPLIN, FORD AND THE AUSTRALIAN SCENE* .. by ***VINCENT MURRAY*** Page 173

NEW BOOKS : *The Office of Prime Minister* by **Byrum E. Carter**
The English, are they Human? by **G. J. Renier**
Your Future is Now by **W. J. Thorne**
The Scrolls from the Dead Sea by **Edmund Wilson**
Secrets of the Dead Sea Scrolls by **H. J. Schonfield**
The Dead Sea Scrolls by **M. Burrows**
The Dead Sea Scrolls by **J. M. Allegro**
Trial by Fire by **Charles Elliott** .. Page 176

FAR EAST JOURNEY : II. SINGAPORE
by ***JOHN HAYLOCK*** Page 184

WASHBURN AND SONS LIMITED
QUEENS ROAD, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA

ANALYSIS

ANY MOVE in the right direction should be generously applauded, however tardy, hesitant or timid. Mr. Macmillan's Washington speech should therefore be regarded in the first instance with a friendly eye. A man of some ability after a few months at the Treasury has plainly come to the conclusion that the present economic system of these islands cannot last. This first faint flicker of the dawn of sense in government is to be welcomed. Much can be said later about the slow hesitation of even this approach.

The Messina powers do not plan to complete their common trade system before the lapse of twelve to fifteen years. Even so, they go too far and too fast for Mr. Macmillan. He wants all kinds of safeguards and makes many reservations. For the moment we need not worry much about all that. He has been impelled at least to feel the water with his toe by pressure of the developing economic situation, and the same force is likely to push both him and the Messina powers into the deep end with a big splash before the fifteen years have run very far. European economic union will come because they cannot do without it, not because they like it. The movement will gather momentum under the "sharp glance of necessity". Therefore we need not worry greatly about all these academic reservations ; we should rather be grateful that long-obvious facts begin to be recognised. At this stage the only point which needs making in the economic sphere is the simple query. why should we so greatly fear that British Dominions will object to so large an extension of their market ? They have always asked from the mother country a market for their primary products which Great

Britain was not really large enough to supply. Why should they object to an extension of our business which can provide them with the market they have hitherto lacked ? The question may be too simple, but it provides at least an initial answer to the seemingly exaggerated apprehension that the Dominions will object to Britain's entry into some economic union with Europe, and will refuse to continue the old association. They will not presumably wish to leave their whole European market to the primary production of a developed Africa.

The Question of Sovereignty : a Study in Horses and Carts

A far bigger question is whether the economic approach is the right beginning. It is hoped to avoid the question of sovereignty, at least until a much later stage. The argument runs that the peoples will get used to working together in economic matters, long before any question of common sovereignty with late enemies can arise. This view seems optimistic and slipshod, but it will probably be implemented in the early stages. Very soon, of course, any form of economic union or free trade area will bump right into the question of sovereignty. We shall then find ourselves in a far worse position than if we had faced the problem in advance, thought out all the implications and planned to meet them. If we never dare to think of any difficulty until it hits us on the head, life will become a series of bigger and better Suezes.

A common trade, or free trade, area presents immediate problems if the question of sovereignty is not faced from the outset. Within Europe we have different wage rates, different hours of labour, different taxation and rating systems, different systems of welfare, social and industrial insurance, etc., which impose varying charges on industry. All these things make an immense difference to the competitive capacity of the various peoples in a common market. Quite apart from any habit of some to work harder than others, which must be recognised as competition that is fair and can even be beneficial, these great variations in rewards and conditions must create much competition that is unfair and can be disastrous to many well established industries. How can these problems be overcome except by a common sovereignty ? The first act of union should clearly include power to some common authority under government at least to secure sufficient uniformity of condition to ensure that competition is fair between comparable industries ; there must be a deliberate levelling up of the lower standards of life

by active co-operation between European government and European trade unionism. How else can it be done ? And if it be not done, how can economic union work ? Without such action — which can only come from some common sovereignty — should we not risk such a failure that the whole European idea would be discredited ? Will not our leaders then once again fulfil the only historic purpose they have so far evinced — the capacity to take an institution bequeathed by others (e.g. British Empire) or an idea conceived by others and resisted until the last moment by themselves (e.g. European union) and very thoroughly destroy or discredit it by the weakness of their character and the ineptitude of their conduct ? These are questions which must arise at some point in the near future. Before we muddle along much further, we should really ask ourselves whether we are not putting the cart before the horse in discussing the economic union of Europe before even considering any form of common sovereignty.

Does Mr. Macmillan suggest that Germany should finance the upkeep of the British Empire?

Mr. Macmillan at Washington recognised implicitly another important fact. Great Britain at present has no serious prospect of providing a sufficient surplus of home production over home consumption to finance the development of what is left of Empire. So Mr. Macmillan turns to Europe as a whole to find the necessary surplus for that investment. We have long pointed in the same direction, but have always stipulated conditions which can make the process practical ; the common sovereignty and common ownership of overseas possessions. Let no-one deceive himself for a moment that there will be any great rush of capital out of Europe to invest in the old British firm under present management ; European capital would be even more reluctant than American capital. Germany at present looks like having the largest surplus available for such development. But why should Germans finance a concern at present conducted by Britain's leading Germanophobes with such conspicuous incapacity that it is becoming a pressing problem to prevent the £ being devalued against the mark ? If a German compares his country's present position with its situation ten years ago and then makes a corresponding comparison in British conditions, will he really hurry his money out of Germany to invest in British Empire under present management ? It is obvious under present conditions that Germans would prefer to invest in a country of

infinite possibility, like Brazil, which has a large German population and a developing German management. Any English statesman is living in a world of his own if he seriously believes that Europe will carry him the next stage of the journey when a disillusioned America lays down the burden of the last decade.

If not, the only alternative is the European pooling of overseas possessions

There is only one way to find the means for the development of the overseas source of supply and the sure market we at present lack ; it is the pooling of European overseas possessions. And again we come back to the question of sovereignty; for, in the end, it will be found that nothing is practical without it. The surplus of all Europe would be available for investment in overseas possessions of common ownership. Confidence would then exist, and a common ideal which would find the means and evoke the spirit that works wonders. The greatness of Britain's gesture in pooling possessions for an European mission would wipe out all bitterness of the past and place her again at a summit of history. We have the political skill inherited from our imperial past which can persuade diverse peoples to work together in a common task ; the Germans have an energy and organising capacity which can drive through that task in a time so short that it will be a new miracle ; the French will contribute the clarity of their intellect and that hard practical sense which is so essential to all great achievement, and may even manage to teach us all how to enjoy the result ! Add all the diverse qualities and genius of the Italians, Spaniards, and the other European peoples, and the " second Hellas " may yet be reached in our time.

A dream, you say again ? Very well, get on with your nightmare. But remember, when you wake up crying that nobody will carry the old lady any further, it may be too late.

Is world war likely to begin in the Middle East ?

The pitiful collapse of government policy in the Middle East is now so obvious as to need no further comment. The complacency of a fatuous optimism has stampeded into the hysteria of an unreasoning pessimism. The new conservative cry is that this tragic-comic failure makes inevitable the start of a world war in the Middle East. In fact. the gloom of today is as ill-founded as the levity of yesterday. The first question is, what do they mean by world war ? If they mean a bid by the Soviets for world mastery with both sides using the H-

bomb and all the extreme weapons, then the clear answer is that what has just occurred makes not one whit of difference. The Soviets will not launch such a war unless they are reasonably sure of winning without irreparable damage to themselves, and that question will be decided by the balance of scientific weapons and not by the balance of prestige in a game of bluff and politics in the Middle East. In that event, too, they will not give warning to their enemies by striking at his extremities, but will launch forthwith a decisive blow at the heart. Those who gabble these new illusions are as confused in mind as they are ignorant of the elementary facts in a modern war ; a conservative suffering from concussion of the vanity is indeed a muddled being.

There is no chance of the Russian launching world war — which is H war — so long as he is likely to get more than he gives, which is still the present situation. He may launch world war of another kind when both sides possess these weapons in such a degree that their use means world destruction, but this stage seems still a little way ahead; it will be a war of conventional armies when neither side dare use the H weapons. Even then he will strike at the heart and not at the limbs, with a march of Russian armies through Europe under cover of the confidence that no H weapon would be used against Moscow for fear of the H weapon that could be used against London or New York. But just muddling into world war in the Middle East in present conditions is something excluded from any realistic calculations ; in fact, it is the kind of game reserved for the present incumbents of Whitehall.

The necessity for modernised conventional forces

The present Russian strategy is, obviously, to obtain all the advantages they can by a judicious mixture of politics and violence, without incurring world war. They may well incite and finance all kinds of people to attack each other in the Middle East with the object of further humiliating and weakening the western powers ; they will, also, complicate any task of restoring order by sending highly trained volunteers on the model of the Spanish civil war. But they will not risk world war—which is H war—unless some turn of the wheel of science gives them the certainty of winning without risk of their own destruction. Our part, in any case, is to prepare to meet all these contingencies not only with the ultimate H weapons of the last necessity, but also with conventional forces supplied with tactical A weapons and trained in their use ; a long-term army of highly

paid and highly trained specialists. That force will, anyhow, be needed before very long to protect the heart of Europe from the thrust of Russian armies, directly the working of the H bomb has been developed to the point of world destruction, and the terror of this knowledge is deep sunk in the consciousness of all peoples. That is the point at which Russian armies will be free again to march because the H deterrent will be lacking — and that is the point at which modernised conventional forces must be ready to meet them. In the meantime these forces will be necessary to defend the vital interests of Britain and Europe in a whole series of semi-military, semi-guerrilla operations which the Russians are now preparing.

But let us first decide what are our vital interests, what we mean to defend and where. That is the first question which the European peoples should decide together. A clear decision and a clear announcement of their firm intention would do much to reduce the chances of explosion. These are all elementary questions which can be stated with some clarity, even if it be difficult to get any clear answer from the prevailing powers. These serious matters are merely confused by light-minded jabber of an inevitable world war, which at present derives from the simple fact that conservatism finds some difficulty in resuming its customary, and most comfortable seat after Nasser's last kick. We are at present suffering from our leaders having talked too much and too soon ; these injuries will be healed neither by hysteria nor by further bragging.

Is the Suez situation the fault of Mr. Dulles or of Sir Anthony Eden ?

When an opponent is in such a mess as Sir Anthony Eden it is the instinct of any normal man to stand back from the fight ; the fallen will be worried to death soon enough by his own jackal pack, and the impulse is rather to defend than to strike a man in such a plight. But when Mr. T. Leathers, M.P., tells us the whole Suez business was the fault of the Americans, we are moved to some further comment. Was it the fault of the Americans that British government failed in the first instance to decide firmly and clearly between two different policies ? The first was to prepare for the use of the Cape route in recognition of the fact that holding the friendship of the Arab peoples in face of Russia was more important than Suez. The second was to hold Suez at all costs, in accord with the Prime Minister's view that it was of life and death importance to us ; but, in that event, it was a criminal folly to leave the Canal Zone. Was it the fault of America that after every warning Nasser or the

world could offer, Britain was still not ready with the small force necessary for immediate action if trouble came ? Was it America's fault that, having failed to provide the means of action, British government boasted loudly, unnecessarily and foolishly, of its fiery intention to act, until its precipitate flight when its bluff was called made our country a world-wide laughing stock ? None of these things were the fault of America ; they were all the fault of Sir Anthony Eden.

Mr. Dulles may have been slow to recognise all the winks and double shuffles in the funny little game of parlour politics and old-time diplomacy, with which Eden tried to extricate himself from the inevitable consequences of his failure to face facts and take major decisions in time. But it is ridiculous to assert that the main situation was the fault of the Americans, and that Sir Anthony Eden's only fault was " bending over backwards " to placate them. Yet in this matter we may perhaps accept " bending over backwards " as the governing words. Can the diverting spectacle of this strange contortion possibly indicate that after Mr. Macmillan's return from his Washington discourse our new boneless wonder is again confronting himself with the insuperable task of discovering whether he still " feels in his bones " that Britain should not enter Europe ?

EUROPEAN

SUNDAY EXPRESS ANNOUNCEMENT 21. 10. 56.

A divorce has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Max Beaverbrook of "Sunnyside", Jamaica and Fanny Eden of 10 Downing Street, London, S.W.1

DR. ADENAUER AND SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

As no English paper has published in full the result of Sir Oswald Mosley's action against Dr. Adenauer in the German Courts, we print below the letter sent to Sir Oswald's Solicitors on behalf of Dr. Adenauer. As the result of this letter which gave him full satisfaction Sir Oswald Mosley has withdrawn his action.

" *I take note of the conversations between us, in which in the name of your client you made the proposal for a settlement out of court of the impending action before the Court of Bonn.*

" *In the answer to your statement of claim of* 30.4.56 *I stated the following*

(1) *The Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, according to the Protocol of the Press Tea of March* 31, 1953, *did not mention Sir Oswald's name, and, therefore, certainly did not make any damaging comments concerning him.*

(2) *Sir Oswald Mosley at once denied the statements appearing in the press after the conference and thereby made the matter entirely clear.*

(3) *In the affair of Dr. Naumann and the following decision of the High Court of December* 31, 1954 *in which the opening of the principal proceedings were refused and the accused were placed out of jeopardy of further proceedings, no allegations were made against Sir Oswald Mosley concerning his participation in the matter.*

If therefore your client suffered any unpleasantness through press publication, this is to be regretted.

I take note of the fact that Sir Oswald Mosley withdraws his action and thereby carries the costs."

The action arose from the fact that it was stated in various neswpapers that Dr. Adenauer in an interview to the world press had accused Mosley of being behind an alleged attempt by the Naumann circle against the German state. Dr. Adenauer's statement kills once and for all rumours which were used to damage Mosley at home and abroad. Sir Oswald Mosley has consequently withdrawn his action against Dr. Adenauer in the German courts.

We refrain from further comment at this stage as we understand that Sir Oswald Mosley is considering taking further action in the English courts.

THE ECONOMICS OF HUNGER

by ROBERT ROW

AN ominous note has crept into the speeches of leading politicians. Those who talked of "doubling our standard of living" a year or two ago have a different story today. "Invest in Success" has disappeared from the hoardings. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is up against facts; fatuous optimism would indeed come badly from a Minister whose own department issues very frank statistics every month.

Mr. Macmillan has made a series of warning speeches since he took over at the Treasury. His "Writing on the Wall" statement was intended as advance notice to the T.U.C. not to apply for new wage increases, a warning rejected by the leaders of the unions. Briefly, the Chancellor said that wages could not go up because countries like Germany and the United States, our strongest competitors, were not faced with anything like Britain's internal inflation.

