THE EUROPEAN

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ANALYSIS

WAR or peace is naturally the main issue in a period when war can mean world destruction. That issue has been confused to an extraordinary degree by the variable flood of Russian propaganda and by a turgid trickle of debate at the customary level of our present Parliament. Nevertheless it is possible to clarify the issue, and to do so quite briefly.

For the purpose of this analysis we need lose no time in studying Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's policy of sitting tight until the big bang, nor in assisting Mr. Bevan to find a " cushion of time " or a " divine interval for reflection,"* when refusing to face the clear fact that airborne aircraft must carry H-bombs for the simple reason that all the bases from which they operate may be destroyed at a single blow. But it is necessary to note that in present circumstances a man of Mr. Bevan's calibre in power can lose the world in an afternoon, by placing us in a position where Russia can deliver us a mortal blow without risk of retaliation.

It is not good to think that this can be the situation after the next election, unless something happens in the interval. Nor is the interval agreeable when the Conservative Foreign Secretary can neither reply to the brilliance of Khrushchev's political manoeuvres, nor devise any practical means of diminishing the risk of world destruction by accident.

The difference between the two parties is simply this: Conservatism now risks world destruction, Labour would make possible the unilateral defeat of Great Britain.

The short answer to Lord Russell.

Lord Russell, on the contrary, is nearly always clear; his style is so good that he cannot help it. But in this matter of the H-bomb,

* House of Commons, 20.12.57.

emotion appears to have clouded that fine intellect. He wrote a letter to the *New Statesman and Nation* in support of Mr. Priestley, which was warmly welcomed by Mr. Khrushchev. Mr. Priestley's previous two pages of literary elegance had contained a few quite definite statements. "In plain words: now that Britain has told the world she has the H-bomb she should announce as early as possible that she has done with it, that she proposes to reject, in all circumstances, nuclear warfare. This is not pacifism. There is no suggestion here of abandoning the immediate defence of the island." His last sentence provokes the simple question, "what with?" Is the "immediate defence" of Great Britain to be secured with bows and arrows, against a foe with nuclear rockets? Mr. Priestley continued: "And such a move will have to be unilateral—it is only a decisive unilateral move that can achieve the moral force it needs to be effective." This is, of course, the classic pacifist position, which is clear and time-honoured, but has to be nominally repudiated because it is never acceptable except to a small minority. After that Mr. Priestley's "Alone we defied Hitler," evokes again the simple question: what Mr. Priestley defied Hitler with? Had guns nothing to do with the dispute? Was it just an affair of "moral force"?

Surely Lord Russell can help us more than this with his two interesting questions which summarise the whole problem: "First, shall there continue to be human beings on the planet; second, shall communism dominate the world?" The unilateral disarmament of Britain might serve his first, but not his second purpose.

It has long been obvious that neither America nor Russia would be likely to use the main weapons, when their use meant complete mutual destruction. We are now reaching this point. The American on whom Lord Russell appears rather vaguely to rely for his defence, will soon be effectively covered. Russia can then take over Europe and Britain by saying to the American, "You are dead if you interfere." But the Russian cannot take us over, if we also have him covered. Then no one can move. It is a simple point, but in present conditions it is the whole point. Disarmament is, of course, the final answer, but, until this is possible, a dangerous position is better than complete helplessness.

Lord Russell, of course, is perfectly right in fearing a world in which every little country has these weapons. That is another reason for making Europe quickly. Why does not Lord Russell help the Europeans, now he admits his world government is not immediately practical? Why does he not help those who deal in realities? Clear

minds are needed in a country where the next Foreign Secretary plays statesman by hiding pacifism behind pomposity with a cushion of meaningless phrases, and the Prime Minister plays a little trivial, old-time Y.M.C.A. politics with talk of a solemn non-aggression pact, as if the world had not had enough of all that solemn nonsense from the time of Kellog onwards.

Russia offered more than the English Left dare accept.

What are the real issues underlying all the talk and manoeuvre, and what are the possibilities of a practical settlement? Let us take first the political and then the armament issue. A year ago the Russians were offering a great deal without any response. Today they are being pressed by the Left to accept much less than they originally offered, and many Conservatives in this matter support the Left. It is an extraordinary situation, but the facts can scarcely be denied. In November, 1956, Mr. Khrushchev offered to withdraw all Russian forces from all European lands if America would also withdraw from all Europe, and repeated the offer on four occasions during 1957 without response of any kind from Western governments. There were apparently no conditions attaching to that offer. He even suggested on two occasions a "test" between political ideas in the liberated area under free conditions. So a good chance was presented to negotiate the complete freedom of Europe. The position was never even examined; complete silence from every government of the West was the only answer.

Since then the English Left has been busy with what has come to be known as "disengagement." The policy began effectively with Mr. Gaitskell's Harvard lectures, but in a bi-partisan gesture he fathered that policy to some extent on suggestions made by Sir Anthony Eden in 1955. Mr. Gaitskell is usually as lucid as Mr. Bevan is confused; hence the Conservative preference for Mr. Bevan, although a confused mind is not his only virtue in their eyes. The Gaitskell version of this plan suggested that all Germany with the possible addition of Poland and Hungary should form a neutral belt in the centre of Europe from which both America and Russia would withdraw. American troops under this proposal were to remain in the rest of Europe.

So the difference between the original Khrushchev plan and the Gaitskell plan came to this: Khrushchev was prepared for a mutual Russian and American withdrawal from all Europe, but Mr. Gaitskell is prepared only for a mutual withdrawal from Germany, Poland and

Hungary. The Gaitskell plan was far more limited than the Khrushchev offer which it followed. It now forms the basis of the "disengagement" suggested by the Labour Party, and supported by many Conservatives and by some Liberals. Russian policy has now apparently discarded, or suspended the larger plan which was originally offered in favour of the lesser plan advocated by the Labour Party. The Soviet leaders now believe they can get what they want at a lesser price. A substantial body of English opinion offers them more than they hoped to get.

Disengagement: British dependence, German imprisonment.

The reasons behind this remarkable situation are two-fold: fear of living without America and fear of living with Germany. Labour's policy continues Britain's dependence on America and places Germany in a neat little prison. American forces are still to occupy all of Europe except Germany, and Germany herself is to become neutralised, isolated, impotent within a central no-man's-land. This is the price which the Left wishes the Germans to pay for union. How long would this situation endure, even if the Germans were willing temporarily to pay the price? How long would a people so vital and in the full flush of their regained strength, be willing to remain trussed like a chicken in the middle of the table? This plan would become merely a standing temptation to every old world element in Germany to play a time-honoured game of power politics between the contending blocs of East and West. As usual small men playing small with timid policies would incur the results most disastrous to Britain and to Europe.

Contrast this situation with the possibilities created by the original Khrushchev offer of November, 1956, which is undoubtedly still open to a firm European policy that rejects any lesser solution. If all American and Russian forces are withdrawn from Europe, nothing can prevent in the end the union of Germany within the union of Europe. Once and for all Germany will be within Europe, instead of outside Europe or even potentially against Europe. A Germany integrated with Europe is not a menace but a source of strength by any standards, except those of a man with a pathological disposition towards the constitutionally feeble.

The security of Russia—if security she seeks—would be increased rather than diminished. For military purposes Western Germany is already integrated with Western Europe, and Russia could legitimately require as a condition of withdrawal that no troops or

weapons should be maintained in the territories evacuated. Russia would gain the departure of American troops from Europe and a buffer area between herself and Western weapons. Europe would gain the strength of Germany as part of Europe, and complete freedom for the full political and economic union of Europe; freedom, too, for a complete military union for defensive purposes if that were necessary, provided weapons were not placed in the occupied territories and thus pushed up against the Russian frontiers. The larger plan is still possible, and the difference between the larger and the lesser plan is the difference between the full union of Europe and continued existence as divided dependencies of America.

Disarmament depends entirely on question of inspection.

Could the great plan be accompanied by a measure of general disarmament sufficient to eliminate the possibility of aggressive war and to render irrelevant all present military calculations? This is, of course, the most desirable thing on earth, but is it practical? The answer to that question is known to no one outside the inner ring of governments and scientists. But these gentlemen are now all talking as if it were practical. So surely the man in the street should say " for heaven's sake get on with it," and, if necessary, accompany this admonition with a heavy electoral kick.

Mr. Macmillan spoke in the parliamentary debate of 20th December on the same day that Mr. Khrushchev's letter was published in the *New Statesman*. Mr. Khrushchev said: " The Soviet Union considers that the danger of atomic war will only be removed finally and completely when the manufacture and use of atomic and hydrogen weapons will have been completely prohibited and the stockpiles destroyed." Mr. Macmillan said: " What an advantage to see if we could have the security of a system of inspection and control. That was the hub of the whole matter; if we could get inspection and control that gave confidence and real security, progress could be made."

At this point Mr. Macmillan certainly put his finger on the hub of the matter; in so doing he suggested either that mutual inspection might be practical or could soon become practical. Again it is not apparent to the man-in-the-street how these very mobile and easily concealed rocket missiles can be revealed by a system of inspection. But from the language used by the Prime Minister it appears that science either has found the means, or soon will, and, of course, this is not beyond the bounds of current scientific possibilities.

If he did not mean this, Mr. Macmillan's language is meaningless. If he did mean this, he should implement his words with the utmost speed. He should suggest to the Russians, and, if necessary, to the world a system of mutual inspection by which each side could be sure that it would not be the victim of a surprise attack by concealed weapons if it had destroyed its deterrent means of reply. No man in his senses is going to destroy his own stockpile, unless he is quite certain that the other man is doing the same. This depends on effective mutual inspection, and this in turn depends on science. No one in this matter is going to take anything on trust or confidence, except perhaps some incorrigible case, some old sob-sister of old world politics like Mr. Bevan, all fresh, dewy-eyed and honey-sweet from Lord Beaverbrook's sorority.

Science now gives Europe means of self-defence.

Disarmament depends on effective mutual inspection to ensure that all rocket missiles are destroyed. The West cannot of course discard these weapons unless conventional forces are subject to similar disarmament. The old, naive Russian suggestion that the West should discard the H-weapons while the Soviets retained sufficient land forces to overrun Europe, will not, of course, hold for a moment in an adult world seriously discussing the problem. We must have a real and complete disarmament of both the H-weapons in all forms and of all conventional forces which are capable of aggressive war. Happily effective means already exist for mutual inspection of the disarmament of conventional forces; in fact, effective means to this end were worked out even before the war.

So the whole matter really depends on the question whether science can yet provide the means of effective supervision for the disarmament of the easily concealed rocket missiles. If the answer is affirmative, it is criminal folly not to press ahead with the solution, and, if necessary, by a frank declaration of the position to mobilise world opinion in its favour. If the answer is negative, it is childish folly to suggest that the impossible is possible, and thus to hold up a still practical, although less desirable solution.

For without disarmament, we could still go ahead with the evacuation of Europe by both Russian and American troops and could thereby greatly reduce the risks of war, even if they were not eliminated. We have lately been told on the highest authority that American IRBMs can soon be delivered for use from British bases, which would be capable of destroying the whole of Western Russia.

We were told some time previously that Britain herself was producing a more effective rocket even than the Americans. It is therefore clear that if the Americans withdraw, a united Europe could very easily be put in a position to defend itself by such an effective retaliation to any Russian missile attack that this possibility would be excluded.

A relatively few divisions armed with short-range rockets and atomic explosives could in the very near future also provide an effective defence against invasion by Russian armies. Science can now give Europe the means to defend herself, if Europe still possesses a will and spirit above the slave level. We no longer need America in order to be free.

The advantages of great policies over small.

America cannot of course place herself in a position to be hit without being able to hit back, and cannot be expected to make herself dependent on European retaliation for an attack upon herself. Before she gives up her short-range bases, as we noted in our last issue, America must be able effectively to develop her own ICBMs as an answer to these weapons which the Russians are alleged already to possess. But again it appears from recent reports that they are well on the way, and there is little doubt that these weapons would be ready before all the politics of this matter are thrashed out and settled.

In short, whether immediate disarmament is practical or not, the West can offer Russia peace and acceptance of the original Khrushchev offer for a mutual withdrawal of American and Russian troops from Europe. Why not begin? Above all, why play small when we can play great? Small policies of compromise and fear simply buy trouble for the future; certainly no other result can come from the attempt to confine Germany in a small central lock-up. A great policy on the other hand can get both American and Russian troops out of Europe without any real loss of European security, and can make European union at the same time.

A matter of academic interest.

It is a matter of only academic interest now to note that the writer so long ago as 1951 suggested in an "estimate of Soviet intentions" that for various reasons which subsequently proved valid, the Soviets would sooner or later be willing to withdraw from the occupied territories. This occurred some five years later in the Khrushchev

offer. The article suggested that: "Europeans in face of this event should do their utmost to secure in the evacuated areas the early election of a government of united Europeans and a policy of reconstruction and peace. Return to old national divisions within the evacuated areas should be opposed. A united European state in this region could be the beginning of the European experiment. Good Europeans in all countries should appeal to European peoples not to shrink back in antagonism to such an experiment but to co-operate with it and ultimately to join with it in a united Europe . . . The first objective of every good European should be to make in the liberated areas a real European state, above and beyond the old national divisions. The final objective of good Europeans should be to join with that great experiment in a united Europe which would be both a buffer between the contending giants of East and West, and a third force in the world." It was admitted that "the Soviets could in any case insist that the evacuated territories should not arm to the point where they could be a menace to the Soviets. They could even insist upon some form of arms inspection, which would be open to both East and West."

