THE EUROPEAN

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ANALYSIS

IN our January issue under the heading " most important thing said since the war ", we drew attention to Mr. Kruschev's first offer to withdraw from the occupied countries of Europe. We returned to a detailed examination of this subject in our issue of May, and again in June when we commented on the " universal hush " with which Mr. Kruschev's re-iterated proposals had been received in British politics and Press. At last as we go to press, the great silence has been broken by the well practised voice of Sir Robert Boothby*. In a letter to *The Times* of June 6th, signed also by Lord Birdwood, he writes of Mr. Kruschev's latest remarks on the subject : " the most significant section of the interview was, however, Mr. Kruschev's statement that the Soviet government would be prepared to withdraw its troops from East Germany, Poland and Hungary in return for a corresponding withdrawal by American troops in West Germany and France ". Sir Robert concludes : " if the necessary safeguards can be devised, has not the time come when we should accept Mr. Kruschev's challenge ? "

The necessary safeguards, as we have already suggested, would in principle be : (1) Simultaneous withdrawal inch by inch, with

* The government 2,500 word note to Russia published on 16th June contains no reference whatsoever to Mr. Kruschev's offer. But several newspapers have since taken it up, the *Observer* the most seriously. *Tribune* claims it was an " old *Tribune* idea ", but a careful search reveals no reference to it in their columns nor in the speeches of Mr. Bevan since Mr. Kruschev first raised the subject at the end of last year. Was it such a new idea that they did not grasp its importance at all ? — or was the Left asleep as usual when the real chance came to implement the ideas in which they believed ? Once again, will " the Salvation Army take to its heels on the day of judgment ?"

no nonsense about either side having confidence in the other or trusting the other's word ; (2) Practical assurance that the Russians would not return, secured either by (a) simultaneous disarmament, rendered effective by close mutual inspection, to a point where the invasion of another country was impossible to either side, or (b) rearmament of a united Europe both with the great deterrent of the H weapon and with conventional forces armed with tactical nuclear weapons, sufficient to render impossible a Russian return even if neither side dared to use the H weapon. Two courageous members of the party in power have at last made a beginning. Perhaps others will now follow these bolder spirits, and even Labour may summon the courage to make some comment. Bravo, bravo, this is the first time in our recollection that any members of the old parties have woken up to the obvious we have long stressed, with a time lag so short as five months. Keep going, boys, keep going—once the noses are out of the hutches, you may see something to your advantage; not to mention the advantage of all mankind.

Liquidation of Sterling Area ; Voluntary or Compulsory ?

Exact figures are only obtainable by ministers in government, and even then with difficulty. Those in opposition have to rely on indications which slip through the official net of concealment and confusion. Occasionally, too, someone in a semi-official position lets out some kind of cat. For instance, Lord Bruce, chairman of the Finance Corporation for Industry, said the following on 27th May : " From 1945 to 1955 Britain paid out $9,800,000,000 more than was received from exports and investment income. The miracle is that Britain is not bankrupt today. Britain had paid her way by borrowing and by gifts ". Who will deny Lord Bruce's conclusion that the next ten years cannot be lived in the same manner ?

The Balance of Payments

The reply may be made that these figures reflect post-war necessities, and the spendthrift mood which follows all wars ; now we face sober reality with effective measures. To what extent is this reasoning valid ? The answer may be found in recent figures concerning our current balance of payment position. In the last financial year it was estimated that we had a favourable balance of £233,000,000 ; in the previous year we had a deficit of £79,000,000. To what extent does even the favourable balance of last year

measure up to our sterling area and Commonwealth obligations ?

For years successive Chancellors set the aim of a surplus of £300,000,000 for Commonwealth investment ; that figure was never reached. The Prime Minister has just declared with marked pride to the assembled dames of the Primrose League that in recent years we had supplied an average of £150,000,000 for Commonwealth investment. The year before last it must have been paid from a deficit in our balance of payments ; a process for which Lord Bruce now finds the explanation in his picture of a Britain which does not pay but borrows.

The Sterling Balances

What balance of payments surplus do we really need to meet all our obligations in the sterling area ? Some answer was supplied by the *Financial Times* on 8th April last : " The fact is that last year Britain would have needed a current surplus of £430 million simply in order to break even—without allowing anything towards rebuilding the gold and dollar reserve. This is the sum made up of long-term capital investment, mainly in the sterling area, of loan repayments by Britain, and of other movements of capital out of the country ". In this figure the *Financial Times* ascribes about £55,000,000 to the " wavering of confidence in sterling last year ", and concludes that " the more important element of the adverse capital movement was the withdrawal of sterling balances held in London ", which it put last year at £150,000,000. The latter factor the *Financial Times* believes is likely to increase rather than diminish : " All the signs are, in fact, that these sterling balances are about to enter a new phase, when they will be run down, as development plans of the colonies and ex-colonies, like Ghana, go ahead ". This tendency is already reflected in figures which show that " the total of colonial balances rose from around £700,000,000 in 1947 to some £1,300,000,000 in the middle of 1955. But since then the upward movement has ceased. During the year and a half until the end of 1956, the total has remained, with minor fluctuations, around the level of £1,300,000,000 ". The *Financial Times* is not indiscreet enough to add that the process of running up these balances has been much assisted by such operations as appropriating cocoa crops and selling them at a much higher price for dollars on the world market than we granted the growers in blocked sterling. It was all done in the name of love, brotherhood and freedom for the black population who were thus roundly swindled, and it will indeed be

surprising if the operation can be repeated now that they have been granted independence. On the contrary, they are far more likely to draw on their sterling balances than to replenish them, and in running down these balances they have already been given a lead by India, whose moral claim to repayment is far less strong because we incurred these debts to her at the time of our joint war effort. No wonder the *Financial Times* considers that the drain on the sterling balances last year now " ought to be regarded as part of the normal pattern of life for the sterling area ". What would happen in abnormal conditions if confidence in sterling were seriously shaken, and a real run on the balances occurred ? The answer might well amount to a declaration of bankruptcy.

The Disparity Between Necessity and Achievement

There is no surer way to cause loss of confidence in a currency than to pursue a policy which is clearly beyond its strength. The *Financial Times* believes that even the figure of a £430,000,000 surplus in our balance of payments which we really required last year, is not likely to be enough in the future even in normal conditions : " In 1956 a deliberate effort was made to restrain the demands of would-be borrowers in the London capital market. . . . In a normal year, in which such restraints were not operating, the rest of the sterling area would certainly take out more than the £150,000,000 of long-term capital withdrawn from London during 1955. This means that the break-even point, on last year's model, would have been a current surplus of something approaching £500,000,000 " The *Financial Times* concludes : " This is a figure which no country other than the U.S. has ever reached ". It is indeed fortunate for the Prime Minister that few dames of the Primrose League are very clear-eyed readers of the technical journals. For these figures show that the disparity between our real necessities and our vaunted performances is sufficient to indicate the pending break up of the sterling area.

Act Now, or Wait for Smash ?

What will happen if we go on like this ? As Lord Bruce pointed out we are most unlikely in the coming years again to be able to beg or borrow enough to pay the difference. The old lady cannot for ever cadge enough with one hand to cover the largesse she scatters with the other—in order to create the present illusion of past grandeur. How can we hope to find a surplus in our balance

of payments amounting to £500,000,000 per annum, when last year's " triumph " only produced a surplus of £233,000,000 and in the previous year we ran a deficit ?

The basic figures are so simple that even a Tory can add them up ; they mean smash—it is only a matter of time. This country cannot long continue to hand out much more than it earns once it can no longer obtain gifts or loans to cover the difference, and it is plain that this point is almost reached. We cannot meet all our present obligations in the sterling area. If that fact is faced at once we may emerge even with the advantage that a decisive policy of European union could still bring. If we refuse to face the facts we shall finally meet reality in a disastrous situation ; a bankrupt island with nothing to offer the new partnerships we shall then be forced to seek.

The Restriction of Production

The effort to do what we cannot do is already taking toll of our productive capacity. It was authoritatively estimated that the restrictive measures the government found necessary to reach even a small balance of payments surplus, were recently costing the country £700,000,000* a year of production.

Relatively small countries dependent for their life on export markets are finding that they cannot both have a home boom based on maximum production and an export surplus. Credit restrictions and all the financial tricks are necessary to stimulate exports and cut down imports, and these measures curtail total production. Even in France, which is far more nearly self-contained than Britain, this situation prevails. *Figaro* recently gave figures of a precision we are not accorded in Britain. The essence of the matter was stated in a few headlines to a detailed article : " Each increase of 10 per cent in our production will require henceforth an augmentation of 20 per cent to 30 per cent in our imports ". The problem of Britain is to a considerable extent different in the kind of raw material which is lacking, but Britain in general degree is much further from being a self-contained country than France. It would be surprising if a breakdown of our figures in a similar manner would not show an even graver dilemma confronting our

* This figure was given some time back when the restrictive measures were in full swing. They have since been to some extent relaxed with the immediate result that we look like running into another balance of payments crisis. Last year's figures and the figures up to date in this year support the argument above.

economy. In fact, all these small countries have reached a point where they can only obtain maximum production at the expense of disequilibrium in their balance of payments and in the ultimate crash of their foreign exchanges. The Frenchman sighs : " si nous avions à cet égard la richesse de l'U.S.A. ", while the Englishman dreams of the raw material wealth of an Empire he neglected to develop a generation ago and has since largely given away, after losing the resources for its development in an unnecessary war. So, whether we like it or not the relatively small countries of Europe with their throttled economies have but one hope, not only of achieving equality with the giants of Russia and America but of surviving at all as coherent, living and developing organisms ; that hope is speedy and effective entry into the union of Europe-Africa.

The Fatuity of Ministers

It is, therefore, particularly unfortunate that such a pompous, wooden ass as Sir David Eccles should be permitted to jeopardise European Union with a foolish speech which typified the deeper, and therefore, the sillier prejudices of conservatism. In a recent oration he appeared to think that the European market confronted us again with Napoleon's " continental system " and that we should require Nelson and the wooden walls of England to break it up once more ; he was probably unaware of the parallels he would evoke in the continental mind, but the French are literate. There has been no gaffe like it in international affairs since the combined wisdom and authority of a conservative cabinet failed to stay the shrill treble of Lord Hailsham just half a bleat before, " I am ashamed of being half American ". And the continental lacks that heavy, tolerant avuncular spirit which then invited the petulant prodigal to the White House for a lollipop and forgiveness, in calm recognition of the fact that nature made some brats like that. The old-fashioned toe of the continent, happily free from the inhibitions occasioned by modern psychology, itches for the appropriate contact. And unfortunately it is Britain in a very delicate state of health rather than the latest adornments of the " Tory Team ", which stops the kick.

The Rabbit in Front of the Boa-constrictor

The figures we have quoted in these notes—which are not our figures—put some very straight questions to those who still reject the saving conception of European union. Do they think it possible

to continue indefinitely with an economy which produces a balance of payments surplus of £223,000,000 in a good year to meet obligations which in a normal year require £500 million, according to the dispassionate estimate of the leading financial journal of the country ? Are they content to achieve even this totally inadequate result by a system of credit restriction and artificial curtailment of production which cuts imports and pushes exports, in violation of every natural law of a free economy and to the personal detriment of every producer and consumer in Britain ? Do they regard with equanimity the next phase of a siege economy under a Labour government with a completely controlled import-export system designed for the battle to live in world markets, which we must lose in the end both to cheaper labour competition and to the dumped surpluses of the great self-contained economies of America and Russia ? Are they in short ready to sit like a rabbit in front of a boa-constrictor until a situation has developed which will inevitably swallow what is left of Britain ? These figures talk. You have been warned.

EUROPEAN

Since the above was written the *Financial Times* of 12th June contained the following under the heading *Straining the Commonwealth* : " More and more of the major British Colonial territories are being granted their independence within the Commonwealth. And almost invariably one of the first decisions made by the Governments of these new independent States is to embark upon ambitious capital schemes. Of course, when they do move forward to independence, they usually experience more difficulty in attracting finance from other parts of the Commonwealth than they did while Whitehall was in some measure responsible for the shaping of their political and economic policies. But unhappily, the lack of new capital cannot be counted upon to stop these countries attempting to rush ahead with their development programmes at such a pace that their activities may impose an immense strain on the sterling area system — a strain that must press both directly and indirectly upon its external payments position vis-a-vis the rest of the world.

" For most of these countries possess large financial reserves that can be utilised for backing development in the shape of their sterling balances in London. And as India's behaviour over the past year or so clearly demonstrates—India has been financing an external deficit arising to a large extent from the fast pace of her development scheme by drawing on sterling balances at a rate of more than £200m. per annum — they are prepared to dip into these reserves on a considerable scale when new money is lacking.

" There is little the U.K. can do directly to prevent the Commonwealth's resources being overstrained by development financing of this kind."

Further comment is superfluous.

E.

THE DEFENCE WHITE PAPER

by MARTIN PRESTON

WITHIN the next five years Britain's defence system is to be drastically revised. The outline of this change has been plotted by the Defence White Paper, and its provisions are electorally so attractive that the Labour Party wouldn't reverse them should they succeed the Tories within the five-year scope of the plan. More probably Labour would further debilitate Britain's defences. No one can doubt the sincerity behind the views on defence, largely those of the Defence Minister, Mr. Duncan Sandys, which are held by the Government. Any play is welcome after the neglect of defence by successive Governments since the war, exposed in startling relief by the chaos over Suez—where the French dropped a greater number of better-trained paratroops far more efficiently than we did ; for which we could only produce two tank landing-ships capable of landing only half a regiment of Centurions ; and for which, as military expert Captain Liddell Hart has said, "The muddles in mobilisation would appal the nation if the full facts were known."