He said that in Germany earnings since 1953 had risen by 15 per cent, and output by 15 per cent. American wages had risen by 10 per cent, and output by the same percentage. But in Britain, wages had gone up by 20 per cent yet output had increased only by 10 per cent.

Could any writing on the wall be plainer than this, enquired the Chancellor? It could not, indeed. Yet this is simply the situation long forecast in his speeches and writings since the war by Sir Oswald Mosley. He has said, year after year, that Britain inevitably must face the realities of trade war between the industrial countries of the world. Cut-throat competition would certainly return once the immediate post-war shortages had been made good; and if the Soviets turned from their aggressive policy, since hydrogen bombs

made aggression too dangerous, and relaxed world tension in order to undermine their capitalist opponents by ending the arms boom on which Western prosperity is based.

In addition to these external economic factors, the situation is further complicated by the internal inflationary measures which Labour and Conservative governments, with that peculiar madness that afflicts the aged and the senile, alike have pursued.

The two Labour governments of 1945 to 1951 made inflation their avowed financial policy. They showed that the *Daily Herald* meant what it said when it stated before the war that this was the Labour method. Sir Stafford Cripps gave it an extra boost when he got into trading difficulties in 1949 and devalued the pound sterling. Marshal Stalin gave it a bigger push when he induced North Korea to march south of the 49th Parallel in 1950, so starting the Korean War boom which had such dire effects on Britain's extremely vulnerable position under the Labour Government.

Inflation is the Labour method : very well. We have long accepted that a party buried in the pseudo-scientific theories of the 19th century, with a smattering of Keynes, should choose this short-sighted way of trying to bring Socialism. But now the Conservatives also inflate. Ever since 1951 they have followed the disastrous course set by Cripps. They have continued to inflate by pumping Treasury bills and other financial means into the nationalised industries. Their object has been to keep the workers in these key industries quiet. Conservatism exists today to conserve the methods and mistakes of Labour. The result is a bigger mess than ever, for the country is in the throes of inflation and the workers get restive again.

Mr. Macmillan's statement that the writing is on the wall is borne out by the figures and information issued by the Treasury. This department, in its " Bulletin For Industry " in July, revealed the failure of Britain's motor industry to rise to the expectations which it aroused soon after the war. Between 1950 and 1955, there was an expansion of its passenger car output of some 72 per cent. This was the outcome of heavy investment, and also an increase in the industry's labour force from 1953 to 1955 of some 11 per cent (against a 5 per cent increase in manufacturing as a whole). Yet the whole of this increase in output was absorbed into the home market. The number of cars exported remained beneath the 1950 figure. In other words, the main object of that heavy investment and high labour force, in an economy geared to an export drive, was not

achieved, Britain remains essentially an exporting country under the present system : she did not advance one inch in car exports (a " star " industry) in the vital years when Germany has made her great come-back. Instead, the bigger output of cars was siphoned off into an inflated home market. Could more dramatic proof exist that Britain is fast losing ground under the international system of today ?

The Treasury's " Bulletin For Industry " followed this up in August by a further example of what inflation and high labour costs mean to Britain as a competitor in the trade of the world. It stated :

> ". . . there has been no comparable increase in labour costs in West Germany. The recent report by officials on German competition suggests that between 1950 and 1955, labour costs per unit of output in manufacturing industry rose by more than one quarter in the U.K. and only about 2 per cent in Germany. From 1954 to 1955, while they rose substantially in the U.K., in West Germany they appear not to have risen."

While Britain fights an intensifying trade war without making progress in key industries, her chief competitors forge ahead, and her costs of production rise far more than theirs. Her extra production does not go overseas : it is absorbed at home. This is all very nice for those workers sufficiently well organised to keep to the front of the rising spiral of wages and prices, but what of the country as a whole ?

Britain must export to live under the present economic dispensation. British farming has been so starved of men and capital, so hag-ridden by bureaucracy and so bewildered by radical changes of policy, that the country only grows one-half of the food which it eats.

Yet, if export trade continues to shrink to the same extent as from 1950 (it was 25 per cent of the world total then : today it is considerably under 20 per cent) then we shall be obliged to fall back on home production.

Unfortunately, farming is not an industry which can expand its output at short notice. Cabinet ministers may muddle the country into a trade decline very quickly : that does not mean that farmers can come to the rescue as suddenly. Farming needs time and patience, it needs better weather than we have seen this year to work miracles. Above all, it wants better treatment than it has had since the last war ended in 1945. Farmers responded nobly to the urgent

needs of the country in two world wars : the shabby treatment meted out to them afterwards does not encourage them to rise to the appeals and exhortations of the politicians yet a third time.

But quite apart from the willingness of the farmer to forget old grievances it is clearly impossible for him to produce food at the speed with which it may be lost to Britain in a world system in breakdown.

The cereals and eggs and bacon on the table every morning arrive with regularity because so far the economic system has continued to deliver the goods. But this is a famished world ; two out of every three people in it go to bed hungry. Its present population is 2,600 million, and the United Nations agencies claim there will be almost twice as many in fifty years' time. World food production would have to increase by more than 25 per cent adequately to feed the people already alive, and it would have to continue expanding by 1.3 per cent every year. Yet there are only five ascertainable cases in which any country, over a period of 40 years, has achieved a rate of increase in the output of any major foodstuff greater than 1 per cent.

The world does not owe Britain a living. We have been fed so far because, so far, we have had a strong trading position. Forty years ago the centre of world finance, with a great Empire, a vast food-producing group of countries, and, up to the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, holding foreign assets worth over £4,000 million in pre-war value, those assets brought in hundreds of millions in interest every year, mainly in the form of foodstuffs (which were sold on the British home market, depressing the prices of British home-produced foods). That was how the city populations were fed.

But the position has been radically changed. Those assets were almost all sold to pay for the war. The interest does not come in so freely. That means that food imports come in less plentifully. Britain is heavily in debt : the sterling balances of the Colonies alone have passed the £1,400 million mark, the result of both Labour and Conservative policy in robbing overseas territories of the dollars their products bring in, and giving them blocked sterling instead.

The country has very slim reserves to fall back on, and a new low danger level was reached in gold and dollar balances in August, when they fell back to a little over £800 million : half the gains of the year were lost in one month. Dollar aid may not be so plentiful,

with the threat of world war so much less. If our share of world trade goes on falling as it has done since 1950, what then ? If Britain prices herself out of world markets by her internal rise in costs, if the new athletic Germany captures more trade, if America unloads her surpluses and Russia deliberately undercuts, what happens to Britain's exports and so to her ability to import food ?

Let us take an extreme example : without any imports we should have to miss every other meal. (Unless one section of the community continued living as well as before, increasing the suffering elsewhere even more, which would mean revolution.)

But that is not all. Britain also imports about 6 million tons of animal feeding stuffs every year, in addition to fertilisers. If these were not available, home agriculture would be hit very badly. The imports amount to roughly half of the total concentrated feeding stuffs fed to British livestock, that is, almost the entire ration of pigs and poultry and a very important part of the dairy cattle ration. A reduction of supplies of animal feeding stuffs would mean that, as in wartime, human diet would be seriously short of protein. We should have to get along on more potatoes and bread.

Not only would total food output suffer : the quality would be far worse. This in turn would mean serious malnutrition, the polite name given to slow starvation.

Some idea of what this would mean may be gathered from the fact that in 1883, when poverty existed as it has never since been known, the average height of boys of $13\frac{1}{2}$ years of age in industrial schools was 2.6 inches shorter than that of artisan boys, and 5.8 inches shorter than that of the professional classes. Malnutrition also results in a marked increase in rickets, bad teeth, anaemia, measles, whooping-cough, and diphtheria. Even in the bad old days, food came into Britain in great quantities. This time it may be stopped, bringing actual starvation. Millions die each year in the East because they have no food. Might not this happen also here ?

The writing is on the wall indeed. Britain can no longer rely for her daily bread on an international system of trade which threatens breakdown at any time. Yet when one way of making a living fails an energetic and resourceful country will soon find another. If an old-established shopkeeper falls on evil days he does not simply put up the shutters, to sit down and starve to death. He gets busy cultivating the garden. Britain still possesses a great overseas estate, not so large as the Empire knocked down and given away, but nevertheless of considerable size and with enormous potentialities.

At home there are only two-thirds of an acre of farmland, excluding " rough grazings ", for each of the 50 million inhabitants. But much of the land farmed indifferently today can be far better managed. There are 4 million acres of " marginal " land, seriously under-farmed for generations, excellent for stock-raising and butter-making. Much of the 18 million acres of " rough grazings " could summer large herds, to be fattened in the winter on better land.

There are also half a million acres of silt-formed coastal and estuary lands : with efficient coastal defences these could become among the richest in the country. If the farmer is given necessary security and stability by a long-term and settled policy of full development of home resources, an enlightened credit policy and self-government to develop his industry, he will not fail to expand home production.

There are not enough workers on the land, however. Only 5 per cent of the British people are actively engaged in food production, against 20 per cent in Holland, 35 per cent in France and 50 per cent in Spain. Unemployment alone is not sufficient inducement to get them there : the revival of the villages, more amenities on the farms, encouragement of small holdings, and perhaps most important of all, emphasis on the owner-occupied and family-run farm, will get the best type of worker on the land, where quality of work is as vital as elsewhere.

An important incentive to agricultural revival would be Sir Oswald Mosley's proposal, in his " automation " policy, for Government deliberately to raise the prices of farm and other primary products to balance the greater wages and profits which the industrial worker in automated industry will command in the future.

An agricultural miracle cannot be performed with the speed with which British trade collapses, yet the blow will be cushioned better if farming, for the first time, gets the stable policy it has always demanded. But obviously food must come from elsewhere, not to undercut the home farmer's prices, but to supplement his production and keep the people's diet as high as possible.

Here Mosley's Europe-African policy attains its real importance. Large parts of Western Europe have still to be fully developed. British products can be sold here once British Government and industry are European-minded, and internal customs and trade barriers go.

This does not mean the switching-about of large food " sur-

pluses" from one end of Europe to the other, adding unnecessary transport costs to the bill and destroying the freshness of many foods. The ideal is for every area to feed itself as much as possible. Yet there will be shortages in some, and surpluses in others ; some form of European co-ordination authority must therefore be created, to handle the food which must be moved, to store any surpluses not immediately needed and in particular to feed the big cities.

Africa offers another great source of supply, once it is developed. New skills and techniques must be learnt to develop resources to the full without damage. But the people must be fed while the long-term development of this great continent is being undertaken. Clearly that food must come from the surpluses of Latin America, Australia and New Zealand. Despite every blunder of the past the call of the blood remains strong in these countries. There is also the important fact that, with a new integration in Europe, they would find there new opportunities for their primary produce in the high-wage common market of 300 million Europeans.

It would be a great market for Australia's surplus grain, which has been one of her major headaches for years. The same applies to the Argentine. Both primary-producing countries would have access in return to the new industrial output of an integrated Europe. Yet the major food-producing lands outside Europe will remain the 4,700,000 square miles of waving grasslands of white man's Africa, which hold such great possibilities for tomorrow.

The writing is on the wall. Britain must choose between a miserable decline into semi-starvation and a great effort to develop the resources of two great continents. With intensive husbandry and the new wonders of science an age of plenty can yet be achieved. Is Britain going to live, or die like a pauper in the workhouse ?

MARXISM AS A THEORY OF HISTORY

by A. JAMES GREGOR

THE " Materialist Conception of History " lies at the very heart of Marxism. For of the three elements which comprise theoretical Marxism (Philosophy, Sociology and Economics) the theory of history is by far the most important.[1] Seeking to make his philosophy consistent with the consequences of this theory of history, Marx abandoned the idealism of his youth — to neglect, ultimately, metaphysics, in general — never to settle his accounts, with any finality, with European philosophy.[2] The theory of history also provided the motive impulse, and subsequently directed to its service Marx's study of political economy. This " materialist conception of history," then, provides the very foundation for the theoretical structure of Marxism.

Marx's philosophic studies, in themselves, had not led him to assume a socialist position ; in point of fact, the then extant German socialism had repelled him. It was French socialism, with its proletarian, economic-materialist bias, and its cries of " inevitability " and " historic necessity " that was to win him, forcing him to abandon the humanism of Feuerbach he had earlier espoused.

French materialism, incubated in hegelianism and feuerbachianism, then made its appearance in the Marxist manuscripts in the form of a

[1] " The materialist conception of history is the cornerstone of Marxism . . . Without this conception of history one cannot be a Marxist . . ." Theimer, *Der Marxismus*, p. 46 ; cf. Kautsky, *Die materialistische Geschichtsauffassung*, i, pp. v, 3.

[2] " Dialectical materialism " which pretends to be a philosophy is, by and large, a parody of Marx's youthful feuerbachianism and was not seriously formulated until the appearance of Engels' *Anti-Duehring*, of 1877-8, that is almost a quarter of a century after Marx had ceased his specifically philosophic studies. Marx, himself, never provided us with an exposition of this " mature " philosophy —it is almost entirely the result of Engels' labours. cf. Gregor, " Marxism as Philosophy ", *European*, p. 42, August 1956.

compelling conviction of the "necessity," the inevitability, of revolution — a faith in an apocalyptic catastrophe generated, not by human will or decision, but by the very productive processes of civil society itself.[3]

The idealism of the youthful Marx was overwhelmed by this idea of "historic necessity". Where Marx had hitherto maintained that men made their own history, that revolution, handmaiden of progress, was the product of an intellectual appraisal of the social order,[4] that the proletariat were to constitute but the physical "tools" of the revolutionary theory born in the brain of man, he was, a short time later, to proclaim that "we are not concerned . . . with what this or that proletarian, or even the proletariat as a whole, may regard as its aim. What we are concerned with is, what the proletariat will, in accordance with the nature of its own being, *be historically compelled to do*. Its goal and its historical action are obvious, and irrevocably indicated."[5]

It was no longer theory or conviction or moral indignation that was to compel the revolution, but objective history.

There was more than a simple change in mood and temperament in these writings separated by only a year's interval — there was a complete redirection. That redirection we can ascribe, largely, to the influence of French materialism[6] (that of Leroy, Cabanis, Lamettrie, Diderot, Malbranche and Bayle)[7] under the guise of socialism.

French Socialism, rooted in this materialism of the XVIIIth century, had kindled Marx's enthusiasm. Its conclusions were so appealing to his revolutionary predisposition that he cast aside the sound objections he had earlier raised against materialism and accepted philosophic materialism and its necessary determinism.[8]

Having accepted materialism and its theoretical consequences Marx abandoned the philosophic preoccupations of his youth and

[3] "(The proletariat) is driven by the need, now commanding—ineluctable, imperious . . . to rebellion," Marx, *Die Heilige Familie*, (Rinascita Ed.), p. 41.