The difference between these suggestions and the Eden and Gaitskell plans which it anticipated by four and six years respectively, was that it aimed at the union of Europe, if necessary in two stages, and not a permanent division of Europe by the severance of the Germans in a separate prison. Now to re-divide Europe, which since then has become at least partially united, would be a measure retrograde, cowardly and finally disastrous. The Khrushchev offer of a year ago was, as we observed at the time, "the most important thing said since the war." The West has yet to collect the wit and the will to answer it.

Mr. Thorneycroft's resignation: the Suez vacillation again.

To vacillate is fatal in politics. Your policy may be good, bad or indifferent; the only hope of success is to pursue it consistently, whether the point at issue be large or small. This is particularly true in financial matters where international confidence is involved. As the *Financial Times* put it recently in another context: "Confidence in the end is what counts in international exchange." We believe on the contrary that what counts ***in the end*** is the economic position of the country, and that on our present basis for reasons often published in this journal our economic position and consequently the pound is indefensible. We need a complete change in

economic system, which means full entry into Europe. But in the short run the *Financial Times* is undoubtedly right; confidence is everything. That is why by their own criteria and standards the Prime Minister and his remaining colleagues are wrong, and Mr. Thorneycroft and the Treasury Ministers are right. It is fatal to begin a policy, and then to run away from it. What has happened this time is exactly what happened at Suez. The Government went in with trumpets blowing; then lost their nerve and ran away. And those who blew the hardest, ran the fastest. At Suez the process lost them their Prime Minister, on this occasion their Chancellor. But the lions turned lambs are still there. For how long? Until the results catch up with them, and that will not be long.

Jamaican swimming pool.

From Empire free trade to Soviet free trade; Lord Beaverbrook is always in the swim. The only direction in which his rapid backstroke never takes him is towards the union of Europe and reconciliation with the Germans. In the greatly publicised interview of the *Express* with Khrushchev, 23.12.57, the *Express* reporter pressed the Soviet leader with the following words: "There have been recent signs of willingness in Britain to contemplate a situation in Europe where all Germany is neutralised and denied atomic weapons." But the Russian was wary in his reply. Mr. Khrushchev however was very forthcoming when he said: "Our country could buy from you many industrial products which are made so well by the British. Most important, she could buy from us raw materials because her economy depends on imported raw materials."

So we are to equip Russia with capital goods and receive in return primary goods for which Empire countries have long asked from Britain a market, mostly in vain. From Empire free trade to Soviet free trade? Has the crusader turned right about? Or is it just a little deal to get the Germans down? Does Lord Beaverbrook love the Empire less, or hate the Germans more? Or perhaps there is a principle somewhere? If so—dear Lord Beaverbrook—please tell.

EUROPEAN.

BRITAIN TRIES SELLING EUROPE

by BERTRAM PEEL

THIS is the third of three articles published in *The European* dealing with the relationship of Britain with the new trading and economic structures on the Continent. Last March, in "Europe Awaits Britain," it was suggested that the Common Market was something very much more than the reduction of trade barriers and that, since the treaty was about to be signed in Rome, the U.K. Government's best course, for a number of reasons, was to enter forthwith as seventh member of the Common Market—as had been suggested by European commercial circles—and to associate willing Commonwealth countries with Europe in various kinds of looser relationships after the manner of the overseas territories of The Six; warning was given that Mr. Macmillan's free trade concept, linked to the Atlantic Grand Design, would not be acceptable to the European-minded negotiators of the Common Market. Then, in August, in "Britain Loses Europe," a description was given of how two Conservative Governments (Eden's and the present one) had in fact lost the boat, and how Britain was then faced with Continental refusal to exclude agriculture from the proposed Free Trade Area, after all; warning was given that snarling at the "hostile bloc across the Channel" and the petulant Tory desire to obtain the best of all worlds and thus "restore the City of London to its former grandeur," was not appreciated by Europeans trying to pull their Continent out of the uncertain jungle of Western free trade before it was too late, in preparation for the newly-begun economic struggle with Marxism. Now, in this third article, it is proposed to examine attempts made since last summer by the present British Government

to sabotage European unity, and to turn not only this country but the whole of Europe into a province of the United States with whose destiny the Government wish us to be linked for the future.

It is useful to recall once again that Mr. Macmillan announced this idea of a European Free Trade Area after talks with United States officials in Washington during September of 1956. He declared roughly a year ago: "What we are really considering is a future European F.T.A., the wider body within N.A.T.O. I think one should say that it is hoped to work with the European F.T.A. through the machinery of O.E.E.C. in which, of course, the trans-atlantic countries are represented." This was said in the House of Commons and it is not anti-American to observe that, although it may have satisfied the politicians sitting there, it is not a very European remark.

Later, at the Bermuda Conference on March 25, 1957, at which Britain and America patched up their quarrel over Middle East policy, there was "agreement on the benefits likely to accrue for European and world trade from the plans for the Common Market and Free Trade Area, provided they do not lead to a high tariff block; and on the desirability that all countries should pursue liberal trade policies."

In spite of the unmistakable political aspirations across the Channel, the British Governnmet adhered completely to the concept of an Atlantic Community and liberal free trade throughout last summer. It is hard to doubt that the chief forces at work on the Government were (1) Sir Winston Churchill and (2) the City of London. (The present Government has not the character to pursue a definite policy, therefore when a consistent theme runs through a particular diplomatic sector it is necessary to ask who is pushing them.) The frigid reception given to the Grand Atlantic Design, once more dragged into the ring by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd at the end of April in Strasbourg, did not have the slightest effect on the Government's half-hearted attitude towards the Common Market, now signed. Suspicion of the entire Free Trade Area project by both French and German businessmen throughout May did not deter them, nor did the angry reaction to the now famous Eccles *gaffe* about German domination. (Two visits in 24 hours to M. Pineau by Sir Gladwyn Jebb, U.K. Ambassador in Paris, on May 28, soothed the French to some extent, but mention of Sir David Eccles continued for some months to cause sad amusement, most importantly in commercial quarters. This incident may go a long

way towards explaining the extraordinarily bitter reaction of French informed people over the Tunisian arms deal later on.) Denmark and Holland both warned against the F.T.A. idea, and an O.E.E.C. meeting to discuss the project had to be postponed as the subject was "one of great complexity." The fact is that Eccles was making extremely heavy weather of what should have been a grand tour of Europe, and to add to his troubles the French Foreign Minister on July 6 announced openly in the Assemblée Nationale that the French Government would on no account accept the British plan for an F.T.A. excluding agriculture, and not having schemes to harmonise welfare, etc.

By July 4 even *The Times* was moved to some impatience. The leading article that day began: "German ratification of the Euratom and Common Market Treaties between The Six is complete but for a formality and in France the process goes on. The other countries will follow; there has been a common disinclination to ratify, just as there was earlier with the European Defence Community, until France had made up her mind. These events are a reminder that decisions of policy on these matters are now urgent for Britain. The urgency is not increased by these ratifications and there is no prospect of immediate negotiations between Britain and the Continental countries in the holiday season, and little prospect of an opportunity to come to grips until after the October meeting of the G.A.T.T. Here The Six will seek a waiver of their obligations. By that time the British Government, and in a more general sense the people too, need to resolve the difficulties in pursuing their European policy."

Possibly this had some effect on the Government, for a week or so later Mr. Reginald Maudling was appointed specially to negotiate the F.T.A. with the Continent. The fact that this young and able Minister was presented with the job of bargaining with the Continent at all is a measure of the Government's previous failure even to attempt to understand the ultimate aims of their European neighbours. Obstinately, they would not see anything beyond the twin notions of the Atlantic Community and Liberal free trade.

Meanwhile Continental thought had advanced appreciably. At a press conference in February, for example, M. Faure said it was his dearest wish that Britain should link her African territories with the proposed European arrangements, especially now that France's territories on that continent were to be closely linked with the Common Market. He said that France's desire to include her

overseas territories in the Common Market orbit was political rather than economic. The financial benefits his country would derive were relatively slight; for the first five years France was to receive from her five partners an annual average of £21 million—no more than 12 per cent. of the £175 million that she invested in these areas herself each year. M. Faure explained that the hope was that political benefits of stability in the African possessions would come about as a result of linking France's destiny with that of the other European countries. Somewhat later (April 15) the same Minister went so far as to say: "La France souhaite une zone de libre échange, mais dans les accords conclus sur le marché commun, et dans les mêmes conditions pour tous les membres du club Europe. Il est bien entendu que dans ces conditions la présence anglaise sera la bienvenue."

At the 1957 annual general meeting of the Franco-German Chamber of Commerce it was remarked that if Europe could not take her part in big business alongside America, she would lose her personality. This is really quite a noble observation, acknowledging the capitalist leadership of the U.S.A. in the West yet at the same time calling upon Europe to stand up as a kind of manly partner. At roughly the same time a M. André Philip at an E.C.E. meeting in Geneva vigorously defended the Common Market and Euratom against the attacks of Soviet delegates. (This was the third communist attack on the treaties, first being the rival Soviet all-Europe plan, second being the attack by Comecon in Warsaw, a communist equivalent of O.E.E.C.) M. Philip affirmed the right of any country to take measures to defend its interests, and with great spirit added: "If tomorrow we should consider it in our interests to increase our political unity, that would be *our* affair. As things are, the small nations of the world cannot alone make best use of their resources and productive capacity."

What, then, of the allegedly crucial agricultural question? One apologises for quoting so many authorities, but there really seems no better way of underlining the immense gulf between European and Tory Government thought at this time. On April 5, Mr. Marjolin, former O.E.E.C. secretary, said at the Anglo-American Press Association luncheon that he knew of no country in the world where agricultural prices were settled by the rules of free competition. He is, of course, perfectly right to emphasise this; the Messina powers are merely following necessary tradition when they form a properly managed market in European agricultural products,

intervening to fix prices.

At this time it was the U.K. Government's view that Empire Preference in foodstuffs was sacrosanct but, in July, both Australia and New Zealand expressed the hope of great future markets not so much in Britain as in Europe; indeed, Canada knows well who gains most out of Empire Preference but that, for all her talk, Britain under post-war governments has been ever ready to buy wheat from elsewhere if the price is lower. Mr. Menzies expressed the belief that if the purchasing power of Europe was improved as a result of the Common Market, Australia might hope herself for some benefit and, if association with the Common Market increased the U.K.'s prosperity, Australia would additionally benefit. Mr. Mallaby, U.K. High Commissioner in Wellington, said that at the later stages there would be very considerable benefit to the Commonwealth as a whole. Thus was the U.K. Government's fraudulent excuse for inaction exposed. But they could not lose face, so they declined to make any decision to enter Europe in a positive way, thus opening up wider markets for the Commonwealth. Empire growers and farmers may have something to say about this if world demand for their products declines during the year with the U.S. recession. It almost seems that, having failed to become the head of Europe when she had the chance, Britain is likely to become the tail of her former Empire as well as the tail of America.

On October 2 a joint report was published on the European F.T.A. in the name of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, the Federation of British Industry and the National Union of Manufacturers; at a press conference it was stated that the report also had Board of Trade backing. The intention, it seemed, was to publish what British industry considered ought to be written into any free trade area treaty, and the number of safeguards expected to be guaranteed was so great that one journalist at the conference was encouraged to ask: "What is the difference between the kind of free trade area you want and the position as it is now? Are you prepared to risk anything at all?" Indeed, very shortly afterwards the French and Italian equivalents of the F.B.I. declared themselves opposed to the British plan as it stood. The French C.N.P.F. "expressing the unanimous opinion of its members in commerce and industry" reaffirmed its "fundamental opposition to negotiations which, it is feared, will compromise the interests of the French economy and the chance of building the European economic community." The French National Farmers' Association also issued a

statement urging that the free trade project be postponed until the Common Market was established. As to the Italian industrialists, under the heading " A spoke in the wheels of the Common Market," they stated the free trade idea to be a British plan designed to hinder the realisation of the European economic community because " Britain sees in it, not without reason, a step towards the political unity of Continental Free Europe. All the history of England gives evidence of a policy hostile to such unity." Some may argue that industrialists have no right to be talking such language, but it remains a fact that ultimately these are the men who will make or mar the economic unity of their Continent; they do not speak without prior thought or without their eyes on the future.

In reality this is now as far as the situation has developed up to the time of going to press. The Common Market is completely ratified by all six member countries and came into force on January 1, 1958. It is a major step towards the twin ideal of Europe-a-Nation and the Europe-Africa economy; whereas the British Free Trade Area plan has made no headway whatsoever. At any other time in the past four hundred years this would not have mattered to Britain; today it could be disastrous to us, and it is because they are beginning to realise this that the British Government have been making this attempt to sell Europe, previously referred to.

If it is not yet clear that Britain is attempting to sabotage the efforts of true Europeans towards full and independent unity, it should be enough to recall the rallying of G.A.T.T. members by Britain in October to snarl at the Common Market countries as they form themselves into a unified bloc in the face of Soviet economic menace and the American recession; O.E.E.C.'s establishment of a rival Euratom; the efforts to boost Anglo-Canadian free trade, culminating in the fatuous gallivant round the U.K. by Mr. Diefenbaker's Trade Mission; Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's positive declaration in London on December 2 that the U.K. Government rejected all ideas of a third force to stand between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A.; the somewhat hysterical behaviour of Messrs. Macmillan and Eisenhower when presented with the sensational result of disciplined Marxist technology using European scientists; the further attempt to revive enthusiasm for the Free Trade scheme at the mid-December N.A.T.O. talks in Paris; and the Anglo-U.S. refusal to see any virtue in the principle of an East-West disengagement from Europe.