Good military reasons have been put forward in support of Mr. Sandys' plan, which has been widely discussed in the Press, at home and abroad. Nevertheless it is a bad plan, and a dangerous plan. Mr. Sandys' analyses are usually right, but his decisions are often wrong. He should be praised for being the first post-war Defence Minister to tackle properly the thorny problems of defence, but he should be criticized for the manner in which he has tackled them. Recognizing that Britain is too weak to bear the cost of both

effective H-bomb and guided missile armament, and effective conventional forces (which for convenience I shall call A forces and B forces, respectively), Mr. Sandys decided, rather than let the country struggle on, getting the worst of both worlds, to choose one or the other.

To give some idea of the colossal expense of modern defence, it is estimated that the initial cost of the intermediate range ballistic missile, without H-bomb warhead, is £3 million—though of course production in quantity would lower costs. The Talos, an anti-aircraft missile Britain has been promised by the United States, cost over £70,000 apiece without launching platforms or nuclear warheads. The American strategic bomber the B52 costs £3 million, and the first American nuclear-powered aircraft carrier is expected to cost £120 million without aircraft or weapons.

Mr. Sandys has chosen to bank on A forces rather than B forces, and I wonder how much the desire for electoral popularity through the tax cuts which this decision has made possible, influenced him. Is this another case of sacrificing the country's interests in order to bribe the electorate ? Mr. Sandys' decision could be disastrous. In all political problems, basic principles should be considered firstly. The basic principles of the defence of Britain are :—

1. That Britain should make a fair contribution to the defence of the free world, through the regional pacts to which she belongs—the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, the Baghdad Pact, and the South East Asia Treaty Organisation (I question our membership of the latter organisation, but since we are committed to it, we must fulfil our obligations).
2. That we should possess adequate forces of the right type to defend our national interests in conflicts within the free world.

On these bases the decision to concentrate on development of A forces is questioned. In any conflict with communism, the free world depends on American possession of the " ultimate deterrent " —H.bombs in quantity, and the bombers or missiles to deliver them. The United States is years ahead of any other country in the free world in the development of A forces. Its Government has stated categorically that it will use these weapons against communist aggression in any part of the world, and there is every practical reason why the Americans should adhere to that declaration.

A British H.bomb, then, is obsolete, unless it is contemplated that it might be used against some national enemy of ours within the free world. Such use, however, would be politically impossible.

Apart from the united hostility of public opinion at home and throughout the world, our economic position is such that the United States can pressure us into conforming to her will whenever the necessity is great enough. The Suez venture dramatised this sad fact. The British H.bomb, then, is not only a needless addition to an "ultimate deterrent" which already exists, it actually lessens the strength of the free world, because the money and men we are devoting to developing A forces could be put to better use on other defence work. This is not an argument in favour of abandoning the current British H.bomb tests. As these have been prepared at great expense over many years, they should be carried out, but we should not further pursue the development of A forces.

We should not be contracting out of our international obligations by failing to develop A forces. On the contrary, the Government's decision to cut B forces has been received anxiously by our allies, and General Lauris Norstad, the man who commands Europe's defences, has been outspoken in his opposition to it. The American Government has obviously refused to comment unfavourably out of loyalty to us. America's A forces are quite sufficient to provide the "ultimate deterrent". If the Government had chosen to concentrate on B forces instead of A forces, apart from strengthening the defences of the free world and pleasing our allies, it would have given Britain a unique opportunity for a major diplomatic attack upon the Russians to force world disarmament, which only their intransigence prevents. I remain convinced that Britain's major defence area—Europe—can best be defended with a European Army. This would not only create an effective unified armed force and encourage a European spirit necessary to the defence of Europe, integration would also mean lower costs of administration, research, supply, etc., for each of the partaking European nations. We should have to face the unpopular necessity that British forces allocated for the European Army would not be available for national uses elsewhere in the world without the permission of the European High Command. British isolationism killed the European Defence Community ; only British leadership can revive it.

Politicians of both sides of the House of Commons have supported the development of A forces because they are under the odd illusion that they would enable us to be "independent" of the United States. These men are living in the past. They fail to recognise that Britain's independence *vis-a-vis* the United States depends not on our armament, but our capacity to stand on our own feet.

If they had really been concerned with British independence, they would not have acquiesced in or aided the disintegration of the Empire, which could have retained our independence, and today they would pursue policies, such as the union of Europe, which can enhance Britain's position in the world. Because Britain has A forces, she will not be one iota freer to pursue policies independent of the United States. Mr. Sandys' begging visit to Washington for American guided missiles to defend us is a direct result of the politicians' past failure to back British science. Development of weapons far in advance of American ones has been stopped in several notorious instances.

Development of A forces—a needless waste of our resources—has nothing to do with the development of tactical nuclear weapons (small atom bombs, atomic artillery, etc.) and short-range guided missiles. Our scientists should be freed from the development of ever more terrible A weapons, which no one will dare to use, to concentrate on tactical nuclear weapons and new light armaments which can be used by our troops in conventional guerilla-type conflicts. The Bazooka, a recoilless gun costing a few pounds, which can destroy a 60-ton tank costing tens of thousands of pounds, is a typical example of this sort of light weapon. Small atom bombs do not differ greatly from HE bombs, except that they are militarily more effective. Apart from the initial radiation blast (which is deadly only to unprotected people within 1,200 yards, and only lasts 15 seconds after the explosion) there is only a little lingering radioactivity in the area of the explosion of a nominal atomic bomb—one the same size as that dropped at Hiroshima—if it is an " air burst ". (This is when the bomb is exploded 500 feet or more above the ground. When the fireball does touch the ground, in a " ground burst ", it radioactivates dust, which is spread around and leaves radiation danger for a long time in the area. " Air bursts ", however, are militarily much more effective than " ground bursts ", causing greater destruction and higher casualties through distribution of blast, heat, and radiation over a wider area.) Atomic shells are, equally, a normal development from HE shells.

As offensive air weapons—both missiles and bombers—become faster, even supersonic fighters are rendered obsolete as defensive weapons. The Government states there is no possible defence against A weapons, but small guided missiles of the homing variety will soon supersede aircraft for air attacks and defence, even in limited conflicts, therefore we must press on with their development.

We should adopt American missiles wherever they fulfil our military needs. Our scientists should concentrate on new weapons. A little wise government after the war would have resulted our leading America in the missiles field, but it is futile now to cut off our nose to spite our face.

The possibility has been mooted of setting up an electrical field above Britain which would interfere with the directional mechanisms of attacking aircraft and missiles, but even if this becomes technically possible, offensive science already seems to have outmoded it. It is believed guided missiles are being developed which depend on mechanical, instead of electrical, means of homing on to target. The American " Navaho ", —an enormous flying-bomb with a 5,000-mile range, is said to be steered by a system of gyroscopes and computers and a device which can navigate from the stars. It is also said to be able to take evasive action on nearing target, and will be very difficult to stop in any way. Although it is doubtful that Russian science is as advanced as American science, it is likely the communists are developing similar missiles.

We need five distinct types of armed forces :—

1. " Carrier Groups ".
2. A small but modern air force for use in limited national wars and defence until we are properly equipped with missiles.
3. An effective submarine force.
4. A highly-trained, well-equipped Regular Army possessing nuclear weapons.
5. A National Defence Force.

I believe that an essential step to an integrated defence system is the elimination of much unnecessary " tail " personnel through the integration of the Army, Navy and Air Force into one Service. The " tail " of the Army is estimated at 40 per cent of its strength. Much of their work must be duplicated by parallel sections in the Navy and the Air Force, and would be better done by civilians.

Why do we need five types of defence forces? " Carrier Groups " are part of the Government's plan to have mobile strength available for prompt action in any part of the world—an improvement on large stationary garrisons. After an appalling record in the development and production of aircraft since the war, the Government is not to develop any more aircraft. This is a wise decision, but it does not mean that we should leave ourselves denuded of fighters and fighter-bombers, which will retain their importance in localised conflicts for many years to come. We have heard little mention of

submarines in defence talk, yet the submarine, which has already played such a devastating role in warfare in the past, hints of more revolutionary uses in the future—as missile launchers or even troop carriers. Rockets develop the same kind of thrust under water as they do in air or vacuum, so they could be fired from submarines at a considerable depth. As long as 13 years ago small rockets were fired from a submerged German submarine by Dr. Wernher von Braun, who is now working for the Americans. It would be foolish to abandon our research in this field. Troops of a well-equipped Regular army would be used to fulfil Britain's commitments in regional pacts and to fight any limited national wars. The Government's decision to end National Service opens the way to the development of the sort of army which has been advocated in the columns of this journal for some years. The Government, however, aims at a total Service manpower of 375,000 in 1962, of which only 160,000 will be in the army, which is too low to provide adequate defences. The army's present strength is 390,000. It is all very well to say that atomic weapons will compensate for the cut in the numbers of British troops in Germany and elsewhere, but it would be almost impossible to use atomic weapons if, say, another "Glorious 17th June" set off an uprising in East Germany which developed into a civil war. There are other places in the world where similar types of conflict could occur, where atomic cannon would be useless, but a well-trained infantry division could mean peace.

As Brigadier Anthony Head, former Defence Minister, stated in the House of Commons last year: "It is fatuous to think that . . . atomic artillery alone could stop the gradual infiltration and penetration of men. It would be like throwing hand grenades at ants entering the House." (*Manchester Guardian*, 2.3.56.) Our B forces will not be effective unless a well-trained and quickly mobilisable Territorial Army is available to back them. It is pleasant, politically, to announce the "abolition" of National Service by 1962, but so far the Government has failed to explain how it hopes to recruit sufficient regular soldiers. There are, for example, only 80,000 longterm regulars in the army today, yet even the Government's severely restricted plan allows for 160,000 regulars. To abolish conscription will not save money, it will almost certainly cost money, to attract sufficient regulars by better pay and better conditions. Perhaps better conditions are more important than better pay, though it is true that many Service trades are far better paid in civilian life. Better barracks and married quarters are not

the only sort of improvements which Servicemen look for. Much military custom is unnecessary, outdated and irksome. Uniforms are drab and shamefaced. Professional soldiers are rarely accorded the honoured place they should hold in society.

The Government's plan is for minimum garrisons of troops in the places we have to defend, backed by a pool of professional troops stationed in Britain, with an efficient Transport Command to fly reinforcements to trouble-spots at a moment's notice. I hope Mr. Sandys is sincere in his intention to carry out this part of his plan, because arrangements for air trooping at the moment are appalling, as the Suez venture showed. Nevertheless, will we have sufficient troops to deal with limited conflicts ? Mr. Sandys' 375,000-men plan would make sense if it were backed by an extensive Territorial Army system, so that many divisions of infantry could be mobilised quickly—but it is not. Blinded by the H.bomb flash, Western politicians and some militarists have failed to see that in fact the infantryman comes into his own in the nuclear age.

The concept of the National Defence Force is not a new one. It has existed in Switzerland for many years where all men undergo regular military training, even keeping their weapons at home, and I believe such a force is even more necessary in a highly-industrialised country like Britain, where our complex transportation and communication systems could be easily paralysed by a few highly-trained saboteurs. Should the Russians put into practice the political-guerilla tactics outlined in *The European* two years ago, then our only defence would be a " nation in arms ", with every citizen a soldier. Both Germany and France have realised this, and are planning national militias which would be mobilised by the proclamation of a state of siege. Mr. Robert Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, stated in a defence debate recently :—

> " The Soviet Union and China will continue to seize every opportunity to attain their aims by means of the cold war, that is by infiltration, internal subversion, and the propagation of revolutionary ideas, terrorism, and other forms of lawlessness, sabotage and economic destruction." (*Hereford Citizen*, 4.4.57.)

Russia is known to have been training saboteurs and infiltrating them into the West for some years now. These agents would not stop at sabotage—their task will include the assassination of the West's political, military and industrial leaders, as the Khoklov affair revealed. Captain Liddell Hart has warned of a new and

terrible form of sabotage—by atom bomb :

> " This danger is likely to increase with the improvement in methods of bomb construction. The atomic explosive might be smuggled into a country little by little in the baggage of agents—it is an ordinary-looking metal, out of which watch cases, cigarette lighters, keys etc. can be made. The bomb itself might be built in a machine shop owned and manned by ardent but discreet sympathisers with a regime opposed to their own country's." (*Defence of the West*, Cassell, London, 1950.)

It is nations today which do the fighting, not just the forces ; we are in the age of the professional soldier backed by the citizen soldier, and nation in arms can only be achieved with the help of a strong and inspiring idea, superior to the communist one which menaces us. This defence is as much a political problem as a military one.

THE INDUSTRIAL ATTACK ON BRITAIN

by ROBERT ROW

LENIN, in a celebrated passage, laid it down that the way to defeat his enemy Western capitalism was to unite the proletariat and industrial power of Russia with those of Germany and Central Europe.

In his own words : "To unite the proletariat of industrial Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia with the proletariat of Russia, and thereby create a mighty agrarian and industrial combination from Vladivostok to the Rhine, from the Finnish Gulf to the blue waters of the Danube, capable of feeding itself and confronting the reactionary capitalism of Britain with a revolutionary giant, which with one hand would disturb the senile tranquility of the East and with the other beat back the pirate capitalism of Anglo-Saxon countries. If there were anything that would compel the English whale to dance, it would be the union of revolutionary Russia with revolutionary Central Europe".

This was no lighthearted threat. Britain was then the main capitalist power, the mercantile whale whose vulnerable belly was world-wide trade. She was also the possessor of a vast Indian Empire, with other important stakes in the East. Destroy that power in Asia, strike at her trade, and the principal battles for a communist world would be won.

Such was Lenin's dream. But Lenin lived before his time. His successor Stalin made no attempt to follow classic Marxist tactics, preferring instead military aggression and glory as the means to the end. This served to prop up the main capitalist powers instead of undermining them. In addition, the doctrine of Marx failed to capture the German workers when it came to the point of revolution. A rival creed, national socialism, created a Germany of which Lenin could not dream, and Stalin found it necessary to wrestle her down in league with his hated capitalist opponents.