[4] "The Belgian revolution is a product of the Belgian intellect (des belgischen Geistes)." Marx, "Debatten ueber Pressefreiheit und Publikation der landstaendischen Verhandlungen," *Aus dem literarischen Nachlass von Marx, Engels und Lassalle*, i, p. 215; "Germany's revolutionary past is particularly theoretical, . . . it is the philosopher in whose brain the revolution begins." Marx, "Zur Kritik der Hegelschen Rechtsphilosophie", *Die Fruehschriften*, p. 217; cf. also Marx's letters to Ruge, 1843, *Marx, Engels Correspondence*.

[5] Marx, *Die Heilige Familie*, p. 41.

[6] cf. von Schulze-Gaevernitz, *Marx oder Kant*, p. 8; Garaudy, *Die franzoesischen Quellen des wissenschaftlichen Sozialismus*, pp. 287 ff.

[7] cf. Marx, *Die Heilige Familie*, pp. 136 ff.

[8] Labriola refers to this determinism as being "derived, reflex and complex", Labriola, *Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History*, p. 124.

devoted his time to the study of man in his " real ", " practical " interrelations ; for in accordance with the new disposition which dominated his thought economics was the very foundation of civil society. Thus the acceptance of socialist materialism marked the close of Marx's philosophic, and the beginning of his economic, studies. His economic studies were begun in order to muster the " objective proofs " for his recently acquired historical preconceptions. His economic studies, then, were governed by the anterior conclusions of the socialist faith he had assumed.[9]

We view " Historical Materialism " (as Marx's materialist conception of history came to be known) then, as the foundation upon which was erected Marx's subsequent theoretical system. In it the philosophy of the youthful Marx was engulfed — out of it arose Marxian economics, the " proof " of socialist anticipations.

By 1845 Marx had committed himself to the intuited faith that universal revolution was both ineluctable and imminent. With the writing of the *Communist Manifesto* in 1847-8 that conviction was still proclaimed but not, as yet, reasoned.[10]. It was only with the appearance of the *Critique of Political Economy* that the materialist conception of history, the rational justification of his faith, was presented with any kind of clarity and elaboration. From 1844, when the germs of the new world view first made their appearance, until 1859, when we can say that the system became relatively articulate in the Critique, Marx slid down the slippery incline from a humanistic voluntaryism to a materialist determinism. Try as he might, from thenceforward, Marx was never able to extricate himself from the confines of his own conclusions.

II

Marx was never one to write simply and with clarity when it was at all possible to obscure his ideas with strange turns of speech and vague qualifications; we find nowhere a precise, relatively brief exposition of his view of historical development, the essence of his system.

Of the many, many books written, either by antagonists or protagonists, each presumes correctly to " interpret " Marx. And there are perhaps as many interpretations as there are books on

[9] " In fact, Marx's major conclusions antedate his political economy, which above everything else represents an effort to set certain preconceived notions in a framework that would be acceptable to men . . ." Turner, *Challenge to Karl Marx*, p. 179.

[10] " The proletarian revolution was proclaimed by Marx before the economic foundations were worked out." Breuer, *Der junge Marx*, p. 130.

Marx. Never has there been unity even within the ranks of the "Marxists" themselves, and we must ascribe at least part of the weight of responsibility to the founding fathers of "critical communism", who never failed to write an obscure pamphlet where a lucid expression would have sufficed.

One can only pick one's way warily through the profusion of Marxian writings, selecting the most authoritative, the most consistent expositions of the system, and weigh them in the critical light of reason.[11]

Following Marx himself, the writings of Engels offer the best source of corroboration for any conclusions which might tentatively be arrived at. Only then can further assistance be solicited from the "classical" Marxists, Kautsky, Mehring, Plekhanov, Labriola, Cunow, Lenin and Stalin, as well as from Marxism's "classical" detractors, Pareto, Sorel, Masaryk and Woltman.

III

Perhaps the best exposition of the materialist conception of history is that which is to be found in the preface to the *Critique of Political Economy*. Despite its painful shortcomings[12] it is perhaps the most lucid presentation of the theory in its essential entirety to be found anywhere in Marxist literature.

(1) In the social production of their life, men enter into definite relations that are indispensable and independent of their will . . .

(2) (These) relations of production . . . correspond to a definite stage of development of their material productive forces.

(3) The sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society . . .

(4) (This is) the real foundation, on which rises a legal and political superstructure and to which correspond definite forms of social consciousness. (This) mode of production of material life conditions the social, political and intellectual life process in general. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their being, but on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness.

(5) At a certain stage in their development, the material productive forces of society come into conflict with the existing relations of

[11] We here part company with those who wish to neglect the "letter" of the Marxian texts in order to entertain their "spirit". It is at least doubtful that the seeking after the "spirit" of Marx should bring better results than the reading of Marx's manuscripts. cf. Cole *et al. Marxism*, pp. 228 f ; Sorel, *Saggi sul Marxismo*, p. 63.

[12] cf. Masaryk, *Die philosophischen und socialogischen Grundlagen des Marxismus*, pp. 93 f.

> production . . . From forms of development of the productive forces these relations turn into their fetters. Then begins an epoch of social revolution.[13]

This constitutes, in essence, historical materialism, the Marxist theory of history. This exposition is relatively clear and the reader subjecting himself to it a few times will discover that the moving forces of historical development, the determinants of history, are the material productive forces (*materiellen Produktivkraefte*).

Productive relations (property relations) are " independent " of the will of man but must " correspond " to the " material productive forces " which are in the process of development. These productive relations (determined by the stage of development of the productive forces)[14] coupled with the productive forces themselves, constitute the " real foundation " (the mode of production)[15] which determines the consciousness of men.

It is only when the material productive forces can no longer freely develop within the confines of the existing productive relations (which correspond to the conditions of an earlier stage in the development of the productive forces) that history " moves " by means of social revolution. Thus revolution, by virtue of which history proceeds, is precipitated by changes in the forces of production. Productive relations which had developed to facilitate production become, as the productive forces outgrow them, fetters on production. The result is a qualitative change in the social order, a " leap " in historical progression, the ultimate consequences of prior gradual quantitative changes in the economic structure of society.

The " material productive forces ", therefore, constitute the demiurge of world history[16]—the productive forces stand behind the social history of man, and only through their activity is world history possible.[17]

But what are these strange and powerful forces and how do they develop ?

---

[13] Marx, *Critique of Political Economy* (Kerr Ed.), pp. 11 f.

[14] ". . . the forces of production. . . determine the development of all social relations . . ." Plekhanov, *Fundamental Problems of Marxism*, p. 36; " First the productive forces of society change and develop, and then, depending on these changes and in conformity with them, men's relations of production . . . change ", Stalin, *Dialectical and Historical Materialism*, p. 31.

[15] cf. Cornforth, *Dialectical Materialism*, ii, chap. IV.

[16] " Marx . . . reduces the whole problem of the development of economic structure to the problem of the causes that determine the evolution of the productive forces . . ." Plekhanov, *Fundamental Problems*, pp. 31 f.

[17] " Productive forces . . . are the basis of all . . . history," Marx, letter dated 28 December, 1846, *Marx, Engels Correspondence* ; " . . . the productive forces are the determining element in the development of production," Stalin, *op. cit.*, p. 32.

Here we encounter the first, and major difficulty, of the Marxian world view. Neither Marx nor Engels anywhere states explicitly what components constitute these forces.[18]

Some authors clumsily dismiss the productive forces as " the economic system "[19] while others tell us, rather dully, that the productive forces include " all forces which contribute toward the manufacture of products."[20] But Stalin assures us that the productive forces include " the instruments of production . . . the people who operate the instruments of production . . . (and) a certain productive experience and labour skill . . ."[21] Lefebvre confides that the productive forces include geographic conditions, technology and the division of labour,[22] while Cunow gives us the most elaborate exposition, dividing productive forces into animate and inanimate categories, human and animal labour listed under the first heading and the forces of nature (wind, water, electricity, etc.), the nature of the soil, and the technological forces (the instruments of production) listed under the other.[23] Plekhanov, while pressing geographic differences into the picture in order to explain the local variations in the forces of production, entertains the view that the instruments of production constitute, in themselves, the productive forces.[24]

This leaves us with a rather disordered concept of what might constitute the material forces of production. To engage all the components that the various Marxists have left us is perhaps the fairest way of embarking upon our critique. Lumping together all the ideas of the Marxist " scholars " we find that the productive forces, which constitute the motive lever of all history, include : technological forces (instruments of production), geographical conditions, forces of nature, the division of labour and human labour, itself, including productive experience and skill.[25]

But in searching for the motive force of historical progression we find that we can dismiss the geographic environment and the forces of nature from amongst the productive forces, since these components are passive.[26] They do not develop, they are developed. While the geographic environment is without doubt an indispensable

[18] cf. Biermann, *Die Weltanschauung des Marxismus*, p. 20.
[19] Turner, *op. cit.*, p. 181
[20] Thalheimer, *Introduction to Dialectical Materialism*, p. 193.
[21] Stalin, *op. cit.*, p. 28.
[22] Lefebvre, *Il Marxismo*, pp. 56 f.
[23] Cunow, *Die Marxsche Geschichts-, Gesellschafts- und Staats-theorie*, ii, p. 158.
[24] Plekhanov, *The Materialist Conception of History*, p. 18.
[25] This seems to correspond to Marx's outline ; cf. Marx, *Capital* (Modern Library ed.), i, p. 198.
[26] cf. Kautsky, *op. cit.*, i, p, 577.

condition for the development of the productive forces, it is not an active agent. Marx consistently speaks of nature as remaining the object (Gegenstand) of labour, casting it in a passive role.[27] It is only technological advance, employing the skill of man, that can utilize the free gifts of nature.

So, among the productive forces, we are left with these possible active determinants : the technological forces, the division of labour, and human labour, experience and skill.

But Marx, himself, dismissed the division of labour as a consequence of the development of the productive forces,[28] which leaves us at the final analysis with only the two possible ultimate determinants : the technological instruments of production, and the skill and experience of the men employing them.[29]

Thus the motive force of history must emanate from (1) technological development, (2) man's skill and inventiveness, or (3) a combination of both the former and the latter standing in mutual interrelatedness.

Some of the most heated controversies concerning the Marxist theory of history have raged around this pivotal problem. In rummaging through all the passive, but necessary, components of the " material forces of production," investigators have sought out the leavening, the active ingredient which sparks historical evolution. Marx's language, at these crucial points, is almost always equivocal, fat with contradictions, and afflicted with abundant hegelianisms, the implications of which have by and large, been lost in time. He is nowhere precise in his exposition, and we are left to pick our way through his sundry remarks in search of a system.

While the geographic, natural environment is a necessary precondition for the development of the productive processes, it is not, as we have indicated, an active ingredient.[30] The division of labour imparts only a derived impetus, having received its original impulse from changes deeper in the economic structure of society itself. The division of classes, and the subsequent class warfare, is only a surface manifestation of the changes going on at the base of the productive

---

[27] Marx, *Capital*, i, p. 199 ; also *Critique of the Gotha Program* (Moscow, 1947), p. 18.

[28] " Each new productive forces . . . brings . . . a further development of the division of labour." Marx, *The German Ideology* (International), p. 8.

[29] cf. Marx, *Capital*, i, p. 201.

[30] cf. Stalin, *op. cit.*, p. 25 ; Boudin, *The Theoretical System of Karl Marx*, p. 38.

structure.[31] We are left, as we have seen, to find an active element in either the technological development of the instruments of production or in the skill and inventiveness of man, or, finally, in some sort of union of the two.

Neither Marx nor Engels ever offered a direct answer to this question. But we do find, in Marx, in certain instances, language so explicit, so unequivocal, that to deny the letter of his remarks by pleading faithfulness to the " spirit " of his thought seems to be the height of sophistry.

" Technology," Marx tells us, " lays bare the mode of formation of man's social relations, and of the mental conceptions that flow from them."[32] He goes on to inquire : " Does not the history of the productive organs of man (the instruments of production) . . . the material basis of all social organization, deserve . . . attention ?"[33]

" Relics of by-gone instruments of labour," he continues, " possess the same importance for the investigation of extinct economical forms of society, as do fossil bones for the determination of extinct species of animals. Not what is made, but how, with what instruments of labour it is made distinguishes different economical epochs. The instruments of production are not only the measure of the development of human labour power, but also indicators of the social relations in which that labour is carried on."[34]

And finally, in the *Communist Manifesto*, the founders of " scientific socialism " tell us that " the bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionising the instruments of production, and thereby the relations of production, and with them the whole relations of society."[35]

Marx, then, seems to have made his choice of technological development as the *causa causans*, the independent determinant of the modes of production, and consequently of all history.

Here several things should be established : (1) technological

[31] " . . . classes (are) determined by the division of labour . . ." Marx, German Ideology, p. 23 ; cf. Engels, " The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State," *Marx, Engels Selected Works* (hereafter referred to as *MESW*), ii, pp. 281 ff ; Labriola, *op. cit.*, p. 27.

[32] Marx, *Capital*, i, p. 406, n. 2.

[33] *Ibid.*

[34] Ibid., p. 200. Since a section of my translation differs from the Moore-Aveling English translation I refer the reader to the original : " Nicht, *was* gemacht wird, sondern *wie*, mit welchen Arbeitsmitteln gemacht wird, unterscheidet die oekonomischen Epochen. Die Arbeitsmittel sind nicht nur Gradmesser der Entwicklung der menschlichen Arbeitskraft, sondern auch Anzeiger der gesellschaftlichen Verhaeltnisse, worin gearbeitet wird." *vide* Marx, *Das Kapital* (Dietz ed.), i, p. 188.

[35] Marx, Engels, " Communist Manifesto," *MESW*, i, p. 36.

development is made the motive force behind historical change ; (2) technological change comes about, apparently, " necessarily ", independently of the will of man who is its mediating agency (this is explicit in the fact that Marx maintains that the " bourgeoisie " " cannot exist " without mediating this development) ; (3) technology determines corresponding social relations which determine the nature of " mental conceptions " for that particular society.

Technological development, then, seems to be at the root of historical change.[36] In the *Poverty of Philosophy* Marx tells us expressly " In acquiring new productive forces men change their mode of production ; and in changing their mode of production, in changing the way of earning their living, they change all their social relations. The hand-mill gives you society with the feudal lord ; the steam-mill, society with the industrial capitalist."[37]

It is important to cite the singular stylization here, which appears consistently when Marx speaks of the productive forces (and hence of the instruments of production). He speaks of these forces always in an active sense,[38] as " developing " and not being developed ; he tells us that they " give " us certain productive relationships, as though the instruments themselves are active, while human beings, although energizing agents, remain passive in the sense that the initiative somehow rests with the productive forces.[39]

The technological forces which seem to be at the base of the entire superstructure of human history do not, apparently, depend for their development upon the will or initiative of man. Marx explains that " it is superfluous to add that men are not free to choose their productive forces — which are the basis of all their history . . ."[40]

If, currently, men are not free to choose their forces of production — forces which, in turn, determine their very consciousness — we are left without a clear understanding of how the entire process began its dialectical development and how it is sustained.