The military aspect of European independence is outside the scope

of this article, but in the domain of economics there is a real danger that, under cover of greater political adhesion between N.A.T.O. powers, Europe will unwittingly be tied once and for all to the destiny of America, an idea not beneficial to either continent, or to world peace. In short, when Amercia booms we all boom, and when she slumps so do we all. Today, what's good for the rocket firms is good for America, and evidently Europe is obliged to benefit therefrom whether she likes it or not.

Not so long ago, there was a celebrated occasion when Mr. Macmillan leapt from an aeroplane at London Airport crying: "There ain't gonna be no war, no more!" He is certainly correct in the military sense that we have known this century; but in the politico-economic meaning of the word, war has already begun. Europe may well wonder if she can in some way mediate or stand between the great giants of Communism and Capitalism. Is there really no other alternative?

Europe may yet succeed in what she is trying to do. The possibility could become certainty with Britain's whole-hearted entry into the Continent of which she is a part. But there is little hope of this happening when the Tories pass the Free Trade plan at their 1957 conference "more with resignation than with any enthusiasm" (according to *Le Monde's* London correspondent) and for whom "the jungle still begins at Calais."

Indeed, politics in Britain have reached an advanced decadence when, for the sake of expediency, both Toryism and the Left find themselves lugubrious champions of a philosophy which their forebears strove so hard to eradicate—nineteenth century free trade. Certainly this has nothing to do with the union of Europe.

America has her own strident answer to Communism, and the self-confidence to win. In Europe, it is difficult to see how the old-fashioned but efficient concept of Marxism is to be beaten back with an old-fashioned and *inefficient* idea like liberal democracy. Eventually we shall have to adopt a politico-economic belief that is both modern and efficient. That is why the Common Market, though only a first step, is so vastly superior as a concept to any free trade notion.

AND RUSSIA WAITS

by BERTRAM PEEL

OF ALL the really important writings produced in the history of Europe, probably none can be read today with more detachment than the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, written in 1848. Just as Western visitors may gaze upon an Eastern procession with curious interest, so the modern reader may lay down this hysterical document with the feeling that it contains a very quaint idea having no connection at all with the world he inhabits. It is hard to imagine anybody in the West today becoming seriously worked up about class war, although they may be justifiably irritated by the pretensions of the middle orders. In the half of the earth containing such phenomena as I.C.I. (a vast percentage of whose capital is owned in units of £500 or less), the trades union magnates of the U.S.A., British Railways and the French Parliamentary system—the word bourgeoisie as Marx meant it is clearly irrelevant. In the realm of home affairs, what remains of the old style class war—essentially a production problem—is dwarfed by the highly developed problem of trying to explain why people are so angry and dissatisfied in theoretically perfect conditions. Engel's phrase: "It is the working class alone which produces all values, for value is only an expression of labour," is evidently as dated a proposition as any other nineteenth century premise.

In the matter of world trade, it very quickly has become true that the value of anything depends quite simply on how many people want it; and it is on this very capitalistic principle that communism has developed since the revolution. Wading through the great mass of class war prophecies in Marx's *Wage Labour and Capital*, we

stumble across such paragraphs as the following: "As capitalists are compelled to exploit the already existing gigantic means of production on a larger scale and to set in motion all the mainsprings of credit to this end, there is a corresponding increase in industrial earthquakes, in which the trading world can only maintain itself by sacrificing a part of wealth, of products and even of productive forces to the gods of the nether world; in a word, crises increase. They become more frequent and more violent, if only because the need for extended markets grows, the world market becomes more and more contracted." Again, in the *Manifesto* is written: "And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? On the one hand by en forced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more extensive and more destructive crises and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented."

Thus, while on the home front the dictatorship of the proletariat has to be helped along by use of force, owing to basic errors in Marx's description of history and life, in foreign affairs communism needs only to sit and wait for the Western capitalist system to collapse for the last time. In this it is extremely fortunate, because, like the intuitive schoolboy, it has obtained the right answer by the wrong working out. Western capitalism will indeed end, but not for the reasons posited by Marx. One ought to add, however, that it is an essential of communist thinking that the proletariat's rule throughout the world will end present and past anomalies vindicating Marx.

In this article it is proposed to review the conduct of foreign affairs by Russia's leaders over the past forty years since the 1917 revolution, and to show why the doubtful worth of the worker versus capitalist principle, should not lull Western man into believing that *he* has only to wait for the Russian menace to melt away and "make the world safe for democracy."

Both before and since the 1917 event, the emergence of a revolutionary force has followed the establishment of a national provisional government. The Russian one lasted six months and it can be left to the pedants to argue whether, by his coup, Lenin ruined or brought about the Marxist revolution. However it may be, the arrival of the new government shook the civilised world owing to a number of provocative moves. Treaties concluded by their Tsarist predecessors were forthwith repudiated, debts were annulled and

a separate peace treaty with Germany agreed at Brest-Litovsk in March, 1918. From the start the new movement was clearly not going to play international affairs in the way we had been used to for a century and more. Britain, France and America immediately rallied to the aid of the White Army fighting to destroy the Soviet power.

By the end of the civil war, with the bolshevists confirmed in their position, the foreign affairs commissar Tchitcherine had succeeded in gaining recognition of the Soviet state by a remarkable number of countries. *De jure* recognition was accorded by Afganistan, Britain, China, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Finland, Germany, Italy, Latvia, Lithuania, Norway, Persia and Turkey, all of whom were represented in Moscow.

In this way, communism gained its first and most necessary victory over capitalism by completely denying the existing standards in international diplomacy and obtaining virtual agreement of the West to her own new standards for the conflict to come. In a word, Russia gained the initiative which she has never yielded since, and but for the notable exception of the so-called " fascist reactionaries," Western diplomacy has but served Russia's ends during the past forty years, just as Marx knew it would.

Tchitcherine was present at Genoa in 1922 and Litvinov at The Hague in the same year; Lausanne followed after the Turkish victory over Greece. Other countries now recognising the Soviet authority were Austria, Denmark, France, Greece, Japan, Mexico and Sweden. As to America, she still held back, and it was not until the accession of Roosevelt in 1933 that the U.S.A. accorded *de jure* recognition.

Meanwhile, with the death of Lenin, Stalin took over and later eliminated the Trotsky-Zinoviev opposition, leaving the way clear for the military period of communist foreign policy, though it was not to be active for a number of years. Based on the idea of defence against capitalist encirclement, the single-minded aim of the Russian leaders for the next twenty years was to prevent any chance of new anti-Soviet coalition forming in the West. If the communists were to allow their revolution to develop into a straightforward trial of strength between East and West at this early stage, the entire vision of world victory for the proletariat would be dimmed and perhaps snuffed out; Russia would once again be on the defensive, not as an idea but as a country like any other. Besides, she was not strong enough.

Consequently while every peaceful means was used to prevent

unity developing among European powers, steps were taken to consolidate Russian frontiers. Treaties of neutrality and non-aggression were signed with Turkey (December, 1925), Germany (April, 1926), Lithuania (September, 1926), and Persia (October, 1927); then when Litvinov succeeded Tchitcherine in 1930, there followed treaties with Finland (January, 1932), Latvia (February, 1932), Estonia (May, 1932), Poland (July, 1932), and France (November, 1932).

At numerous important conferences, Russia manifested her desire for peace by obtaining agreement to all-round disarmament, and she signed the Briand-Kellog pact prohibiting war.

It must be insisted upon that the communist revolution has never been warlike in the imperialistic sense. The Marxist conviction of the eventual capitalist collapse on a world front excludes the necessity of large scale military offensives. Never was this more true than at the period we have now reached—1930 and thereabouts. It was only a matter of time, and the fight for markets among the Western industrial nations, added to over-production on a vast scale, would bring to a head the ideal revolutionary situation, and within a matter of a decade all the major industrial countries of the world would be communist dominated.

What Marx and his successors failed to take seriously enough was the possibility that others might not like capitalism either and would, moreover, be men enough to revolt against it while not subscribing to the basic tenets of the communist creed. With their view of history clouded by the sense of class war, they failed to realise that, one day, certain great figures would be sure to rise up and dynamically re-invigorate their countries so as to take the best from the past and, rejecting the worst, give their countries a new lease of life. It has happened many times before and will certainly do so again, though probably not on a national so much as a continental level.

Hence the appearance of fascism in Italy and national socialism in Germany was the very worst thing that could have happened to the communist cause. Here, overnight, were strong forces that would do nature's work of cutting away the disease to push out new shoots that would soon bear much fruit. No wonder the most powerful word in the whole communist vocabulary is "fascist"!

It is profitable today to speculate on what would have become of fascism in Italy and Great Britain, national socialism in Germany, if the old men of the West had not destroyed these great obstacles in the way of communism. There would have been excesses for certain, but experience and achievement would have tamed these

forces. In particular, the Marxist prophecy would have been fulfilled, by Marxism's greatest enemy! It is impossible to doubt that the individual nations of Europe would one day have joined together to form the Europe-Africa closed economy to stand between the Russian and American economies. Confronted by a robust empiricism in Europe, the movement known as world communism would have died a natural death to be laid in the same coffin with the other 19th century philosophy, liberal capitalism.

In the event, Russia was admitted to the League of Nations in 1934 and "collective security" decided upon. So it was that Mussolini, Hitler and Mosley were sabotaged and, in consequence, as regards the Western economy alone, we are today not one single step further forward in our ideas than we were thirty years ago. To those who have the eyes to see it, we might today be living in 1930, since every anomaly that was present in capitalism then is with us today, and those in power are trying exactly the same remedies and doubtless will meet with the same failure as before.

Not that Russia needed to become involved in this act of sabotage. To her it was merely a capitalists' civil war; she knew it would come, she had only to wait, and she made no secret of her expectations of the spoils. But Winston Churchill was too busy in the fight to listen; Roosevelt was too preoccupied with forcing a new-style ethic upon his bewildered countrymen after the crash.

In May of 1939, Litvinov was replaced by Molotov, it being felt in Moscow that Litvinov's "collective security" was not quite safe enough, having regard to the unpreparedness of the other "anti-fascist powers." A number of brisk moves were made to secure a footing in Finland, East Poland and the Balkans. The fact that the League of Nations duly condemned these aggressions following their condemnation of Russia's firmest opponents, indicates that the League was motivated not so much by knavery as by straightforward stupidity. Nevertheless, the little men of the West still believed they could be "an influence for good in the world" without bothering about events in the real world outside. As we shall see, these little committee men are still with us, busily serving the Marxist cause.

To examine the reasons why Hitler entered Russia and then continued to enter it, is outside the scope of this article. For purposes of propaganda it has been found convenient to dismiss Hitler as a madman and leave it at that; but we shall probably have to wait another ten years at least, until the publishers have exhausted all

the memoirs, for a sober assessment to be made. The important thing is that the military period of Soviet foreign policy reached its climax on June 22, 1941, when the "capitalists' war" became overnight a "war of liberation."

In the autumn of 1943 the first of those tragic conferences were held at which a third to a half of Europe was given to Russia. The conferences were: Moscow (October, 1943), Teheran (December, 1943), Yalta (February, 1945), and Potsdam (July, 1945). The turning back of German scientists fleeing Westwards at the close of the war was but the most spectacular of the subsequent European betrayals by the friends of "Uncle Joe." Perhaps they thought they were doing the boy from Georgia a favour by treating him as an equal to the Western chiefs. Certainly it must have been hard to see just what kind of smile it was behind that enormous moustache. How delighted Stalin must have been to take part in the creation of the United Nations Organisation, a body founded on mutual suspicion and providing the perfect sounding board for the new period of Soviet foreign policy which came to be known as peaceful co-existence.

Probably the reason why the communist bloc has been so outstandingly successful in employing U.N.O. to demonstrate their peaceful intentions, is that they do not have to tell lies. Diplomacy is made infinitely easier if one can simply state the truth without fear of being believed. From the moment the hydrogen bomb and the I.C.B.M. became even a remote possibility, thanks to the work of German scientists at the end of the war, Russia knew perfectly well that world war was impossible again. Allowing a decade or so for these weapons to reach the hands of both communism and capitalism, the Kremlin could safely proceed with the traditional techniques of industrial and political infiltration without opposition from the liberal democracies. In this task Russia was immensely helped by the use of the veto and by the agreed policy of non-intervention in the domestic affairs of member nations. The latter weapon was used by Vishinsky, Molotov's successor, to impose a pro-communist government on Roumania, permitted him to keep Czechoslovakia from entering N.A.T.O., and led to the consolidation of all East Europe within the communist bloc. Against this "further victory for socialism" liberal democracy was, of course, completely useless, not being designed to deal with the new style of guerrilla tactics which is the feature of the age. The only effective opposition of any kind at all came from the disciplined ranks of the Catholic

Church and the phrase "reactionary Vatican spy" was quickly added to "dirty fascist," and *mirabili dictu* there exist non-communists in the West even today who declare that communism, fascism and catholicism are all equally bad and there's nothing to choose between them. Be that as it may, while there is one, let us thank God for the other two! Catholicism is communism's greatest spiritual enemy, just as ideas developed from fascism (but extending well beyond it) are communism's greatest political enemy. Both have the necessary discipline and comprehension of Marxism to meet the new style of warfare.

After the 1948 Yugoslav schism, futile attempts were made in the manner of past centuries to seduce Tito, but the communist bloc remained solid, embracing a population of 1,000 million out of a world figure of 2,700 million.

At about this time there were increasing fears even among the liberals that it would be an irresponsible Western finger that would trigger off a world war, rather than Russia. Accordingly an abortive European Defence Community was conceived, following the suggestion that a "third force" was needed to stand between the two giants. Mention should also be made of the Berlin airlift, a successful maintaining of the *status quo* by the West, and of Korea which gave a useful boost to the capitalist system at a dangerous point in the economy.