In the process of war, also, Britain has ceased to be the main opponent. The United States of America have taken her place, and America today is by no means so vulnerable as was Britain

at the close of the first world war. She has a virtually self-contained economy and cannot be undermined by attacks on her overseas trade.

Yet if the main struggle has shifted, Britain is exposed to attack as at no time since Lenin's day. With foreign assets spent, trade rivals multiplied, the overcrowded island homeland is unable to feed itself, or even to keep itself in coal. War has also brought that other main requirement for Leninist success, the progressive communisation of Asia. Lenin would see in this clear evidence of Western decadence rather than direct communist strength, for Britain's former Indian Empire was given away and not seized by communism. The strongest area for holding off communism in Asia was abandoned, and will in time be occupied by the revolutionary force.

So if the new capitalist stronghold, America, is impregnable, the old one, Britain, is dangerously exposed. One Suez crisis or a big wave of strikes is enough to bring a national emergency. And this is the situation precisely at the moment when Stalin's successors return to Leninist principles. They find a situation ideal to his tactics, at least so far as Britain is concerned. They do not by any means command all Germany's workers and industries : yet those outside their control, in Western Germany, are fighting Britain in world markets. The Red industrial empire has reached the Oder if not the Rhine, and Eastern Europe is fast being industrialised. Most ominous of all, Russia has become a vast industrial complex with a high output of scientists and technicians (trained in many cases by Germany's experts, captured or driven over to Russia by allied policy in 1945). Sir John Cockcroft has estimated Russia's output of graduate engineers at 53,000 a year and Britain's at 2,800. Russia has millions of slaves and forced workers as industrial fodder, and is increasingly concentrating on state-run automation. This is power which Lenin never had, and the neo-Leninists of today make no secret of how they will use it.

For some time the Soviets have been making generous trade deals with countries not only adjoining their own frontiers but also far afield. These contracts are quite different from any which Western industries sign : the Russians very often agree to supply at well below cost. Thus Afghanistan is getting new roads which are practically gifts : also brand new streets for the capital, Kabul. The Russians recently installed a grain storage plant which was offered at one-tenth the American figure.

Turkey, though traditionally anti-Russia, is also wooed. Last year the Russians offered oil, tractors, machinery and other equipment, and with twenty years to pay. Throughout the negotiatione Mikoyan's men emphasised that of course there were no strings attached. They were ready to take Turkish agricultural producs in exchange.

At all times the Soviets are prepared to undercut the West, no matter how low they have to go. Their procedure is simple : they take the lowest Western tender and undercut by ten per cent. Mr. Valentine Hall, writing in *The Daily Express* of May 24 last year, put Russian average tenders as 60 per cent of Western tenders. Even High Wycombe, the Buckinghamshire furniture town, is threatened. Mr. Janes, secretary of the High Wycombe Furniture Manufacturers' Society, said last year that Soviet representatives will enter shops, photograph a chair or table, then return a few days later and offer the same article at two-thirds the price.

The Soviets are invading on a wide front. Russia has given atomic piles to China, Poland, East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Rumania. Pakistan was offered last year " unlimited " industrial and technical assistance, again with " no strings attached ". Burma is getting a technological institute as a free gift. Indonesia has been promised an atomic pile also. And generally the Russians are willing to accept in exchange the very agricultural produce which these countries can most easily supply.

The Daily Mail reported on February 14, 1956 : " So far £500million-worth of Soviet capital equipment has been offered for delivery this year to India, Burma, Egypt and Syria. The drive now planned aims at a rapid expansion to many hundreds of millions-worth of exports to the Middle East and Asia each year. " Mr. Khrushchev intends to undersell Britain and other exporters in these areas . . . ."

Mr. A. Nove, writing in *Lloyds Bank Review* for April, 1956, said that the entire Russian industrial system is geared to further expansion. He estimated that, by 1960, if a rate of growth of 9 per cent per year is achieved, the U.S.S.R. would become " the industrial giant of the Eurasian land-mass ".

The American magazine *Newsweek* for February 6, 1956, quoted Mikoyan telling his salesmen : " Economics determine policies. You must be ' Soviet capitalists ' ". It quoted the head of the Soviet state bank : " When we grant credits abroad we are not looking for profits ". It commented : " The Russians are satisfied

with political gains ".

Dr. Mende, the Free Democrat leader at Bonn, said that a Soviet economic offensive was coming " which is going to amaze us ". The *Westdeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* at about the same period wrote : " The politicians of the Kremlin have embarked on the adventure of an immense economic expansion. They will see to it that the countries they control will also join in the adventure . . . ."

Mr. Pieter Lessing, in *The Recorder* for September 22 last year, had an article entitled : " Russia Is Doing Big Business : Dumping Without Worry About World Prices " and said : " At a recent reception in Moscow, Mr. Khrushchev told his Western guests that the Soviet Union intended to show the West the meaning of economic competition ".

The Economic League quotes a Russian-speaking observer just back from Russia, who said : " When I went there I saw evidence of how Russia is intent on becoming the world's leading industrial power. If she succeeds, there will be no need for her to waste her time, money and strength making hydrogen bombs and guided missiles to destroy us. She will only have to flood our overseas markets with her goods, and she can price them as low as she likes to capture world trade."

It is clear from these examples what is in the wind. Sir Oswald Mosley had already pointed out what they signified for British industry when he noted in these pages* that Russia would use her army demobilisations for stepping-up her industrial output. He wrote : " This increased production will not be much used, as the simpleton might suppose, for increasing in any degree the standard of life of the Russian mass, who have been long accustomed to a way of living that would not be tolerated for five minutes in Western countries. It will be used, on the contrary, to accelerate the victory of communism by dumping on world markets competitive industrial goods below any prices which highly-paid Western labour can match ; there is already evidence that Russian industry merely enquires what is the lowest Western tender in any market, and then quotes below it."

Yet the general run of politicians was still quite blind to the danger. Mr. Aneurin Bevan referred to it as " the most extraordinary invasion the world has ever seen " in a speech at Cardiff last June. " It will not be an invasion by the Red Army, but an

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invasion of scientists, teachers, technicians, educationists and professors of all kinds." He spoke as one might refer to the arrival of the latest troupe of revivalists from America, complete with cheer-leaders, publicity experts and converts from rock-and-roll.

"I believe that there exists at this moment the biggest single chance of establishing peace with the Soviet Union that has ever existed in our lifetime" he told his wondering audience. How does one make peace with a political force of fanatical zeal, on the eve of what it regards as its final victory and when it is deploying to make use of its favourite and well-tried tactics ?

Mr. Nehru, questioned in March by the American newspaperman Mr. Randolph Hearst, Junr., believed that peace had dawned at last. "Khrushchev now knows he cannot make the whole world Red". These pleasantries were echoed in the headline of the *Daily Express*, "It's Peace — It's Peace". Then underneath, rather in the spirit of the English Eleven welcoming a test team from Down Under, "Eden Accepts Russian Challenge of Battle For World Markets".

The Russians were not so gay. Mr. Khrushchev was in deadly earnest when he addressed a Moscow conference of world trade unionists and directed them to stir up more strikes, sabotage and other trouble to weaken the West.

Again, last November, he told an Italian delegation in the Kremlin : "If there is a war we accept, it is a war of ideas, an ideological struggle, a struggle of principles. We are accused of trying to conquer the whole world. I should not be a communist if I did not want the working classes to take power in all countries."

Meanwhile, Lenin's second major factor, the awakening of Asia, is proceeding apace. A recent editorial of the *Financial Times* pointed to this (March 18) and showed something of the fundamental changes in that continent today. India and China, it asserted, are "rivals for the soul of Asia" and their two plans for development would closely affect the outlook and lives of no less than 1,000 million people.

This simply amounts to a neck-and-neck race between these fast-developing countries. Both are ambitious to win the industrial contest in Asia (there is a third contender, Japan). Already communist China is emerging, says the *Financial Times*, as a "formidable new competitor in international trade in cotton textiles". Japan, another textile giant, has become the leading shipbuilder

of the world. But India is not being left behind. She has opened her second Five Year Plan, under which £4,200 million will be spent, 25 per cent of this alone in industry. Nine million more coolies will come on the market in the next five years, so India will not experience any shortage of labour.

India is out to beat China. This means she will draw on all available resources to keep ahead. Who will finance her ? Britain, to some extent, although Wall Street and the World Bank are also in the picture. Last year India ran her sterling balances down by £150 million (she started off with £1,250 million in 1947 to her credit, a bill which Britain has had to pay and is still paying for helping to defend her soil from the Japanese).

Pandit Nehru received the Freedom of the City of London last summer, and during his speech made the following invitation : " There is, and will still be, considerable scope for the investment of British capital in India ". The *City Press* commented that India and the City had much in common.

Thus the " Square Mile of Finance " is invited to continue with its role of equipping the East to undercut the West (and Britain, in particular) as it did in the case of Japan between the wars. For India is certain to cut into Britain's markets in Africa and the East. Pandit Nehru has long dreamed of a " rupee area " in the countries bordering the Indian Ocean, living partly on and partly challenging the position of sterling there. He denies any intention of leaving the Commonwealth, no doubt quite sincerely for the time being. India's membership is still of great value to herself ; it serves as the means for setting her up in business, and later possibly a take-over bid of certain parts, after which Nehru no doubt will tell Britain to go to hell.

Thus Britain today faces attack from both arms of Lenin's monster, the industrialised communist land-mass. The industrial revolution which began quite modestly with Stephenson's Rocket has expanded today into the swarm of brand-new sweatshops in Bombay, in Madras and on the Bengal plains ; the stability of Victorian Manchester has long been blotted out by the smoke of the chimney-stacks of the factories east of the Volga. The tenuous threads of Britain's export trade (and thus her life under present conditions) lie at the mercy of mass-production and political dumping and the coolie wages of Asia.

Is it therefore not time that Britain took the initiative in the great area of Europe-Africa, the cradle of a new civilisation ?

THE POLISH CORRIDOR

by LUCY VON GREKOVITZ

BY an anomaly of the Treaty of Versailles Prussia was split into two separate countries with no overland connection, though even the Versailles Treaty made no pretence that the corridor to the sea given to Poland could be considered as a Polish territory. " An independent Polish State shall be erected, which shall include all territory with an indisputably Polish population, to which free and safe access to the sea shall be given."

These words clearly indicate that while claims of the Poles to their own country were just, and based on Polish population, no such claim could be made in respect of the Corridor. Access to the sea had to be given, not claimed as a right.

To understand the question of the Corridor it is necessary to go back to the history of the early days of Europe.

During the first century A.D. an order of Monks was established in Germany with the purpose of spreading Christianity to the wild regions beyond the Eastern border. They took the name of the Order of Saint Mary and endeavoured to carry Christianity to the savage and wild tribes. The Monks became a fighting order, they wore armour and white cloaks emblazoned with large black crosses and became known as the " Knights of the Cross ".

It was mainly due to their influence and pressure from Germany that Poland became Christian in the year A.D. 960, but the area on the Baltic Sea which was not a part of Poland remained pagan.

The Knights of the Cross built a city in the country later known as East Prussia, which served as base and fortress. They named this splendid city Marienburg, or Malborg, and from there continued to convert the savage tribes.

Marienburg attracted many people from Germany, traders eager to exchange cloth, knives and beads for pelts and amber, relatives of the Knights of the Cross, and others who wanted to settle in the new land and help to civilise it.

The work of the Knights of the Cross went on for centuries and they succeeded in civilising a large part of the Baltic territories ;

but the largest country, Lithuania, remained heathen.

Towards the end of the 14th century the ruler of Lithuania, Prince Jagiello, was offered the hand of the heiress to the Polish crown, Jadwiga, and the Polish throne, on condition that he and his country should become Christian and unite into one country with Poland. Prince Jagiello accepted, and was duly baptised, but his Christianity left much to be desired. He feared his old blood-thirsty God, Kriva-Krivajtis, more than the new God he could not understand.

After the death of his wife he decided to break the power of the Knights of the Cross and put an end to their missionary work. He succeeded in doing so in the battle of Grunwald in the year 1410, in which he used heavy Polish cavalry and hordes of wild Lithuanians who welcomed a chance of revenge and blood sacrifice to their old Gods.

The Knights of the Cross fought a heroic battle under the leadership of their Grandmaster, Ulrich, but were outnumbered and defeated. The few left alive retreated to Marienburg, but the Order ceased to be a power and its activities were limited to the more civilised tribes in the vicinity of the city.

Pomerania, known later as the Polish Corridor, was annexed to Poland. The population of Pomerania was a result of the mixing of the German settlers with some of the less savage tribes, and these people became a peaceful nation of fishermen and farmers known as Kashuben.

Polish rule over Pomerania till the year 1772, when the province was incorporated into Germany, left no trace. During the 400 years of their rule the Poles never built one town, castle, or church. No noted Polish family ever settled there. The Poles were not a seafaring nation, and never even endeavoured to build a fleet or harbour.

Since the year 1772 the Kashuben people have lived under German rule. They had a good market for their fish and farm produce, and were never interfered with. Towns and villages were developed and a harbour at Putzig was built which benefited the whole population of Pomerania. Schools, churches and brick houses were erected, and the people prospered.

In 1919 Pomerania became a part of Poland. The Kashuben were not hostile to the Poles but they found very soon that their peaceful life had ended. The place became a noisy holiday resort and while the Poles cannot be blamed for utilising their 45 kilometres

of sea front it is equally impossible to blame the Kashuben for hating the invasion of strangers. They resented scantily dressed and much painted women and noisy shabby hotels which sprang up with alarming rapidity. Financially they did not benefit as they were not the type of people who would become hotel keepers. They separated themselves from the newcomers and carried on with their fishing and farming. Fishing now ceased to be a profitable profession, as they were cut off from their markets in Germany, and many suffered hardship. Those living farther from the sea fared no better. Their lovely country, known as Kashuben Switzerland, also became a holiday resort. Farmers found it difficult to sell their produce, as their standard of living was high, and they could not hope to compete against Polish peasants who wore homespun clothes and lived exclusively on potatoes and cabbage, considering even salt a luxury.