The productive forces, at the basis of which are the instruments of production, are the motive forces of social evolution. But the instruments of production do not discover themselves. What is the origin of the motion in history ? How does the entire process commence, this process independent of the will of man, this process which moves only thanks to the applied energy of man, but, which,

[36] Scalia, *Il Materialismo Storico e il Socialismo*, p. 67.
[37] Marx, *The Poverty of Philosophy* (International), p. 42.
[38] cf. Federn, *The Materialist Conception of History*, pp. 16 f.
[39] cf. Bober, *Karl Marx's Interpretation of History*, pp. 8 f.
[40] Marx, letter dated 28 December, 1846, *Marx, Engels Correspondence.*

nonetheless, follows an apparently inherent necessity of its own ?

Once again the answer must be pieced together from fragments. Marx tells us that the first premise of all history is that men must be in a position to live before they can commence to make history. Consequently the " first historical act is thus the production of the means to satisfy these needs, the production of material life itself."[41] Man, before he can make history, is constrained to enter into production in order to provide himself with the necessities his nature demands.[42] But this production, itself, creates new needs which man is compelled to satisfy.[43] This is the second and most important of Marx's premises.[44] Thus, once conjured up, the productive forces require, through their necessary development, continual readjustment on the part of man. Man is launched upon an historical career which develops with an intrinsic logic of its own.

The relationship of thinking, of mind, to this process must be made clear. Thinking is occasioned by the needs of material life.[45] The mode of production, the productive forces, are not the product of thinking, but thinking is a product of the mode of production.[46] Men must meet the needs of their environment. In meeting these needs they are forced to enter into production. Production creates new needs. Thus the development of the productive processes determines the development of their consciousness.

Men are not free to meet their needs in whatever fashion they might choose.[47] A primitive community must, perforce, satisfy its

[41] Marx, *The German Ideology*, p. 16.

[42] " Marx discovered the law of development of human history : the simple fact . . . that mankind must first of all eat, drink, have shelter and clothing . . ." Engels, " Graveside Speech," *MESW*, ii, p. 153.

[43] ". . . to a large extent . . . needs . . . are determined by the nature of the implements with which (man) subjugates nature . . ." Plekhanov, *The Materialist Conception of History*, p. 18 ; " And as men, not by free choice, but because they could not act otherwise, satisfy first certain elementary needs, which, in their turn, give rise to others in their upward development, and as for the satisfaction of their needs, . . . they employ and invent certain means and certain tools and associate themselves in certain fashions . . ." Labriola, *op. cit.*, p. 99.

[44] " The second fundamental point is that as soon as a need is satisfied, (which implies the action of satisfying, and the acquisition of *an instrument*), new needs are made . . ." Marx, *German Ideology*, pp. 16 f.

[45] " That mental ability which lifts man above the animals . . . is the gift of his conscious adjustment to changes in his environment . . ." Kautsky, *op. cit.*, i, pp. 582 f.

[46] " Religion, family, state, rights, morals, science, art, etc., are only particular modes of production and fall under its general laws." Marx, " National-oekonomie," *Fruehschriften*, p. 236 ; " Our doctrine has definitely outgrown the visual angle of ideology. Thus premeditated design, political views, sciences, systems of law, etc., instead of being the means and instrument of the explanation of history, are precisely what require to be explained, because they are derived from determined conditions and situations." Labriola, *op. cit.*, p. 125.

[47] Marx, *Marx, Engels Correspondence*, letter dated 28 December 1846.

primitive needs with a primitive mode of production and a primtive mode of production engenders a primitive mentality.

But whatever the mode of production, primitive or developed, it will generate further needs which must be met by men — and the sequence of these needs follows a remorseless logic, compelling men through various determined developmental stages, so ineluctably determined, that a primitive community need but observe a more highly developed society in order to see its future self.[48]

The employment of the first tool carried within itself the germ of division of labour, increased productivity, exploitation of man by man and the entire history of class-warfare. The employment of a new tool creates new problems, new needs, which consequently *must be met*, bringing yet a further refinement in the productive forces and the mode of production — and ultimately a more complex social order and a correspondingly broad consciousness in the individual. Satisfaction of the first needs engendered unforeseen further needs which consequently developed out of a logic of their own, independently of the will and intent of man. Man makes his history satisfying those needs.

In satisfying his further needs man creates the material foundation for the further development of his intellect. For the development of man's mind is a secondary and derived product determined by the development of the productive forces.[49] All of man's ideological formulations are rendered comprehensible only with reference to the state of his productive forces,[50] for mind is simply the echo of the

---

[48] " The country that is more developed industrially only shows, to the less developed, the image of its own future." Marx, *Capital*, i, p. 13.

[49] " It is not . . . natural materials . . . which have progressed. On the contrary, it is only men who progress, through discovering little by little in nature the condition which permit them to produce in more and more complex forms, thanks to the labour accumulated in experience. This progress does not consist merely in the sort of progress with which subjective psychology is concerned, that is to say the inner modifications which would be the proper and direct development of the intellect, the reasoning and the thought. Moreover, this inner progress is but a secondary and derived product, in proportion there is already a progress realized in the artificial foundation which is the sum of the social relations resulting from the forms and the distributions of labour. " Labriola, *op. cit.*, pp. 119 f.; " If all changes . . . must go *through* the human mind but do not originate there, why is all human progress at *bottom* mental progress ? Isn't the thing which changes, and its changes which go *through* the human mind, at the bottom of human progress and the mental progress, the result of changes going through the human mind, only the *top* of human progress ?" Boudin, *op. cit.*, p. 43.

[50] cf. Marx, *Die Heilige Familie*, p. 137.

material life process, an " efflux " of material activity.[51]

Although these ideological " phantoms " may react upon one another and even upon the developmental pace of the productive forces,[52] they can do this to but limited and transient effect. For in the final analysis the determining moment in history is not the intellectual or idealistic, nor the inventive or creative mind, but economic necessity.[53]

IV

Marx's conception of history, then, seems to reduce itself to this : the elementary needs of mankind, the need for food, clothing and shelter create the necessity for production. Production creates new needs which must, of necessity, be met by pressing into service new productive forces. More highly developed productive forces induce increased productivity which is the material basis for the appearance of classes whose struggles constitute the subject matter of recorded history.[54] These struggles, themselves, reflect the subjective awareness of the objective contradictions which have arisen between the productive forces and the antiquated mode of production. The conflict between the productive forces and the productive relations arises independently of the will and actions of man.[55] Ideologies are only phantom reflections of these real contradictions which exist within the economic structure of society.

Historical development receives its impetus from the self-development of the productive forces (which resolve themselves, in the final analysis, into the instruments of production). Once the

[51] " We set out from real, active men, and on the basis of their real life process we demonstrate the development of the ideological reflexes and echoes of this life process. The phantoms formed in the human brain are . . . necessarily sublimates of their material life process . . . all of ideology . . . thus no longer retain(s) the semblance of independence . . . men developing their material production and their material intercourse alter . . . their thinking . . . Life is not determined by consciousness, but consciousness by life." Marx, *German Ideology*, pp. 14 f.

[52] cf. *Ibid.*, p. 28.

[53] ". . . the final causes of . . . all social changes and political revolutions are to be sought, not in man's brains, not in man's better insight into eternal truth and justice, but in changes in the modes of production and exchange." Engels, " Socialism : Utopian and Scientific," *MESW*, ii, p. 125 ; " According to the materialist conception of history the determining moment in history is . . . the production and reproduction in real life . . . There is an interaction of all . . . elements, in which . . . the economic movement finally asserts itself as necessary," Engels, *Marx, Engels Correspondence*, 21 September 1890.

[54] ". . . all higher forms of production . . . led to the division of the population into different classes." Engels, " Labour in the Transition from Ape to Man," *MESW*, ii, p. 84.

[55] ". . . this conflict between productive forces and modes of production is not a conflict engendered in the mind of man . . . It exists in fact, objectively . . . independently of the will and actions even of the men who have brought it on." Engels, " Socialism : Utopian and Scientific," *MESW*, ii, p. 126.

first historical step is taken, production to satisfy man's immediate needs, the productive forces develop out of a logical necessity independent of the will of man, whose actions are only the mediators of the material development of technology itself. Men are compelled to create new productive forces to comply with the needs created by the forces which they find in existence. The changes they have brought about in the productive forces then conflict with the productive (property) relations which have "lagged". Formed as they were to serve earlier, and more primitive productive forces, the productive relations become fetters which bind the new productive forces.[56] Men become conscious of this conflict solely as representatives of their class — a class which either represents the new forces of production or the vested interest in the old property relations. The classes fight out on the ideological, the political plane, the contradictions which arise in the economic substructure of society.[57] The consequences of these struggles are inescapable.[58] The new productive instruments must prevail, [59] overthrowing the outworn property relations. The class which represents these material forces must inevitably triumph.[60] There may be, it is true, temporary deflections, momentary regressions, but ultimately the party of the proletariat, in our own time, arising as a " reflex " of new productive conditions already prevailing at the economic base of the social structure,[61] *must* prevail.[62]

Thus the Hegelian dialectic, fantastically decked out in the punchinello rags of French materialist determinism, makes its shameless appearance on the stage of world history. The mystic Idea of Hegel marches in the mechanical step of technological development. And in its wake surges all the confusion which fatalism and determinism evoke in the hearts and minds of men.

That some Marxists have refused to admit the fatalism of the creed they profess insults our intelligence, and the literary craftsmanship

[56] Engels, *Ludwig Feuerbach* (International, 1941), pp. 51 f.

[57] The breakdown of the capitalistic system of production leading to social revolution will be brought about by inherent contradictions of the capitalistic system of production itself." Boudin, *op. cit.*, p. 18.

[58] Scalia, *op. cit.*, p. 65 ; Boudin, *op. cit.*, p. 17.

[59] Boudin, *op. cit.*, p. 29.

[60] Marx, Engels, " The Communist Manifesto," *MESW*, i, p. 43.

[61] " Modern socialism is nothing but the reflex in thought of this conflict in fact (the conflict between the new productive forces and the capitalistic mode of using them) . . ." Engels, " Socialism : Utopian and Scientific," *MESW*, ii, p. 126; cf. also Masaryk, *op. cit.*, p. 99.

[62] " The middle class dwells upon a soil that is honeycombed, . . . the speedy collapse of which is as certain as a mathematical or mechanical demonstration." Engels, *The Condition of the Working Class in England in* 1844, p. 18.

and theoretical honesty of the founders of their " socialism ". There are a hundred instances in which both Marx and Engels proclaim necessity and inevitability to be in the service of their revolution.[63] Men are " historically compelled " to certain attainments[64] and the victory of the proletariat and the doom of capitalism are both equally inevitable. For socialism is merely the echo of this economic necessity—and even Marx himself speaks only through the puppet voice of the productive forces.[65] And there is no will nor conviction strong enough to stay the inexorable hand of history.

V

But, for all its speciousness, profound difficulties lie at the root of the Marxist conception of history. All creatures are afflicted with the same elementary needs — needs which must, of necessity, be somehow met. And yet, it was left to man, alone, of all the creatures, to impell himself upon the course of historical evolution. Man's needs could, conceivably, have been met satisfactorily employing the same means available to lesser creatures — creatures who meet their needs perennially in the same fashion — creatures having no history, having no " ideological superstructure " to ornament their lack of creativity, their impassiveness in the face of the call to a higher destiny. Of all animate things it is only man who, driven by his needs, creates his means of subsistence.[66] And even among men there are sects, classes, whole peoples, who remain passive in the face of the most imperative of needs, who remain primitive, whose culture is circumscribed, who evince but little initiative and creativity.

[63] ". . . the natural laws of capitalist production . . . (work) with iron necessity towards inevitable results." Marx, *Capital*, i, p. 13 ; " (For) socialism . . . it was necessary — (I) to present the capitalistic method of production in its historical connection and its inevitableness during a particular historical period, and therefore, also to present its inevitable downfall . . ." Engels, " Socialism : Utopian and Scientific ", *MESW*, ii, p. 124 ; ". . . the course of history is governed by inner general laws . . . where on the surface accident holds sway, there actually it is always governed by inner, hidden laws . . ." Engels, *Ludwig Feuerbach*, pp. 48 f.; " What the bourgeoisie produced above all are its own gravediggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable." Marx, Engels, " Communist Manifesto," *MESW*, i, p. 43; " What I did that was new was to prove . . . that the class struggle necessarily leads to the dictatorship of the proletariat . . ." Marx, *Marx Engels Correspondence*, 5 March, 1852.

[64] " The perfect theoretical knowledge of socialism today . . . lies in the understanding of its historic necessity . . ." Labriola, *op. cit.*, p. 26.

[65] " While Marx discovered the materialist conception of history, Thierry, Mignet, Guizot and all the English historians up to 1850 are the proof that it was being striven for, and the discovery of the same conception by Morgan proves that the time was ripe for it and that it simply *had* to be discovered." Engels, *Marx Engels Correspondence*, 25 January, 1894.

[66] Marx was aware of this fact, but never succeeded in following through its implications. cf. Marx, *The German Ideology*, p. 7, cf. Engels, *Dialectics of Nature*, pp. 18 f.

If the Marxists ascribe man's greater creativity in the face of needs to the fact that he is a more highly developed organism, that his cerebral cortex is thicker, that there is a quantitative difference in the size of man's thinking organ, the brain, then the motive force of history no longer lies in production but in evolution. Unless the Marxists are capable of producing a credible argument that would establish that man's evolution has been determined by his economy, then their " interpretation " of history is sadly deficient.

No doubt aware of this, Engels did make a rather laboured attempt to prove that the " economy " of creatures determined their evolutionary transformation. The only plausible thesis he could advance was Lamarckian. He displayed an uncritical faith in the hereditary transmission of acquired characteristics. He maintained that the method with which organisms won their means of subsistence determined the course of evolution.[67]

Today these naïve ideas are no longer admissible. The determinants of evolutionary change are varied and complex, and can hardly be reduced to the effects of an external environment. Heredity is highly complex and our understanding of its processes, its variations, has only just begun.

But if we cannot ascribe man's evolutionary development, itself, to changes in the " mode of production " or the " conditions of life " then the materialist interpretation of history is left without its foundation. If man's greater creative capacity lies at the base of historical progression (as it obviously does) then any reasonably adequate interpretation of history must render some account of its origin and the determinants which effect its course of development. This the materialist conception of history has been, signally, unable to do.