With the death of Stalin, there began a macabre pantomime among the Soviet leaders, not unlike our own British parliamentary game. In both cases the rivalry between the two economic theories proceeded while the political facade diverted the attention of the people. The same process continues today with occasional sideshows, among which the Suez and Budapest incidents stand out most prominently.

In both cases the incidents represented denials of faith in the respective creeds, but whereas the intervention in Hungary was successful, Suez was a dismal failure. What was worse, Suez did the Western economy no good. It was an isolated example of all that has been said above concerning the change of weapons since the end of Russia's military period. Nobody has ever denied the infiltration of communism into the Middle East; what was so pathetic was the attempt to resist politico-economic thrusts with a mere military intervention.

Months before Suez, Khrushchev declared in Moscow: "We will show the West the meaning of economic war." And against this we find the following sort of thing, by Britain's Foreign Secretary

in the Commons:

> "If the Soviet Union wants to end the cold war, let it stop seeking to undermine us throughout the world; let it stop the campaign to increase tension in the Middle East, and stop trying to make propaganda out of its postures on disarmament; let it show by its attitude to matters like German reunification, the Arab-Israel dispute, and the flow of arms to the Middle East that it is prepared to work for a settlement of existing disputes."

Restraining comment on the question of arms in the Middle East (after all, where else can they be sold with safety?), we may recall that Selwyn Lloyd is, of course, a remnant from the Cabinet of Sir Anthony Eden, the world's most wronged man, and therefore a certain measure of please-don't-hit-me diplomacy is to be expected. But this, unfortunately, is no answer to communism, which is always one step ahead of these men, and the sad fact is that we can expect no answer at all from Western politicians who believe that (a) cut-throat competition backed by G.A.T.T. and the World Bank are the sure way to keep going the economy of the free world; (b) the committee system is the best way of running affairs in the 20th century and is sufficient answer to a highly organised revolutionary team; and (c) democracy is a kind of intangible sacred cow to be preserved for ever more.

The Russians are certainly not doing things by half as may be seen from the following item by the diplomatic correspondent of *The Times* last October:

> "The importance attached by Russia to economic influence in underdeveloped countries is increasingly obvious from recent Soviet bloc statistics. The trade agreements between the bloc and underdeveloped countries have risen from only one-third of the total in 1953 to over half by the end of last August. The total number of agreements has more than doubled to over 200. Trade overtures have been skillfully timed, which shows that much more than purely economic factors have been taken into account. Also the integration of communist bloc economies has led to a definite export pattern. Demands for electrical equipment, ships and precision instruments are met in the main by East Germany, for mining equipment and rolling stock by Poland, for oil pipes and drilling equipment by Roumania, for diesel engines and electrical appliances by Hungary. There has also been a marked extension of credit to underdeveloped countries. Those receiving the largest share are the strategically

> situated, newly independent and, as yet, politically uncommitted countries, like India, which has received credits totalling £80 million, Egypt £52 million, Syria £43 million, Afghanistan £41 million, Indonesia £36 million. The aid to Syria has been greatly expanded recently; previously she had received credits for only £3.6 million."

To this may be added figures from the *Board of Trade Journal* showing major Western countries' shares in world trade since 1953. The share of Britain and Canada has dropped respectively from 21 to 18 per cent. and 7 to 5.7 per cent.; America has remained steady at 26 per cent.; Germany's has risen from 13 to 17 per cent., and Japan's from 4 to 5.5 per cent.

There in a nutshell is the world trade situation today, just as Marx foresaw it, and as others, decidedly not Marxists, have also foreseen. The diagnosis of the latter reveals not a class war but a basic error in trading principle; the production system, these say, need not collapse inevitably, but rather is it the trading and financial system that is at fault. Indeed, while able-bodied men exist it cannot be the production that is wrong; it is the world-wide free-for-all that should finish, to give way to peaceful economic co-existence. In other words, the idea of bloc forming is put forward on the grounds that the Russian bloc is self-sufficient, the American continent could also be independent; why not a third independent bloc comprising Europe and Africa? Within each of these insulated economies stability can be maintained independent of outside influences, and the standard of living be progressively raised. What is our Western inflationary problem today but the simultaneous attempt in all countries to operate various forms of Welfare State while at the same time we all scramble about in a world trade jungle? The general result is that the nation with the best Welfare State has most to lose.

Such ideas as are briefly expounded in the previous paragraph have been current for over a decade within the orbit of an admittedly small school of thought. But this school has now grown into a potentially vast arena. There burst in on the international scene eighteen months ago, the idea of a Common Market in Europe. Perhaps "burst" is far too strong a word for a concept that developed tentatively from the European Coal and Steel Community which was itself conceived in 1950. The word, however, is justified because of the speed with which the six member countries set about

the task of formulating their treaty.

Now, economic theorists would do well to keep in mind a clear distinction between the Common Market and the European Free Trade Area. Immense impetus was given to the Common Market idea, with its additional Europe-Africa scheme, by the aftermath of the Suez fiasco. Never had Europe's dependence on the world trade and money power been more obviously demonstrated, the more so since out-dated moral indignation was used to bring pressure on President Nasser in what should have remained a purely commercial dispute. With the coincident progress in Sahara oil research the possibility of joint European effort in the development of African resources showed itself in more defined lines.

In Britain, the free trade area chorus at first welcomed the idea, but suddenly fell silent when they realised that the Common Market was not what they thought. Since then the free trade interests have placed themselves solidly behind the later British plan for a European Free Trade Area; and in October last the resources of G.A.T.T. began to be employed as a means of keeping the European economy within the world trading system. In this connection a tragi-comic juxtaposition appeared in the speech of the G.A.T.T. chairman when he opened the session. After demanding that the Common Market should be used to promote world trade and should not raise barriers against the outside world, he declared: "We may be now entering a period in which the general tendency towards expanding trade which we have enjoyed for a number of years may be replaced by a slowing down in the rate of expansion . . . There is some danger that the tendency towards levelling off in production, which has already made its appearance, might be accompanied by a sharp fall in world trade." There is no need to mention the numerous indications of coming recession, but from the above it seems that the vigorous European urge to get out of the world trade jungle "while the going's good," is to be channelled into an effort to keep world trade from collapsing. Frantic notions emerged from the British Government as it became clear that they might not be able after all to sabotage The Six; there was a sudden campaign for free trade all round—with Canada, Russia, China, and even Japan.

It remains to be seen how strong the real "Europeans" are across the Channel; whether, in fact, Europe's economy is to be run by Europeans or by the interests that thrive on the boom-slump-war cycle of world free trade. More than at any time in the past ten years, Europe needs to achieve complete unity, including Britain,

even to the level of European Government now, in order to carry through this great idea. The project is, of course, empirical and as such will not appeal to a very large section of the intelligentsia, whose slogan seems to be " world government or bust." However, unless something a little more practical is done at once, they will have their world government within ten years and the communists will be at the head of it.

And so we come to the successful launching of the earth satellites by Russia. It was well known already that Russia possessed the I.C.B.M. and every scientist and not a few others knew that the International Geophysical Year would begin the space age. Yet the reaction of the Western politicians to the slight lead obtained by Russia was to fly into a terrified huddle, out of which emerged the hysterical notion of a Super-Atlantic Parliament and a Declaration of Interdependence resembling a last will and testament rather than an act of inspired leadership. Gone was all talk of the Third Force to keep the peace between communism and capitalism; gone were all high-sounding phrases about the free world; back we went to the Atlantic Alliance. And another stage was reached in the conversion of Europe into the 49th state of America.

It should be noted that the first instinct of the Western heads was to think in military terms. Completely ignored was the significant fact that Zhukov had only just been dismissed from the Soviet Præsidium after a mere four months on that body. Zhukov had, moreover, been the only military man ever to sit on the Præsidium since the revolution.

In the middle of the Western stampede a great show of force took place in Moscow in connection with the fortieth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. The Tunisian arms deal quickly followed and U.S. rockets were planned for Europe. Finally, Khrushchev, in the words of the placards, " offered to show off his missile." Though he be the Clown of the Kremlin, it is difficult not to feel a certain admiration for the way in which he plays his role, with bravado and doubtless considerable amusement. He can afford to, because he knows there will be no rocket or H-bomb war.

In the course of his speech marking the fortieth anniversary, Khrushchev declared: " Now two world systems are in existence and each of them has its own specific form of development. The United States has emerged into the forefront of the imperialistic states. West Germany is actively moving there, squeezing out and pushing aside Britain, France, and other capitalist countries. Such is the

law of capitalism . . . An entirely different relationship exists between the countries which are members of the world system of socialism. Here the law of planned economic development is in action."

Finally, on the night of the anniversary party, Khrushchev leapt up onto a table and led the Kremlin guests in the Russian version of "One man went to mow . . ." He can afford to sing, for communism expects a rich harvest. Capitalism staggers on and Russia waits. She is in no hurry.

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THE PISAN CANTOS

VI. SPEECH AND PENALTY

by ALAN NEAME

READERS of *The European* may remember recently having read an excerpt* from my letter to the wife of the President of the Lebanon, inviting her to use her influence for the release of Ezra Pound from the 'sanatorium' where he has been shut up for the last eleven years.

My appeal to Mme. Chamoun was dated May 21, 1957. A month later, the United States Ambassador to the Lebanon, Mr. Donald R. Heath, replied in detail to Mrs. Chamoun's enquiries, and as his letter is probably the most recent official statement on Ezra Pound's situation it will interest all those who have the welfare of this unfortunate poet at heart. The first part of the letter sets out the official reasons for Ezra Pound's committal to detention; the second part explains the present legal situation; the final paragraph answers my suggestion that, in view of the clemency long since extended to many who were actually brought to trial and found guilty of war crimes, and also in view of the poet's world-wide eminence,

* *Cocteau, The Last Imagist Poet,* Desmond Stewart, September, 1957.

his age and his health, the indictment against him might now be properly abandoned.

THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

American Embassy,
Beirut, Lebanon.
June 29, 1957.

Dear Mme. Chamoun:

I have received the following information from the Department of State in reply to the appeal addressed to you by Mr. Alan Neame requesting your assistance in having the American poet, Mr. Ezra Pound, released from the sanatorium where he has been confined for nearly eleven years.

As you may know, Mr. Pound was indicted for treason during World War II and following the occupation of Italy by the American forces he was taken into custody and brought to the United States for trial. At the time of Mr. Pound's trial on December 21, 1945, the United States District Court for the District of Columbia ordered a mental examination in response to a request to the court that Mr. Pound, the defendent, was mentally incompetent to advise with counsel. Mr. Pound was admitted to Saint Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., under the order of the District Court, on the same day of the request.

On February 13, 1946, the case was heard before a jury and it was decided that Mr. Pound was of unsound mind. He was returned to Saint Elizabeth's Hospital where he has been a patient ever since.

Since his commitment to Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Mr. Pound has been under constant examination. I have learned that the superintendent of the hospital visits him daily and interviews him from time to time regarding his mental condition in so far as Mr. Pound is able and willing to discuss it.

Before reading to the end, we might pause and consider what it must feel like to be under constant examination for nearly eleven years, if one is a poet, philosopher and scholar, or indeed if one qualifies for the title of human being at all. The Ambassador's letter does not give any indication of what form this constant examination may take or by whom it is conducted. However, from other sources, Denis Goacher and Hayden Carruth, we know that Pound ocupies a curtained cubicle at the end of a long, double-banked ward of lunatics. We may suppose that, in the absence of the official examiner, the activities in the end cubicle are the objects

of constant examination and frequent misconstruction by the deranged neighbours. As Pound sits busily composing *Rock Drill*, translating Sophocles, translating *The Analects* of Confucius, translating and versifying the Chinese Anthology and conducting his intercontinental correspondence in the constant company of the insane, the ageing and always rather explosive poet receives the superintendent's daily visit, spiced by the odd invitation to lay aside the dictionaries and hobnob about his mental condition, that is, if he feels able or inclined. It would be unfair to imagine the type of dialogue that takes place on these occasions, but the test questions of American officials can be very strange. I was once asked, when applying for a teaching post on the Mediterranean, whether I thought that English would replace French as a medium of communication in Indo-China. I dare say all the answer the superintendent gets to his loaded question is: Ideograms durned tricky today. What the HELL can he mean by *chung?* Dammit, Doc, it don't COHERE! What conclusions could a sane superintendent draw from that?

One might think that the hope of liberty would make an intelligent man master his exasperation and meet a superintendent halfway; but let us see what that hope of liberty amounts to. The Ambassador continues:

> As long as the criminal charges dating from the original trial are still pending against Mr. Pound he could only be released by Saint Elizabeth's Hospital to the custody of the United States District Court for the District of Columbia which had originally committed him to the care of the hospital. In order to return him to the court's custody, the hospital would have to make a finding that Mr. Pound is in suitable medical contdition to be tried. I have been advised that in the opinion of the hospital authorities, Mr. Pound is still mentally ill to an extent that he would be unable to advise with his defense (sic) counsel and assist in his own defense (sic).

Whether the poet is unable to advise, or has been disabled by years of exasperation from advising, might be a question. Anyhow, the door of the sanatorium is not the door to liberty, but only the door to the court-room. Court-rooms are notorious for having two exits. Whether resulting in acquittal or conviction, the trial would in any case be rather one of Pound's philosophy than of his acts; of his intentions, since his actual broadcasts were more or less inaudible, and cannot be held to have had any consequence at all,

except for him. In France a thinker of Pound's originality and importance might, even at his age, welcome such an opportunity. The controversialist would have the opportunity of pleading his case before a court and a press aware of the intellectual issues at stake. Even the Divine Marquis has had his posthumous day of glory. But in America where, writes Ralph Reid, " anyone perceiving any good qualities in Mussolini is possessed of the devil," one wonders just who in the court would understand whom.

