THE EUROPEAN

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ANALYSIS

FIRST things first ; it is well to begin with the relations of America and Russia, for, unfortunately, these are the countries that alone count in the present world ; and this will continue to be the position until the European peoples again weld themselves into a great entity within European Union. A situation has arisen between the two great powers which is so important that in comparison nothing else really matters. Needless to say such an occasion has passed almost unnoticed in the British Press, whose taste for the trivial has recently been more than usually titillated by a drama in a doll's house. In short, America has made a powerful move of a negative character. It has effectively warned Russia off the Middle East. The suggestion that on this occasion America is following a British lead is unfortunately belied by the fact that Russia would not have a real look in anywhere in the Middle East if British Government had not opened the door by presenting the Soviets with Arab sympathies. Be that as it may, it is a plain fact that America has directly negated the further advance of Russia in this region. We suggest that this strong negative should be accompanied by an equally decisive positive. Last November Russia made certain disarmament proposals, which directly followed Mr. Krushchev's remarkable utterance concerning a possible evacuation of the occupied countries discussed in our last issue, and asked for the procedure which has come to be known as a " Summit " conference. It can well be that from a technical standpoint much of this plan is just propaganda nonsense, but still it represents an advance. All this was met by an Anglo-American proposal to refer the matter to a U.N. disarmament sub-committee at a meeting in March ; the old game of keeping everything that matters in the world at a sub-level,

which has got us nowhere at all in ten dreary and dangerous years. This may be an appropriate reply for a gentleman who has once in his life ventured disastrously into the field of action, and, therefore, is conscious of nothing but an overwhelming desire to scurry back to the warm security of a burrow of committees. But it is not a reply appropriate for the President of the United States in a moment of destiny, nor for a new British Government which suggests it will pursue bolder and more imaginative policies. As we go to press new proposals have been tabled by America at the United Nations ; it is not yet clear whether all will now be buried again in the dark earth of committees, or whether this life or death issue will now be examined in the light of day. Surely by now the work of these interminable committees has made it clear what are the differences between the great powers in the armament question, and, in any case, a very short preliminary work of clarification could now make the respective positions plain. Surely it is equally clear that if we are still far from reaching agreement, nothing will bring disarmament except pressure of world opinion. At that point great debate alone can succeed where the small haggle has failed. The Russians depend just as much on world opinion for the advance of their cause as the democracies depend on world opinion for the defence of their cause. It is too much to hope that our present rulers can pass from the defensive to the offensive in the battle of ideas, because to enter that field it is first necessary to have an idea. But in the matter of disarmament all mankind has the idea ; the whole world wants it. Therefore, if in great debate the real obstructors of general disarmament can be exposed to world opinion, their political cause will be lost. We shall either get disarmament or strike communism a mortal blow. In a battle of ideas we should have nothing to fear in this respect, for no particular interest can be greater than the general interest of disarmament. If we have anything to fear it is a folly and a disgrace, and we should at once correct our position, Humanity should know who is obstructing disarmament and thus threatening the life of the world. We believe it is the Soviets ; let them prove the contrary in open debate if they can. And if we have no man who dare face them, let us send for those who will.

The " transient " Prime Minister

Long ago we referred to Sir Anthony Eden as a " transient " Prime Minister and have repeatedly analysed the faults of mind and political character which led to the final pathos. We have no more to

say about him ; the worry can be left to the jackal pack. But we have this to say about the small circle of distinguished gentlemen who have come to be known as the Establishment, and about the Conservative party machine from which they derive their chief strength (it should be recognised, of course, that in all things which really matter the Labour hierarchy also belongs effectively to the Establishment). The Conservative Party built up the reputation of this man over thirty years ; they built it with all the economic power of their press and money machine. They built it for their own purposes. It was always quite clear what he was to anyone with the least experience of politics or the world. He was not a bad man, but he was a completely inadequate man ; particularly in a great age. That inadequacy was plain from his speeches, his writings, from everything he did in all his long record of doing smooth little things in smooth little ways ; even the legend of political flair which his backers so assiduously cultivated was finally exposed in the decision to go to Jamaica at such a moment. This man had nothing except his appearance and his manners ; he was a picture postcard for use at election time by a money machine. This is what the Establishment wanted ; this is what the Conservative Party got. In this long operation they revealed their own character ; they exposed also their own utter inadequacy. A private tragedy is a public warning concerning the character of our present rulers, which the British public can only ignore in present circumstances at risk to their life.

South Africa and the Universal Aunts

So recently as our December issue we dealt with the treatment of South Africa by British Government, and, in particular, by the City of London; it was not difficult to point out that many people in Europe and America were ready to meet South Africa in a very different spirit if these follies made the position of that country impossible within the Commonwealth. The last event is a powerful letter to the *Times* from the South African Minister of External Affairs, with which many people will agree. It is high time that someone discussed comments by the British press on matters *sub judice* in other countries which they would not dream of making about cases before the British courts ; this occurred in matters with which the Foreign Office was concerned before the courts of the British occupation authorities in Germany to an extent fortunately without precedent or parallel. It was high time too that someone rebuked our rare collection of universal aunts who run round the world inquiring

into other people's affairs in a manner we never would tolerate to visiting foreigners in our own country. It is particularly offensive that much of this performance should be in the name of Christianity, and should be conducted among a people in South Africa who are outstanding for their Christian virtues. The leaders of South Africa have at least as good a claim to represent a Christian standpoint as anyone in Great Britain, and a great deal better claim to understand the coloured problem. It is time that people in Britain realised that for better or worse in the negro question the Government of South Africa are supported by the overwhelming majority of British settlers as well as by their own original Dutch population. They are supported too in this question by a majority opinion in the Rhodesias and in other British African territories. Whether British opinion likes it or not, it is a fact that has to be recognised. If we open our eyes to that fact, we may also be in a position to see not only some reason for the South African attitude but the truth concerning what is being done for the negroes in that country which is very remote from some of the propaganda being turned out in Britain.

Gilded Mushrooms

In the failure and disillusion of Conservatism various societies of the Right spring up in a successive profusion with all the luxuriance of mushrooms on a September morning ; they spring usually from the same soil and contain often the same personnel. They all have two things in common ; a golden cradle and the leaden coffin of an early demise. They soon learn the hard lesson that it takes something in addition to money to make a movement.

The extreme Right has recently been seized with a passionate desire to enter Africa. It is not clear whether their main object is to lead a flight of capital from the results of the Conservative Government they have so long supported, or to build up African civilisation in accord with the way of life and general method of those who have been occupied with that land for generations. Some of these gentlemen would appear to be inhibited from that effective co-operation by their political, social and even religious principles. But South Africa has lately swum into their ken as the system they have so long supported rocks to its foundation. The Imperial solution which was so ardently advocated until a few weeks ago also fades suddenly into a United Europe and Commonwealth conception. It is gratifying indeed to see at least a few of the slogans from our writings and speeches of the last decade so richly advertised in the great daily

press. Genuine converts from any quarter are always welcome, and they are certainly moving fast under the " harsh glance of necessity ". But in the Union of Europe and the development of Africa some of these gentlemen talk a very different language, are moved by very different principles, and have a profoundly different attitude in life to many of those whose goodwill in Europe and Africa they will find a necessity. These migrants will need a few swimming lessons before they can travel safely from the old ship to the new. But those who come in good faith will no doubt rightly be welcomed in both Europe and Africa. And as we pointed out a decade ago the genuine spirits among them only require in the first stage an " extension of patriotism ".

The new Government

The new Government should be given a fair chance, by all, and we refrain from comment until we see what it does. We pay the new Prime Minister no compliment at all when we say he was the obvious choice from among the available pillars of the Conservative Party.

EUROPEAN.

MAX AND FANNY SERIAL (CONCLUDED)

Divorce made absolute. Bridegroom seeking new household arrangements, including butler.

EURAFRIKA HIGHWAY

by EDWARD BOURKE-HALIBURTON

1. *The Big Picture*

"INSTEAD of so many Colonial Powers exploiting their colonial possessions and screaming about virulent nationalism, it might be a good idea to give millions of idle Africans the job of building a real Trans-African Highway." These words were uttered by Richard Pape during a drive which made him the first man to travel by car from North Cape to South Cape.

He had set out on the journey with the idea of advertising the performance of British cars, but by the time he had reached the Congo, his mind was functioning on the problem of race survival.

Many months ago, when Suez was still an accessible waterway, I began publicising this road-building project under the name of Eurafrika Highway. I did so not only because I believe it is vital that a large part of Africa be conserved and developed as the estate of the European but also because it is clear that the sub-continent of Africa can be developed only in the closest conjunction with Europe since together they form a single geo-physical land mass. This becomes immediately apparent when we remember that the Mediterranean is an island lake with access to the Atlantic Ocean. Trans-African highways are a military expedient and a commercial proposition ; a Eurafrikan Highway is a sociological need, as mechanically vital to Western civilisation in its existent transformatory stage as the Roman road system was to Western unity at an earlier period of culture. The sociological need which will be served

by the building of a Eurafrikan Highway can be expressed as Migration.

All the great voluntary migrations in history have been by land.

The early North American settlement may seem the exception : in reality, it was forced ahead by factors of political and economic compulsion. Puritans and Cavaliers from 17th century England, West African negroes in the 18th century, evicted Highland crofters, shiploads of emigrants from Ireland, Germany, Poland and Central Europe during the 19th century : all came to the New World as political or religious fugitives, victims of economic oppression, escapees from revolutionary upheaval or as slaves. Between 1750 and 1939 thirty-six millions crossed the Atlantic from deliberate choice. The genuine North American migrations came later by way of the Oregon, Jubilee and Santa Fé trails, and were organic and spontaneous.

The opening of the North American West was a social phenomenon comparable with the great treks from Asia into Europe from the second to fifth centuries A.D. The migrants were neither economically deprived nor compelled by tyranny to leave their homes : they were activated by a collective urge, the awakening of a dream-logic supplying new and unanticipated aims. Now that car-and-trailer and station wagon have taken the place of horse-drawn covered wagon, the migratory process has been accelerated : the population of California has trebled itself within the past 25 years. The New Californians are of the type which thinks nothing of packing up all their belongings and driving 3,000 miles in search of a better climate.

Had they been told that they could migrate only by air—with their luggage contained in a single trunk—or would have to wait six months on the booking of an uncertain sea passage, it is doubtful whether one in twenty would have made the trip.

I do not wish to decry the aeroplane and ship as a means of transportation, yet a traveller intending to proceed from Glasgow to London would be aghast if informed that his journey could be effected only by way of Prestwick or the Clyde. A few thousand yards of water at the Straits of Hercules is all that separates the North European from an uninterrupted land journey to the Cape 10,000 miles away, yet his enquiries regarding an overland motor route are treated in official circles sometimes with as much derision as if he had proposed making the trip in a soap-box chariot.

The sponsors of Eurafrika Highway believe that motoring is the

logical and satisfactory means of travel and transportation within the Euro-African land mass ; that the overland route, in the immediate future, is more feasible than air and sea passage and remains the sole practical consideration when thinking in terms of large-scale migration. We are not in competition with airway and shipping companies whose services are supplementary. The sea route will remain more advantageous for certain types of freightage and the air is obviously for those who want to get from one place to another in the shortest possible time. But the natural extension of travel from Europe into Africa will be by road.

The Eurafrikan Highway will open up a broad avenue for migrants from congested and economically dehydrated European regions in their search of opportunity and a better standard of life. The Highway will consist of fast, reliable autobahns with their terminals in the North European capitals, traversing Spain and Italy (across bridges and caissons linking the Euro-African continent), and from road junctions at Tangiers, Algiers and Tunis, driving straight through Central Africa and joining up with the system of first-class roads already rapidly moving towards completion in the Union of South Africa.

This may sound like a pipe dream, yet the Spanish Government already plans to build the first Euro-African road bridge at the cost of £50 million—an eight mile, 3,281 feet high span from Gibraltar to the Moroccan mainland.

The Eurafrika Highway project rests therefore upon two urgent considerations : (i) Military and Commercial, and (ii) Migratory.

The latter consideration is primary with the sponsors of the scheme, since it is clear that the African sub-continent cannot be defended or developed adequately unless every encouragement is given to large numbers of healthy, adventurous Europeans to settle there. Nor is there anything artificial in this notion. The insurgence of new stock from the North in migratory waves towards the sun is part of the cultural rhythm of history. In the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland alone, an intake of 20 million Europeans is required over the next 25 years if the territory is to become viable. In metropolitan Britain alone, there are 20 million more inhabitants than the island can support with its agriculture and, in a contracting industrial export market, maintain at a proper standard of living. The slogan for Britain is, " Emigrate or (eventually) starve " ; for White Africa, " Immigrate or be wiped out". This is looking a little, but not too far, into the future. A Eurafrikan

road system will bring about the gradual redistribution of population over the Euro-African continental surface, from those West European regions in which there is a surplus to those administered African territories where there exists a deficiency.

2. *Trans-African Routes : a. Desert*

When the Vortrekker Association was formed in Edinburgh in the summer of 1956, under the inspiration of the Afrikaaner philosopher and geo-politist, D. A. C. MacLennan, some of the members signified their desire to settle in Southern Africa. They felt that a national service could be supplied by making generally applicable their private migratory arrangements. It was no good talking about new highways unless you were prepared to do something about it by personal example. Plans were made to equip a Motor Convoy carrying a party of settlers to the Cape.

There have been other convoys, but this expedition was to be tackled with a new approach. Each member of the team was to be the subject of an experiment ; every item of preparation and stage of the journey was to be recorded and the fullest use made of the opportunity for research. In this way we hoped not only to publicise the Eurafrika Highway project but achieve something permanent and valuable for those who followed the trail in the immediate future.

The expedition is still in its preparatory stage. Even so, we can give out a little useful information which, if it starts up discussions amongst like-minded emigrés, will have served its purpose.