Only recently the Marxists have attempted to revive the old Lamarckian prejudices once again to fill this theoretical breach — and the " Academician " Lysenko and his " Michurinism "[68] and

[67] " This ' predatory economy ' of animals plays an important part in the gradual transformation of species by forcing them to adapt themselves to other than the usual food, thanks to which their blood acquires a different chemical composition and the whole physical constitution gradually alters, while species that were once established die out." Engels, *The Part Played by Labour in the Transition from Ape to Man* (International, 1950), p. 13.

[68] " Lenin and Stalin kept track of Michurin's work, inspired him on to new scientific feats and imparted a national scope to his work." Bakharev, *I. V. Michurin, the Great Remaker of Nature*, p. 7. " Lenin and Stalin discovered I. V. Michurin and made his teaching the possession of the Soviet people. By their great paternal attention to his work they saved for biology the remarkable Michurinian teaching. The Communist Party, the Soviet government and J. V. Stalin personally have taken an unflagging interest in the further development of the Michurinian teaching." Lysenko, *The Situation in Biology Today*, p. 48.

their hour in the sun, only to go again the way of Lamarck and Kammerer — into the discard with phrenology, mesmerism and all the other misbegotten curiosities that men have outgrown in their development of science.[69]

Man is the only creature that has a " history " — to explain this history through the development of the productive forces (and in essence of the technological improvements) is to offer no explanation at all. The productive forces do not develop, they are developed. Needs may be the necessary condition for development, but inventiveness alone can provide the sufficient cause.

That this creativity arises from a material organ, the brain, does not significantly buttress the materialist conception of history, unless the development of the brain is determined by the " material conditions of production."

More than that we are concerned with the will and disposition of man to employ his creativity in one endeavour rather than another. Marxist historiography has always been deficient in this respect. The Marxists have never been able to prove, with any kind of plausibility, that men's activities were *determined* by the state of the productive forces or the mode of production, or that an event was *inevitable* because of the nature of material circumstance. There has always remained room for more than reasonable doubt. As to prophecy, the Marxists have proven themselves lamentably inept (even though this should, theoretically, be child's play, since they can " demonstrate " the inevitability of events). So their " science " is one that cannot adequately explain the past, nor from which we can expect prediction.

But even if we were to concede, for the sake of argument, these critical points, we find that in actual history the transition from productive mode to productive mode does not invariably follow the pattern Marx suggests — among the productive forces the hand mill does not inevitably give way to the steam mill — simple modes do not generate complex modes. Cultures in which the arts and sciences once flourished do not " progress " necessarily. Of the twenty odd

[69] Compare " Michurin and his followers contributed to the materialist theory of the development of living matter by proving . . . that properties acquired by plants and animals in the process of their development can and must be inherited. They ascertained the decisive role of the existing external conditions . . ." Bakharev, *op. cit.*, p. 9. " The basis for . . . improving existing breeds and producing new ones, is their food and the conditions in which they are kept." Lysenko, *op. cit.*, p. 41, with " The food which a people eat, its richness in vitamins and mineral salts, the climate and mode of life, certainly influence the health and growth of their bodies, but leave their germ plasm untouched." Keith, *A New Theory of Human Evolution*, p. 137.

cultures that have been subjected to any kind of historical analysis almost all have suffered senescence and extinction.

Nor, for that matter, does technology determine the social relations within the mode of production. The hand mill does not inexorably " give you " the feudal lord, nor does the steam mill forever create the capitalist.

The Marxists are guilty of the reductionist fallacy in one of its most pernicious forms. In seeking the causes of the higher in the lower they have permitted explanation to degenerate into dogma. The Marxist proclaims his conclusions, he does not argue them. All the aspirations, and the poetry, thoughts and dreams of man have been reduced to some sort of reflex response motivated by economic forces which move by virtue of an inherent logic of their own. By doing this they have, to the superficial observer, simplified the study of man and his works. Only a more critical analysis will lead one to understand that the most important way in which the Marxists have assisted in the study of man is by revealing the poverty of their conception.

That Marx's emphasis upon the economic aspects of human history did have some salutary effect cannot be gainsaid. Historians can no longer banish economic history to footnotes. But neither Marx nor Engels pretended that these factors were unknown to historians before them (one need only thumb through the pages of Thucydides to realize how aware he was of just such influences).

Nor can we deny the scope and the profundity of some of the Marxist analyses.

But for all that Marxism has become a discipline devoted to the vague picture-language of its founder (thoughts are the " efflux ", the " echoes ", the " phantoms ", the " reflexes " of material life), preoccupied with fancies and wishful thinking (man's progress is ever onward and upward).[70] Its arguments smuggle in covert assumptions, and its prophecies have proven, more often than not, far wide of their mark.

Marxism claims to afford entrance to many a closed door, but its keys fit precious few locks.

[70] " . . . the process of development should be understood not as movement in a circle, not as a simple repetition of what has already occurred, but as an onward and upward movement . . . from the lower to the higher . . ." Stalin, *op cit.*, p. 9.

THE STORY OF EZRA POUND

by HARVEY BLACK

Ezra Pound, *written on behalf of the committee formed to obtain his release,* 1 *Cheyne Gardens, S.W.*3.

AFTER eleven years the enthusiasm for catching war criminals has waned considerably. Such as have survived have in many cases been set free.

In contrast Ezra Pound who was not a war criminal, and whose only so-called " crime " was the expression of his personal opinions on the Italian Radio during the years when America was at war with Italy, has not been set free. He is still a prisoner in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington. He cannot be granted the Presidential pardon because he has never been tried and therefore never found guilty of any crime. Bail has been refused and medical evidence declared privileged.

At the end of 1955 a committee was formed with the object of obtaining Pound's release. In order to correct many of the misconceptions about his position, disseminated even by people who are favourably disposed towards him, the committee has issued a short pamphlet : *Ezra Pound*

It gives a brief outline of his life and work and sets out many facts, not generally known, about his activities during the war years — that he tried to return to America on the entry of the U.S.A. into the European war but was treated as *persona non grata* by the American consular authorities, even though he and his wife had booked their air passage : " When in 1942 he tried to join the diplomatic train taking Americans from Italy to Lisbon, permission to do so was refused him by the American government."

The subsequent broadcasts which constituted the unproven act of treason were conducted on Pound's initiative and not that of the Italian government. ". . . it is important to emphasise that the Italian government never in fact understood his motives or his viewpoint, regarding what seemed to them the somewhat strident Americanness of the broadcasts with such suspicion that they impounded his bank account and conducted an enquiry into his activities. They thought the broadcasts might be in some sort of code." Though the texts of the broadcasts are only available in the form of illiterate transcripts made by British or American " monitors " (Abelard, for example, appears as Abe Lard) a cursory glance at them immediately brings home the absurdity of treating such material as " treason ", or even as propaganda.

The ill-treatment meted out to him by the Americans in 1945 still reads as one of the more notorious scandals of recent history. " He was kept apart from the other prisoners — no one was allowed to speak to him ; searchlights were trained on him at night which prevented his sleeping ; he was neither allowed visitors nor to communicate with his lawyer." That was in the " Death Cells " at Pisa. He was over 60 at the time, and at the end of six weeks he suffered a severe nervous breakdown. Flown to Washington, he was later declared insane and unfit to stand trial. " He was sent to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in order, as Judge Laws said, to receive mental treatment. The " care " and " treatment " consisted in his being confined for fifteen months in a large concrete-floored room devoid of furniture or windows. Every second occupant of the room was in a form of strait jacket ; all were criminal lunatics of a dangerous nature . . . At present he has a tiny cubicle to himself . . .

" No one who has not been to St. Elizabeth's can know the atmosphere of utter debilitation which the Chestnut Ward exudes . . . Upstairs, listless men sit around in underclothes on unmade beds . . . In these surroundings he has translated the entire *Odes of Confucius*, a volume of 305 poems, The *Analects*, the *Trachiniae* of Sophocles, and recently he has published a further instalment of his *Cantos*. But how many people pause to consider what the authorship of these works must have cost ? However devoted, however dedicated, no man can continue to shut out such surroundings indefinitely."

A DIARY

WHEN the last war began, among a thousand horrors and inconveniences great and small there was one blessing — the newspapers dwindled in size so that all the six dailies I took in weighed no more on the breakfast tray than the *Times* alone had done a few days before. Now they seem to be growing fatter every week, stuffed out with just the same nonsense one remembers from the thirties. The cheap papers fill up with photographs, gossip and strips, while the *Times* gives full rein to the terrible whimsies of the fourth leader which have now spread over onto other pages, and has found in " Oliver Edwards " the Mrs. Miniver of literary criticism. It is all very well for people with dustbins, but what can country dwellers do about getting rid of kilograms of newsprint ? A periodic bonfire is the only solution ; a very unsatisfactory one, since burnt newspaper transforms itself into a fine light, black confetti and floats all over the garden.

★ ★ ★

Plus je vois les hommes, plus j'éstime les chiens, said Voltaire. He might not have felt in this way had he been surrounded by the *chiens méchants* of a French suburb, instead of by Frederick the Great's delightful pets. Every villa has a *chien méchant* lurking among the dahlias which rushes out to hurl itself against the garden railings, barking wildly at each passer-by. Its *méchanceté* is adver-

tised on a little enamelled notice attached to the gate, and supposed to be discouraging to burglars. These dogs are not particularly estimable.

★ ★ ★

Eton boy : Well, goodbye, I hope we meet in London during the half.
Me : During the half ? Won't you be at school ?
E. B.: Yes, only you see I always come up to London on Wednesdays for my psycho-analyst.
Me : Do you go to a psycho-analyst ?
E. B.: Yes. It's because I hate my father.

I was reminded of the above conversation, which took place several years ago, when the bill came from a school (not Eton) on which an extra five guineas was charged to pay a gentleman who told the boys' fortunes. He put them through an I.Q. test which has won high prestige among English schoolmasters. I asked the boys what kind of questions they had had. " Oh, this sort of thing. If you've got a five-pint jug and an eight-pint jug and you've got to measure exactly three pints of water from a river, what do you do ?" " I can't imagine ", I replied. " It's *so* easy," he went on. " Obviously you fill the eight-pint jug, and pour the water into the five-pint jug until it is full, which leaves three pints in the eight-pint jug."

If you are unable to find the solution to this and similar puzzles you are a dunce, not only now but forever, because the I.Q. test has nothing to do with knowledge but is supposed to indicate intelligence, i.e. potentiality. It is, literally, your fortune — if you believe in it that is — just as much a crystal-gazer's predictions for you could be.

Another Eton boy, not the father-hater, whom I talked to about the psycho-analyst he was visiting, told me he had been forbidden by him to read a famous strip of which the hero is a he-man with over-developed muscles.

Yet a third was ordered by the school to be analysed, but his parents would not allow it. In these three cases known to me personally the effect, so far as one could see, was small. Analysed or left to nature, they all grew up clever, charming, averagely uninhibited. I am not sure about the moral of all this, but imagine it might be that psycho-analysis, of inestimable value to a neurotic or unbalanced child, is rather a waste of time and trouble for "difficult" children. All children and most grown up people are difficult occasionally, and to go to a psycho-analyst for that is like going to a

nose and throat specialist for a little cold in the head. The I.Q. [illegible] is a harmless game which happens to be fashionable just now. Crystal gazers used to cost only a guinea before the war, but it must be remembered that the cost of living index has risen since those days.

★ ★ ★

This has been a year of very severe horticultural disappointments in the Ile de France. The death-dealing frost in February and March was followed by withering east winds in May and pouring rain most of the summer. Next to farming, I cannot imagine an occupation more calculated to bring on neurotic disorders than gardening. Really good, keen gardeners, of course, find things easier because they do not care for flowers and shrubs ; all their loving attention is centred on labels.

★ ★ ★

Tourists in England who were asked if they had any complaints all had the same one—British Railways. English trains must be about the most degraded in the world. Last summer I was travelling at dinner time, and when I heard the waiter ringing his bell I went along the corridor towards the restaurant vaguely imagining the roast chicken and watercress they give on French trains. As I forced my way through the frightening concertina which joined the coaches and came near the kitchen, the smell was so dreadfully disgusting that I went straight back again to my carriage. Nothing could have induced me to eat food which smelt so revolting ; it would be interesting to discover how they succeed in making the raw materials of cooking look, smell and taste so unusually nasty.

French trains are clean and punctual, with soft seats and good meals. One rather cruel new luxury has been installed in expresses to the South in summer—air-conditioning. While the passenger gets colder and colder the train rushes through stations shimmering with heat. There is no chance of getting out to warm oneself in the sun; only the sort of train which never stops till it reaches its destination is considered worthy of air-conditioning.

D.M.

THEATRE

Edinburgh: Second Look At Drama

by EDWARD BOURKE-HALIBURTON

I

The Strong Are Lonely by Fritz Hochwalder

Storm in Shanghai by Thierry Maulnier and André Malraux

To-Night We Improvise by Pirandello

The Shadow of A Gunman by Sean O'Casey

DRAMA — the Festival's cinderella — at last has been given some decent clothes. This is not due to a fairy godmother but to the courage and tenacity of the " fringe " which for the past eight years has been the rebutted Prince Charming of the consortium: " This is what we do on a shoe-string in church halls ; why can't you of the Festival Committee, with your quarter of a million budget, do better ?" As year followed year, Theatre Workshop and the little companies took a hiding while the bourgeoisie sat tight in the Lyceum watching second-rate Eliot, third-rate Linklater and fifth-rate Ustinov : playwrights (and I mention these three advisedly) who appeared so deeply conscious of Rudolph Bing's dictum that Music is the sole international art medium, and " by music, I mean opera ", that they injected as little of their talent as possible into their pieces for the occasion to preserve intact the Festival's aesthetic structure.

The mood has changed : drama's stock is rising, not only as a home producer-consumer commodity but also as an international attraction. Leading the outriders this year was Donald Wolfit with Hochwalder's *The Strong are Lonely*. A great deal has been heard of this in London and much more in Paris. I preferred *Sur la terre comme au ciel*, not because my French is better but because I feel the play has become unbalanced by the concentration in the English version

on its central character : the Father Provincial of the Jesuit reduction in Paraguay. If this is an error it is pardonable, because Don Fernandez is gigantic in stature. What has gone to the back in the shift to the " heroic " mode is the three-sided battle of ideas between the Imperial power of Spain, the temporal policy of the Church and, caught between two fires, the Jesuit theocracy. The debate between the General's legate and Don Fernandez at the commencement of the third act might well have been between St. John Chrysostom and Nestorius at the Council of Ephesus. In fact, the question, " Will the Father Provincial keep his vow of obedience ?" is never in doubt, and Mr. Wolfit's concentration on this as a kind of dénouement is either melodrama or a reformist interpretation. This play will be produced again and again, not, I venture to say, because of the portraiture of the Jesuit Fathers but until every drop of dialectics is drawn from it. For Mr. Wolfit, it is probably his most courageous since he broke management with a luckless but glittering *Cyrano*.