The Kashuben were on the decline, although in the year 1939 they still numbered about 120,000. In times of prosperity it was their ambition to educate their children in Germany, but under Polish rule this was made difficult. For the whole of Pomerania there was only one school, at Puzig, where German was taught. They resented being denied the education they craved for, and were unwilling to send their children to Polish schools or accept Polish passports. They religiously preserved their traditions and language. Most of the Kashuben spoke German but only a very few knew even a few words of Polish.

The Kashuben language has been considered by the Poles as a Polish dialect, but it would be interesting to observe a conversation between a Pole and Kashuben, if each spoke in his own language ; it is certain that neither would understand a word.

They remained foreigners in Poland, and while it still can be argued that they were not Germans it is certain that they were more akin to the Germans than to the Poles.

The city of Danzig was an entirely different matter. It was founded by the Knights of the Cross in the year 1308 and developed by German merchants and shipowners. In 1445 a commercial agreement was reached with Poland, which was important considering Danzig's geographical position at the mouth of the river Vistula, but this agreement did not in any way change the city's character. Danzig has always been a German city. Its beautiful architecture reminds one of Nuremberg, and it is closely bound up with the history of the German people. It prospered as a member of the

Hanseatic League, and continued as a city of importance for centuries.

The citizens resented their separation from Germany in the year 1919, and the Polish attitude in Danzig did not help. The mildest expression of loyalty to Germany on the part of the citizens caused violent outbreaks from the Polish visitors and authorities. Transport between Danzig and Germany through the Corridor was made as difficult as possible, and trains were held sometimes for days without any good reason.

A new harbour was being built by the Poles in Gdynia, and in that project the citizens of Danzig saw a desire on the part of the Poles to break and ruin them financially. The good relations which existed between Danzig and Poland during the days of the Hanseatic League were now ended for ever, and the citizens of Danzig together with about 75 per cent of the population of the Corridor looked to Germany for deliverance.

That was the problem of the Corridor and Danzig before the war, but the Poles were not even willing to admit that a problem existed.

During the year 1938 the Poles were eager enough to disregard the Treaty of Versailles. Profiting by the confusion in Czecho-Slovakia caused by the re-union of the Sudeten Germans with Germany the Polish army led by Marshall Rydz-Smigly marched into Czecho-Slovakia and annexed by force a part known as " Silesia beyond River Olza ", justifying their action by saying that some Polish people living beyond the River Olza wished for re-union with Poland. The march into Czecho-Slovakia was hailed in Poland as a great success and victory. The Treaty of Versailles which defined the Czecho-Slovakian border was forgotten, and the whole country was enthusiastic.

Enthusiasm waned, and the treaty of Versailles was quickly remembered, when the citizens of Danzig wished for re-union with their country.

The idea of war was popular in Poland, there were manifestations of enthusiasm all over the country, and a commonly heard boast was : " let there be a war, in six weeks our cavalry will conquer Berlin ". By treaties and guarantees the Poles were encouraged in their arbitrary attitude, and the war became inevitable. Only a few years later those who rushed into war for the freedom of Poland signed willingly an agreement which gave away the whole of Eastern Europe into Russian slavery.

REVISING THE UNITED NATIONS CHARTER

by R. H. PARKER

THE twentieth century has paradoxically produced not only the two most destructive wars in the history of mankind but also a crop of international treaties and institutions with the avowed purpose of attaining peace on earth. Self-appointed saviours of the human race have written wonderful constitutions for non-existent world governments. Most of the enthusiasts have ignored the wise words of Thomas Hobbes that covenants without the sword are but wind and breath.

International institutions without swords are also but wind and breath. The history of the United Nations could well be written by taking as text some words of the late Lord Keynes written in 1946. "There is scarcely any enduring successful experience yet," he wrote, "of an international body which has fulfilled the hope of its progenitors. Either an institution has been directed to be the instrument of a limited group or it has been a puppet of sawdust through which the breath of life does not blow."

Even the most fervent supporters of the United Nations sometimes admit that the organisation has not been an unqualified success. When they do so they often place the blame on the terms of the Charter. All we have to do, the argument runs, is to revise the Charter and then everything will be all right.

How can the Charter be revised? There are two possible procedures. The ordinary method (Article 108) is the adoption

of an amendment by two-thirds of the members of the General Assembly. Such an amendment only comes into force, however, when it has been ratified by two-thirds of the members of U.N.O., *including all the permanent members of the Security Council.*

The second method (Article 109) is a General Conference of the members of the U.N. for reviewing the Charter as a whole. An amendment may be recommended by a two-thirds vote of the Conference but as before such recommendations only come into force if all the permanent members approve.

In short : the permanent members, *i.e.* the Great Powers, can " veto " any amendment of the Charter, including, of course, the abolition of the veto itself !

There have been, however, what may be called *de facto* amendments of the Charter. The most important of these is the so-called " Uniting for Peace " Resolution of the General Assembly in November, 1950. By this resolution the Assembly decided itself to consider threats to the peace, breach of the peace, or act of aggression, with a view to making appropriate recommendations to members for collective measures, including the use of armed force when necessary. An emergency special session of the Assembly can be called if requested by the Security Council on the vote of *any* seven members, or by a simple majority of the members of the United Nations.

The resolution enabled the Assembly in February 1951 to find that Communist China had committed aggression in Korea. Ironically enough, it also enabled the Assembly in November, 1956 to declare Britain and France guilty of aggression against Egypt.

The importance of the Uniting for Peace Resolution should not, however, be over-rated. In 1951 it merely gave a legal backing to action which the United States and her allies were already engaged in. Moreover, as Mr. Selwyn Lloyd reminded us during the Suez crisis, the Assembly can only *recommend*, and members are not legally bound to comply with its recommendations. British foreign policy is, of course, as the Foreign Secretary also reminds us every now and then, based on the principles of the Charter — interpretation of those principles becomes less or more legalistic depending on how the current wishes of the British government conflict or coincide with those of the other members of the United Nations.

There have been many unofficial proposals for the reform of the United Nations. They are mainly of two types. Either, to put it bluntly, they are completely unrealistic and unworkable, or they

imply the reduction of the U.N. to the status of the international organisation of the western half of our divided world.

The first type of proposal usually foresees the transformation of U.N.O. into a world federation. The best reply to such proposals is the comment of a certain monarch on the Grand Alliance of Henry IV of France : " It is absolutely perfect, without a single defect, save only one — that no earthly prince would ever agree to it ".

The second type of proposal is more attractive at first sight. The argument here is that the blame for the weakness of the United Nations must be squarely placed on the shoulders of the Soviet Union. All we have to do, therefore, is to expel her from the organisation. Unfortunately, the supporters of this idea usually fail to realise that no permanent member of the Security Council can be expelled without her consent. The Soviet Union is not very likely to vote for its own expulsion ! In any case, the main aim of the U.N. is, in the words of the Preamble to the Charter, to " save succeeding generations from the scourge of war ". The expulsion of a Great Power is more likely to exacerbate tension than to relieve it.

All these proposals, however well-intentioned they may be, miss the essential point. They suffer from the illusion that peace can be guaranteed by a long list of signatures to an imposing legal document. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is easy to make speeches about upholding the rule of law in international society. Most people who do so appear to have little knowledge of the structure of international law, which is primarily a law of force. In the words of Pascal : unable to make justice strong, they have justified might. In international politics, as at Animal Farm, all animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others. The United Nations is not something apart from the rather sordid run of power politics. Mere revision of the words of the Charter is not enough, for " If the nations of the future are in the main selfish, grasping and warlike, no instrument or machinery will restrain them " (British Official Commentary on the League Covenant 1919).

WAITING FOR A PENSION

by R. HOUSTON

EMPLOYERS of labour are usually pretty shrewd men : recruiting people to work for them, getting the work organised, making the business pay. That is their role in economic society, and by and large they do it efficiently. At the moment they have a fetish. They appear to believe that every worker wants a job with a pension at the end of it. Offer a job with a pension scheme and young people will come and work for you and stay with you. One or two cynics are beginning to think that there is a fly in this ointment.

The newspapers advertise vacancies galore for young folk. For instance, if you are round about 22, male, and have finished your national service, you can have the option of many jobs, each with the inducement of a pension scheme thrown in. It is something like free luncheon vouchers or canteen facilities ; a sort of bonus offer. Once you are past 25 the number of vacancies open to you diminishes, and when you reach 40 you are very lucky if you can land a good post. Up to 25 you are the ideal person to fit into the pension plan ; from 25 to 40 you can be fitted in with a little difficulty. Once you have had your fortieth birthday it is rarely possible to fit you into the pension table, so the tendency is to throw you on to the commercial scrapheap.

The stage has now been reached when the finding of work for the aged able-bodied is becoming quite a problem. Many men with years of excellent commercial experience to their credit have to take jobs as office boys and messengers. They only get these jobs because there is a temporary shortage of teen-agers. In a few years time when the flood of youngsters leaving school rises the older applicants will be edged out of even these places.

The basis of all this is our preoccupation with security. The term is taken to mean the end of the fear of poverty and of unemployment. This is an excellent thing, but in that realm the law of diminishing returns is just beginning to show. Young men who are looking for a post which promises a pension in

their old age are usually without very much initiative. They are inclined to land the job, do it just efficiently enough to hold it down, and wait for pension day.

Obsession with social security is a reaction from the pre-war depression years. It is not to be found so much amongst industrial workers, perhaps because they have confidence in the power of the trade unions to defend their standards. It is largely a lower middle-class trait. As the tendency is for ever more people to take on a lower middle class outlook, this fear can spread and become a sort of paralysis.

Our state schools seem to impress on the pupils' minds the idea that safety is the goal at which to aim. The smart boy is held to be the one who gets a job free from the danger of the sack. A government job would be best of all, but failing that, a job with a pension. The public schools, mainly the prerogative of the sons of successful and wealthier folk, have the reverse attitude. Their methods seem to inculcate in the pupils a supreme self-confidence. That may well be why the public school product forges ahead in commerce, the professions, politics, and almost every other sphere.

We in Britain are just beginning to face an economic blizzard. Self-confidence, determination, initiative, these are the useful qualities to possess when the way ahead looks like becoming rugged. It is not in the national interest that older and more experienced workers should be thrown on one side because they cannot be fitted into some crackpot pension scheme or other. The word "crackpot" is used advisedly. In a very short time, unless we have faced our economic troubles, most of the alluring pension plans of to-day will not be worth much.

Often the boy who has tried several jobs has moved round a bit because he wants to get on. A proportion of such boys are unsettled, perhaps even unstable, but a high percentage of them want to do something with their lives, something worthwhile and progressive, rather than get into a safe rut. They are our national hope. A business man interviewed a boy of nineteen who applied for a clerical post. The boy declined the job. His parting words were: "I don't want a job with a pension. I want one with the chance of getting on". The business man probably thought the boy was a fool, but since that interview, nearly a year ago, he has had to reduce his staff by nearly a third.

It could well be that those heads of business houses who

continue to attract young workers into their employ with "guaranteed pensions at 65" are getting out of date. It is debateable whether they are getting the best quality of worker with whom to face the future. A few years ago it was possible to believe that commerce and industry were set fair for an indefinite period. But the main trends in world trade are changing rapidly. Britain is going to have to move quickly, commercially and politically, to keep pace with the rest of the world.

EDUCATION *versus* THE EDUCATIONALIST STATE

by HARVEY BLACK

II

THE "co-ordination" of all schools into a comprehensive "education system" was the primary aim of the 1944 Education Act. "Co-ordination" and "comprehensive" are good propagandist words associated in the popular mind with a vague notion of "efficiency". They were words that would suggest to part of the electorate that it was going to get better value for its rates and taxes and to another part of the electorate that it was going to get something bigger and better for nothing. It would be absurd to suggest that more than a small part of this electorate knew what the Act was about.

That the Act was a pretentious piece of "youth racketeering" designed primarily to mobilize the most malleable part of the population, to make the "children of tomorrow" into "citizens of the brave new world", has in the main escaped notice—except from its supporters. Mr. Butler, of course, was accused of empire building, of raising his post from that of back-room boy on the Board of Education, by providing in the 1944 Act for the creation of a Ministry of Education. The Minister was to have very extensive powers. Mr. Butler however moved on to better things.

Mr. Jacks (Total Education) states that the 1944 Act

> ". . . Provides the Minister with the necessary powers. . . . with the aim will go the plan necessary for its accomplishment, and this will be a comprehensive plan assuring continuity from the

cradle to the grave. . . . Total Education would see at the centre a Ministry of Youth, in whose hands would be concentrated all the responsibilities for the welfare of young people up to the age of eighteen at present shared by the Ministry of Education with the Home Office, the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Labour and any other Government Departments which may be involved. Physical development, the treatment of young offenders, the choice of employment, and the time to be spent in employment would thus be added to the more technically educational responsibilities of the present Ministry of Education and would fall under one authority."

At some future date the educationists will no doubt find an up and coming politician, who is biding his time at the Ministry of Education, and when they have successfully persuaded him that he would make an even more effective Minister of Youth, we shall have a new Education Act. It will not have anything to do with education, any more than the last one.

When I referred to the 1944 Act as " mobilising " for non-educational purposes I meant " mobilising " to be taken literally. It is *au fond* an extension of universal conscription to the ages below that of military service. Section 80 (1) requires that :

" The proprietor of every school . . . shall cause to be kept in accordance with regulations made by the Minister a register containing the prescribed particulars with respect to all persons of compulsory school age who are pupils at the school, and such regulations may make provision for enabling such registers to be inspected, for enabling extracts therefrom to be taken for the purposes of this Act by persons duly authorised in that behalf under regulations, and for requiring the persons by whom any such register is required to be kept to make to the Minister, and to local education authorities, such periodical or other returns as to the contents thereof as may be prescribed."