The African road system is at present strictly territorial. Thinking in terms of official bodies and excepting certain imaginative individuals the French, Belgians, Rhodesians and South Africans all seem to regard their roads as local roads, serving only the area in which they were built. No one in authority is officially interested in Pan-African motoring. Anyone attempting the crossing will find that there are some good stretches of road connected by tracks, that information is difficult to obtain beforehand and often contradictory, that road and track maps of Africa are notoriously unreliable. Nevertheless there exist excellent opportunities for motoring in Africa, and these have been exploited even where over-

cautious officialdom has refused its co-operation. One such determined pioneer is the Belgian, Joe Ceurvorst, who in 1951 completed a 22,000 mile exploratory round-trip in a jeep.

According to Ceurvorst, " Motoring is already widespread in Central Africa and it can increase only according to a rhythm which is difficult to foresee. Its development is subordinate to various factors . . . chief of which is the quality of roads. . . ."

Let us start with roads :

Once in France, we have the choice of going down through Spain (where mountainous roads provide a trial for things ahead), or cross by boat from Marseilles to Algiers.

At the time of writing, the French are prepared to grant transit visas to armed convoys, with which regulations the first Eurafrika Highway expedition intends to comply.

The most picturesque route across the Sahara is the Hoggar : it connects Algiers with Kano in Northern Nigeria. The towns *en route* are Ghardhaia, El Golea, In Salah, Arak, Tamanrasset, In Guezzam, Agadez, Zinder.

To the popular (British) imagination, the Sahara is still portrayed in terrifying terms which bear little relationship to the experiences of people who know the desert. When the Eurafrika Highway project was first mooted, a National newspaper abused the privilege of some exclusive information by publishing a highly garbled report of our proposals, adding injury to insult by not paying the agreed fee for the information. I would like to take the opportunity of recording a few elementary but, it seems, little-known facts which might help to counteract the desperate impression created by the notion of trans-Saharan travel.

The Sahara is 3 million square miles in area and holds 1½ million inhabitants. It is therefore more densely populated than are the Highlands of Scotland.

One-half of the Saharans live in the oases and one-half are nomads, which means that they dwell in the desert through which we shall be motoring and are supposed to be risking our lives. Desert Saharans do not enjoy many of the blessings of industrial civilisation but they get along well enough without them and eat, from all accounts, a good deal better than many industrial workers. Unlike the latter, they retain an important vestige of their culture, which is Arabian and Phoenician. Mechanisation of the desert, mercifully, has not been pushed, but along the generally excellent Hoggar route the

French have built some good hotels and the Tamanrasset plateau in particular is touted as a spa.

The Sahara was once the granary of the world, and might well become so again.

The fastest-travelling trans-Saharan route is undoubtedly the Tanezrouft, also called Bidon Cinq after a remote desert lighthouse filling station near the southern Algerian border. Tanezrouft is also the first out of Morocco and can be integrated equally well into itineraries from Tangiers (or Ceuta), or Algiers. It starts at Colomb Bechar joining the Foreign Legion headquarters of Beni Abbes with Adrar, Reggane, Tessalit, and Gao in French Sudan. The military route, running parallel west of the Hoggar line, it is the one most used in summer. Intermediate roads, El Golea—Adrar—In Salah, connect Tanezrouft with Hoggar.

The distance between Ceuta and Kano is 2,864 miles ; Algiers-Kano, 2,412 miles. The normal crossing, by convoy, is 10 to 14 days. The official trans-Saharan (Algiers-Kano) was set up in 1935 by Symons and Browning driving a Wolseley 18/85, in the fantastic time of 76 hours 45 minutes : it is still unbroken. Colomb Bechar-Gao, the shortest strip across the desert, is only 1,690 miles.

In view of the lively political situation in North Africa, two further trans-Saharan routes merit consideration.

The Western Detour runs through Southern Morocco. Its continuation through Mauretania was not laid until 1935 ; until then the French had not conquered Tindouf from the Blue Men of Rio del Oro. It is now the trunk line to Dakar. If, at Tindouf, we fork right instead of left—the road runs south of the Algerian border in French Sudan and roughly corresponds to the Timbuktu caravan trail through Tahmannet, Taodenni and Araouane which, camel drivers aver, is the " toughest trek in the desert ". From the Haunted City, it is *fesh-fesh* (soft sand) to Gao.

The fourth trans-Saharan motor route is the Fezzan which runs due south from Tripoli to Chad. This implies taking ship from Nice to Tunis. The Libyan part of the road is one of Mussolini's forgotten highways and follows what may be the oldest caravan trail in the world, mentioned in Herodotus : Garian, Edri, Murzuch, El Gatrun, Tummo ; in French Niger, by Bilma.

In 1929, a British team did Tripoli-Chad, travelling both ways, in 7 days, but little seems to have been done since to exploit what must be a very fast route and the direct one for Central Africa.

b. Swamp, Jungle and Bush

Unexploited by civilian traffic and rendered " inadvisable " by current political embroilments, the Fezzan route albeit retains its significance. Below Lake Chad, there exist land communications rather than roads leading through the French Cameroons, Gabon and Angola to South-West Africa. The most *direct* North/South route across Africa, therefore, and one saving 3,000 miles of Central African travel, is along the line of the 15th vertical, from Tripoli to Capetown through Murzuch, Bilma, N'Guigmi, Dikwa, Garoua, N'Gaoundéré, Yaoundé, Lambaréné, Dolisie, Matadi, Luanda, Villa Pereira, Windhoek, and Keetsmanshoop, and it is not at all surprising that the track of the projected Berlin - Cape haupt-autobahn should have parallelled it.

Even now it is believed that with specially equipped trucks, this trip could be made, thereby setting up two records simultaneously : the first-ever London - Cape motor convoy and the first, under any transport, by the whole direct route.

From the South Saharan terminal of Kano to Bangassou on the Congo border, there is only one trunk road : it runs through Maiduguri, Bongo and Fort Archambault in French Equatorial Africa and is 1,594 miles. From June to December, it is impassable because of the overflow of Lake Chad which floods an area twice the size of France for half the year. In this way, one of the mightiest potential power reservoirs in the world—sufficient to supply the whole of Central Africa with electricity—expends itself in fantastic water erosion.

Bangassou is on the southern border of French Equatorial Africa. One hundred and twenty-five miles S.W. of Bangassou, in the Belgian Congo, is the territorial capital of Bondo. With its one second-class hotel and one garage, Bondo may one day become the nerve-centre of the Eurafrikan Highway system. Bondo is the junction for Uganda and Kenya. Bondo also is the point at which the two Cape routes diverge : the Trans-African dorsal road through Stanleyville and along the Congo River, and the most used Kivu Highland road. The latter route bears east through Niangara, Watsa, Irumu (for the Mountains of the Moon), through densely inhabited fauna country comprising representatives of every known species of bird and animal life. On both sides of Lake Kivu is some of the most beautiful and, in mineral resources, the richest country

in the world. This is where King Solomon's Mines were prospected, but the legendary " gold " exceeded the novelists most vivid expectations : radium, uranium and plutonium are mined here.

The route runs through Costermansville, along the shores of Lake Tanganyika and rejoins the Congo dorsal at Elisabethville ; from thence to the Copperbelt capital of N'dola in Northern Rhodesia ; Broken Hill, Lusaka, Livingstone, Bulawayo, Beit Bridge and the final 1,255 miles of royal highway to the Cape. The further south, the better become the roads and the South Africans are autobahn conscious to a degree unknown amongst Europeans outside Germany.

I have expatiated on African routes at the risk of being thought tedious as I have yet to find such information correlated under one heading. Road gen is apt to be treated esoterically by an exclusive motoring élite on the principle of, " It cost me good money to acquire this knowledge ; why should you have it for nothing." Secondly, to obtain a favourable response for the Eurafrika Highway project has meant acquainting people with certain features of African geography not taught at school.

The existing African road system is first-rate, for pioneer exercises, and many have been misled by travel guide blurbs discussing a " main road " in Africa as though it were a Jersey Turnpike or the Hamburg-Dusseldorf haupt-autobahn. There is nothing dangerous about African travel as long as you have a car with a strong pulling engine and a crash-proof chassis with a high clearance.

Trans-Saharan routes are nothing more than desert tracks in which the inexperienced traveller may have to dig himself out ten or fifteen times a day. Even S.A.T.T. chasseurs are *ensablé* occasionally, *fesh-fesh* is accepted philosophically, and none can escape being shaken up by the " corrugated iron " surfaces of the central Sahara. Routes are marked out by upturned petrol cans at distances of five kilometres : if you steer by compass, follow, where possible, in the tracks of the desert buses and drive only by day—the chances of getting lost are minimised.

The Kano-Bangassou road has been discussed. As the main North/South (and East/West) African highway, it is impenetrable to anything except an ox-cart from June to December. If you want to motor to Southern Africa during the rainy season, you must detour almost as far south as Yaoundé or go by Egypt.

In the Belgian Congo, proper motor roads are under construc-

tion, but at present even the main roads are full of pot-holes which rain transforms to liquid mud. It is irrelevant to advise against motoring here during the rainy season as this is the best time to see the country.

The main trunk below Livingstone is fast travelling and dusty ; from Beit Bridge it is bitumenised and is potentially one of the best in the world. Roads through Bechuanaland are worse than the Sahara.

NOTE.

Although the first Eurafrika Highway expedition is under active preparation, for a variety of reasons which will be readily appreciated, information concerning these preparations is unsuitable at this stage for general publication.

Those interested in the project or perhaps themselves contemplating travel across Africa by road in the near future should contact either the author of this article, c/o "The European", or the London Representative, EURAFRIKA HIGHWAY, 20 Greville Place, London, N.W.6.

COLIN WILSON'S

"THE OUTSIDER"

by EUROPEAN

IT is always reassuring when men and things run true to form. It was, therefore, satisfactory that the silliest thing said in the literary year — the most frivolous and superficial in judgment — should emerge with the usual slick facility from the particular background of experience and achievement which has made Mr. Koestler the middle-brow prophet. He wrote of Mr. Colin Wilson's remarkable book in the *Sunday Times* : " Bubble of the year : *The Outsider* (Gollancz), in which an earnest young man imparts his discovery to the world that genius is prone to *Weltschmerz*."

Otherwise Mr. Wilson's book had a very great success, and well deserved it. In fact, it was received with such a chorus of universal praise that it became almost suspect to those who believe that a majority in the first instance is almost always wrong, particularly when at this stage of a crumbling but still static society the opinion of the majority is so effectively controlled by the instruments of a shaken but yet dominant establishment. Why has a book so exceptional, and so serious, been applauded rather than accorded the " preposterous " treatment which English literary criticism reserved for such as Spengler ? The first answer is that Mr. Wilson's mind is very attractive, and his lucid style makes easy reading ; the suggestion that this book is so difficult that everyone buys it but no one reads it, would brand the reading public as moronic if it had any vestige of truth. The second answer is that Mr. Wilson has as yet said nothing, and consequently cannot be attacked for the great crime of trying to get somewhere ; somewhere new in thought, or worse still, somewhere in deed and achievement. What he has so far published is a fine work of clarification. A strangely mature and subtle mind has produced a brilliant synopsis of the modern mind and spirit. He

does not claim to advance any solution, though he points in various directions where solutions may be found ; " it is not my aim to produce a complete and infallible solution of the Outsider's problem, but only to point out that traditional solutions, or different solutions, do exist ". No one could possibly yet guess where he is going, or what he may ultimately mean. He probably does not know himself ; and, at his age, it is not a bad thing to be a vivid illustration of the old saying : " no man goes very far, who knows exactly where he is going ". What makes this book important is that it is a symptom and a symbol ; a symptom of the present division between those who think and those who do ; a symbol of the search in a world of confusion and menace by both those who think and those who do for some fresh religious impulse which can give meaning and direction to life. To achieve this, those who only do need sensitivity to receive a vision of purpose without which they are finally lost, while those who only think and feel require, in order to face life, the robustness and resolution which in the end again can only be given by purpose.

Mr. Wilson begins his " inquiry into the nature of the sickness of mankind in the twentieth century " at the effective point of the writers who have most influence in the present intellectual world. They are mostly good writers ; they are not among the writers catering for those intellectuals who have every qualification except an intellect. They are good, some are very good : but at the end of it all what emerges ? One of the best of these writers predicted that at the end of it all comes " the Russian man " described by Mr. Wilson as " a creature of nightmare who is no longer the *homo sapiens*, but an existentialist monster who rejects all thought ", As Hesse, the prophet of this coming, put it : " he is primeval matter, monstrous soul stuff. He cannot live in this form ; he can only pass on ". The words " he can only pass on " seem the essence of the matter ; this thinking is a chaos between two orders. At some point, if we are ever to regain sanity, we must regard again the first order before we can hope to win the second. It was a long way from Hellas to " the Russian man " ; it may not be so far from the turmoil of these birth pangs to fresh creation. It is indeed well worth taking a look at the intellectual situation ; where Europeans were, and where we are.

> But who'er can know, as the long days go
> That to live is happy, hath found his heaven.

wrote Euripides in the " Bacchae ",* which to some minds is the

* Professor Gilbert Murray's translation.

most sinister and immoral of all Greek tragedies. For others these dark mysteries which were once held to be impenetrable contain the simple message that men do themselves great hurt if they reject the beauty which nature offers, a hurt which can lead to the worst horrors of madness. " *Il lui suffit d'éclairer et de développer le conflict entre les forces naturelles et l'âme qui prétend se soustraire à leur empire* "— wrote Gide in his Journal—" *Je rencontrai les* Bacchantes, *au temps où je me débattais encore contre l'enserrement d'une morale puritaine* ". To anyone familiar with such thinking it is not surprising to find the dreary manias of neo-existentialism succeeding the puritan tradition.