A powerful second was *Storm in Shanghai*, a dramatisation of Malraux's *La Condition Humaine* presented by the Oxford Theatre Group. This is occupied with Malraux's obsession with atonement, and is really more deeply religious (as distinct from theological) than the more orthodox Hochwalder.

The correspondence of Calvary and the self-abnegating death of the revolutionary is to be found in Dostoyevsky and recurs with increasing urgency in all literature which has shaken free of the deracination. The ontological fact is that the terrorist bent on tyrannicide, the half-cast identifying himself with suffering humanity, the Kuomintang Chief of Police who comes alive only by " killing reds ", — achieve resolution, whereas all those who are less than extremist are condemned to drag on the span and misery of their days in the modern hell of " Lost Illusions ". The production was carried through by the undergraduates with enormous panache : the battle scenes brought the spectators bolt upright with gun barrels gleaming into their stomachs and the whip which rose on the prisoners' backs narrowly missed the toes of first row stalls. I was sorry to miss the overhead platform and balcony entrance in street scenes making 3-D of the apron stage. Vernon Dobtcheff and Judith Grundy as the Party's pimp and the Party's lover-girl are at distinction level. One piece of authentic bumfoozling cropped up. Six years ago, a few so-called " democratic " students catcalled and threw pamphlets about during Gustav Gruendgens performance of *Faust* (they had heard he was Goering's friend !) and rather detracted from enjoyment of the best drama the Festival had seen since Jouvet's *Ondine*. This time some from the other side of the heap staged a walk-out in protest to a " Communist " play being shown in a church hall. Next time Malraux is performed up here, we must have *Le Citadel* on sale in the theatre, and a curtain speech from Mauriac.

Finest of the " official " Festival offerings was undoubtedly from

the Piccolo Theatre. Few, even amongst the Italian speakers, could understand Pirandello but the rapturous reception (in my night, ten curtain calls) of *To-Night We Improvise* indicates how much we Scots do crave for colour, warmth and gaiety. Scotland is a spiritually hungry country and I may be excused in making a point about this play which should have escaped no one but myself. Since improvisation was conventional in Italian theatre until the seventeenth century, a story built round actors' efforts to build parts from a libretto is no more amusing in itself than Miracle Plays in an arena. The comedy lies surely elsewhere : not in the feasibility but in the incapacity of any acts artistic or otherwise, in modern society to combine spontaneously on a given theme. Just as the art of clowning lies in taking a typical occurrence — like working in a factory — and exposing its basic fatuity, so our laughter with Pirandello's truisms — like that of form existing independent of the perceiver — is the reflex of something sane and un-brainwashable in our disseminated society.

If Pirandello is preoccupied with essences to the despair of most English critics, Sean O'Casey in *The Shadow of a Gunman* is bent on loading the cart with those political counterfeits which have taken in every audience but his own. The masquerade is a familiar comedy gambit, but it is situation — not character-art requiring resolution. Nothing transforms " The Shadow " which moves from drunken hitch to undrunken hitch and ends with an unpleasant piece of neck-wringing. O'Casey is after writing some long-armed satire. Lest we should suspect for an instant that soldiers of the Republican Army live in sordid squalor and are capable of the most shocking cowardice, we are told in the first five minutes that this is all play-acting and that the character concerned is only pretending to be a member of the I.R.A. in order to impress his girl friend. In the sixteenth century, plays were written making priests the mouthpiece of heresy and the vehicle of diabolism and immorality by disclaiming : " Of course, it is not really a priest we are depicting ; you see him fitting a cassock over his horns as the curtain rises ", and in this way anti-clerical men of letters could attack the Church without incurring excommunication. Everyone knew what they were about. No one is deceived as to what was O'Casey's intention when he wrote this play : the very phrase " A gunman on the run ", which Minnie Powell and neighbours of Hilljoy Square repeat in supposed admiration is in fact a term of biting contempt with the Irish, and one which would be used only by a Unionist or Orangeman. But just as Boccaccio swung clear of the Inquisition, O'Casey had no wish to share the fate of some of his less nimble former associates in the Citizens Army. In an essay on Spender, Alan Neame quoted the German : " We will be true to our old comrades, to ourselves, even to our once sincerely-held but now rejected beliefs . . ." O'Casey has stagecraft, rhetoric and an extraordinary flair for tragi-comedy, so the charlatan in him is covered up better than it is

in the English left-wingers, The Irish Festival Players do not recognise this because they belong to a generation to whom the Irish and Spanish civil wars are legend : they may well believe that " The Shadow " is about a proletariat " in a state of nervous bewilderment, still vaguely Nationalist . . . but at heart longing for security and peace." Juliet Tatlow and Dermot Kelly emerge innocent and unscathed from this bewildering misconception in production and give more than adequate performances. Everyone works hard.

II

STRATFORD ONTARIO FESTIVAL COMPANY

with

Oedipus Rex and *Henry V*

Oedipus flopped. Gothic masks fitted badly with Yeates's homely version which calls for open-air treatment. The makar Henderson who remembers the late Sir John Martin-Harvey in the Gilbert Murray translation thinks the error in the Assembly Hall lay in choice of texts. Nothing could have made up for the frightful Chorus drooling and tumbling about, the semi-darkness of the set and the Tyrant's rages which switched on and off like a hosepipe. I know this stemmed from Tyrone Guthrie's perfectionism and strict concordance with the sacrificial aspect of the tragedy, but it produced a most disagreeable impression as though something clinical, not classical, was in operation : " The day is thine, dread Sartre !". Douglas Campbell took whatever palms there were for articulate verse speaking ; as a former pupil of the Cassons who once made memorable the revival of Home's " Douglas ", I was not surprised.

Commonwealth companies sometimes do very well with the Histories because, as F. E. Halliday has just observed, the Middle Ages died with Shakespeare : whose historical perspective was not of events or characters, but of epochs.

Henry V as the fourth of a nine-play cycle (if we include, as we must, *Henry VIII*) gives this French-Canadian cast the chance of neatly inverting the traditional values. We have had many Harrys

from the football hero to a chivalric Tartuffe, the sublime prig, of Olivier : each has been a further facet of the Anglo-Saxon myth, and the French cause suffers accordingly — Stratford Ontario's Harry is a harassed P.M. in need of a war to take Parliament's mind off social legislation ; Christopher Plummer plays him with a cynical and strutting demagoguey which oddly recollects James Cagney.

William Hutt's Canterbury binds the first act with a legalistic exposition of the *causa belli* and statement of aims, which does credit to the manager of the new imperialism. Once in France, there prevails an air of unpreparedness depressingly contemporaneous. Soldiers have to be fed, want pay, fall sick and show an inclination to fall back on pre-reconnoitred positions. Before Harfleur they spend their time throwing themselves flat on their faces. Everyone begins to have second thoughts, no less the man who has committed his country to the hazard. The Prince, who at 15 commanded his father's army at Shrewsbury, has learnt that wars are won and lost at the conference table, and threats of destruction are couched in terms brimful of offers to negotiate. Even leading your troops in battle has become a bore :

> " O hard condition, twin-born with greatness,
> Subject to the breath of every fool,
> Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing !
> What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect
> That private men enjoy ! "

and his debate with Michael Williams on the diminished responsibility of constitutional monarchs is pressed more forcibly than is the Crispin Day morale-booster next morning. Agincourt, the Unnecessary Battle, turns out more advantageous to the vanquished than the victors.

Reconciliation is the keynote, and the French collaborationist viewpoint comes across well : the English nobility, having swallowed most of their verse by this time, are in no position to object, and their king is the slave of Ginette Letondal's sweet sour Katharine.

In this mood these Canadians will make a heroine of the Shakespearian Joan.

CINEMA

Chaplin, Ford and the Australian Scene

by VINCENT MURRAY

CHAPLIN has always been awkward about re-issuing his films. Awkward, that is, from the audience point of view, for a new Chaplin is a rarity and regular viewing of old ones would do much to fill the gap. The most recent re-issue is **The Gold Rush,** which has just begun its provincial tour after fourteen years of cold-storage. This version has sound-accompaniment, but then so did the 1942 release, and, so far as I can remember, there is little difference between the two. If Eisenstein's *Battleship Potemkin* appeared stretched and blurred with the effort of attaining a market in sound-cinema, the modernising process has had no visible effect on the Chaplin classic (apart from the obvious lack of titles). Chaplin's commentary and music are extremely effective in setting the mood of each scene. To the purists who have objected to the ' mutilation ' of the film I would point out that silent films were rarely shown ' cold ', and so the present-day addition of music by an electrical process is simply one step forward from the old piano-technique. All that one remembers so well is there again — the balletic Charlie figure, the vivid miming, the visual jokes that remain perpetually funny. Surely this must rank as the greatest Chaplin creation — for me at any rate its comparative lack of sentiment and concentration on humour put it firmly in top place. It was made in 1925 for Universal-International and was the second film he had made for this company (with which, incidentally, he was to be associated for over 20 years). Whether his fascinating *Woman of Paris*, the first of this series, will ever be commercially re-issued is doubtful. For one thing there's no Chaplin in it — and that would carry a lot of weight with the distributing company — and for another its sophisticated approach, so daring in its day, may possibly appear dated now. One would welcome the opportunity of finding out.

The Searchers is the latest Ford Western, a film approached with

some diffidence after the disappointments of *The Long Gray Line* and *Mr. Roberts*. Doubts as to its quality were soon dispelled, however, once the film was revealed as a spacious Western with a simple plot and a glorious atmosphere of the Old West. Compare this with the most recent example of the psychological Western, *Walk the Proud Land*, in which the Indian is treated as a human being, instead of a caricature of evil. Though the approach has much to recommend it the final filmic result is crude in comparison with the mature presentation of the Ford film. Ford sees the West as it was, and his aim is to present it just like that, except for the romantic aura his affection for the era inevitably gives rise to. He imposes no opinion on what he sees, for to look back with modern eyes is for the realist, and *that* Ford has never been. His cast in *The Searchers* includes two players who have long been associated with Ford films—so long that one can include them in what one must call the Ford stock company — John Wayne and Ward Bond. This time Wayne plays a veteran soldier who undertakes to search for a young girl carried off by Indians. Ward Bond takes the part of a Texas Ranger in a plot that is typically Fordian in its repetitions and long, sustained shots of men and horses on the move. The central sequences have a slow poetic rhythm that does tend to hold up the action, but would one have it otherwise ? Feeling for period is what matters most here, and Ford allows us to savour it at leisure.

The lavishly upholstered, expensive musical seems once more the order of the day. This emphasis on the filmed Broadway success can do nothing but harm to the nicely-developing realist style of musical begun by Minelli and Kelly in the '40s. The whole situation seems a throw-back to the '30s, with the difference that now it is the theatrical plot instead of the iced-cake tableaus that hamper filmic style. Nevertheless there is much to enjoy in *Oklahoma*, *The King and I* and *Caroussel* (I would place them in that order) and no doubt *Guys and Dolls* will equal their technically high standard. The stage, though, is a far from easy bed-fellow ; the film-musical has its own methods and must go its own way. There is one good point about all this theatricality : the reaction should put new life into the genre !

Two films with Australian backgrounds make up some of the most refreshing entertainment I have seen for a long time. **Jedda** is Australian and **Smiley** is British, and, though their plots could hardly be more dissimilar, their common use of the Australian scene provides an interesting link. *Jedda* is the more serious work, dealing

with the conflict of white and black civilisations — remember Thorold Dickinson's glorious failure on a similar theme *Men of Two Worlds* ? This new film cannot be called a complete success, though I think its attempt to present the problem through the person of a young girl comes nearer to the truth than Dickinson's. There is evidence of interference from the censor, especially towards the end, but, even allowing for this, the film's tendency to express conflict in terms of melodrama reduces its serious appeal. The amateur cast give remarkably unforced performances. *Smiley's* mood is quite the reverse. There is a vaguely sketched ' serious ' theme which comes more into prominence in the final reel, but essentially the film is about a little boy's desire to have a bicycle and his attempts to save up for it. We are shown quite a lot of the Australian landscape, as well as life in what must be a typical small Australian town. The adult characterisation tends to be over-simplified, except for the figure of the local parson, a heavily-stressed performance by Ralph Richardson.

On Reading Alan Neame's Spender Spent

In the fierce Iberian encounter,
Stephen Spender, pink but prudent poet,
Proved that he's no Byron. Now we know it,
Also, from a more refined Encounter.

K.F.

NEW BOOKS

The Office of Prime Minister by Byrum E. Carter (Faber & Faber 30s.)

FOR those who are naive enough to think that the British Government is a completely democratic body, Professor Carter's book *The Office of Prime Minister* will come as an eye-opener. As an American, he has been able to bring a detached mind to bear on a subject which in Britain is obscured by sentimentality and party politics.

His first chapter is an historical survey of the growth of the office of Prime Minister. Every schoolboy, of course, knows that Walpole was the first prototype of the modern Prime Minister, although Walpole himself always denied that any such office existed under the British constitution. It showed no further development in importance until William Pitt became Prime Minister. Pitt had neither the King, nor a particular political party to thank for his strength, for he was not a party man in the strict sense of the word. He believed that men in office should be " properly adapted to the employments they are appointed to." " Party considerations were secondary to ability ".

This historical survey of the development of the Prime Minister's position is brief, almost sketchy, but for the serious student of constitutional history there are ample footnotes, and books of reference for further reading. As Professor Carter points out, even now it is difficult to define the powers of the Prime Minister, which still depend upon his own abilities, inclinations, the external circumstances and the attitudes and abilities of his colleagues.

The main part of the book deals with the position of the Prime Minister since 1894, and the growth of the two-party system. Only brief mention is made of Gladstone and Disraeli, who were developing a new technique of political leadership, made necessary by the extension of the suffrage. By the end of the nineteenth century the Prime Minister must be a man who could appeal to the people, and Gladstone was perhaps the first to catch the meaning of the change. He disconcerted the Conservative Party enormously by making a stumping tour of the country, and in 1874 he actually propounded a budget in the midst of an election campaign. To show this new aspect of the Prime Minister which was developing, Professor Carter quotes the story of a bad speaker who, when asked how he got on as a candidate answered : " Oh, when I do not know what to say, I say ' Gladstone ', and then they are sure to cheer, and I have time to think." Professor Carter shows the change in the Prime Minister's

relation to the monarch by recalling Queen Victoria's displeasure with Lord Rosebery when he developed a policy in a public address without previously informing her either of his intent, or of the policy itself.