The jurymen of Washington, for example . . .? On this aspect of a hypothetical trial of Pound's ideas, I quote the words of an editorial writer on the *Washington Star,* a man whose private opinions on Pound's case were disengaged, who had at some time been Pound's neighbour, had known him to talk to, had read his works, had not understood them, had not liked them, did not like that kind of writing and would rather read the work of other poets; not a philistine, not hostile and not sold on Pound either. " Ezra Pound is not well known outside exclusively literary circles. If you asked a dozen men on the street who he was, probably not one would recognise the name. A person who does recall the name probably remembers little more than that he was a poet accused of being a propagandist. Few who read the headlines of the earlier stories even bothered to follow the case up later. The general public knows nothing and cares less about his current status. People in general hold no opinions about his treatment now—they do not know what it is, do not know the background of his being where he is, and would offer, if anything, a disinterested opinion that he is probably receiving appropriate treatment. People do not read poetry—they watch TV."

Before a jury empanelled from such a public, suckled on TV and such reading matter as *The Capitalist Challenge, Building a Better World with Free Enterprise,** what kind of defence could Pound advance, with his notions of social credit, guild socialism, his horror of usury and shoddy mass-production? Would anyone be able to understand in the least what he was getting at? If the texts of his radio-talks (what little of them was ever intercepted) were read out in court, would anyone be able to grasp the motives that had prompted them? As the U.S.A. hardens up against the U.S.S.R., Pound's anti-capitalist thought would sound a hundred times more subversive now than it did in 1941.

* *Time,* October 28, 1957—6 pages.

The Ambassador's letter concludes as follows:

> Furthermore, the Department of State has informed me that no attorney representing Mr. Pound or his family in recent years has initiated any action for the dismissal of Mr. Pound's indictment for treason nor has any other properly authorised person acting for Mr. Pound or his family taken any steps to have him released from the mental institution where he is now confined.
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> Donald R. Heath,
> American Ambassador.

" In recent years " is a tragic phrase, a gravestone for hopes and disappointments, for the agony of weighed contingencies: survival under maddening conditions of restraint as against the physical strains and legal risks of a public bid for freedom. The Democrats put him in. The Republicans keep him in. There seems to be no one in the whole of God's Own Country, in the Kafka world of no properly authorised persons, tough-minded enough, big-hearted enough to blow a breach through the legalism and let the man go and finish his work and his life in peace.

What would be lost to interest, justice or national honour now? The New York vote? Eisenhower managed a second term without it. National solidarity? The war is over; alliances have replaced it. Propagandists have been dealt with, whether mildly or severely, long ago. Even the fellow-travelling G.I.s, propagandists of the Korean war, have had their various deserts and been forgotten. Pound lingers on.

Now, another form of totalitarianism arises in Europe. Writers quit their fatherlands, denouncing the régimes. Paul Ignotus flees from Hungary, attacks its system of government and receives the applause of the American press for his stand upon conscience. Writers perceiving any good qualities in Kadar are possessed by the devil. Pound, the most vigorous of anti-communists, whose writings contain no shadow of approval for Marxism, who, remarkin 1933 that " the minute I cook my own dinner or make the chair that I sit on, I escape from the whole cycle of Marxist economics; in consideration of which fact I remain a Jeffersonian republican, and believe that the present troubles, or at any rate the present American and English troubles, can be treated from a Jeffersonian angle," put himself fair and square in the tradition of Thoreau and remained

there, declaring that all the luggage a poet need carry through the world should fit into two suitcases; Pound, where is he, as Marxism heads westwards? Locked up in the cells of Capital.

Thomas Jefferson has never been formally repudiated by America, and this is strange. "I don't know when we last had a president with literary needs, whose mind opened to the best contemporary conversation." I quote Ralph Reid again. "Certainly Adams and Jefferson would prefer St. Elizabeth's to the boredom of a visit to the White House."

Thoreau's works are found in most of the American Information Centres of Europe and Asia. Bound in the same glossy edition with *Walden* is the *Essay on Civil Disobedience*. This essay not only assumes the right of a man to criticise the state but actually demands the right for a man to opt out of the state. Happy Thoreau! to live before the days apprehended by E. E. Cummings,

> when every thrush may sing no new moon in
> if all screech-owls have not okayed his voice
> —and any wave signs on the dotted line
> or else an ocean is compelled to close.

Thoreau still figures on the open shelves; his language is perhaps thought to be too tortuous to be dangerous. Pound does not—a tribute to the luminous thought behind the gnomic phrase? But suppose that Thoreau had to face a modern American jury, with his talk of the simple life and the duty of conscience and the corruption of the state, would he fare any better than his pupil?—lucky perhaps to get off with a daily visit from the superintendent and an interview from time to time regarding his mental condition in so far as Mr. Thoreau would be able and willing, etc. Only "a very few — as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and *men*—serve the state with their consciences, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it."

Thoreau is quite clear on the duty of the true patriot: it is to protest; and on the reward of the conscientious patriot — ill-treatment. He is equally clear on the worth of the 'my country right or wrong' patriot. "The broadest and most prevalent error requires the most disinterested virtue to sustain it," he says. "Those who, while they disapprove of the character and measures of a government, yield to it their allegiance and support are undoubtedly its most conscientious supporters and so frequently the most serious

obstacles to reform." No man can be forced to act upon his conscience by any law in a statute book; but all religion and philosophy insists on the natural and moral obligation to put conscience before a law seen as unjust. "Must the citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterwards. It is not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right."

God knows how this universally binding duty of protest was rammed down the throats of European citizens at Nuremberg and elsewhere after the last war. Between November 20, 1945, and October 16, 1946, the folk-mind was restocked with martyrs, who had protested, had not protested, had wanted to protest, had waited to protest—every variety of conformist, non-conformist and crypto-conformist. Unfortunately, the judges had less in common with Thoreau than with the lawyers of the Old Testament. (By a curious coincidence, the Nuremberg executions took place on the sixth day of the Feast of Tabernacles, when Jews celebrate the mystical victory of Messiah over Leviathan.) Despite the protracted investigations into responsibility and war guilt, their questions were ultimately these simple two:

> If you were one of ours, why did you oppose?
> If you were one of theirs, why did you conform?
> You do not need a conscience, if you are on our side.
> If you are on the other, you shall swing for the lack of one.

Pound exercised a right to protest against his own side, and discharged a duty which, if binding on anti-Hitlerian Germans, presumably bound anti-New Dealers too. He has paid dearly for it.

By an irony in human affairs, the New Dealers and the Republicans too are also having to pay for it. It happens that of all the victims of political oppression, the poet it is who usually has the longest posthumous triumph in store. Saints, martyrs and divine kings are not the only people to rule from the tomb; and poets sometimes rule from the prison-house. The Middle Ages cared more for Ovid than for Augustus. The Pope is a historical cipher who drove Dante out of Florence into exile. The reign of Alphonso II (of where?) would not now be much remarked, had it not been for

his imprisonment of Tasso for seven years on a pretext of insanity. Shelley and Byron have outlasted George III and his Ministers. The scoundrels who murdered Lorca have no names. In fifty years' time, school-children will be puzzled to distinguish between Presidents Tubman and Truman. Poets petted by an Establishment are often as soon spent. Those who suffer at the hands of an establishment have the more durable and wider fame. In the case of Pound, it is since the war that his fame has gathered beyond the bounds of the English-reading world, that is, since his disgrace.

What is more, those parts of a poet's work that the Establishment most detests are those that become most popular where the Establishment does not hold sway; I mean in what might be called the internal proletariat, following Toynbee, of intellectuals who reject their Establishment, and in foreign countries where the political influence of the same Establishment is felt, but is not paramount. Although my Washington editorialist tells me that there may not be more than "fifty people in Washington who think of Pound as an important poet," in other cities and at other, sub-editorial levels, and in other countries people are not of the same opinion. Outside Anglo-America, difficulty in a poet is not a natural disqualification, if a luminous thought burns in the heart of darkness. Anglo-Saxons prefer Wordsworth, just as we know Catholic Sodalities in the States prefer Kilmer, but the rest of the world is not so chronically frivolous. For instance, I have on my desk at the time of writing
a version of Cantos I-X in the Italian of Mary de Rachewiltz,
an extract from Canto LXIX in the Spanish of Jose Vasquez Amaral,
an extract from Canto XXX in the Swedish of Lars Forssell,
two versions of Canto LXXV in French, one by René Laubiès, the other by Jeannie Chauveau,
While of Canto XLV, the celebrated canto against Usury, I have one version in Portuguese by Augusto and Haroldo de Campos, another in French by John Brown. I have a notice of a German translation already published by Rainer Gerhardt in Freiburg, and I have heard the canto recited in Arabic in the translation of Buland al-Haidari and Desmond Stewart. There are countless versions of Pound's occasional poems. I happen to note from a bibliography: *Ezra Paount Kata Metaphraseon Apo To Aggliko,* a translation into Greek of *Cathay* by Zesimos Lorenzatos. Pound's *Collected Works* will shortly be issued in German; I believe that selections are now being translated into Japanese.

All this mass of translations is new, post-war work, done by

Pound's admirers in the Era of the Asylum and of his disgrace. Of the cantos chosen for translation by the poets of the N.A.T.O. and Baghdad Pact countries, all to some extent chafing under American patronage, it is a sign of the times that the two most popular cantos are Cantos LXXV and XLV.

Canto LXXV (two versions in French, other languages apart) deals with the humiliations of the poet in the prison camp:

> The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
> Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
> Made courage, or made order or made grace,
> Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down,
> Learn of the green world what can be thy place
> In scaled invention and true artistry,
> Pull down thy vanity,
> Paquin pull down!
> The green casque has outdone your elegance.

Canto XLV *With Usura* (versions in at least four different languages) expresses the very core of Pound's economic thought. Although this canto was written some time before the last war, it remains the dynamic of his life—the dynamite—the very essence of his protest:

> No picture is made to endure nor to live with
> but it is made to sell and sell quickly
> with usura, sin against nature,
> is thy bread ever more of stale rags
> is thy bread dry as paper,
> with no mountain wheat, no strong flour
> with usura the line grows thick
> with usura is no clear demarcation
> and no man can find site for his dwelling . . .
> Corpses are set to banquet
> at behest of usura.

This was the canto that Pound chose, so disastrously, to broadcast on Rome Radio. In his commentary, he said: "Certain concepts existed before the English language was concocted." And it is just the restoration of that concept, the iniquity of usury in its modern form, illustrated by the tag: 'And their biggest mistake was the

refrigerator that wouldn't wear out fast,' that his post-war translators have fastened on, as applicable to their own countries, now more and more closely geared to American economic policies, now more and more touched by the American way of life. For, if we live in the Era of the Asylum, it is only so because it is at the same time the Era of the International Loan with Strings Attached. As Pear's *Encyclopaedia* more politely puts the fact: "Truman will perhaps best be remembered for his Point IV programme of raising levels of living in backward and under-developed countries." Eisenhower has not reversed this policy, but extended it and militarised it. And as the scope of this policy widens, so the applicability of Pound's protest increases, and so the protest is taken up by others. The poet may be shut up—but too late;-his intercontinental, anti-usurocratic weapon has been launched.

English people have been as distressed at the dog in the sputnik as the Americans have been at the sputnik itself. If the indignant letters to the N.S.P.C.A. and the signed petitions were rewritten in favour of a man and a poet, and redirected to the American Ambassador instead of the Russian, could we hope to stir to humane action the talmudists and usurocrats of American policy? In the Soviet Union, an amnesty has been announced. In Washington . . .? Are the United States to be left behind?

CANTO LXXIV

LINES 43-77

Oh my England 43
that free speech without free radio speech is zero
and but one point needed for Stalin 45
you need not i.e. need not take over the means of production;
money to signify work done, inside a system
and measured and wanted
'I have not done unnecessary manual labour'
says the R.C. chaplain's field book 50
(preparation before confession)

Loss of free speech in the Democracies

Line 44. The British Broadcasting Corporation is a 'controlled' institution. E.P. spent the First World War in England, for some time as secretary to W. B. Yeats. Both incurred a certain amount of suspicion as spies. E. P. was accused by a navvy in Kensington Church Street of being a German (*Canto* LXXX, 357). When he talked on Rome Radio in the Second World War, the Italian censors were so puzzled by his style that they suspected him of broadcasting Axis military secrets in code.

Line 45. Stalin died in 1953; the canto was published in 1949.

Line 46. To right an unhealthy economy there is no need to take the extreme measure of sovietisation; it is sufficient for a state to assume control over the issuing of its own currency, issuing credit in proportion to the productivity of the nation — a fact that the Russian Revolutionaries did not grasp.

Line 49. In preparing for Confession, the Catholic penitent is bound to examine his conscience as to whether he has sinned against the Third Commandment by doing unnecessary manual labour on Sundays or Feasts of Obligation. For E. P., *unnecessary* manual labour at any time is a sin against Nature. The production, for example, of a refrigerator designed to wear out quickly so that the refrigerator market will continue to boom, is an unnecessary, unnatural and unustifiable exploitation of the labour, the materials and the spending power of the community.

squawky as larks over the death cells
militarism progressing westward
im Westen nichts neues
and the Constitution in jeopardy
and that state of things not very new either
'of sapphire, for this stone giveth sleep'
not deeds whereto to be faithful
nor deeds that they be resolute
only that bird-hearted equity make timber
and lay hold of the earth.