Man denies at his risk the simple affirmation : " Shall not loveliness be loved for ever ?" The Greeks, as Goethe saw them, felt themselves at home within " the delightful boundaries of a lovely world. Here they had been set ; this was their appropriate place ; here they found room for their energy, material and nourishment for their essential life." And again he wrote : " feeling and thought were not yet split in pieces, that scarce remediable cleavage in the healthy nature of man had not yet taken place ". Goethe was here concerned with the early stages of the disease to whose conclusion Mr. Wilson's book is addressed.

This union of mind and will, of intellect and emotion in the classic Greek, this essential harmony of man and nature, this at-oneness of the human with the eternal spirit evoke the contrast of the living and the dying when set against the prevailing tendencies of modern literature. For, as Mr. Wilson puts it very acutely : when " misery will never end " is combined with " nothing is worth doing ", " the result is a kind of spiritual syphillis that can hardly stop short of death or insanity ". Yet such writers are not all " pre-occupied with sex, crime and disease ", treating of heroes who live in one room because, apparently, they dare not enter the world outside, and derive their little satisfaction of the universe from looking through a hole in the wall at a woman undressing in the next room. They are not all concerned like Dostoievsky's " beetle man " with life " under the floor boards " (a study which should put none of us off reading him as far as the philosophy of the Grand Inquisitor and a certain very interesting conversation with the devil in the *Brothers Karamazof*, which Mr. Wilson rightly places very high in the world's literature). Many of these writers of pessimism, of destruction and death have a considerable sense of beauty. Hesse's remarkable *Steppenwolf* found his " life had become weariness " and he " wandered in a maze of unhappiness that led to the renunciation of nothingness "; but then

" for months together my heart stood still between delight and stark sorrow to find how rich was the gallery of my life, and how thronged was the soul of wretched Steppenwolf with high eternal stars and constellations . . . this life of mine was noble. It came of high descent, and turned, not on trifles, but on the stars." Mr. Wilson well comments that " stripped of its overblown language," " this experience can be called the ultimately valid core of romanticism — a type of religious affirmation ". And in such writing we can still see a reflection of the romantic movement of the northern gothic world which Goethe strove to unite with the sunlit classic movement in the great synthesis of his Helena. But it ends generally in this literature with a retreat from life, a monastic detachment or suicide rather than advance into such a wider life fulfilment. The essence is that these people feel themselves inadequate to life ; they feel even that to live at all is instantly to destroy whatever flickering light of beauty they hold within them. For instance De Lisle Adam's hero Axel had a lady friend who shot at him " with two pistols at a distance of five yards, but missed him both times." Yet even after this dramatic and perfect illustration of the modern sex relationship, they could not face life : " we have destroyed in our strange hearts the love of life . . . to live would only be a sacrilege against ourselves . . .". " They drink the goblet of poison together and die in ecstasy." All of which is a pity for promising people, but, in any case, is preferable to the " beetle man ", " under the floor boards ", wall-peepers, *et hoc genus omne*, of burrowing fugitives ; " Samson you cannot be too quick ", is a natural first reaction to them. Yet Mr. Wilson teaches us well not to laugh too easily, or too lightly to dismiss them ; it is a serious matter. This is serious if it is the death of a civilisation ; it is still more serious if it is not death but the pangs of a new birth. And, in any case, even the worst of them possess in some way the essential sensitivity which the philistine lacks. So we will not laugh at even the extremes of this system, or rather way of thinking ; something may come out of it all, because at least they feel. But Mr. Wilson in turn should not smile too easily at the last " period of intense and healthy optimism that did not mind hard work and pedestrian logic." He seems to regard the nineteenth century as a " childish world " which presaged " endless changes in human life " so that " man would go forward indefinitely on ' stepping stones of his dead self ' to higher things." He thinks that before we " condemn it for short-sightedness ", " we survivors of two world wars and the atomic bomb " (at this point surely he outdoes the

Victorians in easy optimism, for it is far from over yet) "would do well to remember that we are in the position of adults condemning children". Why ? — is optimism necessarily childish and pessimism necessarily adult ? Sometimes this paralysed pessimism seems more like the condition of a shell-shocked child. Health can be the state of an adult and disease the condition of a child. Of course, if serious Victorians really believed in "the establishment of Utopia before the end of the century", they were childish ; reformist thinking of that degree is always childish in comparison with organic thinking. But there are explanations of the difference between the nineteenth and the twentieth century attitude, other than this distinction between childhood and manhood. Spengler said somewhere that the nineteenth century stood in relation to the twentieth century as the Athens of Pericles stood in relation to the Rome of Caesar. In his thesis this is not a distinction between youth and age — a young society does not reach senescence in so short a period — but the difference between an epoch which is dedicated to thought and an epoch which has temporarily discarded thought in favour of action, in the almost rhythmic alternation between the two states which his method of history observes. It may be that in this most decisive of all great periods of action the intellectual is really not thinking at all ; he is just despairing. When he wakes up from his bad dream he may find a world created by action in which he can live, and can even think. Mr. Wilson will not quarrel with the able summary of his researches printed on the cover of his book : "it is the will that matters." And he would therefore scarcely dispute the view just expressed ; perhaps the paradox of Mr. Wilson in this period is that he is thinking. That thought might lead him through and far beyond the healthy "cowboy rodeo" of the Victorian philosophers in their sweating sunshine, on (not back) to the glittering light and shade of the Hellenic world—*das Land der Griechen mit der Seele suchend*— and even beyond it to the radiance of the *zweite Hellas*. Mr. Wilson does not seem yet to be fully seized of Hellenism, and seems still less aware of the more conscious way of European thinking that passes beyond Hellas to a clearer account of world purpose. He has evidently read a good deal of Goethe with whom such modern thinking effectively begins, and he is the first of the new generation to feel that admiration for Shaw which was bound to develop when thought returned. But he does not seem to be aware of any slowly emerging system of European thinking which has journeyed from Heraclitus to Goethe and on to Shaw, Ibsen and other moderns, until with the

aid of modern science and the new interpretation of history it begins to attain consciousness.

He is acute at one point in observing the contrasts between the life joy of the Greeks and the moments when their art is " full of the consciousness of death and its inevitability ". But he still apparently regards them as "healthy, once born, optimists," not far removed from the modern bourgeois who also realises that life is precarious. He apparently thinks they did not share with the Outsider the knowledge that an " exceptional sense of life's precariousness " can be " a hopeful means to increase his toughness ". The Greeks, of course, had not the advantage of reading Mr. Toynbee's *Study of History*, which does not appear on a reasonably careful reading to be mentioned in Mr. Wilson's book.

However, as Trevelyan* puts it, Goethe followed them when he " firmly seized and plucked the nettle of Greek inhumanity, and treated it as the Greeks themselves had done, making new life and beauty out of a tale of death and terror ". Yet, in the continual contrast from which the Greeks derive their fulness of life : " healthy and natural was their attitude to death. To them he was no dreadful skeleton but a beautiful boy, the brother of sleep ". It is an attitude very different to Dostoievsky's shivering mouse on the ledge, which Mr. Wilson quotes : . . . " someone condemned to death says or thinks an hour before his death, that if he had to live on a high rock, on such a narrow ledge that he'd only have room to stand, and the ocean, everlasting darkness, everlasting solitude, everlasting tempest around him, he yet remains standing in a square yard of space all his life, a thousand years, eternity, it were better to live so than die at once." But is the attitude of the " once born Greek " so inferior to the possibly many times born ledge clinger ? On the contrary, is not the former attitude a matter of common observation among brave men and the latter attitude a matter of equally common observation among frightened animals whose fear of death is not only pathetic but irrational in its exaggeration. Mr. Wilson's view of the Greeks seems to rest in the Winckelmann Wieland stage of an enchanted pastoral symplicity. He has not yet reached Goethe's point of horror when he realised the full complexities of the Greek nature and only emerged to a new serenity when, again in Trevelyan's words, he realised : " they had felt the cruelty of life with souls sensitive by nature to pain no less than to joy. They had not tried to shut their eyes to suffering. They had used it, as all great artists must, as material for their art ;

* *Goethe and the Greeks* by Humphrey Trevelyan, Cambridge University Press.

but they had created out of it, not something that made the world more horrible to live in, but something that enriched man's life and strengthened him to endure and to enjoy, by showing that new life, new beauty, new greatness, could grow even out of pain and death.

Jaeger* quotes Pythagoras to express something of the same thought ; " that which opposes, fits ; different elements make the finest harmony ever ".

Were these " once born " people really much less adult than the Outsider in his understanding that " if you subject a man to extremes of heat and cold, he develops resistance to both " ? Perhaps they even understood that if we subject ourselves to more interesting extremes we may learn to achieve Mr. Wilson's desire (and how right he is in this) " to live more abundantly ". And Mr. Wilson certainly does not desire to rest in the Outsider's dilemma ; he is looking for solutions. In Hellas he may find something of a solution, and much more than that ; the rediscovery of a direction which can lead far beyond even the Greeks.

As a sensitive and perceptive student of Nietzsche he is aware of Dionysus, but is not so fully conscious of the harmony achieved between the opposing tensions of Apollo and Dionysus. " Challenge and response " too, was more attractive in the Greek version ; Artemis and Aphrodite had a charming habit of alternating as good and evil in a completely natural anticipation of Goethe's *Prologue in Heaven*, which we shall later regard as the possible starting point of a new way of thinking, and of that modern writing of history which supports it with a wealth of detail. But we should first briefly consider Mr. Wilson's view of Nietzsche and others who are rather strangely classified with him ; it is a surprise at first to find him described as an existentialist, though in one sense it is quite comprehensible. For instance, Thierry Maulnier's play *Le Profanateur* recently presented essentially Nietzschian thought in an existentialist form. But to confine Nietzsche to existentialism is to limit him unduly, even if we recognise, as the author points out, that definitions of existentialism have greatly varied in recent times, and also, as all can observe, that Nietzsche may be quoted in contradictory senses almost as effectively as the dominant faith of our time. The finer aspects of Nietzsche seem beyond this definition ; for instance the passage in Zarathustra which culminates in the great phrase : *seinen Willen will nun der Geist, seine Welt gewinnt sich der Weltverlorene*, or again the harmony of mind and will in the lovely passage of *Menschliches, Allzumen-*

* *Paideia*, 3 vols, by Werner Jaeger.

schliches which seems a direct antithesis of the currently accepted view of Existentialism : " The works of such poets — poets, that is, whose vision of man is exemplary — would be distinguished by the fact that they appear immune from the glow and blast of the *passions*. The fatal touch of the wrong note, the pleasure taken in smashing the whole instrument on which the music of humanity has been played, the scornful laughter and the gnashing of teeth, and all that is tragic and comic in the old conventional sense, would be felt in the vicinity of this new art as an awkward archaic crudeness and a distortion of the image of man. Strength, goodness, gentleness, purity, and that innate and spontaneous sense of measure and balance shown in persons and their actions . . . a clear sky reflected on faces and events, knowledge and art at one : the mind, without arrogance and jealousy dwelling together with the soul, drawing from the opposites of life the grace of seriousness, not the impatience of conflict : all this would make the background of gold against which to set up the real portrait of man, the picture of his increasing nobleness."* But far more than a whole essay of this length would be needed to do justice to Mr. Wilson's interpretation of Nietzsche and in particular, perhaps, to examine his possible over-simplification of the infinite complexities of the eternal recurrence. There is little enough space to cover the essential thinking of this remarkable book, and we must omit altogether a few of the more trivial little fellows who sometimes detain the author. Why, for instance, does he lose so much time with Lenin's " dreadful little bourgeois ", who crowned the career of a super egotist with the damp surmise that the world could not long survive the pending departure of Mr. H. G. Wells ? Here again Mr. Wilson is acute in linking Wells with greater figures like Kierkegaard in the opinion that " philosophic discussion was completely meaningless ". Kierkegaard was a " deeply religious soul " who found Hegel " unutterably shallow ". So he founded modern Existentialism with the remark : " put me in a system and you negate me—I am not a mathematical symbol—I am." Is such an assertion of the individual against the infinite " unutterably shallow ", or is it relieved from this suggestion by the depths of its egotism ? Such a statement can really only be answered by the unwonted flippancy of Lord Russell's reply to Descarte's " *cogito ergo sum* "; " but how do you know it is you thinking " ? Kierkegaard concluded that you cannot live a philosophy but you " can live a

* Professor Heller's translation in his book *The Disinherited Mind* (Bowes and Bowes).