Professor Carter's realistic comment on the two party system must be of interest to us in Britain whose lives are ruled by Parliament. He claims that there are two factors which make difficult the rise of a third party, viz. the single-member constituency, and the organisation of the House of Commons around the government and an official opposition. Third parties can never hope to attain representation in the House of Commons even roughly proportionate to the total vote which they receive. It is therefore not surprising that neither the Labour nor the Conservative Parties are friendly to any electoral reform, as under the present system the only opposition to the government is the " Official Opposition ". To quote Professor Carter : " . . . the British elections are concerned primarily with the determination of what party shall govern ; what man shall be Prime Minister. The emphasis in the British elections is upon the selection of a Prime Minister, and a government, not upon achieving some mirror-like reflection of public opinions and wants. Two alternative Prime Ministers stand before the public ; two alternative parties . . . are represented. The electorate takes its choice between them." The idea of the " Official Opposition " has been fostered to such a degree, as Professor Carter points out, that the press mainly gives attention and publicity to the criticism which emanates from the " Official Opposition."

The chapter on the Prime Minister and the party is interesting, and throws light on the differences in Tory and Labour Party organizations, Party Conferences, the granting of honours in return for party funds, the treatment of pressure and interest groups, and a host of " backroom " political practices generally. As to the loyalty of the Prime Minister, Professor Carter quotes : " A Prime Minister, it has been said, has three duties, to his king, his country and his party, and it is never certain which is the correct order in the scale of value."

Owing to the development of the two main parties into tightly knit, well disciplined bodies the power of the Prime Minister has increased, in that he finds himself at the head of a body which he may control and discipline. In fact, if he is a wise man he may " exercise a directing authority which is the envy of political leaders of other states ". Even in fighting a general election the Prime Minister is nearly always in a position to control the time and issue of the dissolution of parliament. Through this means he is able to gain partisan political advantage.

The British pride themselves upon the democratic nature of their political system, but there is no democracy in foreign affairs. In fact " treaties, agreements and other international relationships may be entered into by the British government without the necessity of prior Parliamentary authorization or even the necessity of legislative

ratification. Even declarations of war do not require the authorisation of the Parliament."

We learn that Churchill had been in Parliament for 38 years before first taking the office of Prime Minister. Professor Carter has found that : " The man who stands for something, and stands for it through adversity, is sometimes the recipient of later public support." In the long run, he says, the public respect a man of integrity, a man who does not change his course because it is unpopular.

The book is occasionally repetitive, as some aspects are dealt with in more than one chapter, and there are a few unwieldy sentences which sound unnatural to English ears. Nevertheless it is a book of sustained interest and illumination to student and layman, bearing in mind the vast political problems a Prime Minister is called on to deal with in modern times. It was ready for publication just as Sir Anthony Eden assumed the office of Prime Minister, and he has only dealt with the present P.M. in a very brief appendix. The last words of this appendix are perhaps the most illuminating of the whole book, to students of the world situation today : " It should be added that Eden served more years as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs than any other person in British history."

C. G.

The English: Are They Human? by G. J. Renier (Ernest Benn, 15s.)

THE TITLE will ring a bell for most people. The reason is that quotations from this book have never ceased to crop up in a thousand places, ever since it came out in 1931. Imitated but not surpassed, it well deserves its jubilee edition. It deals with the " otherness " of the English and, in chapters that vary their moods according to the topic, we are shown how we are not like other people. The author is concerned exclusively with the English, not with the Scots, Welsh or Irish, all of whom he groups among the partakers of universal humanity.

No change has been made to the text. It remains the work of one who emerged from the 1920's, and there has never been a fairer or more perceptive explanation of the English of 1931 and the decades either side of that year. And it is to be hoped M. Renier will one day provide us with the new book which he deems necessary to do justice to the English of 1945 and after.

Does the unaltered text lose its validity for the reader of the late 1950's ? Sadly, it does, for us who have seen the arrival of the cradle-to-grave welfare state, a re-organised Commonwealth, a sharp

decline in the public schools' influence, a new type of university student, further decline in religious externals for most of us, new problems for the middle class, changed entertainment and eating habits, widespread Continental travel and an influx of foreigners from all continents. These and other developments make many of M. Renier's English people (perfectly real in 1931) seem of a different tribe. Yet the book is today more useful for a student of our race than the hundred other facetious works subsequently written by our own countrymen and others.

It has truth in wit and humour. For example : " The English have ever fought for principles, for abstract policies and the good of humanity, even when victory was bound to bring them profit ", and (of the Englishwoman in Latin countries), " She will sit, waiting for the dago driver to be cruel to his horse. Her expectation is usually frustrated, although it is perfectly true that in Latin countries animals come in rank and dignity after human beings ", also, " The English are sex-starved. They are reluctant to marry, and the chaste bachelor of thirty who so puzzles French observers is not a myth ".

The book is also undoubtedly intelligent. It explains that Arnold (of Rugby) sowed in his boys the seeds of the ritualistic conception of life, by making them admire moral qualities that were not theirs, display the externals of sentiments they could not harbour, and repress the inclination of their own nature ; that instead of considering them as plastic material, Arnold established a barrier between human nature and the boys of Rugby. And as we all know, Rugby started it all !

The book is sometimes annoying. I personally dislike the observation that the England of the Middle Ages had the fundamentally temporal attitude towards religion of the modern English gentleman, that it was more irreligious even with its lewd monks, its Machiavellian prelates, its population burdened with gross superstitions and devoid of spirituality . . . The terrifying, epileptic 14th century was peopled by neuropaths . . . Its cruelty and lack of restraint, its unbridled sensuality, etc., etc. But then, nobody of M. Renier's generation ever understood the Middle Ages.

No doubt the last chapter, dealing with the future of the English, had logically to be written. This is a pity, because in speaking of the future " British Citizen of the World " a loud hollowness is revealed, as follows :

> " There is an aspect of the ritualistic conception of life which the world cannot afford to lose in its concentration on outward form which attaches extremely little importance to absolute values. This indeed may be its lasting contribution to the human mind. The English can teach mankind that only form exists and, when mankind has realised this, it will renounce its idolatry and consecrate itself exclusively to the search for happiness."

Alas, this is just what the English have been doing for the last ten years.

Fortunately, at the same time " the world is crying out for the unity that transcends patriotism without destroying it ". It is doubtful, however, whether M. Renier's Englishmen will ever do much about it.

B. P.

Your Future Is Now by W. J. Thorne (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21s.).

WHAT will the world be like in the year 2000 ? Mr. Thorne analyses current trends in such diverse fields as population, education, economics and politics, and although he foresees grave dangers and difficulties ahead he closes on a note of optimism, convinced that our future is secure if we take action now.

His publishers describe Mr. Thorne as " an eminent banking authority " but he makes that modest confession which has become the standard introduction to any modern economic textbook : " I am not an economist." After reading the book one is more inclined to say that he is not a politician : his analysis of the present situation and future trends is invaluable, his proposals for solving our problems are somewhat vague and obscure.

How can we make best use of our natural resources ? Our geographical position, of vital importance in the maritime age, has lost its value in the era of air travel. Beneath our soil, coal is the only mineral worthy of notice and resources are rapidly being exhausted. We must make the best possible use of the land but it is difficult to share the author's enthusiasm for the eviction of " inefficient " farmers by forcing down food prices and for replacing individual farmer-owners by " joint stock companies financing fairly large self-contained units ".

Are our national intellectual assets being developed to the full ? The Education Act of 1944 receives its accustomed measure of criticism but Mr. Thorne administers a neat rebuke to the egalitarians who attack the selective grammar schools : they are not sufficiently selective and the élite (the " very able minority ") cannot receive " equality of opportunity " to develop their exceptional talents. In another chapter a table reproduced from *The Economist* of June 1955 shows the cold hand of egalitarianism at work against the skilled worker. Taking the unskilled worker's wage as 100, in 1914 the skilled man's was 184, which had dropped to 135 by 1919 ; in 1939 it was up to 163 but post-war inflation and the tendency for wage increases to be " flat-rate " (favouring the unskilled) had reduced this figure to 133 by 1946 and 128 by 1954.

A chapter is devoted to an analysis of Russia's material strength and weaknesses, and another to those of America. Between these two world powers lies Europe, and it is encouraging to note that

the author recognises that no European country can be economically sovereign in the " neo-technic " age. Mr. Thorne deplores England's sabotage of the Schuman Plan and of the European Defence Committee. He praises British technical achievements and, in what is probably the most important sentence in the book, says " . . . her other task is to ensure European unity by uniting herself with it. Only so can Europe successfully achieve living with England." For this we can forgive the author much ; but time is pressing : if our children are to live we must act with speed and decision. " Their future is now ".

G. V.

The Scrolls from the Dead Sea, by Edmund Wilson (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.).

Secrets of the Dead Sea Scrolls, by H. J. Schonfield (Signet Books).

The Dead Sea Scrolls, by M. Burrows (Secker & Warburg, 30s.).

The Dead Sea Scrolls, by J. M. Allegro (Pelican Books, 3s. 6d.).

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY of the Dead Sea Scrolls is already vast : " Der Sektenkanon von En Fescha und die Anfaenge der juedischen Gnosis ", " Singularities in the consecutive tense constructions in the Isaiah Scroll ", and many many other specialised titles. A reviewer without these primary treatises at his fingertips is awkwardly placed when comparing the comprehensive surveys now becoming available to the general reader. The ground of discussion is so complex, involving much of the Old Testament and most of the New, the later forms of scriptural Judaism and the primitive forms of Christianity, that one criterion for the inexpert must certainly be lucidity.

The scrolls raise questions that even their own numerical mass cannot be expected to answer conclusively. To anticipate conclusions on such a vexed question as the origin of the Christian Church is almost irresistible. Since the scrolls offer hints rather than statements towards any conclusion, the second criterion must be restraint.

Some people, like Mr. Philip Toynbee (*Observer*, 29.7.56), hold in face of the discoveries that nothing is changed. That is carrying restraint too far. Others, like Professor Dupont-Sommer, hold that all is changed, or shortly may be. That is extravagance, for what scholars know makes curiously little difference to what people continue to believe.

Mr. Edmund Wilson provides a partisan and journalistic curtain-raiser to the books of the scholars. Good on the human angle, the characters of the various people who found, sold and purchased the

scrolls, he is unkind about the British Mr. Harding, and keen on the Israeli " General " Yadin.

The scholars who are working on the scrolls concern us more, and here we should go to Professor Burrows for the texts of the scrolls themselves, to Mr. Allegro for historical presentation and an excellent set of photographs, to Dr. Schonfield for Hebrew paleography made intelligible and an exploration of the more revolutionary possibilities that the discovery announces. It is a pity that Mr. Allegro, for reasons of prematurity, has omitted the text of the copper scroll for the unrolling and deciphering of which he had the distinction to be responsible.

Why should the documentary remains of a half-forgotten Palestinian sect cause so much stir in the twentieth century ?

From Philo and Josephus we have always known of a Jewish holiness-sect called Essenes, living in monastic seclusion by the Dead Sea, with a Third Order of sympathisers scattered through the towns and villages of Palestine. The scrolls, from their monastic library, tell us much more : that the Essenes were priestly, secessionist, hostile to the Maccabean priest-kings as usurpers of the priestly function, to the Jerusalem priesthood as " Erastian ", and to the Pharisees as time-wasting ritualists ; persecuted, having all things in common, prophetic, messianic and apocalyptic in expectation, celebrating mystic banquets, honouring a martyred Teacher of Righteousness, occupied in personal sanctification, and teaching a doctrine with which the gospels largely coincide in substance and sometimes even in text. In fact it would seem that in the Qumran sect all the principal elements of Christianity were present, except the Christ Himself.

On such evidences it has been possible to draw up a number of propositions radically affecting traditional notions of the origins of the Christian Church, as for example :

(i) That Jesus (never of Nazareth, since in the Roman era there was no such place) was an Essene teacher (possibly, or for some time, of Qumran).

(ii) That Jesus deliberately re-enacted the sufferings of the Essene Teacher of Righteousness.

(iii) That the primitive Church was an Essene congregation faithful to one distinguished Essene teacher, Jesus.

(iv) That James the Just was President of the Christian-Essene congregation in Jerusalem and one more victim in the persecution by the orthodox authorities of the Essene sect.

(v) That Jesus only became a god when his teachings had passed beyond the monotheistic barrier of Jewry.

(vi) That the barely differentiated holiness-sect (Essene - Christian) of Palestine disintegrated in the chaos of the First Revolt and the miseries that followed it.

In fact, by so unexpectedly helping to bridge the documentary gap between the last of the minor prophets and the earliest epistles of S. Paul, the library of the Essenes once more propounds the ancient challenge : " What think ye of Christ ; Whose Son is He ?"

ALAN NEAME.

Trial By Fire by Charles Elliott (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.)

WHO, who has not worked there, knows anything about the Persian Gulf ? Perhaps a saccarine travelogue in a cinema, or a small item about demonstrations in the newspaper ; that is all. And yet the Gulf supplies Europe with the oil for whose transit through the Canal Sir Anthony has been playing at Redcoats and Fuzzywuzzies.

Trial By Fire is an outstanding example of the kind of novel, often prosaic, always tailored to its 250 pages and contrived climax, which nevertheless extends its reader's awareness of modern problems. It should also modify attitudes. Set in Kurayan, a Persian Gulf sheikhdom, whose primeval squalor/dignity has erupted into wealth, it has a good portrait of a sheikh : a puzzled mixture of greed, Koranic mutterings and caution. Leslie Grant, the ' adviser ', is benevolent, and believes in the Arabs ; Wolfers, as lecherous as his name, is the head of the oil company ; he first paws, then possesses Grant's wife ; at the same time he ridicules Grant's belief that Arabs are human too. The climax of the action — the precipitate eruption of a new well, and its conflagration — allows Mr. Elliott to draw his moral. The explosion is due to the bored drunkenness of an American driller ; with him on the rig is Jassim, the first Arab technician allowed to take part in such skilled work. Jassim tries to warn Wolfers of the explosion, but is roasted to death at his post. Wolfers then tries to falsify the event, so that it will appear that all fault lay with the Arab. Only Grant holds out and in an investigation overthrows the deception and gets Wolfers dismissed.

The book will doubtless be attacked, if read, as exaggerated, as far too pro-Arab, To this reviewer it seems, if anything, kind to the English. Grants are rare birds ; and as British influence in the East declines they will get rarer still. Like the dodo.

D.S.