Line 54. *Im Westen*: All quiet on the Western front: a catch-phrase of the First World War. Ironically here, the same contemptuous disregard in Europe for sane principles of government.

Line 57. 'And albeit that the carbuncles give right light enough,

Line 55. The American Constitution (promulgated 1778), as modified by emergency decrees and retro-active legislation during the Second World War.
natheless, at all times burneth a vessel of crystal full of balm, for to give good smell and odour to the emperor, and to void away all wicked aires and corruptions. *And the form of his bed is of fine sapphires,* bended with gold, *for to make him sleep well* and to refrain him from lechery; for he will not lie with his wives, but four sithes in the year, after the four seasons, and that is only for to engender children.'—Sir John Mandeville, *Travels*, ch. xxx.
Contrast the amenities of concentration camp and madhouse.

Lines 58 to 61. A difficult passage depending on the sense of *bird-hearted equity* and the punctuation of line 60. Perhaps we should understand the ellipsis as:
(Modern Europeans and Americans) no longer have a creed to be loyal to, nor a sense of the heroic to inspire them; (if they had) only (retained) that *uncomplicated integrity* (of their peasant forefathers, they would) plant trees and so enjoy the natural increase of the earth;
Or, reading a stop after *equity*:
Sceptical of creeds and heroes, Western man shows merely a *chicken-hearted pusillanimity.* To recover his assurance, he must return to the land.

and Rouse found they spoke of Elias
in telling the tales of Odysseus OY TIΣ
OY TIΣ
'I am noman, my name is noman'
but Wanjina is, shall we say, Ouan Jin
or the man with an education
and whose mouth was removed by his father
because he made too many *things*
whereby cluttered the bushman's baggage
vide the expedition of Frobenius' pupils about 1938 to Auss'ralia
Ouan Jin spoke and thereby created the named
thereby making clutter
The bane of men moving
and so his mouth was removed
as you will find it removed in his pictures

Line 62. W. H. D. Rouse, translator of the Odyssey into English. 'W. H. D. Rouse went to the right place for his Homer —namely to the Aegean in a sail-boat, where they are still telling the same yarns, even if they tell them about the prophet Elias.'—*Polite Essays*, p. 125. 'Odysseus:— O'ysseus:— (Ulysses):— Elias.'—*Kulchur*, p. 79.

Line 65. E. P. has himself been reduced to the status of a noman (*vide supra l.* 24. *n.*) deprived, like Wanjina, of the right to creative speech.

Line 66. *Wanjina*: a god of the Australian bushmen; his most remarkable attribute being *the absence of a mouth*. Wanjina talked too much and gave names to too many things, so the senior god took his mouth away from him. *Ouan Jin*: otherwise Wen Jen (Chinese), the educated man. Confucius, the great type of educated Chinese man. laid down that the first duty of the educated man is to 'call things by their proper names.'—*Analects*, XIII, 3. Only by precision, e.g. by calling a usurer, a usurer, can true order be established.
E. P. seizes on the fortuitous similarity between Wanjina and Ouan Jin to show the creative power of unfettered speech and the fear and hatred that this power arouses in advanced as in aboriginal societies.

Line 71. *Frobenius*: Geheimrat Leo Frobenius, German anthropologist and africologist; two of whose works, *African Genesis* and *Erlebte Erdteile*, are alluded to in this canto. E. P.'s interest was aroused by the originality of this scholar's methods of investigation.

Line 77. *Pictures*: Australian rock-paintings.

A DIARY

A FRENCH friend who visited London for the first time for a number of years said that he found English newspapers had become a great deal sillier during the interval; in fact, he said he could not make out from them what the news might be because they were filled with stories and photographs of actresses, dogs, runaway lovers and other trivialities. Mr. Randolph Churchill, in *What I said about the Press*,* scolds most of the cheap newspapers (though not, of course, Lord Beaverbrook's) for making money and degrading the public taste with pornography. Mr. John Osborne, in his contribution to *Declaration*,† complains that they contain too many articles about the private lives of members of the royal family.

The obvious answer to all these grievances is that if these three gentlemen had bought *The Times* or the *Manchester Guardian* they would have found plenty of news, no pornography and not a word about the private lives of members of the royal family.

While I have every sympathy with the visiting Frenchman who did not know where to turn to find the news of the world (no capitals intended here), I have not so much for Mr. Churchill and Mr. Osborne, who were born and bred in London and should know by now how tiresome and stupid most English newspapers are, and avoid reading them. It may be, though, that they are both fired with reforming zeal, like so many puritanical English people, and in that case they will naturally want to read more and more about their *bêtes noires* because it is no fun reforming if you have nothing to fulminate against. In view of this possibility, perhaps the good idea I have had will not help them much, though it would be a boon to those genuinely seeking news. It is this. Newspapers should be obliged, like patent medicines, to print a formula on the front

* Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 7s. 6d.

† Macgibbon and Kee, 18s.

page giving a rough idea of the contents. If the formula read as follows:

Police court reports:	
sex crimes	27%
other crimes	18%
Sport	22%
Gossip and fashion	12%
Royalty	7%
Cheesecake	6%
Domestic news	5%
World news	3%

those who bought the paper would know what they were buying. It should not be forgotten that some people love reading about crime and looking at photographs of girls in bathing gowns; there are even people, millions of them apparently, who greatly enjoy the *Daily Express*. Rather harmless tastes, one might think, even if one does not share them. It is easy not to read what annoys or bores. Personally, I dislike all ball games, but it does not worry me that large wads of newspaper space are devoted to describing them; I skip those pages.

A very good formula is that of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*. It has eight pages, of which three are news, two leading articles and feature articles, leaving one each for Wall Street, comic strips and sport. The sport page is mostly about American games, with lovely headlines like Lakers Trampled by Knicks, and Wings Nip Hawks, or Buckeyes Edge Oregon, or Navy Mauls Rice. The words "win" and "lose" are seldom seen.

I once knew a man who was acutely sensitive to embarrassment. At the cinema, for example, if a child actor appeared on the screen, he had to cover up until it was no longer there. He kept a large white handkerchief for this purpose, which he threw over his head; he only removed it when one told him: It's all right, you can uncover now. A man of this sort would know better than to read the fourth leader in *The Times*, though I doubt whether he would go so far as to wish to forbid its appearnce, even if he were a dictator instead of just a Tory minister. Similarly, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Osborne should cultivate the art of skipping, which is indispensible for newspaper readers.

★ ★ ★

There is a new revue at the Lido in the Champs Elysées, where

the famous Bluebell Girls are dreams of beauty. As they dance about sparkling with sequins and nodding plumes it is hard to imagine that in a few years they may be startling people by their inside knowledge of what is going to be done to the Bank Rate. Yet that is the way the world goes.

A little further up the street there are queues outside *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, a war film in which all the English are incredibly brave and idealistic gentlemen and the Japanese rude, brutal, stupid (about the siting of the bridge) and not even as tough as one might suppose. Outwitted by the incredibly brave and idealistic English colonel, the Japanese colonel, who has been torturing him in vain for some days, feels so annoyed by what has happened that he has a good cry by himself in his steaming jungle study. The film was photographed in Ceylon, which seems to be the most beautiful country on earth. Although there are moments when the friend I mentioned just now would have had to "cover up"—the whistling, for example—excellent acting and the odd jokes make it worth seeing.

Other Paris attractions are Dali's Don Quixote, and portraits "from Watteau to David" at the Orangerie. Dali has fired so many eggs and ink pots and shells out of an old arquebus at his delicately drawn illustrations that he has messed them up, and the book will be expensive at £10,000.

★ ★ ★

It is just a hundred years since Baron Haussman planted avenues of trees in the West part of Paris, and now they are all going to be cut down and replaced with little young ones. Very sad for people who live in streets like the Avenue Henri Martin whose ugliness is redeemed in spring by the leaves and flowers of thousands of chestnuts.

Twelve thousand centenarian trees are doomed. The excuse for this desperate deed is that they are becoming dangerous; which is just what the brutes who cut down the great elm avenue in Kensington Gardens said about their victims. Yet when these glorious trees had been felled their soundness was evident for all to see.

D.M.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EUROPEAN THEATRE

by MICHAEL HARALD

LA Campagnia Italiana di Prosa this season includes two English plays in its repertory of modern classics at the Eliseo Theatre, Rome. Signor Antoniani, the director, does not share my view that *I am a Camera* (Van Druten out of Isherwood: the guilt, I suppose, about equally shared) and *Look Back in Anger* (John Osborne) are classics merely of the *repertorio di rottami*. "The *Manon* of our day," he called the former piece, and claimed to have detected in Mr. Osborne's hero a Julian Sorel *manqué* . . .

But the title, green-lighted and absurd in the Via Nazionale, proved irresistible: *Io sono una macchina fotografice*—one for the scrapbook of self-parody. And, in the title rôle, Giancarlo Sbragia's aspect and art were finely in focus. It would be churlish to complain that the actor had scrapped the rôle set down for him—an old-fashioned British Brownie, so to speak—and had substituted a model de luxe. Arbitrariness of this sort, in a play of this sort, deserves the highest reward: a season in Pirandello, perhaps, or the seat of honour outside Doney's. The translation helped the performance. Isherwood gets his effects in the original stories with nudges, knowingness and subtle variations on a main theme which is itself singularly lacking in importance or charm. A melancholy young writer called Christopher Isherwood (other writers please copy) is lodging in a poor quarter of Berlin in the immediate pre-Hitler era, searching for human stories and calling himself a camera. He meets a young English prostitute, Sally Bowles, who is not altogether pleased by the exigencies of her profession (we are invited to ponder the strange irony of this fact). Their relationship remains vaguely platonic (we are left to guess why): it is compounded of misery, mush and masochism in more or less equal parts. Just good chums, in fact . . . Finally she leaves (*la straordinaria Sally*

che se ne va, as the programme-note puts it), and he stops being a camera and probably changes into a sewing-machine, though this is not specified, and remains the wildest surmise on my part. The Van Druten dialogue consists of a string of understatements, ambiguities and abstractions. Signor Sapori must be congratulated on his inability or refusal to translate it faithfully into his own direct and muscular language. Instead we heard a musically spoken libretto, with acting of operatic charm and size. One began to see the director's point: *Manon* it very nearly was in parts, though Signor Sbragia mercifully spared us Des Grieux, who, crossed with Christopher, would have been insupportable on a warm evening. Instead, Signor Storagia offered a characterisation based apparently on a hasty reading of *Bulldog Drummond* and *The Tailor and Cutter*. English life and letters in the 1930's would have been the healthier for this perfectly groomed, extrovert, cruiser-to-heavyweight Isherwood. "Mi chiamo Kreestofair Eeshayvood," he boasted, flexing his biceps, ', non penso, accumulo passivamente impressioni." But his performance, as I hope I have indicated, brilliantly belied this dreary admission. When Signor Sbragia plays Othello, may I be there to see it. He is the only actor known to me who is able simultaneously to roll his eyes, gnaw his nether lip, crack his fingers, and still nobly resemble Mr. Ernest Milton in his mood of high disdain.

The worst art has its truth, even where we question the artist's right to reveal it; even when, as in the case of *Look Back in Anger*, the truth becomes a lie as a result of the author's subjectivity and faulty technique. Mr. Osborne's Jimmy Porter, like most of us, needs a modest and authentic existence. What he and his author fail to realise is that such a thing, though difficult, is not impossible to achieve, even in our day; that it can be won, even by the clever, after much heartsearching, resolution and toil. The problem Mr. Osborne poses and does not resolve in this play is age-old, for the times always have been out of joint. A carefully cultivated love-hate nostalgia for the non-essentials of a past era is as undramatic in the theatre as it is contemptible in life. There is the germ of a play here, all the same, a *pièce grinçante;* and Anouilh in his *Bitos* mood could have written it.

The acting in Rome was, as in the other play, interesting but wrongheaded. Anger, quick to boil, quicker to evaporate, is a passion not unknown to, even identifiable with, the Italian temperament. *Angst*, on the other hand, belongs here in Northern Europe,

and rarely crosses the Alps. The actors at the Eliseo Theatre would have been successful with the former mood; they were faced with and confounded by the latter. Signor Sapori's translation seemed to me, on a single hearing, outstandingly good. His title, *Ricordo d'angoscia*, gives proof of careful reading: anguish instead of anger. Such a substitution in the original would have stifled at birth the most annoying of all contemporary catch-phrases: the *Anguished* Y.M. could never have been a success.

★ ★ ★

Putains! Je vous apprendrai moi! Je vous ferai veuves. Il n' y aura plus personne dans vos lits . . .

It is shattering that, unless M. Anouilh has a change of heart, this terrible threat will never be uttered in an English theatre. (Malvolio's wish to cut out cakes and ale is, by contrast, Puritanism in its most harmless manifestation.) For Bitos-Robespierre is an inflammable composite; he will not safely travel, his author has decided. In Paris, for a year or more, he has been the innocent cause of great bitterness and fury. Damned by critics of all political affiliations, he has yet played to full houses; but they have been angry houses, divided houses.