religion"; but the attempt of this pious pastor to live his religion did not restrain him from "violently attacking the Christian Church on the grounds that it had solved the problem of living its religion by cutting off its arms and legs to make it fit life." All these tendencies in Kierkegaard seem to indicate a certain confusion of Existentialism with Perfectionism—from which exhypothesi it should surely be very remote — but certainly qualify him as father of the inherent dissidence of modern Existentialism, and, perhaps, inspired M. Sartre to confer on the Communist Party the same benefits which the founder's assistance had granted to the Church. All this derives surely from that initial impulse of sheer anarchy with which he assailed the Hegelian attempt at order. "There is discipline in heaven", as one of Mr. Wilson's favourites remarks (also more competence to exercise it, we may add) and we are left in the end with a choice between Kierkegaard's great "I am" and Hegel's majestic symbol in his *Philosophy of History* concerning the conflicting forces of the elements finally blending in a divine harmony of order. Yes, it is good that it is so plain where it all began ; such pious and respectable origin. After the initial revolt against all sense of order it is not a long journey from "I am" to Sartre's "*l'homme est une passion inutile*", and to his hero, Roquentin, who finds that "it is the rational element that pushes into nihilism" and that his "only glimpse of salvation" comes from a negro woman singing "Some of these days"; yes, they certainly got rid of Hegel, but "these days" scarcely belong to Kierkegaard. Yet when they have reached "the rock bottom of self contempt" they need again "something rhythmic, purposive ;" so man cannot live, after all, by "I am" alone. Sartre wanted freedom from all this and found that "freedom is terror", during one of his all too brief experiences of action. Mr. Wilson comments with rare insight : "freedom is not simply being allowed to do what you like"; "it is intensity of will, and it appears under any circumstances that limit man and arouse man to more life." If you do not "claim this freedom" you "slip to a lower form of life" ; at this point the author seems to reach the opposite pole to the original premise of the existentialist theory. He states his position in this matter in a particularly fine passage : "Freedom posits free will ; that is self-evident. But will can only operate when there is first a motive. No motive, no willing. But motive is a matter of belief ; you would not want to do anything unless you believed it possible and meaningful. And belief must be belief in the existence of something ; that is to say, it concerns what is real. So ultimately freedom

depends on the real. The Outsider's sense of unreality cuts off his freedom at the roots. It is as impossible to exercise freedom in an unreal world as it is to jump while you are falling." How much nearer to clarity, sanity and effective purpose is this thinking than Sartre's " philosophy of commitment ", which is only to say that, " since all roads lead nowhere, it is as well to choose any of them and throw all the energy into it . . ." It was at this point no doubt that the Communist Party became the fortunate receptacle of the great " I am " in its flight from the nightmare of the " useless passion ", and a few existential exercises in " freedom " from self were provided for Mr. Sartre until a change of weather rendered such exercises temporarily too uncomfortable. But again, yet again, we must seek freedom from our own besetting sin of laughing too easily and lightly at serious searchers after truth, when they on occasion fall into ridiculous situations ; as Aristotle remarked to Alexander when the King caught him in an embarrassing position : " Sire, you will observe the straits to which the passions can reduce even the most eminent minds." Despite all the nonsense, there is much to be said for Sartre. He is a great artist, one of the greatest masters of the theatre in all time. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wilson will one day extend his study of him to include *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu.* It is not merely a narrow professional interest which makes us regard this play as his greatest work — the incidental fact that in the first act he presents some of us as others see us, and in the last act as we see ourselves—but the manner in which he reviews nearly the whole gamut of human experiences in the body of the play. It is when he ceases to think and as a sensitive artist simply records his diverse impressions of this great age in an almost entirely unconscious fashion, that Sartre becomes great ; so in the end, he is the true Existentialist.

But Mr. Wilson moves far beyond Sartre in regarding the thinkers of an earlier period ; notably Blake. At this point he recovers direction. The reader will find pages 225 to 250 among the most important of this book, but he must read the whole work for himself; this review is a commentary and an addendum, not a précis for the idle, nor a primer for those who find anything serious too difficult. The author advances a long way when he considers Blake's " skeleton key " to a solution for those who " mistake their own stagnation for the world's ". Here we reach realisation that the " crises of living demand the active co-operation of intellect, emotions, body on equal terms "; contact is made here with Goethe's *Ganzheit*, although it is

not mentioned. "Energy is eternal delight" takes us a long way clear of the damp caverns of neo-existentialism and

> When thought is closed in caves
> Then love shall show its root in deepest hell

brings us nearer to the thought of Euripides with which this essay began. To Blake the greatest crime was to "nurse unfulfilled desire"; he was not only an enemy of the repressive puritanism and of all nature-denying creeds, but realised their disastrous effect upon the human psyche. He sought consciously the harmony of mind and nature, the blessed state the Greeks found somewhere between Apollo and Dionysus.

> The law that abides and changes not, ages long
> The eternal and nature born — these things be strong

declare the chorus in the Bacchae in warning to those who deny nature in the name of morality or reason.

> A strait pitiless mind
> Is death unto godliness.

Yet the great nature urge is not the enemy of the intellect but its equipoise and inspiration, declares the Bacchanal.

> Knowledge, we are not foes
> I seek thee diligently ;
> But the world with a great wind blows,
> Shining, and not from thee ;
> Blowing to beautiful things . . . .

It is when intellect becomes separate from nature and combats nature that the madness, "the vastation" descends ; the mind seeks flight from life in the womb-darkness whence it came ; the end is under the floor boards, and worse, far worse. When intellect fails in a frenzy of self denial and self destruction, life must begin again at the base. Then the Euripidean chorus declares

> The simple nameless herd of humanity
> Has deeds and faith that are truth enough for me.

When mind fails, life is still there ; and begins again, always begins

again. Did these " once born " Greeks really see less than some of the wall-peepers, less even than the more advanced types considered in this fascinating book ? Wretched " Steppenwolf ", you had only to look over your shoulder to see more constellations than you had ever dreamt. And it was no junketing cowboy in a hearty's rodeo who wrote.

> Not to be born is past all prizing
> But when a man has seen the light
> This is next best by far, that with all speed
> He shall go thither, whence he came.

No men ever had a deeper sense of the human tragedy than the Greeks ; none ever faced it with such brilliant bravery or understood so well not only the art of grasping the fleeting, ecstatic moment, but of turning even despair to the enhancement of beauty. Living was yet great ; they understood *dennoch preisen* ; they did not " leave living to their servants ". Mr. Wilson in quoting Aristotle in the same sense as the above lines of Sophocles — " not to be born is the best thing, and death is better than life " — holds that " this view " lies at one extreme of religion, and that " the other extreme is vitalism ". He does not seem at this point fully to understand that the extremes in the Hellenic nature can be not contradictory but complementary, or interacting. The polarity of Greek thought was closely observed and finely interpreted by Nietzsche in diverse ways. But it was left to Goethe to express the more conscious thought beyond polarity in his *Faust : the Prologue in Heaven :*

> *The Lord speaks to Mephistopheles :*
>
> Des Menschen Thätigkeit kann allzuleicht erschlaffen
> Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh ;
> Drum geb' ich gern ihm den Gesellen zu,
> Der reizt und wirkt, und muss, als Teufel, schaffen.

What is this but the definite statement that evil is the instrument of good ? It is not only a better key to *Faust* than most of the tomes which have been written in analysis of this world masterpiece, but it is also the effective beginning of a new way of thinking. It was very obliging of Mr. Toynbee to collect so many facts in support of the thesis which becomes visible to any sentient mind in reading the first

few pages of Faust, and his final intrusion of a personal opinion supported by belief rather than by fact detracts only slightly from his painstaking support for creative thought. "Challenge and Response" was born in Faust; and more, much more. Mr. Wilson moves towards this way of thinking on page 239 in the course of his study of Blake, and to us it is his most interesting moment. He writes "the whole was necessary" . . . "evolution towards God is impossible without a fall." This passage follows the penetrating observation : "Yet it is the Outsider's belief that life aims at more life, and *higher forms of life*" (our italics). At this point this interesting thinker and gifted writer reaches towards that decisive movement of European thought which began, perhaps, originally with Heraclitus and evolved through philosophers, prophets and poets, such as Goethe combined in his own genius, until it touched thinkers like Shaw and Ibsen in the modern age. This remarkable young man may end as the saint whom he suggests in his last line may be the Outsider's goal, or worse, much worse, as just a success ; yet the fact will remain that at this point he touched reality.

May we end with a few questions based on that doctrine of higher forms which has found some expression in this Journal and in previous writings ? Is it not now possible to observe with reason and as something approaching a clearly defined whole, what has hitherto only been revealed in fitful glimpses to the visionary ? What are the means of observation available to those who are not blessed with the revelation of vision ? Are they not the thoughts of great minds which have observed the working of the divine in nature and the researches of modern science which appear largely to confirm them ?

Is it not possible by following such thinking and such observation of science to arrive at a new religious impulse ? Can we not now see the wholeness, the harmony and the purpose of life by a process of normal thought, even more surely than the sensitive artist in the ecstasy of vision and at least as surely as the revealed faiths which have been accorded to some ? Has modern man not reached the point where he requires neither prophets nor priests to show him truth ? Can he not now open his eyes and see sufficient truth to guide him, in the thought and discovery of the human intellect during nearly 3000 years of striving by the human will toward the light ? Is it not at least clear that life began in a very low form and has reached a relative height by a process which it is easier to believe is inspired than the subject of an almost incredible series of chances ? Is it not clear that a persistent and, in the end, consistent, movement from lower to

higher forms is the process and purpose of life ? It is at least what has so far happened, if we regard the process over an appreciable period of time. And if this be the purpose it solves the problem of the individual ; he has no duty and should have no purpose but to place himself at the disposal and to the service of that higher purpose. It is true that the divine work in nature during the movement from lower to higher forms is apparently subject to restriction and almost to paradox. The reckless, brutal waste of nature in experiment with types which fail, the agony and useless extinction of a suffering child without trace of purpose and with still less trace of kindness or of goodness, etc., all indicate some failure of power, or lack of direction, which are not easily explained by any process of thought limited to the confines of this world. Even these phenomena of fitful horror are, of course, explicable if men be more than once born, and various degrees of solipsistic explanation could also exist. But in the light of this world and its observed events they are admittedly not easily explained in terms of coherent, and certainly not of beneficent purpose. Yet is it really necessary to be able to explain every method of the process in order to observe the result of the process as a whole? Aristotle helps us again to some extent : " the process of evolution is for the sake of the thing finally evolved and not for the sake of the process." While, too, we cannot explain all the apparent freaks of nature — freaks of seemingly gratuitous horror — we can now in considerable degree explain the method of nature which to a large extent contains a purpose for suffering. Primitive types simply do not move except under the impulse of necessity. There can in the beginning be no movement from lower to higher forms except under the stress of pain. But there can and should come a point in evolution when man moves forward by motive power of the fire within and not by pressure of the agony without. At some point the spirit, the soul—call it what you will—is ignited by some spark of the divine and moves without necessity ; yet, again it is a matter of common observation that this only occurs in very advanced types. In general it is only the " challenge " of adverse circumstance which evokes the " response " of movement to a higher state. Goethe expressed this thought very clearly in *Faust* by his concept of evil's relationship to good ; he also indicated the type where the conscious striving of the aspiring spirit replaces the urge of suffering in the final attainment of salvation : *wer immer strebend sich bemüht, den können wir erlösen.* In the early stages of the great striving all suffering, and later all beauty must be experienced and sensed ; but to no moment of

ecstasy can man say, *verweile doch, du bist so schön*, until the final passing to an infinity of beauty at present beyond man's ken. Complacency, at any point, is certainly excluded. So must it be always in a creed which begins effectively with Heraclitus and now pervades modern vitalism. The philosophy of the " ever living fire ", of the *ewig werdende* could never be associated with complacency. Still less can the more conscious doctrine of higher forms co-exist with the static, or with the illusory perfections of a facile reformism. Man began very small, and has become not so small ; he must end very great, or cease to be. That is the essence of the matter. Is it true ? This is a question which everyone must answer for himself, after studying European literature which stretches from the Greeks to the vital thought of modern times and, also, the world thinking of many different climes and ages which in many ways and at most diverse points is strangely related. He should study, too, either directly or through the agency of those most competent to judge, the evolutionary processes revealed so relatively recently by modern biology, and the apparently ever increasing concept of ordered complexity in modern physics. He must then answer two questions : the first is whether it is more likely than not that a purpose exists in life ? — the second is whether despite all failures and obscurities the only discernable purpose is a movement from lower to higher forms ? If he comes at length to a conclusion which answers both these questions with a considered affirmative, he has reached the point of the great affirmation. The new religious impulse which so many seek is really already here. We need neither prophets nor priests to find it for ourselves, although we are not the enemies but the friends of those who do. For ourselves we can find in the thought of the world the faith and the service of the conscious and sentient man.

A DIARY

THE ENGLISH have so often told the world that foreign visitors think their policemen are " wonderful " that they appear to have convinced themselves that the police force is one of the most alluring attractions the British Isles have to offer. Not long ago in the window of a Paris travel agency I noticed, incongruous among posters from many lands — snowy Alps, sunny islands, Spanish dancers, noble temples — an English poster : it was a picture of a policeman. A coloured postcard on sale in London shows the outside of 10 Downing Street ; the agreeable, unpretentious old house is almost hidden by the large policeman in the foreground.

Last Christmas Eve the women's page of *The Times* had a long article about policewomen called *P.C.* 119 *will be on duty.* It was illustrated with a photograph of a neat policewoman standing rather self-consciously in front of a lighted Christmas Tree in dark Trafalgar Square ; " out on patrol, unobtrusively covering her appointed beat in the quiet streets." Police*men* spend much of their time directing the traffic and teasing motorists, but police*women* on their appointed beats are certainly not doing anything so humdrum ; they have other fish to fry. P.C.119, in spite of the Christmas Tree, was not out in the dark to participate in the merriment of the festival. She has the firm and purposeful air of one about to say to her fellow citizens : " Whatever you are doing, stop it."

A police force is a necessary evil, but it is a strange notion to imagine tourists planning a journey and saying to themselves : " Shall we visit the Norwegian fjords ? Or Sicily when the almonds are blossoming ? Or Paris in the springtime ? Or — best of all — shall we go to England and see the police ? *Let's.*"

★ ★ ★

In fact, of course, England has endless beauties to display, and, paradoxically, it is also in most ways a free country which accepts

strangers tolerantly, albeit with an almost wounding indifference and a total lack of curiosity. The question a German puts automatically to every foreigner : " Wie gefällt es Ihnen hier in Deutschland ?" is surely never heard : no English person would care enough about the answer to think it worth asking.

The country houses full of treasures, and the uniquely beautiful gardens, which were formerly seen only by those foreigners who happened to know their owners, are now in many cases open to the public. Rich visitors should bring or hire a motor ; poor ones, should use the buses. They should be warned to avoid at all costs the dirty, smelly and unpunctual trains. If an unlucky chance obliges them to go in one they should provide themselves with sandwiches, for the degraded food and the dirty knives and forks would otherwise ensure that they arrived hungry at their journey's end.