When the youths leave school they will continue to be kept under observation. The Act provided for compulsory attendance at " County Colleges " for the equivalent of one day a week or eight weeks a year. Section 45 (1) (a) adds that

" every young person who is not exempt from compulsory attendance for further education shall at all times keep the local education authority in whose area he resides informed of his proper address."

Before the " Minister of Youth's " raw material go to their ministerial schools they have, from the age of two, been brought into

the ministerial orbit. Section 34 (1) of the Act states that any local education officer

> " may by notice served in writing upon the parent of any child who has attained the age of two years require him to submit the child for examination by a medical officer . . . and if the parent upon whom such a notice is served fails without reasonable excuse to comply with the requirements thereof, he shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding five pounds."

Although the independent schools would appear to provide an escape from the state comprehensive educational " system " they too are potentially " covered " by the Act. Part III provides for the compulsory registration of all such schools :

> " If after the expiration of six months from the date of the commencement of this Part of the Act any person (a) conducts an independent school (whether established before or after the commencement of that Part) which is not a registered school or a provisionally registered school . . . he shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding twenty pounds or in the case of a second or subsequent conviction to a fine not exceeding fifty pounds or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months or to both such imprisonment and such fine."

That this control has little to do with academic standards in the independent schools is illustrated by the remarks of a Judge dealing with a case of fraud on the part of a bogus correspondence college. He stated that any man could set up a bogus educational establishment with impunity, and, as in the case before him, give away degrees not worth the paper they were printed on ; the only question that concerned the Judge was one of fraud.

That the control may be aimed at possible ideological " purges " is suggested by the following provisions : (Part III)—

> " If the Minister is satisfied that any registered or provisionally registered school is objectionable upon all or any of the following grounds . . . (d) that the proprietor of the school or any teacher employed therein is not a proper person to be a proprietor of an independent school or to be a teacher in any school as the case may be ; the Minister shall serve upon the school a notice of complaint . . . the notice shall specify the measures necessary in the opinion of the Minister to remedy the matters complained of and shall specify the time . . . within which such measures are required to be taken."

The Minister can therefore impose what conditions he chooses on the independent schools, so that the parents who pay the fees, in

addition to paying for the state " education " they do not use, have, in point of law, lost the ultimate control which they once exercised by virtue of their financial sanction.

It is the Minister who is given this dictatorial blank cheque, to close schools, to black-list teachers, to veto the appointment of any Chief Education Officer made by a Local Education Authority, to abolish the School Certificate, to forbid any " youth " under sixteen to attempt its successor, the General Certificate of Education, to rescind this prohibition, in fact to do what he likes without let or hindrance from Parliament or the Courts. " Co-ordination " of schools has meant putting all schools under his control. The Educationalist State is his State.

As long ago as 1929 the late Lord Chief Justice Hewart noticed that the Educationalist State was a prime offender in the field of administrative lawlessness. In *The New Despotism* he cites specifically clauses in the 1902 and 1918 Education Acts as running contrary to the tradition of English justice. Of the 1902 Act he says that Section 7 provided

> " that if any question arose under the section between a local education authority and the managers of a school not provided by the authority, the question should be determined by the Board of Education."

Part III of the 1944 Act provides for the creation of an Independent Schools Tribunal which is the body to which appeals against the Minister's decisions must be taken. Schedule III of the Act stipulates that

> " Any order made or directions given by the Minister, the Minister of Health, or a local education authority under the provisions of this Act may be varied or revoked by a further order or further directions made or given by the Minister, the Minister of Health, or that authority as the case may be ; . . . "

Mr. H. C. Dent, in his book *The Education Act* 1944, gives an interesting sidelight on the official attitude towards the conferring of this unchecked delegated power on one monopolistic body, the monopoly of youth racketeering. He states that when Section 68 was added to the Bill at a very late stage the opinion was expressed by Lord Rankeillour

> " that this discretionary power of the Minister ought to be checked . . . either in the Courts (of Law) or by Parliament . . . "

An amendment was moved to the effect that any direction made by the Minister under this Section should . . . be laid before Parliament for 40 days, during which time either House might annul it. Mr. Dent continues :

> " The amendment was rejected by the government, on whose behalf the Earl of Selbourne pointed out that under the Act the Minister of Education was charged with very great responsibilities, *and that in effect this section constituted him a Court of Appeal.*"

Lord Selbourne continued :

> " My noble friends say that the Minister himself ought to be subject to the check either of Parliament or of a Judge. But this is a matter of administration. . . . You could not administer this or any other Act under procedure of that kind."

(Hansard 18th July, 1944).

So much for even lip service to " dmarkrzi ".

Why should the Educationalist State have been prepared to go to such great lengths in order to emasculate education ? If the Grammar Schools, the voluntary schools and the aided schools were all faced with an ultimatum :

> " Either you find x pounds shillings and pence to install up-to-date equipment and adopt a staffing ratio that meets our approval or we take you over and make you controlled "

the implication was that the taking-over body had the resources to provide these amenities. When thirteen years after the Act most of these much vaunted trimmings have still not been provided one has far stronger reason to suspect fraud in the first place than, as many misguided critics of official education policies, pass one's time quibbling about year to year government education estimates. The Educationalist State has nothing to do with education.

The aim of this comprehensive piece of youth racketeering may have been something on the lines of Mr. Jacks' hopeful hopes (Total Education) :

> " . . . the teaching of facts is not enough. There is a conception of world citizenship *which we must inculcate* . . . there is no such thing today as world citizenship ; the federal systems of the United States of America or of the Soviet Union or the British Commonwealth of Nations are the nearest approaches to it, and we may look forward to the day when a complete world federation with a common citizenship will be created."

The fanaticism and energy with which political " educationists "

have worked to achieve the "educationalist state" cannot be explained away in terms of dreamy UNOism. For a more realistic explanation one must turn to the pages of Wyndham Lewis (*Rude Assignment*) :

> ". . . in the technique of 'youth politics' Youth is considered simply as an abstraction—a mere natural force. For the 'youth-politician' pure and simple, Youth is not a human thing at all, but something like water or wind—to drive a mill, to secure electricity. . . . The 'doom of Youth' signifies the ending of the tender romance of youth as understood by our grandfathers. Its place is being taken by Youth as a political force. 'Youth' may be bracketed with 'the proletariat'; they are the two major discoveries, or inventions, of modern power politics."

And in *The Art of Being Ruled* :

> "Popular education, at all events, has only resulted in people being infinitely more gullible. It is the most remarkable instrument of deception so far invented. The 'know all', the 'Je sais tout' system is the best to keep people in complete ignorance of everything that profoundly matters to them. Today there is *no* political, scientific or other charlatanry that cannot be 'put across' them. . . .
>
> "The working of a 'democratic' electoral system is of course as follows. A person is trained up stringently to certain opinions; then he is given a vote, called a 'free' and fully enfranchised person; then he votes (subject of course to new and stringent orders from the press . . .) strictly in accordance with his training. His support for everything he has been taught to support is practically guaranteed. Hence, of course, the vote of the free citizen is a farce : education and suggestion, the imposition of the will of the ruler through the press and other publicity channels cancelling it. So 'democratic' government is far more effective than subjugation by physical conquest.
>
> "In a very small percentage of cases better brains and good social opportunities enable a person to extricate himself from this ideologic machine. Like a mammal growing wings, he exists thenceforth in another and freer element."

It is this small percentage which the educationalist state wishes to reduce. The attempt to gain a monopolistic hold on all teaching establishments, to co-ordinate them, has been done with the intention of making the task of this small percentage as near to the impossible as could be devised.

On the Apprehension of THE POETIC IMAGE IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY

by ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE

IT seems probable that the later half of the twentieth century will be described, wherever such wide, descriptive generalisations are permissible, as the Era of Redefinition and Reintegration ; already there are signs that in the Universities, more especially in the Faculties of Natural and Moral Philosophy, a whole pro gramme of study and research aimed at redefining with greater precision the external observable world, is leading to the creation of a new School of Linguistic Philosophers (a school which owes as much to Hobbes as to any of his successors) ; in the Institutes of Economic and Political affairs an attempt is being made to overcome the disadvantage from which our politicians of every colour have suffered, the imprecision with which the words capital, profit and interest have until now been defined. It is only recently that some of the world's most persistently political economists realised that capitalism as a socio-economic category transcends all definitions of a technical and psychological order ; those who tried to label this or that 'capital' by looking at its technical properties lost sight of the social and property relations at a non-economic level which make it possible to distinguish between one economic structure and another, and those who tried to allot psychological characteristics to 'capitalism', commonly those of the 'personal interest of the profit motive', the desire to exploit, forget conveniently perhaps that these motives and desires are of a very respectable antiquity. Indeed, it is only recently that it has been, reluctantly, admitted that capitalism is as old as human society itself, that the dynamic of civilisation has always proceeded from the differing degrees to which capitalism was present in society.

In the new economic societies the ownership of 'capital'

has passed to the State, or to the joint stock company in all its many and varied forms ; the direction of the economy is in the hands of quite a different group, recruited now from every social sector ; both the owners and controllers are in one way or another beholden to the organisers of mass labour, mass land and mass capital, and to the technicians, scientists and inventors who must devise new materials, new methods of production and new demands.

It would seem that the old cry " Specialisation divides ", is no longer true ; there was never a greater dependency of man on man than there is today, not even in the days of primitive economic and social groupings of men and women. Even the word " specialisation " is being freed from its narrow economic context, and properly used to describe a not necessarily economic expertise ; the concepts of value are becoming as diverse as those of utility. And no group is likely to benefit more from this rethinking and reintegration than the painters, poets, sculptors and musicians, who have long protested that their value, having no utility, made them inevitably detached from the everyday concerns of their fellow members of society.

The first step in the bridging of the gulf between artist and society must be the one of redefining art ; what is its function , how can it best discharge this function and why has it hitherto been unable to do so ? Now I do not think that it is disputed that the role of the artist in society is that of the interpreter, the expositor, even the predictor ; to continue the mana of the race, to establish the truth in face of the falsity of misunderstanding of tradition, to point to the nodal points of human existence so that they may be properly given their true significance, to provide an intellectuo-emotional formula for the resolving and exploring of the hypermental dimensions of our universe. Art is a way to understanding ; just as the natural sciences explore, define and predict the future behaviour of the external material, so does the artist command a knowledge of states of thought and feeling which he resolves into his own concretion of change.

The common nature of artists is discernible quantitatively in their emotional receptivity — in the first instance in the degree to which their synopses are less resistant to impulse than those of the layman. It is for this reason that there are what we call " artforms " — the plastic arts, poetry and music and their subsidiary forms ; it is for this reason, too, that a synthesis of the impacts of the different

artforms is an ideal, if the multi-sensual impact of art is to be as readily apprehensible as that of pure reason.

An artist works either in the world of the spatial image, or in that of the temporal image. We are all familiar with the four dimensions of the spatial universe of the painter and sculptor with its length, breadth, depth and time dimension ; until recently we lived in a complex of universes of which we knew only one, the visual, spatial, really well, and all our efforts in the disciplines of the natural sciences have been concentrated on the exploration and exploitation. We are now in a better position to understand something of the sound, temporal universe, for the simple reason that we have been able to enter that universe, where the visual is secondary to the aural, as a result of the engineering skills of our technological experts in aeronautics.* Perhaps now we shall be able to be as precise in our appreciation and criticism of poetry and music as we have been of painting and sculpture ; the relationship between the visual and the aural, the fact of the tangential nature of time as a dimension in both universes, is something else our redefinition will enable us to explore.

The poetic image is, of course, an aural, temporal one. During the past thousand years**, and more particularly during the past hundred and fifty years, this has been forgotten in the rush of volumes of poetry which has emerged from an ever-expanding publishing industry ; the fact that the shape of poetry is not, nor ever could be, a spatial one has passed unnoticed, or wherever it was realised that the way in which we have become accustomed to print poetry on the page was absurd, attempts to mitigate this absurdity have taken the form of printing poetry in squares, circles, triangles and spatial shapes approximating to a description of the subject of the poem. Nobody would deny that the way in which

*I am referring here, of course, to the "crashing of the sound barrier" which has shown us something of a world where the priorities of sound and sight at different relativities of motion are reversed, i.e. at 0 miles per hour relative person to person a state of apprehension exists which is reversed at the speed of sound. Aural apprehension assumes first priority, the visual becomes a secondary at the sound barrier.

**Of course poetry was written down and recorded in that way many thousands of years ago, but *only as an historical record ;* declamation of poetry continued until about A.D 1000. to be the rule rather than the exception and sight reading was to recall the aural image. After 1000 A.D. in Europe, monastic, the first extensive, graphic art used poetry as its raw material, and by the fifteenth century even the Scottish "flightings" and Celtic "chronicles" were virtually extinct. In some parts of the world a tradition of improvisation of verse still exists, but this is scarcely poetry, and is a minority publication when compared to the mass of letterpress.

the poetic image should be apprehended is through the sense organ which forms it, the ear ; before the expansion of mechanics this was manifestly true. Unfortunately the utility of the visual image as a device, making use of the human faculty of remembering sound at the sight of a symbol of sound (*c.f.* ' sight-reading a musical score ') has become confused with some half propounded and almost universally accepted notion that the visual image would suffice without the aural image having been first apprehended ! People have imagined that poetry could be read with the eye, and have by so assuming implied that they would accept it as sufficient that music be printed on the page and never restored to its proper sphere of imagery, that of sound !