FAR EAST JOURNEY

II. SINGAPORE

by JOHN HAYLOCK

A BLAST of hot air hits one as one gets out of the plane at Singapore. It was eight o'clock in the evening, but there was not the slightest breeze, I was wet through by the time I got to the customs.

" Have you any Straits dollars ?," the little Chinese girl official asked me. I imagined she had said " straight " dollars, and this was pidgin for cash.

" Yes," I said, " Nine hundred and eighty-five."

" What are you doing with them ? "

" I use them for travelling with."

" One minute," she said and went off to get the Chief Customs' man, also Chinese. Singapore is a British colony, I reminded myself, no doubt there are restrictions. The Customs' man came.

" This is serious," he said, " You are only allowed to bring in a hundred dollars. May I see them ?" Feeling guilty I brought them out.

" But these are American dollars ? "

" Yes."

" Then, that's all right, the girl said you had Malay dollars. She's new, it's her first day on."

Relieved, and thinking less badly of the British Empire, I boarded the B.O.A.C. bus that took us to Raffles Hotel in the centre of the city. I cashed a traveller's cheque with the cashier, a cheery, neat little Chinaman. I apologised for putting July 1st on the cheque instead of July 2nd.

" Oh, that's nothing : I would probably have done that myself," the cashier said in his perfect English.

I took a taxi to the hotel where I had booked. Sticky and tired, with my head still buzzing after the eight-hour flight from Ceylon I started to fill up the register. My passport number was needed, and looking in my brief case for the envelope in which were my passport, dollars, letter of credit, travellers' cheques and air-ticket, I couldn't find it. Panic.

The fat Malay clerk was at the telephone. " I'm sorry," he kept saying, " I can't speak Chinese." I tried to call his attention but he kept on repeating that he couldn't speak Chinese. At last he stopped.

" Ring the Raffles Hotel at once and ask the cashier if I left an envelope on his desk. It's important, my passport and all my money are in it."

He looked at me a little suspiciously, and then went to the telephone. " Raffles Hotel ? Raffles Hotel ? Reception ? "

" No, not reception," I said, " the cashier." On he went, asking the reception to put him through to the cashier. " Raffles Hotel always take long time," he grinned. I looked round and saw the tall Malay bell-boy admiring himself in the looking-glass. He caught my eye, smiled and blushed. Perhaps I had left the envelope in the taxi. More panic.

" Anything left in taxi ? " I asked the boy. The Malay language has no definite or indefinite article, so telegram sentences are understood better by those who only know hotel English.

" No, nothing left, sir," the boy said.

The clerk was still trying to get put through to the cashier. " Raffles Hotel always slow," he said. I was beginning to plan what I would do. I supposed I could get another passport, I could cable my bank in England for money. Perhaps B.O.A.C. would give me another ticket after they had had confirmation from London that I had bought one. All this would take days, probably weeks. Singapore at first sight had not impressed me, the thought of a long stay without money was appalling.

The clerk came smiling to the desk. " Yes, the cashier say he got envelope." I rushed back to the Raffles.

" How stupid of me ! " I said.

" Oh that's nothing," said the cool Chinese clerk. " I've left my wallet in the bus."

This, my first contact with a Chinaman, rather struck me. Perhaps making out that he was equally capable of being careless was to save my " face " ; if so, then I rather liked the idea.

Back at my hotel the clerk said " bed and breakfast thirty dollar

a day." This in Malay dollars is nearly £4. The " Guide to Singapore " in its section " Doing the rounds when the sun's down " says : " With the setting of the sun the fabulous night life of Singapore begins. Theatres, night clubs, restaurants, dance halls, all have their regular clientele. There is a continual movement of private cars and taxis bearing beautiful and elegant women and men in immaculate black and white."

Not knowing any beautiful and elegant women, not possessing immaculate black and white I went out in shirt sleeves with an African who had been asked to call at my hotel by a mutual friend, and to guide me round the " fabulous night life."

He took me first to a little restaurant not far from my hotel. We entered through those small swing doors that one has so often seen in cowboy films, and were greeted by a burst of sick making music from the gate box. Between each table were wooden divisions which allowed the British soldiers and their Chinese girl-friends to be discreet, by each table was a push-button box in which one put a coin and had the tune of one's choice, but the choice was limited to songs like, " A stranger in Paradise " and " From the bottom of my heart ".

We then took a taxi to the " New World " which is an amusement park. There are two others, the " Great World " and the " Happy World ", but one " world " is much like another. It is in these " worlds " that, as the Guide says, " those who like to dispense with formality " watch "cosmopolitan Singapore have fun ". As well as the dodgem cars, the shooting galleries, the sideshows that are found in every Fun Fair there is the Chinese Opera, too esoteric for the ordinary European to appreciate — highly made up, dazzlingly dressed performers screeching ; and Malay Joget dancing. The latter is fascinating, but one sees it best at the Eastern Hotel, a ramshackle establishment that has great atmosphere. On two sides of the floor sit taxi-girls on benches ; by the band is a signboard giving the names of the dances : Mambo, Samba, Fox-trot, etc. ; the dance the band is playing is lit-up (one wonders why, as they all sound exactly the same). Each dance lasts two minutes and three dances cost a Straits dollar (2s. 4d.). A " Mambo " is lit-up on the signboard. Compact, brown, Malay men and boys rush up to the girls with tickets in their hands, choose the girl they want, and begin dancing. But it is no ordinary dancing. Not once during the dance do the partners touch one another, they " jog " at each other with the space of a yard between them. They talk, sometimes, they may

smoke, during the dance, but they never touch. They dance expertly, with neat, complicated steps accompanied by body-shakings and hand movements. I found, sitting on a stool at a rickety table drinking beer, watching this Jorget dancing, that the time passed very quickly.

My African guide called at my hotel and took me to the centre of the city (Singapore proudly became a city in 1951) the following morning. It's as modern as anywhere : huge office buildings tower into the sky ; the banks seem even bigger and more impersonal than they are elsewhere ; the streets are packed with cars (mostly English), and the parking problem is as acute as it is in London or New York. But one cannot walk far without becoming saturated with perspiration, and it is a relief to go into one of the spacious air-conditioned British department stores. Robinsons's and Little's seem to sell everything that Britain makes, and if it does take rather a long time to buy anything in them (the salesgirls seem vague about the price, then a bill must be laboriously made out, then change must be fetched) one doesn't mind as it's such a joy to be cool. At a clean milk bar opposite Robinson's in Raffles Place the African and I had an orange juice. The bar was run by Chinese : in it were two Americans, two English housewives with shopping baskets, three little Chinese children, a Malay, the African and I. Such a mixture is typical of Singapore ; no one stares at anyone, as there could be no surprises in such a place. Nearby is a stretch of Singapore River, crammed with sampans and tonkangs, along the quay are rows of tin and wooden restaurants where Chinese fishermen were scooping weird-smelling concoctions into their mouths with chopsticks. Over a bridge one comes to the City Hall outside which is a statue of Raffles, and past several imposing administrative buildings in a wide green space, with beyond it a white stucco Gothic cathedral. This is St. Andrews Cathedral (Church of England) built by convict labour one hundred years ago. How strange and incongruous this cathedral looks, its spire pointing into the bright tropical sky. Perhaps it's the whiteness of the building that strikes one. One is used to grey Gothic, but white Gothic looks like an Englishman feeling slightly shy in a tropical suit for the first time. Inside the cathedral was very ordinary, except that a Chinese girl was extemporising on the organ, and there was a notice about sidesmen on duty for the following Sunday, all with Chinese names. My guide was too thorough. He dragged me across a busy highway to Queen Elizabeth Walk, a garden along the harbour's edge, to look at the

many cargo boats that lay at anchor in the bay, and then to Raffles Museum where there are several old prints of the remarkable Raffles, and some interesting Malay silks, pottery and silver.

" We eat over there," the African said pointing across the street. " Do you like Indonesian food ? "

" I've never had any. Let's try it anyway."

The restaurant called the Rendezvous was owned by a Chinese from Indonesia. We had many saucers full of very hot things that needed a lot of beer to quench ; not one of the little dishes was very nice. At the end the Chinese waiter piled the saucers, made a rapid calculation and said " Twelve dollar " (28s.). A lot to pay, I felt, to have a burning throat.

I dismissed my African guide and went back to the hotel to cool off in my expensive air-conditioned cell.

I had an introduction to an English business man who kindly invited me to dinner.

The suburbs of the crowded island (it's about as big as the Isle of Wight and has a population of nearly one and a quarter million) are charming with their tropical trees and gardens ; everything is a rich, bright green. Hardly a day goes by without rain. We drove out to my friend's house, some distance from the city. We passed some huge ornate houses.

" These belong to rich Chinese. There are a lot of Chinese millionaires here."

" How do they make their money ? " I asked.

" Importing and exporting mostly, and then investing money in land whose price is very high. Importing coffee from Indonesia (much of which is smuggled out), exporting rubber from Malaya, and so on. The commercial class is either Chinese, Indian or English, but mostly Chinese, 77 per cent of the people in Singapore are Chinese, you know."

" And the Malays ? "

" The Malays, poor little things, don't get much of a look-in in the commercial world. It's not that they're lazy, it's more that they're lackadaisical. They don't apply themselves to a job like the Chinese or the Indian. They usually find work in the Government, the police force and so on. I expect you've noticed that most of the police are Malay. The Malays are charming people, but no good in an office, nothing like as good as the Chinese, not so quick, not so efficient, also they're always wanting to go up to their Kampong, their village, for a family visit. Well, this is where I live." We turned

off the coast road and wound up a lane to a house among trees with a marvellous view over the sea to distant islands.

" That's Indonesia over there," my friend said.

" Sumatra ? "

" No, just islands off Sumatra really."

I sat in his delightful sitting-room, gazing intermittently at the view and at the fascinating Indonesian carvings and pictures. There was a fresh breeze and I no longer felt half-stunned by the heat. To live here away from the sticky, swarming town through which one drove twice a day to an air-conditioned office where one quietly imported and exported fron nine till five, no doubt making quite a lot of money, would not be such a bad life, I thought.

" Singapore is not a bad place to live in you know " my friend said over dinner. " There are 25,000 British people here, apart from the army, and so one can live a life of one's own. We don't have an enclosed circle as they do in other colonies. There are hundreds of British people I've never met. There are clubs, of course, but one can make one's own society and one doesn't feel compelled to join them. The community is too big for the gossip and back-biting one finds in other places. On the whole it's a very pleasant place to live. The climate's a bit trying, of course, as it hardly ever changes, the average maximum temperature all the year round is 87°F. Then there's leave, when one goes home, and sometimes business trips to Indonesia and up country to Kuala Lumpur. I wouldn't live anywhere else."

" And the war against the bandits ? "

" Oh, that's almost over."

" And the future ? Self-government and so on ? "

" Oh, that'll sort itself out. Singapore is much too important as an entrepot for trade for them to mess it about too much. People here are interested primarily in business. When Marshall returned from London expecting to find a vast crowd at the airport of sorrowing citizens of Singapore for whom he had failed to get independence, he had a very poor reception. The people aren't interested. Of course, there is always a section in any large town that can be whipped up into making a demonstration about anything."

There is an express bus that takes one from Singapore to Johore Bahru, the capital of the southernmost state of the Malayan federation. The bus rushes one along the double track road to the causeway that connects the island with the mainland of Malaya, Compact little Malay policemen give the passengers a perfunctory customs

examination before the bus is allowed across the causeway and into the town of Johore Bahru. A typical Malayan city I was told, but as far as I could see most of the shops were Chinese, and the Malays seemed to be wandering about a charming avenue alongside the dead calm sea where there was a breeze. I sat for a bit reading the Straits Times by the water's edge enjoying the cool. To someone unused to the clammy heat of the tropics just sitting in a cool place is about the most pleasant thing one can do. The paper was full of the kidnapping of a Chinese millionaire by Singapore crooks ; the racket in the docks where labour gang leaders pretend they've engaged 40 stevedores when in fact they've only employed 20 men to unload a ship, the leaders pocketing the difference ; the scandal of the abduction of young girls into the brothels ; the problem of unemployment in the colony and the need for more factories. Singapore according to the newspaper did not seem as prosperous and happy a place as my friend of the previous evening had led me to believe.

I walked along the avenue, past the Sultan's palace to the zoo, one look up at the monstrosity of the Government building on a hill in the middle of the town was enough. I was the only visitor to the little zoo, and in order to get change to buy a ticket I had to purchase quantities of monkey nuts. The animals were either asleep or pacing up and down their small cages in the most angry way. The huge bear slept, but the tiger was furious, turning himself round and round in a very confined space ; and the gorilla hurled himself about his cage, getting into every possible position. He was so completely wrapped up in his own antics that he took no interest in me or my nuts. I left the zoo, which one can visit thoroughly in five minutes, with three bags of nuts. I ate them on my way back down the avenue to the bus.

Again in search of coolness (which had become an obsession) rather than entertainment I took a taxi to the Odeon cinema. It was wonderfully plush and comfortable. The audience appeared to be entirely English ; troops no doubt. On coming out it was quite a shock to find myself in Singapore and not in Leicester Square.

Back at the hotel I went towards the air-conditioned restaurant, but I was stopped going in by the Malay clerk. " Very sorry, sir " he said. " After 8 o'clock must wear jacket."

I left for Hong Kong at 5 a.m. There was no morning freshness in the air, it was as hot as it was at midday, or at any hour on any day throughout the year.

ROBIN ADAIR

Mr. Robin Adair, who contributed a series of articles on food to this magazine entitled "The European at Table", has died. Friend and pupil of the late Marcel Boulestin, he was a great cook and charming companion. His friends will remember him as a pessimist who thought the postwar world, in many of its aspects, unnecessarily disagreeable, but also as a perfectionist in the art of cooking, who practised what he preached with an artist's touch.

MOSLEY'S WRITINGS

Recent 1s. booklets (post free).

EUROPEAN SOCIALISM

THE PROBLEM OF POWER

AUTOMATION

WAGNER and SHAW

MOSLEY: POLICY & DEBATE
6/-

Obtainable from :—
SANCTUARY PRESS LTD.,
302 Vauxhall Bridge Road,
London, S.W.1.

Next month in

THE EUROPEAN

THE TABLE NEAR THE BAND

A SHORT STORY

by

ALAN NEAME

• • •

LITERATURE AND POLITICS V

DRIEU LA ROCHELLE

by

PIERRE ANDREU

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

1 Year £1 10s. 6 months 15s. Single copies 2s. 9d. (including post)

U.S.A.

1 Year $4.50 6 months $2.25

Cheques should be made payable to THE EUROPEAN and sent to THE EUROPEAN, 302 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Contributions, which must please be typed on thin paper, can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.