★ ★ ★

I have mentioned before the excellence of Irish roads and the pleasures of motoring in Ireland. Petrol rationing made me travel by train last month. British Railways might send someone to Ireland to learn how perfect railway journeys can be. At the country station we spent the few minutes before the train came in near a coal fire in a gleaming refreshment room whose floor had just been scrubbed with soap. It was 9 a.m. but those who wished could have chosen any drink from porter to brandy ; (I am not, of course, suggesting that the English licensing laws are in any way the fault of the nationalised railways.) The train itself, driven by diesel oil, was warm and clean with deep armchair seats ; the coach behind the driver had enormous windows from which to see the track and wide panorama of the countryside. We sped along at 70 miles an hour, and when we passed another train the driver gave a lordly wave. He told us that his train does four miles to the gallon; also that if (as almost never happens) he is more than three minutes late on his five hour journey he has to send in a report giving the reason.

Perhaps British Railway drivers have the same rule — but if so they must spend their lives writing reports.

★ ★ ★

England is not the only country to choose a rather unsuitable subject for its travel poster. Ireland has one depicting a sandy beach

under blue skies and blazing sun. A crowd of bathers lounges beneath striped umbrellas. Ireland has almost everything that European and American holiday-makers long for — natural beauty, unrivalled sport, and above all peace and solitude. But one thing it has not got : sea warm enough to bathe in comfortably.

It is as if the South of France were to advertise itself with a picture of a deep salmon river flowing through green meadow

★ ★ ★

During the recent crisis I tried to hear, from a few hundred miles away, the B.B.C. news. Easy enough in the daytime, after nightfall listening to the wireless has become a pest. However clear to begin with, in a moment or two there is a sound like crackling chocolate paper at a cheap cinema, which quickly swells to the loud quacking of Donald Duck. If you turn the knob the quacking dies away and the cultured voice returns, but the whole thing soon begins again. Presumably the reason is that the medium waveband is overcrowded.

I read recently in the *Figaro* that in a Blackpool church where they have installed an electric organ the organist was astonished to hear a mysterious voice speaking within the instrument. The organ "*troublait la messe par ses bavardages*". What had happened was that it had the "*fâcheuse particularité*" of transforming itself into a wireless. The voice was exorcised by an electrician. But no electrician seems to be able to exorcise the interference on the wireless. Listening to music is out of the question, except for people who live near by a powerful transmitter which can drown opposition.

★ ★ ★

It is two hundred years this spring since Admiral Byng was shot for failing to engage the enemy at Minorca. Voltaire, who had known him personally in London, persuaded the Duc de Richelieu to allow him to send a letter he had, stating Richelieu's conviction of his opponent's bravery and good judgment, to the court martial which was trying the Admiral. The verdict was sentence of death, but Byng instructed his executor to express his gratitude to Voltaire and to Richelieu. This was during the Seven Years War ; presumably a twentieth-century Voltaire would have been prosecuted for intelligence with the enemy for writing to the English judges. Lord Morley comments : " In its pale shape of

kindly sentiment and bland pity (humanity) is common enough, and is always the portion of the cultivated. But humanity armed, aggressive, and alert, never slumbering and wearying, moving like ancient hero over the land to slay monsters, is the rarest of virtues, and Voltaire is one of its master-types."

★ ★ ★

Candide was about to go ashore at Portsmouth when he saw Admiral Byng, who was kneeling with bandaged eyes on the deck of a vessel of war, shot by four soldiers. In reply to his questions he was told : " . . . *dans ce pays-ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres.*" Candide was so shocked that he refused to set foot in England and hurried on to Venice instead, which shows how capricious tourists can be.

★ ★ ★

" As he crossed the prosperous farmlands of the Dominion he looked upward and realised he was in a '*country of painters*' *skies — skies to make a painter's palate itch* '." This comes out of a biography of Sir Anthony Eden by Lewis Broad.* The sentence in italics is quoted from a travel book by Sir Anthony himself called *Place in the Sun*. Mr. Broad gives a few other lovely extracts — " the setting sun '*slashes the sky with orange and with gold*'. '*Through the night comes clearly the swaying jangle of a bell, a sound that has but one interpretation* '." — which tantalise. Perhaps Sir Anthony will now find time to write a sequel. He has at least one ready-made fan should he decide to do so.

D. M.

* Panther Books 3s. 6d.

THEATRE

Congreve's *The Way of The World*

(*SAVILLE THEATRE*)

Wycherley's *The Country Wife*

(*ROYAL COURT THEATRE*)

by MICHAEL HARALD

WYCHERLEY glared at the world through burning, jaundiced eyes ; the sweating pleasures of a thousand beds taunted and offended him ; the fop smirked, the cuckold raved, the cock crowed to spite him. Like Malvolio, he would be revenged on the whole maggotty pack. The Town was full of sure and easy delights and he had time enough to extract only one man's share. The world was a wicked round O ; and the impossibility of being simultaneously on the outside and the inside galled and fretted him. In our time, he would have grappled fiercely in the jungle with the Apes of God : Congreve, on the other hand, would have been sunnily content to register their Decline and Fall. The elder William would have been published — if at all — furtively in Paris or Milan ; the younger would have had a contract for life with Messrs. Chapman & Hall. Both their worlds were uncommonly small ; their boundaries were the Town ; and they rarely ventured abroad. Congreve was a success at twenty-one and written-out at thirty : Wycherley was approaching middle life before he learnt to discipline his phrenetic and indiscriminate hatreds and produced *The Country Wife*, the funniest filth, if not the filthiest fun, to be found in any English playhouse — or (Swindon take warning !) in any public library. Neither dramatist once created a character with any life outside the action of the play, and this deficiency was not, I think, always intended ; but no dramatist since has succeeded so well in spinning dialogue which could only, it seems, have been invented and uttered by the character it is set down for : *good* productions of both these

plays under review would be as easy to follow if every light in the theatre fused. In plot-building, Wycherley at his best could instruct the correspondence-schools which attempt to produce playwrights by the conveyor-belt method (would that Congreve had taken lessons here from his elder contemporary !). In rhythm, phrasing, melody — in the magic that makes human speech appear divine, Congreve is Wycherley's master ; master, indeed, of all . . . .

This fact should at once be explained to Miss Kay Hammond, the Millamant of Mr. Clements' production at the Saville theatre. It is difficult to analyse the beauty of her lines ; and indeed no one can prove that they *are* beautiful. However, it is pretty generally accepted that they are of some merit ; and a means must be found of convincing the actress that they deserve, at least, clear and unembarrassed enunciation. At present, her method is to mumble Congreve's words between her tongue and hard palate like a large sour grape ; then to eject them, pips and all, sulkily and defiantly, as though *we* were all Duchesses and *she* an honest working-girl, take it or leave it. This I do not understand : if Miss Hammond has no taste for the fruit, why not leave it for someone else who *has* : any actress with spirit, good looks and good diction (there are at least four in England ; and all unemployed) should be able to make a fair shot at Millamant. I am loath to dwell on the demerits of Miss Hammond's performance ; but unlike, for instance, *Love for Love* or *The Double-Dealer*, there is little of interest in this play away from the central character. Mirabell is a poor fish, an actor's heartbreak — Mr. Clements acts him better than he deserves : Lady Wishfort is one of the chief protagonists of a plot so thick that not even Simenon could unravel it (can anyone name a play with more loose ends than this ?) — Miss Margaret Rutherford plays her as a cross between Madame Arcati in *Blithe Spirit* and Alastair Sim in any Bridie play (this is amusing in small doses ; but it cannot have been Congreve's intention) : the rest are tame rabbits and are impersonated so exactly that I shall lay down my gun and pass the lettuce. —And leave even Miss Kay Hammond to her conscience and her prayers with the final admonishment that the English alphabet comes quite easily with practice and is essential to the business of acting in plays by wordy fellows like Congreve, Sheridan, Shaw and Wilde.

The Country Wife was first produced at Drury Lane in 1675 ; a year which, judging by the sartorial horrors at the Court theatre, struck an all-time low in male fashions. It was Wycherley's particu-

lar pleasure and genius in this his mellower middle period to play brilliantly for an evening on a single theme. The theme is cuckoldry ; and its variations are infinite. Wycherley despised the cuckold, be he jealous, indifferent or unsuspecting, and he hated the whoremaster ; but he reserved the essence of his venom for the fashionable married women of the Town who would, if they dared ; and dared when they thought it safe, with a libertine their husbands thought to be a eunuch. He also detested the Puritan ; and in this he seems to have been glancing sardonically, not back but forward. (He would have greatly enjoyed the discomfiture of a group of people at the Court the other evening who felt bound to remind each other at frequent intervals that the play is " a classic " and that " times have changed ".) In *The Country Wife*, the playwright found a thrifty method of annihilating all his detestations with a single thrust of a poisoned sword.

The play's engaging obscenities may be appreciated even in Mr. George Devine's production. This seems to indicate that Wycherley's genius is greater than the old critics allow, for a lesser play of the Restoration canon would have been quickly suffocated by the pervasive odour of last month's Brecht. This is not to say that the producer did not put up a good fight against the playwright ; one must concede that it was a witty stroke to attempt to slay him by the means which Sloane Square imagines to be exclusively those of East Berlin. Motley's dingy grey settings and a good deal of thoughtful, lifeless acting established an early lead for Mr. Devine ; but two members of the cast, Miss Joan Plowright and Mr. John Moffat, were with Wycherley, and I am happy to record that their treachery quite turned the scale in the dramatist's favour. Mr. Moffat's Sparkish, fop and fool, leaking verbal diarrhoea, egregiously delighted with his own weak wit — this is a performance perfectly tuned both to play and period. Miss Plowright's Margery Pinchwife is unfairly handicapped by a husband (Mr. Devine again, I'm afraid) whose physique and performance remind one irresistibly of Squire Western in *Tom Jones*. (In case some readers fail to appreciate quite how ludicrously wrong this is, let them imagine a bulldog impersonating a ferret.) However, Miss Plowright, with, I imagine, a native dialect and native comedy at her command, makes this country wife the loveliest, earthiest, dirtiest-minded, most seraphic little baggage in — I would guess — living memory. She is every Lancastrian's first sweetheart ; she took early to rouge and high heels, and went finally to the bad with a travelling salesman.

THEATRE

A Note on The Barraults

"*. . . we believe that we are practising our art in all its branches in a workmanlike manner, a true spirit of craftsmanship.*"

This is a modest enough claim, and nobody who has seen M. Jean-Louis Barrault's company will dissent from its truth. What follows ? —

"*Exchange, communication . . . is not the Theatre, like all the arts, essentially a means of communication, a link between man and man ? The Theatre, drawing its life-blood from the love of mankind, is it not a primitive communion ? The art of human communion ?*"

M. Barrault tells us that he is teased by his company "*de mon amour de la pantomime*", but only a fool would mock him for the soaring rhetoric of the lines I have just quoted. He *believes* ; and with an equally dedicated wife and company he has practised his belief for ten years. He is a fanatic. He is also a genius.

Other actors appear on the stage with him and are transformed. That their mechanics are sound one takes for granted, for he has taught them their craft ; but it is when he draws them from the wings into his planet, and bewitches them, that they really begin to act, and their joy in this new-found communicative power is itself transmitted to us. He is a comedian, a fact which few critics have realised. We can only be moved by the comedic, the objective, approach to tragedy.

CINEMA

Gervaise A Girl in Black

High Society The Grasshopper

by VINCENT MURRAY

TOP of the list this month is without doubt René Clément's **Gervaise,** which should by now have made contact with the provinces. It is a remarkable version of Zola's "L'Assommoir" with an attention to period detail that resembles the work of Stroheim. The success is all the more notable when you realise that the adaptation is by Aurenche and Bost, whom I took to task last

year for their popular, condensed versions of novels and plays. They have triumphed this time, for their adaptation closely follows the outline of the original and yet is far from being merely a potted novel. Part of the reason is Clément's masterly filmic style, but the writing and playing contribute no less to the quality of the work, Maria Schell's performance in the title-rôle being especially noteworthy. Up to now I have not been an admirer of Clément's work ; to me his stylistic brilliance was not matched by a compensating humanity. Even *Les Jeux Interdits*, the best Clément piece until now, seemed a little confected in feeling. One can have no reservations about *Gervaise*, however ; it must go down with the handful of other classics as a model of screen-adaptation.

An interesting, if minor, production from Greece takes second place. **A Girl in Black**, a drama of love and hatred, primitive in its intensity, is the third film of Michael Cacoyannis (whose *Stella* was reviewed a few months ago). It has the advantage of a taut, well-written script and, for the first time in this director's work, there are no self-conscious passages out of key with the context. This in itself suggests growing maturity and, if Cacoyannis can get himself a first-class script that is more than just a thrilling story, it might turn out that he has something striking to say. As it is, melodrama is apt to take over towards the climax and excess sentiment mars one or two scenes. The playing is of a very high standard indeed. Ellie Lambetti as the heroine gives a moving performance under Cacoyannis' direction—readers will remember her good work in this director's *Windfall in Athens* a year or so ago.

I was lucky enough to catch the re-issue of *The Philadelphia Story* about two years ago and, unfortunately for the new musical version called **High Society** which is now going the rounds, its qualities remain fixed in my mind. Even apart from this I hardly think the re-make would have been enjoyable. The acting (Crosby, Sinatra, Grace Kelly) has too much of the deliberate casualness of most contemporary film-playing to attain the required stylish sophistication of Hepburn, Cary Grant and James Stewart. Its inadequacy shows up all the more because much of the original dialogue and plot remains. The musical score is unattractive ; one duet between Crosby and Sinatra is alone worth hearing, nothing more. What purpose the introduction of Louis Armstrong and his band serves I am at a loss to determine. The exigencies of the star-system, though, explain even the inexplicable in modern film production.