Wherever a poet has read his works to an audience, and created the poetic image in its own right, it has been obvious that the nature of the poetic image is only secondarily visual, spatial. A poem has no length, breadth or depth, in the spatial meaning of the universe for which these spatial terms were coined ; the first dimension of a poem is time. The time-length of a poem will depend to a great extent on the personal capacity of the poet for the creation of a substantial image, whether this image owes its size to a vastness of theme (Paradise Lost) or to an intensity of emotion not reducible to temporal concentration, or conversely at its optimum in a high degree of concentration (a love poem) ; in no sense does the time length of a poem determine its merit, it is determined by the manner and ability of the poet, and the potentiality for concentration of the original emotional stimulus and the *intellectual* associations of imagery produced in the process of arriving at the intellectuo-emotional synthesis, we call " the poem ".

The second dimension of a poem is its rhythm, its variation in stress which all art derives from the repetitive irregularity of the natural rhythms of both aural and visual universes ; it is never regular, in the way in which the fall of a metronome is regular, for the good reason that the only absolute regularity of rhythm discernible in life is paradoxically that of the inorganic, of death in the sense of not-life.

It once occurred to me that a more satisfactory way of printing poetry as a guide to its conversion into sound could be devised. I thought up a new sort of manuscript paper, divided into groups of three lines ; on the top and bottom of these lines I marked off minutes with a vertical stroke ; on the top line I wrote the words bearing the stress, or rather the stressed syllables, and on the bottom

line the unstressed or slack syllables. Having done this I joined up the lines with a series of curves and finished up with a wave very much like any amplitude graph. I have used this wave notation, as I called it, during my visits to schools to talk about and read poetry and it seems to be one way of capturing the attention and interest of normally uninterested social groups in the patterns of sound made by poetry ; and at least, by comparing my three lines with music's five I established in these young people's mind the fact that poetry, like music, was a thing meant for hearing and not seeing alone.

But of course, in default of graphs of brain waves of the movement of the mind under emotional stress which could provide a pictorial representation of the third dimension of poetry, the feeling which was its origin and the intensity of that feeling, this wave notation of mine was an incomplete rendering. It served further to convince me that poetry should ideally always, and certainly initially, be presented by a poet to the society of which he is a member in such a way that its aural form is clear and unmistakeable.

Poetry must come alive in the ear. It can never live, nor can the poet discharge his function in society if it has no existence as a creation in sound. This is probably the most important reason why, with our society subjected to an ever-increasing volume and variety of sound, poetry, retreating to the printed page, has ceased to be a vital ingredient of the lives of the majority — the majority whose ancestors beyond the mists of antiquity found it the first and most essential art form.

This conclusion poses at once the question, how is the poet to ensure that his work assumes its correct dimensions ? The impossibility of ever reaching in person a sufficiently large listening audience to enable the poet to disseminate his work, and the unlikelihood of an actor ever being able to interpret this music without a written score we call poetry on the page, make the answer to this question, *prima facie*, equally impossible to find.

And yet, in the process of redefinition of the role of every member of society, we have seen the way to a re-integration of the artist ; his value will be sufficient of a guarantee of acceptability. A painter, a musician, a sculptor — and the low artists who work in the fields of industrial design, and simple nodal melodic structures — can find easily a way to demonstrate the value of their activity, their activity in the visual or aural universes being already demonstrable in a number of ways, all acceptable to society, and artistically

valid. Is the poet to be the only artist who will not be accorded a place simply because his value is not demonstrable to the majority ?

Perhaps the poets of my generation, and of the past two generations, may be forgiven for not having properly appreciated the means to our end already existent ; we have complained of the increasing economic specialisation of society, and of utility being the only measure of worth. We have lamented technological progress, in our less responsible moments, because it seemed to us to be alienating us from our fellow members of society. We considered mass media part of that specialisation and technological progress ; I was born in the year in which the invention of sound broadcasting first began to affect the lives of the English in a way they found unavoidable (at the time of the great depression) yet like many other poets I at first distrusted the medium, because of the quantity of what I presumed to call " rubbish ", which poured out of the listening apparatus in my home. Such poetry as there was, was confined to the Third Programme, condemned to a minority audience from the start because of the reciprocal feeling of the majority that anything in a " culturally specialist " medium was no concern of theirs, specialists as they were in other, economic spheres.

It is only now that it is clear that the invention of ' radio ', the facilities technical and circulatory afforded by sound broadcasting, will be the salvation of poetry from obscurity, even from threatened extinction. This truth, half realised many years ago (and emphasised by the introduction of prizes for radiogenic verse — the Prix Italia is, of course, one), is more apparent since the perfection of the television process ; the " listener " whose senses and sensibility are so dulled by his still unintegrated life of everyday that he cannot rely on one sense organ for the proper apprehension of anything as an inducement to thought or productive feeling. The resources of sound broadcasting are now available, at least in theory, for the transmission of temporal aural images, of which the poetic image is certainly one of the most important.

Of course, before these resources can be fully exploited a whole new school of poets, steeped in the discipline of their medium, writing their work, in a purely aural, temporal, rhythmic shape must emerge from the thousand years of Dark Age of poets condemned at the beginning of their writing lives to a minority audience, spatially contacted. The whole concept of the " publication " of poetry in book form must be revised, and the aural image *recorded*

for reapprehending, documentation and criticism ; the era of the " slim volume of verse " is surely at an end. It is interesting in this connection to see today how difficult it is for the editors of poetry magazines matured into a concept of acceptance of the visually rendered poetic image to appreciate the work of aurally advanced poets ; Dylan Thomas is a case in point the details of which are well known to most literate students of the arts. I have recently conducted an experiment in which poetry written for and produced on radio verse programmes throughout the Commonwealth to audiences of up to a quarter of a million was submitted to the editors of poetry magazines in London and New York with circulation from 500 - 10,000 ; on the assumption justified I think that those who had heard the poem were readers of three or four at least of these magazines. In nearly every case the most significant poems were rejected and those which were aurally only marginally satisfactory were accepted for publication — but even more im portant the editors concerned made an assessment of the worth of the poems, as poems, without having heard them or without having made an appreciation of their worth as work in an aural form. It is analogous to a music critic condemning a new symphony by Prokoviev without hearing it on a quick glance at the score for piano.

It is surely obvious that poems must be judged as their aural complements, musical devices, are judged ; that poetry must be first broadcast, recorded, published in record form, and then a criticism made in prose, as a visual supplement to publication in sound. The recording and broadcasting of poetry, of course, is in itself a valuable way to reintegration, the reintegration of the poet with the mass of scientists and technologists he has so long accused of " perverting the masses " " lowering standards " and so on ; just as the responsible poet now tries to understand the problems of communication of painters, sculptors and musicians, by coming into contact with their work pre- and during creation, so the enforced contact with the processes of technology will help him to redefine his role in the co-operation between the various segments of the social circle, which assures the continuity of the advancement of a civilisation. It will be the new discipline, and the one most likely to prevent the charges of obscurantism levelled at those who are, perhaps unconsciously, working solely in a visual synthesis : the success of the literary magazine programmes on various " Third Programme " networks suggests that the prevalent notions of

obscurity levelled at poetry still only visually apprehended, are fast disappearing for this very reason.

The only purpose for which the printing of "little poetry magazines" and "slim volumes of verse" could survive would be to console the deaf; and it seems probable that their apprehension of art would be best done via painting or sculpture, rather than try to achieve a second best understanding via a visually substitute verse. The removal of the means for contact with the world of sound and aural imagery often sharpens the perceptivity of the visual apparatus, and its tactile supplement, it seems a pity not to accept this, rather than struggle after the unattainable for the sake of vanity, or imagined balance.

It will take many years before the future is properly understood and a social equilibrium achieved; there are many poets reluctant to leave their ivory towers and enter the social lists again. But however long it takes the day must come when not only the poet, but also those concerned with the regulation of a redefined and re-integrated community will recognise for every artist the means by which he may best establish his value. It is perhaps a long step to take, but it is the only one which leads to poetry, part of our lives, becoming recognised as a necessary ingredient of those lives. The poet must take that step now, or disappear forever from what we call, sometimes optimistically, our culture.

For a warning to contemporary writers and musicians to use the facilities now available in sound broadcasting, to resist the attempts being made to force the BBC to cut the time allotted to the spoken word on its programmes see the former Director General of the BBC, now Editor of the Times, *in his April leaders on this subject (especially 12th April* 1957); *the* Daily Telegraph *has issued the same warning and an adjournment debate in the House of Commons on Maundy Thursday re-emphasised the danger of losing the opportunities now presented. See also a pamphlet written from the side of the musician by Dr. Peter Luslett, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge (The Future of Sound Broadcasting, Blackwell, 1s., Oxford).*

Compare, too, the conditions obtaining in England now with the phenomenon of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, which has been forced by the geographical immensity of the country to take over the educational and cultural functions of the Press, and has become a medium for poetry, prose, music and education, leaving "light" entertainment to the commercial broadcasting stations. A paradoxical state of affairs in a culturally infant country.

A DIARY

DESMOND STEWART writes: "The Arabic for man is *rajul*, connected with the word *rijil* for leg, as though man distinguishes himself from the beasts" in his upright posture and walk. I thought of this when I saw Reg Butler's latest sculpture at the Hanover Gallery. Women, some large, some miniature, all with rather elaborately modelled, voluptuous bodies, but with horrid little shapeless heads, and no feet at all. The legs taper into nothingness. The same phenomenon can be observed in Graham Sutherland's portraits; although the heads are full of sometimes rather sinister character, they too have legs which fade away. Unlike a pair of black candlesticks I see as I write, shrouded figures standing firmly, upon slender black feet, on the gilt base. Nothing more anti-classical can be imagined than naturalistic art which thus maims the human body.

★ ★ ★

It is thirty years since Helleu died, and the Bibliothèque Nationale has arranged an Helleu exhibition. There are paintings of the sea, of yachts, of Versailles in autumn, of the rose window in Rouen cathedral; there are letters, newspaper cuttings, account books; and there are quantities of dry point etchings and chalk drawings of women with masses of extraordinary hair, sometimes done up in elaborate swathes and waves, sometimes hanging down their backs. The prettiest, the most graceful of the coiffures, belong to Madame Helleu.

Helleu was in love with life, and elegance, and fashionable society; he adored pretty women, delicious food, beautiful objects. It was he who brought the 18th century back into fashion at a moment when dark, carved "Renaissance" furnishings draped with cut velvet were the rage. His drawing room was painted white, with, *ton sur ton*, white Nymphenburg china, a white marble bust of Marie Antoinette, a Louis XV sofa and Louis XVI chairs upholstered in white satin, and empty, delicately carved frames on the walls.

At the height of his vogue he made a huge income—Madame Helleu's account book records that in 1907 he earned the equivalent of £35,000 in our modern debased currency. He knew, of course, that by giving his public what it wanted he was sacrificing the future to the present. The painters he admired—Degas, Monet, Cézanne —could not command a fraction of this figure, yet today I suppose the slightest sketch by any one of them would sell for enough to buy the whole of Helleu's works. But though his too much love of living made him pander to the fashionable and superficial, he never descended to the dismal abyss of vulgarity of his friend Sargent. He had great taste. Absorbed by the elegance of a gesture, or the beauty of his model, he worked in such a fever of excitement that his drawing often suffered. A line once traced on the copper could never be altered or erased, and it was his pride to work straight on to a copper sheet without making preliminary studies—a fatal facility.

He did not care for men as subjects, yet his head of Robert de Montesquiou, and that of Proust on his death-bed, are two of his most successful portraits.

At this exhibition one is constantly reminded of Proust. He and Helleu had the same passions—yachts, gothic cathedrals, the Normandy sea-side, young girls in sailor hats, and above all exquisite ladies in the Paris salons of the *belle époque*. They were both launched in society by Robert de Montesquiou, and both received by the now legendary Comtesse Greffuhle whose memory, thanks to them, will never fade.

★ ★ ★

" You have probably never heard of George Howard, who farms outside York. But it won't be long before all America has heard his name and knows about his home. For that home, Castle Howard, has been chosen for a British Railways poster to be displayed in America in an attempt to encourage American tourists to come here. This castle was last in the news half a century ago, when that amazon of temperance and suffrage, Rosalind, Countess of Carlisle, had the complete stock of beer there poured into the lake." This curiously-worded paragraph from the *Sunday Dispatch* gossip column was headed " Beery fame ".

It is wonderful what the popular press can do in its ardour to reduce everything to the proportions of common mannishness which is deemed appropriate. It would not be easy for an ignorant

but art-loving foreigner, keen on sight-seeing, to guess that the "home" of Mr. George Howard, who farms outside York, is the magnificent masterpiece built for his ancestor by one of our few architects of genius, Sir John Vanbrugh, and set in "the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon" as Horace Walpole described it, surrounded by "a small plantation of young obelisks".

The "complete stock of beer" which Rosalind Lady Carlisle poured into the lake was, unfortunately, the contents of a glorious cellar of vintage wines. As a child I remember hearing one of my uncles tell the story of this wanton act; he described it as sadly as though it had been the burning of the Alexandria library, and he liked to imagine tortures suitable for his aunt, the "amazon of suffrage" (whatever that may be) as the *Sunday Dispatch* calls her.

★ ★ ★

I did not see *Titus Andronicus*, which was the English contribution to the international theatre festival in Paris. However well acted by Sir Laurence Olivier, however cleverly produced by Mr. Peter Brook, *Titus Andronicus* remains a terrible, revolting grand guignol of a play. One French critic said they chose it just to show they could get away with anything. When the Queen of the Goths, at a banquet in her honour, is given a pie to eat and then told it was made out of the heads of her sons, it is so much too much that horror and pity are in danger of giving place to unsuitable laughter.

Those who were present say that the audience behaved just as the English audience behaves when the Comédie Francaise goes to London, with a sort of exaggerated appreciation—seventeen curtain calls—which has less to do with the polite welcome due to foreign visitors than with a desire to prove that they have understood every word of a—to them—difficult play.

★ ★ ★

The following, which I heard recently, should be read very slowly, in the appropriate accent:

Rich old American man: "Did I hear you say Rome has a bad climate?"