A plague on them both?—these criticised children drive me mad at times. (France's friends, I would remind, and *have* indeed reminded M. Anouilh, have earned the right to be impatient with French foolishness.) I would urge all subscribers to this journal first to read M. Brousse's admirable account of *Pauvre Bitos* in *The European* of March, 1957, and then to buy or borrow a copy of the play;* if necessary following it painfully, word by word, with a dictionary, as Shaw—a poor linguist—did with Montaigne, Marx, Dante and Quintero, in causes scarcely more worthy. The logical third step would be to write to M. Anouilh, inviting him to reconsider his decision. Having permitted his *worst* plays to be translated and performed here, he should not withold from us the best play in any language since *Heartbreak House, Back to Methuselah* or *Saint Joan*, as you prefer.

M. Anouilh is probably the last *engagé* writer in France. *Pauvre Bitos* is a history lesson, delivered in the most detached and brilliantly ironic way imaginable; the way of Shaw with Joan (the measure of my relief that Shaw died before *l'Alouette* croaked into

* Published by *Les Editions de la Table Ronde*, Paris.

song is the measure of my sadness that he missed *Bitos*). The play deals with certain aspects of the French Revolution and the French Resistance; the one illuminates the other. It is a study of the background and characteristics of the revolutionary, the fanatic of all times who, as M. Brousse justly remarks, is "more completely incarnated by Robespierre than by anyone else." (M. Anouilh to my mind lays undue stress on the purely physical here: not all ill-favoured men are rebels, or from the working-classes, any more than all handsome men are upper-class conformists.) It is contrived, *throughout*, with the sustained technical expertness which M. Anouilh until now has revealed only in his first acts; his celebrated *feu d'artifice* is employed here not as an alternative to genuine drama but as an agreeable diversion when the mounting tension becomes unbearable.

The play was perfectly played when I last saw it a few weeks ago at the Comédie, Champs Elysées. In England, Walter Hudd is now too old for Bitos: we are left with Alec Guinness and Kenneth Williams. I should like to see both playing him: Mr. Guinness with a nervous tic; Mr. Williams with proletarian hauteur.

★ ★ ★

The Entertainer (Palace Theatre, and John Osborne once again) is a poorly-padded, well-played sketch about a tenth-rate variety performer. For those who like to suffer every Sunday with the heroes and heroines of the *People* and the *News of the World*, I suppose this sort of tear-jerker has its function. To me it came as yet another impertinent attempt to inflate spurious domestic pathos to the scale of significant tragedy. The dialogue has often an authentic ring, but its sheer banality suggests that routine script-writing for cinema or television is Mr. Osborne's *métier*. Sir Laurence Olivier's name fills the stalls and dress-circle; and but for his remarkable performance I doubt whether even the playwright's greatest and youngest admirers would trouble to return to the gallery after the first interval.

NEW BOOKS

South Africa—Not Guilty? by Basil Fuller (Longmans, 18s.).

MR. FULLER has written an astonishingly interesting book on South Africa. He is not one of the many journalists or politicians who "do" the Union in a week or two and think they understand its racial problem. Mr. Fuller is not a South African, but a British journalist, and he has lived up to the better traditions of British journalism by presenting South Africa as it really is, giving a fair picture, the good with the bad.

Mr. Fuller's book is based on hundreds if not thousands of conversations with South Africans in every part of the Union and in every walk of life. He has made copious notes of them all and quotes often, and his book is a valuable presentation of opinion and background for the average English reader who has no conception of South African circumstances to add to the blunt facts and statistics which are made available abroad by the South African Government. Without defending the racial policy of the Union, it explains the whole racial position, and the author has not made the mistake of stating his personal opinion.

It is typical of the hysterical prejudice of British political journalistic and literary life that this book, which is excellently written, has received virtually no publicity, whereas the book by Father Huddleston, which was emotional, partisan (by his own admission) and inaccurate, was widely publicised.

Mr. Fuller brings out the hardiness, determined and blunt friendliness of the Afrikaner people, but also their faults — stubborn enmity and narrow-mindedness. He also reminds us that a certain group of English-speaking South Africans are quite offensively jingoist and intolerant. He reveals the happy-go-lucky African character with its other side—savagery and dilatoriness. He carefully explains the position of the Indians, who hate the Europeans and are tending to ally with the Bantu to further their own position, and the Coloureds, who feel themselves to be close to the Europeans and despise the Bantu.

I was interested to learn that the Afrikaners are not all Dutch by stock. Mr. Fuller states: "It is reliably estimated that approximately 48 per cent. of Afrikaners have German ancestry." To this day, after Britain and the Netherlands, Germany provides the Union with most immigrants.

Apparently the Zulus were not originally warriors, but "a small tribe of pedlars." Tshaka, the fearsome king who is blamed for a million deaths, made them into a fighting nation by personal courage, ruthlessness and brilliant generalship.

Perhaps the most terrifying fact in this book has no direct relation to race at all—it is that South Africa loses three hundred million tons of soil a year through erosion.

I did notice one mistake which should be corrected. There are 1,200,000 Coloureds in the Union, not 105,000. This was obviously a printing error.

M.P.

La Loi, by Roger Vailland (Gallimard, 750 francs).

FOR the first time since a good many years the Prix Goncourt has been awarded to a real writer, instead of to one of those novelists who rush into print to describe their own or their friends' doings under pretext of sincerity, or realism. A writer is someone who knows how to write; that is, who can use words with a certain art, in a certain order according to a method which gives a lively, intellectual pleasure to the reader. This kind of talent is extremely rare today, and was probably never very widespread except during those fortunate periods, the classic ages.

At a time when the most inferior works are held up for universal acclaim it is encouraging to find the Académie Goncourt giving its annual prize to an author who knows how to write. *La Loi* is not the revelation of a new talent, for Roger Vailland is no longer a young man, and already *Les mauvais coups* had shown that he was a born writer. His style places him in the direct line of one of the twin traditions of French letters: a dry, concise elegance; the other being the majestic and eloquent period. The brilliance and ease of the former, in rendering French literature accessible to all Europe, has meant that the qualities of conciseness, elegance and clarity have earned the reputation of being the supreme virtues of the French genius. But they began to be cultivated for their own sake, and it was not realised that elegance is nothing unless it rests on firm foundations, that conciseness only has value if associated with strength, that even clarity is a poor thing unless it is accompanied by a certain warmth. Roger Vailland's style is the form taken quite naturally by a mind whose thought has a singularity, a pride, a nobility and a sort of cruelty, the whole wrapped in a frank eroticism and a kind of virile despair. Compared with a style of this quality the undoubted graces of Anatole France's prose appear artificial, while the sophisticated simplicity of an André Gide seems to be the manifestation of an exasperated effort.

The reasons for such a difference are not hard to discover. A whole universe, and several catastrophes, separate the confined literary humanism of Anatole France, or the impudent bourgeois aestheticism of Gide, from the circumstances in which Roger Vailland and his characters exist. The latter are our contemporaries; that is to say they find themselves confronted by a dilemma which

questions the death or survival of the civilisation which has hitherto nourished them—not in the realm of abstract speculation, but in that of flesh and blood.

There is thus no comparison possible between the acrobatics of a France or a Gide, choosing simplicity with the coquetry of literary mandarins, and the inner struggle which constrains men today to formulate in the most exact possible terms the *données* of a problem they have set out to solve. It is this constraint, a result of the history of our time, that gives Roger Vailland's style its quality, even though the story he relates may appear to have nothing to do with the basic questions which confront us all.

La Loi describes a universe and a community apparently worlds away from our own. The scene is a little port on the Adriatic; its inhabitants are governed by centuries-old customs, and dominated by a grand seigneur, cynical, disabused but full of honour. They practice the most refined and the most violent arts of living: the quest for pleasure and gangsterism. Reading about their intrigues and misadventures, often trivial, and their small successes, one often has the feeling that this is an Italian chronicle of the "good old days."

But in choosing to place his story at the remotest end of the earth, where so many diverse peoples have succeeded one another and where men still live according to unwritten laws two thousands years old, Roger Vailland questions us, and himself, regarding the values they express or represent. It is a world of hierarchy, a feudal universe with, at the summit, "God who waits for nobody," while at the base is "the agricultural labourer who can make nobody wait for him." Is this still an acceptable mode of life? For Roger Vailland the answer is no. He gives us this answer through the chief character in his book, Don Cesare, an aristocrat whose only rules—but they are sacred—are love of life and fidelity to himself. This proud last representative of a dying species discovers at the end of his life that he has gradually "lost interest" in all the things, one by one, which were formerly his tastes and his desires. At the moment of death he realises that he has carried to its highest point of perfection a talent which has never had a task worthy of itself. The norms which have governed his life are empty of substance. It is necessary to invent new ones.

In this roundabout way, Roger Vailland confesses his marxist faith. History having deprived our mode of life and thought of its content, we can cheerfully confide in the new order! It is a childish simplification which we are astonished to find in a man so intelligent, so gifted, and of so aristocratic a temperament.

He makes Don Cesare say he should have lived in Greece before Pericles, or among the Jacobins before 1793. This is another fantasy: for the rivers of blood which stained the French Revolution had their source in the idealistic principles of just such clever men pre-1789.

If Roger Vailland has indeed made marxism his philosophy, the

quality of his work denies the doctrine. Here is a community of little people, poor, enclosed in a ruthless if debonair tyranny—yet they are not unhappy. Quite the contrary. They exhude happiness and love of life; their vitality has survived the ebb and flow of many civilisations. Here is a contradiction which the famous dialectic cannot explain away.

J.V.E.

The Fine Art of Reading by Lord David Cecil (Constable, 18s.).

ANYTHING that Lord David Cecil writes or says on the art of reading must inevitably show a perfection of taste. This book is a collection of lectures, broadcast talks and literary essays, in which Lord David's undergraduates are told that "the primary object of a student of literature is to be delighted. His duty is to enjoy himself." The teacher or lecturer who can awaken a true appreciation of literature is rare, but if once that appreciation is kindled it will be a pleasure to the student for the rest of his life.

Lord David talks of poets being possessed of "delicate sensibility to the beautiful," and this seems to be a quality which he himself has.

The first essay, from which the book takes its title, might well be read profitably by most writers of literary criticism. It advocates a catholic taste in reading, which should not, as some think, lead to an indiscriminating taste. Above all, Lord David is alive to the aesthetic quality in literature.

Young would-be novelists could do worse than read the lecture delivered at Oxford on *The Form of English Fiction*. The novel, he says, must not only be a piece of literary skill but must also move the reader as a picture of life. A novel must be integrated by what Lord David calls "pattern," and if this pattern is in theme or situation it must never give the reader a feeling of contrivance. As to the novel of character, Lord David quotes Dickens as saying, in reply to the question of "What first inspired you to write Pickwick Papers?"—"I thought of Mr. Pickwick."

Almost as enjoyable as reading Jane Austen herself is to read Lord David talking about her. Of his attitude towards her he writes: "Jane Austen's art and views are both so particularly sympathetic to me that it is possible, though I think improbable, that I overrate her."

This is not intended to be a book which delves into the more erudite forms of English literature, but the effect of the essays is to send one to the bookshelf to renew the pleasure of some forgotten book, or to take up the book one never found time to read. Which, after all, is presumably what Lord David wishes his students to do.

C.G.

VIRGINIA

by R. REYNELL BELLAMY

With acknowledgments to *The Principal Voyages of the English Nation*, by Richard Hakluyt; *Adventures of Bermuda*, by Henry Wilkinson; *Captain Smith and Pocahontas*, by J. M. Scott; *Raleigh and His World*, by Irvin Anthony; and *The Jamestown Festival Official Program*

THREE and a half centuries ago last year there took place an event which, while seeming important enough to the participants, would scarcely have been deemed by them what it undoubtedly was: one of the most momentous in history. On 14th May 1607 a small group of English pioneers disembarked on the shores of a quiet reach of a broad river in North America; they had come to plant a colony, but were destined to be the founders of the richest and mightiest nation on earth.

It was not until three years later that the *Mayflower* with its freight of intolerants, fleeing from intolerance, and intent to establish yet more intolerance, reached Plymouth Rock.

There had been previous attempts to colonise North America. In 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh had made a settlement on the island of Roanoke, further down the coast, where, when the vessels which had conveyed the party thither arrived back in England, they had been able to report that all was well. A well-defended post had been built, food was in abundance, friendly relations had been established with the Indians, and the first child of English parents to be born in North America had been christened "Virginia" in honour of the

land of her birth. Yet when the ships returned from England with stores and necessities, they found the fort abandoned and the settlers gone; which is all that is known of the fate of Raleigh's "Plantation of Virginia." Not even Indian legend has thrown light on its doom.

Prior to that calamity, there had been a short-lived settlement of French Huguenots in Florida, which was exterminated with appalling atrocity by the Spanish fleet of Don Pedro Menendez in 1563. There was one survivor, who walked God alone knows how many thousands of miles through the wilderness to Cape Breton, where he was finally rescued by some Newfoundland Banks fishermen from Europe. Surely this must be the longest and most hazardous one-man 'hike' ever recorded.

★ ★ ★

Now, in 1606 the Virginia Company of London had come into existence for the purpose of attaining a foot-hold in the New World. Its Chairman of Directors, to use modern business terminology, was the leading London financier and shipping magnate, Sir William Smith, an affable, approachable, honourable man of considerable shrewdness and patriotism. The Virginia Company had the enthusiastic support of that man of genius, Sir Francis Bacon, who had not yet fallen into disgrace, and still wielded great influence at Court. Richard Hackluyt, the famous parson chronicler of English maritime achievement, was actively interested in the company; and from his pen flowed the prospectuses, in which he showed how a colony in Virginia would serve as a base whence to carry out piratical enterprises against the Spaniards. Only the reverend scribe did not use the word "piratical." The London Guilds and Livery Companies drew on their accumulated funds to help finance the scheme.