One of the most interesting lines of development in Hollywood film-production since the 'twenties has been the work of emigré German (and Austrian) directors and producers. Stroheim, Lubitsch, Pommer, Lang, Murnau decisively influenced the style and type of films during that period, and this influence still lingers on. Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* may be regarded as typical of the present-day work of emigré directors in mood, atmosphere, lighting and camerawork. The Hollywood " system " ensures that

all their work does not reach this standard, Fritz Lang's most recent film well illustrating this point. *Beyond a Reasonable Doubt* is, as all his films have been in essence, a thriller, but the change from his better American films is marked. The emphasis on character has shifted to the mechanics of a most contrived plot that makes a man deliberately implicate himself in a murder to prove that the weight of circumstantial evidence can be a deciding factor in a criminal case. Not even the ending is logical, for the climax relies on a trick that is dramatically most unsatisfying. The cast, to judge from the performances, seems to have had little interest in the film.

The death occurred in the U.S.S.R. last December, of Alexander Dovzhenko, whom it would not be amiss to call the poet of Ukrainian cinema. His best work has always reflected the spirit of the country, its legends, characters, atmosphere. With Eisenstein and Pudovkin he made up a trio whose pioneer work in the silent cinema was of the utmost importance in the development of the film as we know it today. The pioneers have gone, but the artistic stimulus they provided thirty years ago now seems to be making itself felt again in the recent films of a new generation of Soviet film-directors. After so many years of stereotyped propaganda films it looks as though more freedom is being allowed Soviet artists. Youtkevitch's *Otello* bore witness to this, and, more recently, **The Grasshopper** by Sergei Samsonov suggests that it was no isolated achievement but part of a general trend. Samsonov, in his first film, has scored a real triumph. His adaptation of the Chekov short-story is beautifully observed down to the last detail of background and costume. The story, of the flirtatious wife of a famous surgeon who realises his true worth only after his death, needs all the tragi-comic balance that is the essence of Chekov if it is to succeed on the screen. Samsonov sees to it that every shade of feeling and mood in the original is caught in the film. Not since Donskoi's *Gorki Trilogy* have we seen such care expended on adaptation in the Soviet film. Samsonov should go far, if only Soviet cinema will let him.

NEW BOOKS

Soixante Jours qui Ebranlèrent l'Occident: III. La fin du régime by Benoist-Méchin (Albin Michel, 1200 francs)

THE THIRD and last volume of M. Benoist-Méchin's history of the summer of 1940 is in some ways the most interesting of the three. It describes the early days of Vichy, the formation of of the new government, and how full power was conferred on Marshal Pétain by the National Assembly voting 569 for to 80 against with 17 abstentions. This overwhelming parliamentary majority accurately reflected feeling in the country as a whole.

The extent to which this was so is illustrated by the fact that even André Gide, most liberal of men, who was subsequently attacked by Vichy as a writer who led youth astray, had noted in his *Journal* a few days earlier : *L'allocution de Pétain est tout simplement admirable*, after listening to a broadcast speech.

The second half of the book consists of a series of portraits of the principal French actors in the drama of the sixty days, and of two foreigners, King Leopold and Sir Winston Churchill. Although, like everything he writes, these essays are full of illuminating anecdote and intelligent observation, they nevertheless have the defect (probably inevitable, yet so admirably avoided in the remainder of this detailed history) of being partisan. Thus, while admitting his brilliant cleverness and power of managing men, the author does much less than justice to Laval, and perhaps more than justice to the Marshal and the King of the Belgians. These two honourable men have been meanly treated, and M. Benoist-Méchin's view of them as perfect gentle knights is very well as a corrective to vilest denigration, yet his readers are bound to ask themselves whether these qualities alone, in the jungle world, are adequate. M. Benoist-Méchin, in redressing the balance, insists perhaps rather too much. However this may be, there is no corresponding failure of objectivity in his account of General de Gaulle. The great value of this enormously long book is precisely that it recaptures the day-by-day atmosphere, through the use of contemporary memoranda, diaries and the like. The portraits, on the other hand, may be slightly coloured by subsequent events, by successes and failures, developments and changes which subtly altered the size and shape of the

personages themselves. Yet, at a time when almost all France was agreed in giving the Marshal *pleins pouvoirs* to get the best terms possible from the conqueror and to negotiate the difficult details of inevitable collaboration, M. Benoist-Méchin does not deny a certain nobility to the lonely figure of de Gaulle. Snubbed and used by the English government, kept in the dark about military projects, his correspondence censored ; spurned by many of the French soldiers and sailors who happened to find themselves in the island, unable to induce a single governor or prominent personality from the French overseas empire to join his revolt, suffering the humiliation of appearing to have condoned the bombardment of the French fleet by the English at Mers el Kebir, he yet persisted, and bluffed, and believed in final Allied victory. (True, he had passed the point of no return.) In the summer of 1940 the liberation and the terrible events accompanying it were infinitely remote and unpredictable ; and M. Benoist-Méchin does not allow their shadow to cross his sad little sketch of the General as he was then.

It would be impossible to over-praise this book as a whole. With M. Fabre Luce's *Journal de la France* it presents a detailed, accurate, vivid and absorbing picture of a vitally important episode. In English we have nothing comparable ; translators should be found for the *Soixante Jours*.

D. M.

Christians and Communism, by the Very Rev. Hewlett Johnson, D.D., (Putnam, 10s. 6d.)

THE RED DEAN'S *apologia pro sua fide* might have been sub-titled *The Theory and Practice of Communism* ; it attempts to reconcile theoretical communism and Christianity : it has remarkably little to say about communism in practice.

A prerequisite of any examination of communism and Christianity is a clear and concise definition of both creeds. The author counters the long-established supposition that communism is inevitably opposed to Christianity by reason of the materialism of the former and the spiritual nature of the latter, by suggesting that we have all misunderstood the word " materialism " ; he quotes from the *Textbook of Marxist Philosophy :* " Dialectical materialism fully recognises the progressive enrichment of evolving matter from level to level, and fully accepts the reality of mind and spiritual values " and supports this with a quotation from the late Dr. William Temple. Why, then, did the philosopher Marx (a Jew by birth and a nominal Christian by baptism) fail to recognise the affinity between communism and religion, which he claimed had been " invented " by the oppressed and was the " opium of the people "? Because, the Dean

suggests, religion had been obscured by " idealism " (in the philosophical sense of the word) and appeared to be an escapist flight from the realities of life.

Dr. Hewlett Johnson appears to believe in justification by good works alone, and selects the parable of the labourers in the vineyard as a practical example of the Marxist definition of communism : " from each according to his ability, to each according to his need." It is this rejection of justification by faith also and of the importance of the life of the spirit allied to that of the world that produces the caricature of Christianity, which the Dean compares with his personal conception of communism. This enables him to compare the Christian liberation and exaltation of womanhood with the Soviet " sex equality " which admits women workers to the mines and dockyards, while their children are " cared for " in nurseries and crèches ; to rejoice in the " organisation " of Canterbury's shopping centre, where Woolworth's and Marks and Spencer's " replaces the old-time medley " : to declare " freedom for living must take precedence of freedom for speech."

The book is remarkable for its omissions. We are halfway through it before we came across a passing reference to Stalin, and then not a word about the posthumous attacks upon his erstwhile hero, whom he had visited. Does the Red Dean believe these allegations to be true, or does he consider them to be the malicious fabrications of the new leaders of communism, which, he says, " seeks the peaceful way which is the Christian way to the Christian goal of united peoples " ? Publication of the book almost coincided with the Russian bloodbath in Budapest, which the author took several days to consider before confirming his allegiance to communism ; that monstrous atrocity provided a fitting epilogue to a work which sought to defend and extol the virtues of communism.

G. V.

Introduction to Mistral by Richard Aldington (Heinemann, 25s.)

ONCE more Mr. Aldington has emerged with a book that needed writing. One is tempted to digress, to pick out a plum from the long list of other works (my count is thirty-five, including translations), to remind oneself and others of his labours in the cause of authorship, of his battles for the real against the romantic, of his direct, sinewy, carelessly-brilliant prose.

His *Introduction to Mistral* has been levelled not so much at those who confuse the poet with the N.W. wind that blows along the Promenade des Anglais, making bathing unpleasant, as at myself — and, I would guess, a good majority of *European* readers. At those

who with an effort can recall Roy Campbell's translations (*Horses on the Camargue* is quoted in full by Mr. Aldington, and rightly praised), who dimly associate Mistral with Alphonse Daudet and the French-for-Sixth-forms classic, *Lettres de mon Moulin.* (Mr. Aldington, I feel, dislikes Daudet ; and so do I : he may have been a good publicist for Provence and Mistral, a useful contact with literary Paris ; but I sense him to have been an oily rogue and, except for a few good stories, a ridiculously overrated writer.)

I must now plead my guilt — I had imagined — wrongly — that Provençal was *patois*, and that Mistral had merely followed an existing Midi convention by writing " dialect " verse. I did not know that this *fils de paysan* was the rebuilder of a beautiful native language (or rather, I had forgotten — for Daudet makes the fact very clear); that the *Félibrige* (the movement started by Mistral and his friends) continues still as probably the only vital poetic movement in the world today ; I did not know that Mistral was a Nobel prize-winner.

Mistral lived all his life among the people ; his Art was drawn from them and handed back to them. He foresaw and fought against the blight of Industrialism — it was a good fight, but I suppose now we must agree, sadly, that it was a losing one. He was a great poet ; the translations of Mr. Campbell, Mr. Aldington and others make the fact clear. This book makes me wish that I could read Provençal : it looks easy, but a weekend with it left me with a headache and the conviction that I could only learn the language by ear, if at all.

The book, I think, needs a map of Provence ; and the price seems a little high for the type of buyer likely to covet it. But it is a good book, a signpost indicating rich treasure for those who are prepared to dig.

M. H.

FAR EAST JOURNEY

IV TOKYO

by JOHN HAYLOCK

FROM the window, unfastening my safety-belt, I saw the Tokyo ground staff exquisitely lined up to welcome us. As soon as I alighted these officials, polite and smiling, looked after me during my tour through the Customs, the visa examination, and currency control as if I were a treasured possession.

" What hotel you stay ? "

" The Ambassador."

" O.K., we take you Ambassador."

Alone in the B.O.A.C. bus I was driven swiftly through the dark suburbs. Tokyo is a badly lit city ; except where there are shops, there are no lights. At the hotel, ten minutes from the middle of the town, an hour from the airport, I was met by four bowing servants who, with a piece of my luggage each, quickly took me up to my room. For 38 shillings a day I had a small room with a shower and three meals ; this was called the " American Plan ", and a good one it was, for the grander hotels, such as the Imperial or the Nikkatsu, cost twice as much for a room alone.

At six-thirty a.m. I was awakened by a loudspeaker blaring music for physical jerks. A martial voice was calling out the time for exercises. I looked out of the window and saw, in the courtyard of the next door Shinto Shrine, a group of sleepy children : some were yawning, others were leaning against pillars, all were lazily flapping their arms out of time. The leader, in kimono and with face towel

round his head, did the movements less expertly than anyone. This happened every morning I was in Tokyo.

The maid working the lift put her hands on her thighs and said : " *Ohio gozaimasu* ",—the Japanese for " Good morning ". There was only one other person in the air-conditioned basement dining-room. He was squat and wore glasses. He eyed me curiously as I ordered a big American style breakfast from the white-coated, gym-shoed waiter. He came across.

" I am Professor Kuro," he announced pompously. " K.U.R.O., Kuro. I am a professor." His stomach came level to the table.

" How do you do ? "

" Have you read this ? " He showed me a heavy scientific tome.

" No, I'm afraid I haven't."

" The author is English."

" Ah, yes, I see his name."

" I am staying one month in this hotel."

" Really ? "

" I was a professor at Seoul University before the war."

" Ah, you are a teacher ? "

" No, do you think that if I were an ordinary teacher I could stay at this hotel ? I am the owner and director of a college with one thousand students."

I made a noise to show that I was impressed. I longed to begin the eggs that had just arrived.

" I speak German, Italian, English and French."

I made another noise.

" I read Spengler."

" *The Decline of the West* ? "

" Yes, and it is true. World War III will come, then World War IV, after that the west will be finished, but Japan . . . "

" Will be ruling the world ? " I suggested.

" Yes, that's right." He hooted with laughter. His eyes disappeared behind his glasses. He contemplated the destruction of the west with considerable glee.

" Today," he said solemnly, " I must go and visit my family. How old do you think I am ? "

It is difficult to judge the age of a Japanese : those of twenty sometimes look forty, and those of fifty sometimes look like adolescents. I politely said, " Thirty five ? " Delightedly he replied, as if he had made a fool of me, " No, 53. I married when I was forty, but I do not like seeing my family often. You

bachelor ?"

" Yes."

" Ha, bachelor ! Much better. You have good time ? " Another hoot of laughter. " But I am like bachelor I have good time too." Then followed a further burst of mirth, a sudden silence, and the professor went back to his table and his book. My eggs had congealed, but the attentive waiter brought me some more. As he handed them to me he said, " This hotel no good. I student economics." The youth of Japan have a great desire to better themselves and work very hard to do so ; there is hardly any illiteracy and they read with appetite. But one wonders about educational standards when the guide book says that the capital, with a population of about 7 million, has no less than 76 universities and colleges.

Tokyo is a difficult city to find your way about in, as there are very few street names. The Americans lettered the principal thoroughfares, but the Japanese, perhaps resenting the intrusion, have not bothered to learn them ; the result is that " Z " Avenue means nothing to a Japanese. On several occasions when I said " Ambassador Hotel " to a taxi driver I found it conveyed nothing, and I had to ask him to take me to the Imperial Hotel, which is a central landmark, and ask the English speaking doorman there to tell the driver where I wanted to go. Later, almost in despair by this roundabout method of getting home, I discovered that the hotel supplied cards with directions in Japanese of how to get there.