Rich old American lady: "No. Rome hasn't *gahd* a climate. Rome's below sea level. It's *terrible*."

D.M.

THEATRE

COSTUMES FOR GISELLE

by SONIA ROBERTS

THE ballerinas of the romantic ballet are long dead ; we know of their art only from idealised lithographs of the period. Most of the ballets of this era have passed into the limbo of rejected works of art, but one heirloom remains, in the repertoire of every major ballet company in the world—*Giselle*.

The average ballet-goer is generally content to use this ballet as a yardstick for measuring the quality of the ballerinas ; if the title role is not being danced by the assoluta or the aspirant to her title he personally favours, he stays away.

This state of affairs could be remedied by a costume designer adventurous enough to discard the conventions of 1840. The designer of 1840 had many artificial restrictions imposed on his craft. The ballerina might have been dedicated to her art, but the *corps de ballet* was composed of girls to most of whom, dancing was of secondary importance. In those days " ballet girl " was a synonym for an older and more raffish profession. To display the buxom beauties in a costume that was unflattering would have lost not only the dancers, but the custom of their admirers who habitually filled the most expensive seats in the house.

In order not to detract from the work of the ballerina, and to prevent the jealousy that would have arisen had one dancer appeared more attractive than her neighbour, it became the custom to dress the *corps de ballet* identically. Today, ballet has become respectable. Far from tarlatan and satin slippers being the passport to illgotten riches, it is almost impossible for a dancer to exist through training and early years without being subsidised by parents or state, and the little coryphee is as conscientious and hard working as the ballerina. For certain ballets the traditional costume has obvious advantages. It is logical that the appealing but stately swan maidens should be dressed in white, and all alike. Realistic costumes for *Napoli*, which is the Italy of 200 years ago seen through the eyes of a Frenchman living in Denmark would be absurd. The

prettiness of *Coppélia* is essential to a frivolity to which we lend our connivance but never our belief. *Giselle* is different, here is true romanticism with its roots firmly in reality ; the thoughtless squire sowing his wild oats at the expense of his hapless tenants, a favourite theme in the early nineteenth century theatre, was often based on factual observation.

Why do we not treat this classic ballet as we treat classics such as Shakespeare in the legitimate theatre ? Designers seldom continue to perpetuate the anachronisms of the original productions, and equip Shakespeare's Cleopatra with farthingale and billiard cue. They look to the spirit of the text and dress the production accordingly—to the dictates of modern knowledge and common sense.

Such methods applied to *Giselle* would give us peasants whose natural earthiness would add poignancy to the tragedy of the girl, who, while appearing like them, was always subtly different.

Dressing each girl individually would be a stimulus to characterisation, instead of the majority of the peasants wandering about completely uninterested in Giselle and then bringing out an overplayed graveside manner for the first act finale.

Enabling the audience to pick out and follow the good dancers, it would distract attention from the weaker element. However, if re-dressing is too expensive, a step in the right direction could be made with make up.

The vinedressers generally look as though they have never been within a hundred yards of a growing plant. A darker make-up, perhaps someone with hands stained from the grape juice, one head of slightly tousled hair, a man with rolled-up sleeves,[1] are little points that would add immensely to the reality of the whole.

The Wilis too could be twice as effective with little extra expense. These are macabre figures, girls whose betrayal has turned passion sour in them. Devoid of the human emotions of pity and tenderness they have returned from the grave eager to use what beauty and grace remain to them to destroy not only the man who caused their downfall but any man, all men.

One would never imagine this from their costume. True, Myrtha is sometimes allowed a little extra eyeshadow and a few scowls, but the dress of her disciples differs in no way from the good fairy who tops every child's Christmas tree. The American Ballet Theatre production of *Giselle* has made a gallant attempt in this direction by exchanging the traditional white dresses for pale green with black overskirts. Unfortunately this brave flouting of convention has been completely nullified by the unexpectedly chic effect of this unusual colour combination. The Wilis have changed character it is true, but with the effect of the wide puff sleeves they now resemble a group of dashing 2nd Empire matrons only awaiting the entrance of Empress Eugénie to start the ball. White dresses, with their suggestion of bridal costumes, should be retained, but when the veils fall back we should be startled—if not horrified—by the contrast between these trappings of purity and delight and the

feelingless zombies who inhabit them. A heavier, greenish make-up could achieve this, or even bolder—faceless masks would be effective in establishing the evil character of the Wilis. They should wear fewer petticoats, with perhaps sequins on the tights beneath, so that when silhouetted the character of the costume changed completely, indicating the schizophrenic gulf between the spiritually lovely form of the Wilis and their too-human desire for premeditated revenge.

But possibly the decor and setting of Giselle is sacrosanct, for those stalwart supporters of theatrical realism the Bolshoi Ballet, while rounding out the plot and characters of the ballet with the warmth and accuracy of their great acting ability, did not sweep away the absurdities of the traditional setting. They even added to the Victorian atmosphere by clothing the first act Giselle in a long white tarlatan skirt.

Tradition has a valuable place in ballet, and reverence for what has gone before is one of the first and most important lessons for dancer and ballet-goer alike, but we must always be ready to re-assess the old often and carefully. To stand still is to become sterile, and the sterile may die, in ballet as in any other art. Giselle will remain the queen of ballet only as long as we make her tragedy fresh and meaningful at every performance.

CINEMA

Erich von Stroheim; Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison; The Smallest Show on Earth

by VINCENT MURRAY

I SEEM to be spending a lot of space on obituaries of late, but the fact remains that the pioneers of cinema are rapidly being overtaken by old age ; the great names are slowly passing. Erich von Stroheim died in May. How many of the younger generation remember him as anything but a forbidding figure, usually in

German, not to say Nazi, uniform ? Yet his work in cinema extends much further than acting in other people's films. As a creative director who had studied at first hand under the " old master " D. W. Griffith, he will always rank among the handful of artists working in cinema—even though he was not allowed to direct a film for the last twenty years of his life. For those unfamiliar with his work a quotation from a B.B.C. broadcast speech he made as a tribute to his late master reveals at least one aspect of it : " It was Griffith who first felt the sacred duty to show everything, may it be sets, costumes, uniforms, customs or rituals, as correctly as humanly possible even at that early stage. It was Griffith who first fully realised the psychological effect of a proper and correct costume on the actor." In his own work Stroheim insisted upon accuracy of detail. Whether reconstructing a street corner of San Francisco or moving his entire unit to Death Valley, California to attain greater realism. Stroheim shows his debt to Griffith. Though his best films contain masterful, often daringly handled close-ups, editing as such was something he failed to learn from Griffith. The desired effect in any sequence of a Stroheim film is created by an overwhelming mass of detail. The slow, relentless accumulation of tiny points of detail shot by shot, sequence by sequence soon exhausts the most sympathetic audience, however, once the normal 90 minutes are up, and the excessive length of the Stroheim originals is now legendary. One often feels thankful (at the risk of seeming heretical) that studio executives have lopped off an extra hour or so of such weighty material—though the frequent tampering with the development of individual sequences is to be deplored. Technique apart, Stroheim's work was revolutionary in theme. From *Blind Husbands* (1918) through *Foolish Wives*, *Merry Widow* (1925) to *Wedding March* (1927) his films depict a state of society in collapse. He had none of the compassion and sympathy for victims of social injustice that was evident in the work of Griffith. Though images of poverty do occur (the slim sequences in *Foolish Wives*, for example) Stroheim was chiefly concerned with the depiction of evil, symbolizing the moral and spiritual decay of the age. Rarely has such psychological depth and social concern been expressed in the film. Such qualities put his films beyond the pale of commercialism, but they will never be forgotten by those seriously concerned with cinema.

With the recent releases we come firmly down to earth. There is a new one from John Huston : **Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison,** which carries the director of *We Were Strangers* and *The Asphalt Jungle* a stage further on the way to the detailed exploration of character begun in *The African Queen* a few years ago. Not that I think Huston is the kind of man to make much of such a task. His fast-moving " action " films involving a group of characters hotly in pursuit of financial gain have always revealed the enormous enjoyment Huston must get out of making them. In this sense they

seem far more " personal " than his more deliberately thoughtful films (*The Red Badge of Courage*, *The African Queen*) which reflect a striving for artistic depth that is beyond his powers at present. The result has been a tentative approach to character development (based mainly on the script) overshadowed by virtuoso technical flourishes. *Moulin Rouge* and *Moby Dick* amply bear out this point, and *Heaven Knows* is the latest example of it. The story (shades of *Sea Wife*) is of a U.S. marine and a young nun stranded together on a Pacific island during the war. Apart from the intervention of the U.S. troops (not cavalry ? one is tempted to add) and a Japanese task force the two chief characters carry the film almost as they did in *The African Queen*. The script, though, is not half as well written (John Lee and Huston himself) and the relationship between the two characters fails to develop. Huston is not helped by his cast which he (notoriously choosy about his players) surely must have had forced upon him : Robert Mitchum and Deborah Kerr. However talented these performers may be in the kind of film they have each made their own, they are just not suited to a drama of characters. Weak patches in the script cannot be glossed over when direction and playing have so little in common. And Huston, truth to tell, seems far more concerned with building up " Pacific Island atmosphere " than in making his characters credible. The island itself comes brilliantly to life, a further triumph for Huston the technician.

Launder and Gilliat I mentioned a month or so ago in connection with satire in the British film. Their latest film *The Smallest Show on Earth* is, however, entirely whimsical in character, deriving in fact from the sentimental attraction of the aged, decrepit mechanical gadget that Ealing exploit so shamelessly. This time the object of attention is the Bijou, an ancient cinema whose staff of three tone in beautifully with their surroundings. In fact the film is built around their roles, and so successful are the players that the tenuous storyline is easily (and gladly) forgotten. Peter Sellers, Margaret Rutherford and Bernard Miles are the magnificent eccentrics, and the film is worth seeing for their performances. There is also, however, a most welcome screening (at the Bijou) of Hepworth's classic *Coming Through the Rye*, a delight for the true addict. The cinema's propensity for sentimentalising its own (quite recent) past is here displayed at its most tasteful.

NEW BOOKS

The Hitler I Knew by Otto Dietrich (Methuen, 18s.)

OTTO DIETRICH, German Reichspressechef, was a pleasant, mild, well-mannered, modest little man, with (as was once said with less reason of an English politician) plenty to be modest about. After the war, finding himself in an English prison camp, he wrote this gossipy book about his twelve years at Hitler's court. It was meant, presumably, to explain away his past.

Apart from a few disobliging references to various colleagues he devotes himself to a lengthy attack on the Führer, whom he suddenly discovered, while he sat in prison, to have been the devil incarnate. His book would not be worth mentioning were it not that the gossipy facts it contains are true. Dr. Dietrich's *opinions*, on the other hand, are of no interest, except to show how far sycophancy can go. Unfortunately they make up the bulk of his apology.

Many of them are incredibly naive. For example, he gives as his reasons for thinking democracy the best form of government the fact that Hitler did not consult the German electorate before he went to war. Perhaps he imagined that the English voters were consulted before Chamberlain declared war on Germany ? If so, he was ignorant of the democratic way of life. The Americans, of course, had the benefit of a presidential election in November 1940, but Roosevelt, the successful candidate, pledged himself not to send American " boys " overseas to fight in Europe's quarrels. He may have been determined to bring his country into the war, but he had to pretend that he was determined to keep it neutral.

Dr. Dietrich says that Hitler's suicide was a shirking of his responsibility. " His departure from life was in terms of : ' After me the deluge ' ". Europeans all through history have chosen what Germans call the Freitod in like circumstances, and this judgment in itself clearly shows that Dr. Dietrich's conception of honour and of duty is faulty, even if his whole book did not demonstrate this.

The translators have done an excellent job, though they appear to be unaware that daemon and demon are not the same thing.

D.M.

Leftover Life to Kill by Caitlin Thomas (Putnam, 18s.)

"ALL the king's horses, and all the king's men, couldn't put Caitlin Thomas together again." These words, the last in the book, are doubtless true. The only person who conceivably could pull her together would be Mrs. Thomas herself, and she may very likely consider that the heavy task is not worth the trouble. That she is capable of doing it is proved by the fact that she was capable of the sustained effort and concentration required to produce the piercing, high-pitched, long-drawn-out wail which is *Leftover Life to Kill.*

A few months after she brought her husband's body back to Wales from America Mrs. Thomas went with her youngest child to a Mediterranean island, where she spent a wretched, cold winter in a cheap hotel. She describes various sad little adventures, and even managed to fall in love in a rather mild way with an Italian miner aged eighteen. The inhabitants, according to her account, were relieved when she finally left their shores, although they did not, like her Welsh neighbours, go so far as to wish to tar and feather her and put her on a bonfire. She has a good many complaints to make about them, chief of these their drinking habits. She says they never wanted to drink with her at what they considered the wrong times, and she was never able to find out when was the right time. Unlike Wales, where, of course, the right time was opening time. The island and the island loves, hates and quarrels are really padding, however ; for the point of the book is that it tells once again the story of Dylan Thomas the poet, whose death has left his wife at the bottom of a pit of despair in which she attempts to kill time ; until life, which has become for her a useless misery, shall finally come to an end.

Here is one of her descriptions of her husband : " He was never his proper self until there was something wrong with him ; and, if ever there was a danger of him becoming ' whole ', which was very remote, he would crack another of his chicken bones, without delay, and wander happily round in his sling, piling up plates with cucumber, pickled onions, tins of cod's roe, boiled sweets ; to push into his mouth with an unseeing hand, as they came, while he went on solidly reading his trash. His passion for lies was congenital : more a practice in invention than a lie. He would tell quite unnecessary ones, which did not in any way improve his situation : such as, when he had been to one cinema, saying it was another . . . and the obvious ones, that only his mother pretended not to see through, like being carted off the bus into his home, and

saying he had been having coffee, in a café, with a friend." He and Mrs. Thomas fought and nagged and annoyed one another, but she misses him " and pines, as keenly as a sick cow for its calf just removed."

Jung says that perhaps we owe everything to our neuroses. We probably owe Dylan Thomas's saga to his neurotic desire to escape from the stifling petty-bourgeois Welsh atmosphere in which he had been brought up. " No blue-blooded gentleman was a quarter as gentlemanly as Dylan's father. And, though Dylan imagined himself to be completely emancipated from his family background, there was a very strong puritanical streak in him, that his friends never suspected ; but of which I got the disapproving benefit." (He made Mrs. Thomas wear gloves to go to Carmarthen market.)

This book confirms the horrible accounts already published of the poet's sordid life and death. To what do we owe its appearance ? Did Mrs. Thomas feel that if she unburdened herself, told all, held back no private details, she could be cured of her bitterness (which she describes as " solid as a Christmas cake "), put away the past, start life anew ? Apparently not. " They say confession is a great relief, as liberating and loosening as a flood of tears, to the confessor. I don't agree—I find it unmitigatedly painful," she says. Possibly she wrote the book to earn money. Thomas had an enormous success in America, and perhaps on the whole Mrs. Thomas, who loathes such unalike places in Europe as Wales and Italy with an equal loathing, would be better off in, say, Greenwich Village, where she would presumably find plenty of hard liquor at all hours of the day and night and where the cracked Dylan Thomas gramophone record might be put on over and over again for a delighted audience of fans.

D.M.

Chekhov by W. H. Bruford.

Hofmannsthal by Hanns Hammelmann (Bowes & Bowes, 7s. 6d. each).

THE Russia of the second half of the nineteenth century was a stuffy prison which bred angry young men with the melancholy inevitability of an overripe cheese breeding maggots. It also bred Chekhov, who portrayed the faults of his epoch without being angry or, for that matter, purposely unpleasant. With almost unbearable realism he was able to reproduce the unhealthy atmosphere of the time, an atmosphere which suggests to the mind's eye such images as sweating palms, flyblown table cloths, stale tobacco smoke and bored neurotics given to excessive tea drinking, while at the same time filling his readers with a haunting sense of a storm

yet to come which would blow all the rot out of the window and into the sea. Perhaps the chief secret of his art was brevity, well summed up by Thomas Mann in a broadcast talk on Chekhov about two years ago : " genius can be bounded in a nutshell and yet embrace the whole fullness of life by virtue of a brevity and terseness almost beyond admiration." Chekhov's own view on the subject of economy of words was that " if in chapter I you say there was a gun hanging on the wall, in chapter II or III you must see that it goes off." This attitude not unnaturally made it difficult for him to write a novel, and in fact he never succeeded in finishing one, so that all we have from him are short stories and plays. Professor Bruford's excellent study shows how these stories and plays, by dealing with all classes of Russian society, entitle Chekhov to be called not only a great artist but a major social historian.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who started life as a Viennese infant prodigy, was also a citizen of an empire in decay. A particularly good feature of Herr Hammelmann's book is his examination of the semi-mystical state in which the early poems were written, when for a while it was granted to the young Hofmannsthal to explore, without having to make any great effort, the borderlines of human mental experience. He wanted his poems to " touch strings and strike harmonies which have been asleep in us without our knowledge, so that we look into the depths of wondrous mysteries as if a new meaning of life were opened to us ". This preoccupation with heightened personal experience combined with the fact that he was living in the rotting empire of Franz Josef might have turned him away from real life ; the opposite was the case. He refused to succumb to the pompous esotericism of the Stefan George circle because, as he later said, " I am perhaps an all-too-social person—I take seriously the living-together of human beings ". One result was that he became a very good European towards the end of his life, believing that Austria was the natural heart of Europe, out of which a new European community might grow. In 1916 he gave an address in Switzerland entitled " Die Idee Europa ", calling for " a new European idea, a new reality. Not Utopia, not confederation, not a permanent international congress, though all these may come—but a new European ' I ', a changed relation of the ' I ' to existence ". This book also clearly shows how and why Hofmannsthal became a librettist, telling the story of his delicately balanced collaboration with Richard Strauss which gave the world such famous operas as " Der Rosenkavalier " and " Ariadne auf Naxos ".

Gogol by David Magarshack (Faber & Faber, 36s.).

GOGOL—what a weird name. The personality owning the name was weirder still, a fascinating subject for the biographer. Mr. Magarshack's admirable book presents the per-

sonality of Gogol in all its phases, and the reader, noting the gleeful descriptions of Gogol's minor lunacies and the air of amused tolerance with which his eccentric progress through life is chronicled, supposes that the book was a pleasure to write—always a good thing.

The author of *Dead Souls* (what is left of it after Gogol burnt his manuscript), *The Government Inspector*, and numerous stories, began life as a poor Ukranian nobleman endowed with extraordinary powers of observation, an original sense of humour, and the urge to write. After his first great success he began wandering, darting about Europe like a slippery hobgoblin. His greatest love was Rome. On the whole his life was unhappy, though he did comfort himself with little hobbies such as cutting out and sewing muslin and cambric scarves, and making a dish of boiled goat's milk laced with rum which he called " Gogol-Mogol ". He was tortured by hypochondria in many forms ; often he was really ill with indigestion caused by overeating (" gluttonous Europe ", he wrote to a friend, " is pursuing me with her dinners. Oh, those dinners ! "). He was also prone to obsessions. He was, for example, obsessed with his own nose—" I know you won't believe me," he wrote to another friend, " but I am often overcome by a mad desire to be turned into one enormous nose ". He even wrote a short story entitled *The Nose*, in which the hero wakes up one morning to find his nose inside a pie which his wife had baked the night before. Gogol's principal charm lay not in his nose, but in his fantastic sense of humour, and it was when he suppressed his sense of humour and turned himself into a religious fanatic with an imaginary mission to save Russia that he became a disaster to himself and others. In his later years he must have aroused in his contemporaries much the same feelings of pity mingled with irritation that one experiences in the presence of those spotty young men with a mission who can be observed from time to time in the Charing Cross Road addressing an apathetic audience of one as " my friends ". Much of what he wrote in his last years was drivel—sanctimonious, priggish impertinent drivel in the form of moral advice to his friends and to Russia. He believed in a divine sanction for slavery, and revealed that very Russian capacity for grovelling before whatever form of government that politically inept people had saddled itself with. " My book," he wrote of his *Selected Passages*, " was undertaken for the sole purpose of arousing reverence for everything our church and our government have decreed for us by law "—and he meant it.

After burning the second part of *Dead Souls* on the instigation of a bigoted priest, Gogol died because he no longer desired to live. His death was mourned by thousands who remembered the great humorous works of his youth. Perhaps he was summed up best by Turgenev, who on their first meeting thought : " What a clever, queer, and sick creature you are ! "

R.B.

TELEPHONE TAPPING
and our experience of English Justice

by DIANA MOSLEY

It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound.

EDMUND BURKE

"AN Odious Practice" is how *The Times* describes the tapping of telephones. Some English people, even among the Establishment, pretend to think the practice so odious that they go as far as to deny its existence. "Of course, they say, in Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia citizens are spied upon by the police state ; why, even the telephones are tapped ; luckily we live in a free country where such things are unimaginable. The police here are used in a proper way, to take care of us when we cross the road, and keep an eye on our motors when we park them ; good, reliable men that they are."

Some years before the war, when Sir John Simon was Home Secretary, he told the House of Commons that telephones were not tapped. During the war, men and women imprisoned under Regulation 18B (i.e. against whom no charge could be brought, and who therefore were never given a trial, fair or otherwise) were cross-examined, by the Advisory Committee set up to review the reasons for their arrest, about telephone conversations which they had had at the time when Sir John Simon had given this pledge to Parliament. Either the Home Secretary did not know what his subordinates were doing, or else he was telling a lie.

I myself remember listening, while I was in Holloway Prison, to a broadcast by Sir John Simon. He was speaking about the benefits of democracy, and he told his audience that in Germany there was a clergyman called Pastor Niemöller who preached sermons attacking the German Government. This preacher was put in a concentration camp without trial. Some time afterwards he was charged and put

on trial for his alleged offences. He was acquitted by the Court. But did the Pastor go free ? No; he was sent back to the concentration camp. This, said Sir John Simon, is something that could not happen in England, and he extolled Habeas Corpus.

As he spoke, and as I listened, I knew, and presumably he knew, that in another part of Holloway Prison there was a woman, the wife of an English Admiral, who had been thrown into gaol under Regulation 18B. Nearly a year later, when she was in a reduced state of health, she was charged with an offence under the Official Secrets Act, and sent across to the remand wing of the prison to await trial. Her case was heard, in camera, by judge and jury. She was acquitted. But did she go free ? No; she was re-arrested and sent straight back to Holloway Prison under Regulation 18B, where she remained for several years, and where she still was at the very time when Sir John Simon was giving his instructive talk on the wireless. Although he was no longer Home Secretary, it is almost inconceivable that he did not know of this case.

One could generally hear the gentle purr of the record going round when a telephone was being tapped, and when one's letters were being intercepted and opened there were usually unmistakable signs —the post took longer than normally, and there were dirty thumb-marks on the envelopes. When I was first in prison I used to reflect comfortably on these things, and on the fact that every room and every box, cupboard and drawer in any house or flat we had occupied had been thoroughly searched by diligent policemen. After taking all that trouble, I thought, " they " must realise that they had made a mistake when they arrested us during their summer panic in 1940.

As the years dragged on my naïve belief in English justice faded away to a shadow. When, later on, it came out that one group of politicians had wished to release us, but that another group had threatened to leave the government if they did so, thus breaking up the wartime coalition, it was not very edifying.

" An Odious Practice "—aptly chosen words. Telephone tapping may be odious, but they practise it nevertheless. Habeas Corpus is by way of being the basis of English justice, but it is suspended whenever it becomes convenient to put people in prison without trial ; Kenya, Cyprus, Northern Ireland—wherever Habeas Corpus might prove an impediment it is suspended. Is it not this hypocrisy which is odious ? Perhaps; but the Establishment would not be the Establishment if it ceased to practise an odious hypocrisy, along with its other odious practices.

LETTERS

ISRAEL AND ZIONISM

To the Editor of *The European.*
Sir,

Mr. Bury claims that *Palestine* was promised to the *Israelis* by the *Old Testament.* Each of the proper nouns needs but a moment's consideration for the statement's value to be rightly weighed.

Palestine was never in the possession of Jewry. The coastal plain where Tel Aviv now looms was part of Philistia, not of the Jewish State which was small and short-lived.

Those *Israelis* who, like Ben Gurion, came from east of the Vistula, are descendants of the Kazaks, a non-semitic tribe converted to Judaism in the early middle ages : their racial ties go back to Central Asia, not Palestine. Could Chinese catholics claim Rome and the Campagna because Central Italy once formed part of the Papal States ?

The " promise " in the *Old Testament* may be regarded as binding on Jehovah by many Jews. But no Christian can regard such a promise as binding on anyone after the Jewish rejection of Christ. For the old Israel were " chosen " for a purpose, not as recipients merely of a heavenly *baksheesh.* The New Israel, in Christian Theology, is the Church : hence the Papal disquiet over the new government in Jerusalem. But a majority of the world's inhabitants believe neither Old nor New Testament : to all such the " promise " is merely a piece of Judaic folklore, and in no sense valid as title-deed for an already settled territory.

As to the legend of Arab aggression in 1948 : the truth is more discreditable to Britain (and a Labour government) than to the Jews or the Arabs. Britain, as mandatory power, had the duty, willingly assumed, of seeing that neither Palestinian community harmed the other. But while the Jewish minority, owning less than 8 per cent of the land now comprising the state of Israel, was allowed to equip and train its Hagunah, the Arab majority was savagely repressed. In Spring, 1948, when the UN had recommended partition (after some of the worst vote-buying in history, *cf. The Forrestal Diaries*), instead of requiring the same UN to supervise a peaceful handover the British slipped off to Cyprus with their handcuffs and ropes, leaving a situation of chaos in which Jewish terrorists launched a series of massacres calculated to force the marooned Arab peasants to free their lands.

It is as well for these facts to be known, because they lie at the heart of the Middle East malaise. Yielding to the claims of Jewish folklore is already proving an expensive luxury. But the bill has not yet been presented in full.

Yours, etc.,
DESMOND STEWART.

ROGER CASEMENT

To the Editor of *The European.*
Sir,

In the recent publicity over the unhappy Roger Casement far too much has been made of the authenticity or not, of the supposed diaries, and not nearly enough of the unmitigated wickedness of using the fact of a psycho-sexual abnormality (real or supposed) which had absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with the case in question.

In so far as the authenticity (or not) of the diaries themselves is concerned, some very curious cases used to come up before two societies to which I had the privilege to belong before the War, i.e. the British Sexological Society, and the English branch of Dr. Hirschfeld's Institut fur Sexualwissenschaft. One such involved a young officer and a private in his regiment. Letters were adduced as evidence which, on their face value, left no doubt as to the relations between the two. But on investigation it was found that the incidents as described could not possibly have taken place. The equally extraordinary case of the Marquis de Sade. who produced his fantastically and frenziedly erotic fantasies during the greater part of a lifetime incarcerated, is a parallel case ; both of these instances underlining the famous saying of Blake : " He who desires and acts not breeds pestilence."

On the other hand, that redoubtable, most independent, and least " Labourite " of Socialists, the late Guy Aldred, in *It Might Have Happened to You* gave a number of horrifying instances of the lengths to which Authority does not hesitate to go under the influence of wartime panic, even to the extent of planting evidence on utterly innocent persons of unimpeachable character who for one reason or another it considers *personae non gratae.*

Yours, etc.,
KAIKHOSRU SHAPURJI SORABJI.

The Eye,
Corfe Castle,
Wareham, Dorset.

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by

DESMOND STEWART

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