The first few days I was in Tokyo I went about with a map, and gradually got used to using the electric railway by which you can find your way to most parts of the city. But I often got into the wrong train and found myself rushed miles out of the way, and then, defeated, had to take a taxi to the Imperial Hotel. The railway (the equivalent of London's Underground) is nearly always crowded, especially at rush hours. People pack in and strap-hang with newspapers just as they do in London. Few Americans seem to use this method of getting about, so I, usually the only foreigner in the carriage, felt conspicuous. The Japanese do not exactly stare ; they shoot quick glances at one but out of their hooded eyes. They are like the English in trains, rarely speaking to strangers ; but once asked a question, they brighten up and are delighted. Tokyo is very hot in the summer and most of the men wear white shirts and trousers ; the belts must be made for export ; most of them are nearly big enough to go twice round the slim Japanese waist,

their ends dangling round the back. Many wear *geta*, wooden clogs held on by a strap that goes between the big and first toes ; the clip clop on pavements and streets is one of the characteristic noises of Japan, a noise one remembers for long afterwards. The majority of the women wear European dresses and have western hair-styles, but some go about in the traditional silk kimono, the obi (the beautiful wide sash), white socks, made like mittens so the thick-soled *geta* can be kept on. Everyone carries a fan : the men, when they are not flapping their fan stick it in the back pocket of their trousers, from which it protrudes. A fan is essential. It saves one from breaking out into a torrent of sweat after one has made a slight exertion, like walking a hundred yards, or pushing on to a train.

Tokyo as a whole is ugly. Dominating the centre, a vast number of buildings and gardens covering a huge area, is the Imperial Palace. From the outside roofs only can be seen, for it is surrounded by a wide moat and a high, forbidding wall. Opposite the main gate of the Palace is a park of dwarf pine trees, and an avenue full of speeding traffic, the Japanese being the most reckless of drivers. Marunouchi, the commercial part of the city, lies beyond ; it consists of office blocks, the same as one sees anywhere. Further away is the Ginza, the main shopping street of Tokyo. The department stores are seven or eight stories high, and have lifts and moving staircases up to each floor. At the bottom and top of each flight of moving stairs stands a girl, whose duty it is to bow to the customer as he gets on and off. Every kind of merchandise is for sale, and the goods are beautifully arranged. Fascinated by the lacquer department I admired a bowl. A girl came up. " May I have that one, please ? " I said, pointing. The girl put her hand to her mouth and collapsed into giggles. Another girl came, more merriment followed. After five minutes of sign language mingled with giggles I was given my bowl attractively wrapped in gay coloured paper. The Ginza district is full of bars, and feeling in need of a drink after touring three department stores I went into one. It was pitch dark inside. I felt my way to the bar and ordered a bottle of beer. In a second the stool next to mine was taken by a girl.

" My name Mary," she said. It probably wasn't Mary, but as the Americans find Japanese difficult, this sort of girl usually assumes a name that it is easy for the westerner to pronounce. I made no reply.

" My name Mary," she repeated. " You come here before ? "

"No."

"You American ?"

"No, English."

"You English ?" she said with surprise. "I no see English before." I finished my beer and got off the stool.

"You go ?"

"Yes."

"You come back ? My name Mary. I look after you."

There are innumerable bars with hostesses in Tokyo : small one-room bars that open, continue for a time, go bankrupt, close. The girls who work in them are not necessarily prostitutes ; (there are many of these in the brothels) ; they are entertainers whose job is to engage the customers in conversation and persuade them to drink. They are not geishas. The geishas are high class entertainers and are only to be found in geisha houses, or occasionally to be seen doing dance turns in night clubs. To become a first class geisha girl requires years of training. A poor farmer, desperately in debt, lets his thirteen year old daughter go to a geisha house in return for the £50 which will save him from bankruptcy. She is trained for several years in deportment, dancing, singing, playing the *samisen* (the Japanese banjo), and the art of making conversation. She is given exquisite kimonoes, fine obis ; and, as the years pass, she becomes more and more in debt. According to a post-war law she can leave the "house" if she wants to, but the geisha rarely does, for to do so would being great loss of "face". When the "Madame" of the "house" thinks a girl is ready, her skill in entertaining men is tried out on a group of unimportant guests ; she is then a novice, a *maiko* ; after a few years she becomes a fully-fledged geisha. If successful she is in much demand and can earn a lot for her "house". She is never a promiscuous prostitute, but may become the mistress of a rich man who, when she gets older, buys her out and establishes her in a bar, or as "madame" of her own geisha house. Geisha parties are often given by businessmen (most of whom have liberal expense accounts), to five or six associates, and cost about £15 per guest. The girls wear splendid kinomoes, and obis ; floured faces and pink make-up round the eyes ; they have high *geta* on which they trip with tiny steps ; they speak in a sing-song whine. The kimono and obi conceal the breasts, not a part of the female physique admired by the Japanese, who regard the nape of the neck as a woman's loveliest feature. The collar of the kimono therefore stands out to reveal the slim,

white neck. An American asked his host at a geisha party, " I'd like that one after. Can you arrange it ? " " I'll try," the Japanese said sucking his breath through his teeth, a sign of embarrassment. When the party was over the American was shown into a room but found a different girl waiting for him. He objected. The host, again sucking his teeth, looked down and said, " I'm sorry but the girl you wanted is ill. Another time."

I was told that many budding geishas go to the Kabuki theatre to watch the actors, for although all women's parts are done by men they are played so well that there is much a geisha can learn from watching them. A visit to Kabuki is an exciting experience. There are two performances a day : one at 11.30 a.m., and another at 5 p.m. ; both last about five hours. The stage runs the whole length of the auditorium, and is lower than that of a London theatre. A corridor (*hanamichi*) runs down the left side of the auditorium from an exit at the back to the stage. The orchestra (the samisen, flute, drums and gongs) is either hidden behind a black wooden structure on the left of the stage, or is in full view of the audience. Stage-hands dressed in black, with black face-veils, occasionally come on to move something or to pick something up ; they are not supposed to be noticed. Also, at times, when an actor is coming down the *hanamichi*, a stage-hand appears and slaps two pieces of wood up and down on the floor, the slaps increase in tempo as the actor approaches the stage. Most of the plays are historical or take place two or three centuries ago ; they are therefore played in traditional Japanese dress. The scenery is usually elaborate and the stage revolves. The actors belong to Kabuki theatrical families which go back several generations. The son of a Kabuki actor gradually learns the profession, and is initiated as an actor when his ability is proved. They are poorly paid ; some increase their salaries by acting in films or on television. The dialogue is almost entirely in classical Japanese, but if one knows the story (a very helpful programme being provided in English), one can enjoy the performance. The Japanese programmes have the plays written out in them, and many in the audience read them all the time ; the lights are rarely completely extinguished.

The performance I liked best was one given by the Osaka Kabuki Company. The chief actors were Ganjiro and his son Senjaku, a popular film star. There were three plays on the programme. The first was called the Damask Drum. The son took the part of a young man, and his father that of an ageing beauty.

The young man is in love with a princess. He strides down the *hanamichi* on to the stage and confronts the princess and her ladies-in-waiting. The princess gives him a drum made of silk, and tells him that if he can play it she is his. He takes it eagerly, puts it on his shoulder, and taps it. There is no sound. The ladies-in-waiting giggle behind their hands. He tries again, then, suddenly realising that he is being teased, he storms up the corridor amidst tremendous slappings with the pieces of wood by the stage-hand at the side. The court collapses in laughter. The boy goes to his teacher (the ageing beauty played by the father) and asks to be given lessons in drum-playing. This the teacher does with such success that the boy can play even the silk drum. He returns to the princess and astonishes her by playing it, but at the moment he succeeds in evoking a sound from the drum, he falls out of love. He rushes back to his teacher (again down the corridor) ; as he approaches the stage, drums from the orchestra sound like thunder, portending disaster ; he hesitates, and then goes forward. He sees the teacher asleep with a real drum by her side. He picks it up, strikes it, but no sound comes. He then discovers that his teacher is dead. She has given all her life and all her art for him. This delightful fantasy was played with only screens as scenery, each screen representing a season, and with hardly any dialogue. The musicians on the stage for this play sang as they played songs that assisted the story. In the next piece, the father acted the part of a middle-aged man, and his son a young girl. Senjaku, so masculine as the boy, was as feminine as it is possible for a geisha to be in the part of a young girl forced to become a prostitute against her will. In this play there was a scene in a public bath where the masseuses were prostitutes ; later there was a raid by the police and they were arrested. In another scene the girl is in a room in a brothel but has earned the " madame's " displeasure by refusing to " work ". The "madame's" husband appears in disguise (he is secretly in love with the girl) and plans to take the girl away with him. When the two have disappeared into an inner room, Madame, delighted that the recalcitrant member of her house has at last accepted a client, gayly picks up the tea-tray, and creeps out of the room with light steps, carefully shutting the door. The actor made so much of this exit, doing it so realistically, that he brought the house down. If an actor plays a scene well there are shouts from the audience, these come from experienced Kabuki goers in the gallery ; the first time one hears them they sound alarming. The sets are usually lifelike,

but if a horse is required, a pantomime one with two men is provided ; the " animal's " acting is not received with laughter but with appreciation if the two men do it well, lifting their feet impatiently when the horse is kept waiting, or tossing the head.

There are many intervals when one can get refreshments at the bars during the long show. While going out during one of these I noticed that there were side boxes with no seats, only cushions, and I realised for the first time that for many Japanese it is more uncomfortable to sit than it is to squat with their legs folded underneath them.

Public performances of the other Japanese traditional drama, the Noh plays, are rare. Noh is too esoteric for a general audience to appreciate. There is little action, far less than in Kabuki, and the play lasts a long time. An intellectual told me : " People only go to Noh for snob reasons. Most of the audience goes to sleep, and very few understand it, though many pretend they do."

Hiroshi Asakava, a Japanese friend, took me to Asakusa, one of the amusement centres of Tokyo, to see " Summer Dance " at the Kokusai theatre. The programme, full of pictures of chorus girls in western style revue costumes said : " The ' Summer Dance ', one of the four productions of the year, will be performed by all members of the Shockiku Girls' Revue Troupe and will be staged by Japan's foremost revue authorities. The more than 300 charming, talented girls will make over 3,000 individual appearances on stage, wearing 200 colourful varieties of costumes. This well balanced show will have Japanese songs and dances sharing equal attention with Western style numbers. The lovely, graceful Atomic Dancers, Japan's top precision dancers, will present their usual flawless dance."

The show began with a special performance by a Koto orchestra. The Koto is the Japanese harp, but is horizontal like a xylophone. Twenty-seven girls and a few men plucked at the Kotos and some samisens, singing at the same time. They played modern Japanese classical music written by Michio Meyagi, a blind composer, who had been killed a short while before while stepping off a tram. His picture framed with a wreath of gaudy paper flowers hung above the orchestra.

Then followed amazing song and dance acts done to " western " Japanese music. In a typhoon scene palm trees crashed to the ground and houses disintegrated. As Kabuki has no women " Summer Dance " had no men : girls danced men's parts in trousers

and with men's hair cuts. In the finale there were coloured fountains, the envy of an English seaside resort, and a high waterfall. Three hundred girls in fantastic costumes kicked their legs not only on the huge stage, but also on a platform in front of the orchestra.

Hiroshi took me through crowded Asakusa after the show. This district, where the citizens of Tokyo come for a night's fun, is a maze of bright, narrow streets shut off to traffic. There is a glare of fluorescent lighting everywhere; also Japanese lanterns, streamers, shops (open at 11 p.m.), stall-restaurants, cinemas, night-clubs, brothels. I noticed a shop crammed with rows of erect pin-tables at which people of all ages were standing and inserting coins in the hope of winning one of the prizes in the window : a packet of cigarettes, a tin of fish, a pot of jam. There is hardly a street in Japan without its pin-table shop, and it is usually packed.

" See that boy," Hiroshi said, pointing to a youth with a sort of crew cut, jazzy shirt and drain-pipe trousers. " He's a Tayozoku ".

" What's that ? "

" A crazy boy who goes wild." I learnt later that the Tayozoku are like our Teddy boys. Literally meaning " Sun Clan ", the name comes from a film about the amorality of Japanese youth. The idea caught on and the Tayozoku who drink, make love, and brawl with alarming abandon are shocking Tokyo.

" Shall we eat somewhere ? " I suggested.

" O.K., you like western style or Japanese style ? "

" I'd like to try Japanese style."

" You like tempura ? "

" I don't know what it is."

" Come on. Les' try."

We got into a taxi and drove for miles to a restaurant in the Ginza. We sat at a bar behind which stood the cook busily frying shrimps and other seafood in batter. As each fish was ready it was put on a ledge in front of us. We took it in wooden chopsticks, dipped it in a mixture of minced radishes and soya sauce and washed it down with saké. Saké served warm in a small porcelain carafe and drunk out of a minute china cup is rice wine ; it tastes like winy spirit and is quite mild. The Japanese are not great drinkers, after three or four cups of saké most of them go pink in the face and red in the eyes.

One of the smartest night-clubs, frequented mostly by Americans, is the Ginzabashi. Very much western style, there is a dance floor surrounded by dining-tables, and, up a few steps, an oval bar. In

contrast to the dimness of the rest of the place, girls looking as if they were behind picture frames, sit in two brilliantly lit boxes, one above the other near the bar. They play patience, but keep their sharp eyes open for a client, and quickly slip out of their frame if one's eyes meet theirs for a second. I spoke to one from Hokkaido, the northern island. To dine, dance or talk to her cost £1 an hour. Her father, too poor to provide for her any longer, had given her some money and told her to go to Tokyo, where she knew no one. She now earns between £100 and £150 a month, but is paying for two of her brothers to go through college. The fact that their sister was a prostitute would not bring shame on the family, as it would in many other countries.

One evening I chatted to an American who was staying in my hotel.

" So you're a tourist ? " he said.

" Yes."

" What have you seen of Tokyo? "

I told him about Kabuki and the Ginzabashi.

" You eating anywhere ? "

" No."

" Have you been to Frank's steak house ? "

" No."

" Like to go ? It's the only place in town where you can get a real good steak, American style."

We took a taxi and arrived at the restaurant after the driver had been cursed, " American style ", for not getting there more quickly. We were shown to a table by " Frank ", a Japanese who had been to the States. The only customers were American. There was no question about what we should have. Dry Martinis arrived, then soup, during which we chose our steak from a dish of huge lumps of meat. The steak was good and so were the " French fried ", but the American was upset at the service as he had had to wait for a knife.

" We should get 100 per cent service here," he said. " If they advertise as an American steak house they should have the same service as one."

" Why ? "

" Why ? " he seemed surprised.

" I mean we're in Japan, and they do have different customs about food. . . . "

" But this place calls itself an American steak house, and has no

right to do so if it isn't exactly like one."

We ate our ice cream in silence.

"So you're seeing Japan? You've been to Kabuki and the Ginzabashi. Have you been to Asakusa and seen some of the spots there?"

"Yes."

"Oh you have? Have you been to any of the gaybars?"

"I went to a bar on the Ginza the other day."

"No, I mean the 'gay' bars."

"What are they?"

"You don't know? Well I'll tell you, for if you're wanting to see all sides of Tokyo night life you ought to go to a 'gay' bar. There are lots of 'em."

"But what are they?"

"Gaybars, my friend," he talked slowly as if he were speaking to a child, "are bars where men who like men go. I'm not interested myself in that kind of thing, but I'll take you to one as you ought to see it as a social phenomenon of Tokyo."

Another taxi ride involving many wrong turnings, false directions by the American, reprimands, misunderstandings by the driver and we arrived at the head of a narrow, brightly lit alley. A few yards down the street was a sign saying: "Silver Dragon". "This is it," the American said, "but it's known as Mamasan's. Don't ask me why but it is." "San", meaning honourable, is tacked on to the end of a name, as "Mr." is put in front. We ordered beer at a tiny bar downstairs. Above the bottles hung a signed photograph of a famous film star. "He my friend," the barman said.

"Upstairs is Japanese style," the American said. "Like to go? But you have to take your shoes off before going up as the floor is matted with *tatami*, rush mats, as in a Japanese house."

We put our shoes on a rack where there were many other pairs and stumbled up the dark, ladder-like stairs. Round the wall of a small room sat some middle-aged men with their friends, and one or two Americans, looking self-conscious. We sat on a sofa. Four young men, the "hosts", in coloured shirts and light trousers, saw that glasses were full. A pick-up played "You have the eyes of a woman in love", and two couples, gazing soulfully at each other, danced in their socks. The windows were wide open, and I could see a family going to bed in the house opposite. I looked inquiringly at my friend. "They're tolerant about things in Japan." One of the "hosts" brought us two bottles of beer and three glasses,

without being asked, and sat down between us. The American seemed uneasy. " Careful," he whispered, " he might be an F.B.I. agent."

" My name Yoshio. What yours ? "

I told him.

" You American ? "

" No, English. But my friend is . . . "

" I'm Canadian," the American said quickly.

" You English ? " Yoshio continued.

" Yes, English."

" You businessman ? "

" No, holiday."

" You come Japan holiday ? "

" Yes."

" Very good."

" Ask him about his life," the American said. " Might be interesting."

Yoshio told me much the same story as the girl from Hokkaido had related. He had come to the capital in search of work, and after two months as a porter he joined the young men at the " Honourable Mother's ". He slept on the *tatami* with the other " hosts ", the barman and the manager, was given one free meal a day, and one day off a week. I wondered if he earned enough to send his sisters to college.

" How long you stay Japan ? "

" Six weeks."

" Six more weeks."

" Yes."

" You take me to seaside ? I take day off."

" Ask him how much he earns a month," the American said. " I'd like to know if these boys make money out of this sort of life."

The telephone pealed across the street and Yoshio rushed to answer it. Presently he came back. " 'Scuse me, my special friend he come. Goodni' ".

" I suppose the answer to your question depends on the generosity of the special friend," I said to the American.

We were handed a 2 ft. long shoe horn to help us on with our shoes, after we had nearly tumbled down the stairs. As we left the barman and the manager chorused, " Goodni'. Tahnk you very much. See you again."

We caught the electric train back to the hotel. At one station a

boy got in carrying a small plastic bag containing two goldfish. He tied the bag on to the rack, sat down and opened his newspaper. The American and I watched the bag swing dangerously, but no one else took any notice.

The colour of Tokyo in the summer months is grey : the sky is lowering, the wooden houses are unpainted. Except in the main streets which are bright with advertisement signs, and some narrow ones gay with lanterns, the city is gloomy. The residential districts, however, have charm. The houses, or huts as they often are, are in lanes with very little space between them, but although the garden fences do not always reach the ground, the lower part left open for economy, in the backyards, or in the small gardens of the bigger houses, there is privacy. The Japanese, artists at making screens, find two planks enough when we would want a high hedge ; they are also artists at being discreet, if there are two boards half-hiding a private garden it means that passers-by are not supposed to pry, and they do not. One leaves one's shoes inside the front door and goes up a high step into the matted house. The only furniture in the living-room is a foot-high lacquer table and some cushions ; the only decoration, a dwarf pine tree in a pot, and in the alcove (the *tokonoma*) a scroll picture (a *kakemono*) under which is a vase of three or four carefully arranged flowers or simply a branch. There are sliding doors or screens between the rooms and built-in cupboards in which mattresses are kept. At night the mattresses are put on the floor of the living-room which becomes a bedroom for the family. The Japanese find a bed as irksome as a westerner finds sleeping on the floor.

Though an unattractive city, Tokyo, like London, has some splendid parks. The finest of these is the park surrounding the Meiji Shrine, built in honour of the Emperor Meiji in 1915 by national subscription in gratitude for his enlightened acts. It was the Emperor Meiji who modernized Japan in the second half of the nineteenth century. Near the road is a huge torii (the simple arch with two uprights supporting a curved cross-piece, that is universal outside a Shinto Shrine) standing at the head of a wide avenue of Japanese cypress trees ; the avenue winds and there are two more torii before one reaches the shrine which has three entrances, a torii at each. I hesitated before going in, not knowing whether to take my shoes off or not. There was no one about. Presently, a boy and a girl arrived and went in. I followed. They first went to the covered fountain in the courtyard, dipped long-

handled ladles into the water and rinsed their mouths. They then stood in silence at the open entrance to the shirine. A shaven-headed priest appeared wearing a full white blouse and baggy purple trousers. He went in and stood with bowed head towards a platted metal standard on an altar at the back of the shrine. He clapped his hands twice, bowed, clapped again and left. The young couple bowed and walked away hand in hand.

Shinto (the Way of the Gods) is the native religion of Japan ; it is animistic, combining nature and ancestor worship ; the Sun Goddess Amaterasu being the chief god in its pantheon which includes many gods and goddesses. Buddhism and Confucianism, introduced in the sixth century, had a great influence on Shintoism, and for a long time they were mixed up together. Whenever a tide of nationalism swept the country Shintoism was extricated from its entanglement with its foreign partners. The Meiji government recognized pure Shinto as the official state religion, and temples, that had been Buddhist and Shinto, had to declare which religion they truly represented. The idea of the introduction of State Shinto under the Meiji régime, with Emperor worship as one of its features (a feature the educated did not believe in), was to bolster the prestige of the Emperor, hitherto only a figurehead, and give a fillip to national pride. In 1946 the Emperor publicly denied that he was divine, and State Shinto was disestablished. Today the two religions are very close to one another, and many Japanese say they belong to both.

The Southend of Japan is Kamakura. Foreigners go there principally to see the big bronze statue of Amida Buddha, a super-natural being that is worshipped by several of the Buddhist sects ; the Japanese go there for a day's outing. Thirty miles from Tokyo Kamakura is best reached by electric train. (" Whatever you do don't go there on a Sunday," an English friend advised me.) I set off one mid-week day with Hiroshi as guide. There was no seat in the train, and although half the passengers got out at Yokohama, more got in so quickly that we had to stand all the way.

" First," I said, " I want to see the Buddha."

" O.K., we walk ? "

" Is it far ? "

" No."

We walked up a street for a few hundred yards and then, dripping with sweat, we took a taxi. The Daibutsu (Great Buddha) is in a park at the back of the town. We paid, and joined the crowd of

sightseers seething round the 42 ft. high statue ; cameras clicked while squads of people posed. The 700 year old statue looks more impressive on the 115 yen stamp, where its magnificent 7 ft. long face appears in profile, than it does when seen amidst milling tourists.

We motored to the sea, through the town, past hotels, souvenir shops (no Japanese can go on a trip without bringing home a present), one-storey buildings covered with garish advertisements. The narrow beach is black, and lined with open huts where one changes. We went into one of these, paid a shilling each and were given a basket in which to put our clothes. There was nowhere to change, apart from two cubicles reserved for women ; the manager indicated the shower, but it was full of people washing. I looked helpless, and was given one of the cubicles. Meanwhile Hiroshi changed expertly sitting on one of the wide matted benches which were covered with people, a square yard to a family. The sand was as adhesive as mould, and it was impossible to swim as huge rollers (it was shortly after a distant typhoon) kept knocking us down. I envied the trippers as they were so happy in spite of the extreme discomfort of the hut. They squatted close together on the benches, eating bits of things out of picnic boxes with chopsticks,watching their children at play. They would go back to the capital in a crowded train, then change to a packed tram, taking hours to get home. But it was worth it, this day by the sea, although it meant so much effort. Hiroshi and I returned to Tokyo early : sandy, sticky, and exhausted.

LETTERS

MARXISM AS PHILOSOPHY

To the Editor of *The European*
Sir,

I recently purchased an August copy of *The European* and was particularly interested in the article *Marxism as Philosophy* by A. James Gregor. The author sets out, in a commendably painstaking way the views, philosophical and historical, of Marx and Engels.

Good as the purely expository part was, it appears to me that the subsequent criticism at the end of the article was of a much less astute character and included many quite commonplace errors of a logical nature, and philosophical errors of a glaring kind.

The author seems completely unaware of the basis of materialism in the modern sense, up-to-date developments in Marxist theory which I consider, as completely as is humanly possible, answer the very problems that his article raise.

For example, he makes no distinction between " naive " philosophical realism and Marxism which is partly based on a criticism of " naive photographic realism ".

Yours, etc.,
D. V. CHAPLIN.

61 Maycroft,
Grange Estate, Letchworth,
Herts.

EUROPE AND U.N.O.

To The Editor of *The European*
Sir,

A recent letter to *The Times* stressed the point that Western Europe is so dependent on Middle East oil that " a comparatively minor convulsion can throw European industry into confusion ", and called for combined European action. It is necessary to add

that not only European industry but the whole system of common defence is thrown into jeopardy. Western Europe is prepared to act in concert against the threat of communism, but how powerful is a European army or air force without oil supplies, or with oil supplies that can so easily be cut off ? The United States government cannot continue to " have it both ways ". Either it supports the action of Western Europe to retain a position of strength, or it is aiding and abetting the advance of communism. We as Europeans cannot afford to wait until the U.S. government decides to face up to the real issues.

A powerful European force would be the *de facto* U.N.O. army. The countries of Western Europe together with the Dominions are the cornerstone of U.N.O. The threat of a bloc resignation by those powers would either jolt the United Nations into taking a more sane attitude or leave the latter organisation to fade into insignificance.

We were among the prime instigators of U.N.O. because we believed that civilised countries should stand together at all times against such barbaric outbursts as we had then recently experienced. But the organisation has since become a hotbed of intrigue where the chief bandits sit at the council table and use the United Nations as a forum for their own propaganda and for promoting discord among non-communist powers. Against the Russian bandits in Hungary it has shown itself to be a failure.

A European Association with interests and civilised standards in common, and with more limited and definite objectives, is not only the solution now in the Middle East but the long term mechanism for achieving world stability. At a time when barbarians are everywhere increasing their power civilised standards can only be preserved by the continued physical supremacy of the countries where those standards have some meaning.

Yours etc.,

HARVEY BLACK.

London, W.14.

AMERICA AND EUROPE

To the Editor of *The European.*

Sir,

Mr. Pierre Andreu's article on Pierre Drieu la Rochelle, in your December issue, quotes the latter as saying : " England is America, we are Europe. England is the dominion of America in Europe."

Mr. Walter Himes Page, American ambassador in London in 1917, wrote as follows to President Wilson and Colonel House : " The English and the whole English world are ours, if we have the courtesy to take them—fleet and trade and all.

" It will fall to us to loose and set free the British and the Briton set free is an American.

" What are we going to do with the leadership of the world when it falls into our hands ? How can we use the English for the highest uses of democracy ? "

Those who rant most about American and Russian designs on the Levant have now, by their inexcusable attack upon Egypt (and I write as a supporter of Israel's cause), played right in to the hands of both of those non-European powers.

As a Dublin review has pointed out, Anglo-French prestige (already damaged in Cyprus and Algeria) did not rise when, after the American ambassador in Paris had been kept in the dark while " Operation Hamilcar " was planned there, he was eagerly sought when Marshal Bulganin threatened to bombard that city and London with long-range rockets.

As for Hungary, her struggle was not quite eclipsed even in Delhi by the war against Egypt, less still in Rangoon, Saigon, or Tunis. It has been stated by Mr. Alexandre Metaxas in the *Sunday Times* that young Russia is in a ferment. Even traditionally pro-Russian Bulgaria seems to be restless. It is said that a part of the Red Army, whose racial origins are as yet undisclosed, joined the Magyar insurgents. Mongols reported that their own country was becoming disturbed. Ukrainians have been holding out since the war, unknown to most of us in the West. Tito has spoken of a schism in the Kremlin. All is not black.

Yours, etc.,

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