Next to Sir William Smith the two most prominent promoters and 'directors' were Sir George Somers—an ancestor of mine—who invested £1,000, a considerable sum of money then, and Sir Thomas Gates; both of whom in due course ventured their persons as well as their wealth to launch England's first colonial enterprise. Somers, who was Member of Parliament for Lyme Regis, had fought against the Spanish Armada, sailed with Drake and Raleigh, served with Raleigh in Ireland, and assisted in the Roanoke venture, but his most famous exploit had been the capture and sack of the 'impregnable' Spanish city of Caracas in Venezuela, with but some

70 seamen. Somers was fated to die while attempting to bring succour to the Virginia colonists in their hour of need in 1610. Gates, a veteran of the wars in the Low Countries, also a noted seaman and vexer of Spaniards, was destined later to become Governor of Virginia. Among many more eminent men of the day who were shareholders were Lord De La Warr, Sir Francis Popham and Sir Oliver Cromwell, the Royalist uncle and repudiator of the Protector.

It seems that at this time London went "Virginia mad." The topic monopolised thought and conversation. To be going to Virginia, or at least to talk about doing so, became the vogue. Ballad-mongers produced doggerel extolling emigration to Virginia; the several hundred place-seeking Scotsmen who had followed their James VI into England were earnestly besought by their reluctant hosts to hie themselves to that distant and allegedly delectable land.

A few days before Christmas 1606 the preparations for the expedition were completed at last, and the personnel embarked. The 'fleet' went down from London Pool on the ebb, wistfully watched by the greying prisoner in the Tower—Raleigh, to whose vision was due this beginning of Empire. The ships were *Susan Constant*, 100 tons, Captain Christopher Newport, also Commodore; *Godspeed*, 40 tons, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold; *Discovery*, 20 tons, John Ratcliffe, pilot. Newport was a grim, elderly disciplinarian of vast sea experience and of undeviating loyalty to his employers, whose previous chief claim to fame had been his participation in company with Sir John Burroughs in the capture of the 'great caraque' *Madre de Dios*, the largest ship of her age, and the richest single maritime prize that ever fell into English hands. She was homeward bound for Lisbon from Macao and Goa, and was truly and literally a floating treasure-house from the Orient. Hackluyt, in his epic description of her capture, gives an inventory of her cargo of silks, porcelain, ebony, spices, jade, jewels and pearls. Gosnold, one of Raleigh's old officers of Roanoke days and already an experienced pilot of American waters, died soon after reaching Virginia. His death was a serious loss to the infant colony. Ratcliffe may have been a good seaman, but he turned out to be a prime mischief-maker.

The 'fleet' reached the entrance to Chesapeake Bay on 26th April, 1607, where they erected a cross, and Chaplain Hunt held a service of Thanksgiving. Some days were spent in exploring the many tidal rivers and creeks debouching into that great bay, seeking a suitable site—somewhere with deep water close inshore, screened

from gales and Spanish eyes, with wood and water in plenty, and defensible on the landward side from Indian attack. This they found on an islet, adjoining the east bank of what, in honour of their Sovereign, they called the James River. Here on 14th May were disembarked the 105 settlers, their stores and equipment, and no women. After setting up a council, with Edmund Wingfield—a pleasant, bookish man of good family, though he too had seen active service in the Low Countries—as President, for the guidance of their affairs, they proceeded to build a triangular stockade, with a bastion at each corner mounting cannon. Inside this fortification they erected their dwellings, store-houses, and a church. This they named James Fort, which was the nucleus of Jamestown, the first enduring English settlement across the Atlantic.

Raleigh's 'plantations' had been mainly West Country in origin, and therefore in personnel; but this enterprise emanating from London is known to have contained a number of men from the Eastern Counties. There exists a list giving the names of more than 90 of the original 105 colonists, many of whom bore names familiar to East Anglian ears—Roger Cooke (Coke), gentleman; James Brumfield (Broomfield), boy; George Flower, gentleman; William Laxton, carpenter; Captain George Kendall, councillor. When a few years later the Somers Island Company, which was in fact the child of the Virginia Company, transported settlers to Bermuda from London, the bulk of the personnel was from Essex, and a proportion of the remainder from Norfolk and Suffolk. It is likely, therefore, that Eastern England was well represented at Jamestown in 1607. Of one thing we can be certain, and that is there were no Puritans in Jamestown, as Archbishop Bancroft had obtained a decree from the King that all such were to be excluded.

The first landing seems to have been top-heavy with "gentlemen," "*who,*" complained a baser born settler, "*are at a stand, and do sigh to see how many trees they have to fell, and how their hands are blistered.*" Many of these "gentlemen" developed into hardy and resourceful pioneers, but others who had been dispatched to Virginia by their distinguished but embarrassed families, were doubtless even more of an embarrassment to a community where all must work to keep alive.

That first summer things did not go well. Foodstuffs, largely flour, meal and biscuits, peas and beans, were spoilt by weevils. Dysentery became rife; what was undoubtedly malaria laid many low, and typhoid too took heavy toll. By autumn less than half

survived. A strong man, rather than a polite, was needed to cope with the situation. Luckily he was at hand in the person of Captain John Smith, resolute and resourceful, and surely one of the most audacious leaders of men ever known. I can liken him in modern times to Otto Skorzeny, the rescuer of Mussolini from the Gran Sasso, and the kidnapper of Admiral Horthy. Both men outdid, in their achievements, the heroes of school-boys' fiction; but whereas Skorzeny had disciplined soldiers of the Reichswehr to lead, Smith had to control a bunch of discontented, self-willed, quarrelsome Englishmen. Although neither as well born nor as scholarly as a Gilbert, Philip Sidney, or Raleigh, he was the complete Elizabethan, and could have been produced by no other age. Possessed of a consuming curiosity, he must try his hand at everything and travel everywhere in search of strange experience and adventure. He came of a respectable middle-class Lincolnshire family, and was educated at Louth Grammar School, afterwards being sent to King's Lynn to the counting-house of Master Sendall, a rich merchant of that ancient town, to add lustre to the seat of his trunks on an office stool. This suited him not at all. Next "*a soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard*," he served with Duxbury's Company of Freelances in the Low Countries, in a French pirate in the Adriatic, and in a series of desperate campaigns and sieges against the Turks in Eastern Europe. Three times he met Turkish champions in single combat and slew them. He was once captured and sold as a slave, but freed himself by the simple expedient of killing his unpleasant Turkish master with a flail, and then strolling through Russia from the shores of the Black Sea to those of the Baltic. He anticipated Colonel Shrapnel with some diabolical contrivances which, charged with musket-balls and black powder and an exceedingly primitive form of fuse, he caused to be lobbed into Turkish positions "*where the lamentable noise of the miserable slaughtered Turkes was most wonderful to heare.*" Such was the man to whom the desperate colonists in Jamestown turned in their need.

Smith acted vigorously, contacted the Indians up the Chickahominy River, and bargained for supplies of "*bread, corn, fish and flesh in great plentie.*" He also caused to be tried and shot a member of the Jamestown Council, Captain George Kendall, who had become an unmitigated nuisance. Kendall must have been one of those perverse, cantankerous, strong-minded men with unbridled tongues who abounded in Elizabethan and Jacobean times. Drake beheaded one on the desolate shore of Patagonia, Somers shot

another in clement Bermuda, while Burroughs hanged yet another at the yard-arm in mid-Atlantic. In fact Smith had very nearly got himself hanged on the West Indian island of Nevis on the voyage out from England for what was probably too great frankness of speech.

It was on one of these food-trading journeys into the interior that Smith was seized by Powhatan, the Indian paramount chief of the area, and in Powhatan's lodge was only saved from death by bludgeoning by Pocahontas, the chief's daughter, throwing herself on him and covering his body with her own. This almost naked young savage seems to have been a delightful child of nature, brave, sweet and charming, and possessing a mind very much her own. She formed an attachment for the grateful Smith and followed him back to the colony. From then on the destiny of the Indian girl was more or less integrated with that of Jamestown. For a time, the Indians were no more the dreaded enemies but the saviours of the little band of Englishmen who had managed so far to keep alive.

Early in 1608 Newport returned from England with fresh stores and equipment, and another 120 settlers. In the autumn, what was known as the Second Supply Fleet arrived with more stores and more settlers, including the first two women, and some skilled tradesmen who, it was hoped, would be able to inaugurate useful and remunerative industries. That second winter was a bad one, as the rats worked worse havoc with the foodstuffs than the weevils had done the first summer. However, Jamestown survived it.

In 1609, the Virginia Company of London sent out its Third Supply Fleet, which was the most ambitious attempt yet made to put Jamestown really on the map. More than 600 future colonists with tools, machinery and livestock, including 18 draught horses, were embarked in eight vessels under the command of one of the directors, Admiral Sir George Somers in the *Sea Venture*, flagship, Captain Newport. Sir George was accompanied in the *Sea Venture* by another director of the company, Sir Thomas Gates, who was the Lieutenant-Governor elect of Virginia, but would be second-in-command of the colony to Lord De La Warr when that nobleman arrived at some later date as Captain-General. Among the passengers in the *Sea Venture* were William Strachey, Virginia's new Secretary; young John Martin, the friend of Shakespeare's son-in-law, Thomas Quinney; and John Rolfe and his family from Heacham in Norfolk.

When less than a week's sail from the American shore, the fleet was struck and scattered by a terrific storm. The storm, in fact,

which inspired Shakespeare's *Tempest;* and which today would be given the name of 'Mabel' or 'Gertrude' or of someone else equally unsuitable. After days of nightmare struggle with the elements, opening seams, flooded holds, the pumps choked with biscuits, and St. Elmo's fires in the shrouds, the *Sea Venture* was driven ashore on Bermuda and wrecked. Somers and Gates struggled to land with their entire ship's company, and prepared for a long sojourn on those uninhabited islands.

In the meantime the rest of the fleet, depleted in numbers and with badly needed foodstuffs spoiled by sea-water, made the James River. In consequence, John Smith found himself with treble the number of mouths to feed and nothing extra to put in them. Smith did all that a man of his energy and resourcefulness could do to meet the coming emergency. He sent off parties in all directions to garner food. There are times when one can but deplore certain traits of the English character. He dispatched one party with fishing nets, some miles upstream from the fort, to lay in as big a stock of cured fish as possible. But the men were disgruntled, and once they were away from Smith, lacked leadership. Not once did they set their nets, but sat and argued and groused, and consumed such victuals as they had brought with them, and did nothing to help themselves or their mates back in Jamestown.

The ensuing winter was the ghastliest in the annals of the colony, and became known to later generations of Virginians as "The Starving Time." One man, determined that his terrestial existence should be maintained at whatever the cost, killed and ate his wife, and thoughtfully provided for the future by salting down the surplus. The population was reduced from 500 to 60.

Bermuda being only a small group of islands, extending for some 20 miles, was hardly big enough to contain two men of the calibre of Somers and Gates. They parted with some coolness, each with their friends and followers to opposite ends of the group, set up camp, and began building vessels for their escape. Gates' party produced a ship of 80 tons which they called *Deliverance;* Somers' group a pinnace of half that size, well named *Patience,* for in her was one iron bolt only, helping to secure the keel, everything else being fastened with wooden pins. During the nine months they were castaway on Bermuda, there died the infant daughter of John and Mistress Rolfe. Somers and Gates sailed in company from Bermuda on 10th May 1610, reaching Jamestown on 24th May,

where they found little to comfort them, merely 60 living skeletons in the grip of famine.

The prospect was so bleak that the combined survivors of shipwrecks and starvation resolved to evacuate the settlement. This was not to be. For as they dropped downstream, what should they meet beating its way up against the current but the Fourth Supply Fleet, with Lord De La Warr, the new Captain-General of Virginia. Thus by a margin of only a few hours was Jamestown saved from abandonment.

The colony was to know many vicissitudes — poverty, internal dissension and strife, Indian raids and massacres, but never again anything quite like "The Starving Time." Various industries were attempted—lumbering and shipbuilding, even glass-blowing. But it was left to an East Anglian, John Rolfe, who had been shipwrecked in the *Sea Venture*, to introduce the industry which more than any other contributed to Virginia's prosperity and fame, from that day to this—tobacco. Of course, Powhatan and his compatriots had known and enjoyed tobacco for generations, but it must have lacked some quality which prevented Europeans from enjoying it with complete satisfaction, despite the comfort Raleigh found in it, especially during his 12 years in the Tower. Rolfe, with his experience of farming in Norfolk, experimented with the cultivation of the 'weed,' and had in a few seasons by better planting and improved methods of curing so enhanced its flavour and aroma that its popularity in England rose steadily. The demand for Virginian tobacco was so great that by 1619, or the year before the Pilgrim Fathers sailed, 40,000 lbs. of cured leaf was exported.

The Rolfes had not been long settled in Virginia when Mistress Rolfe died. In 1614 the widower married again, this time the pleasant and lively "Princess" Pocahontas, who had either parted from, or been discarded by, John Smith when he had been invalided home to England after an accident with gunpowder. There had been another Englishman in Pocahontas' life—a Captain Argall, aboard whose ship she had spent some time. Her marriage to Rolfe according to the rites of the Church of England, was a great success, and still further improved Anglo-Indian relations.

Eventually the Rolfes repaired to England, and Pocahontas in ruff, stomacher and farthingale, caused quite a sensation in London society. She was presented at Court: the rich yet squalid, vicious but pretentiously learned Court of James I, where men who were truly great had to beg favours of those who were mean and per-

verted, and great ladies reeled in their cups and vomited into the laps of visiting monarchs, or to be strictly acurate, into the lap of "our Cousin from Denmark." What a pity that the visitor from the Virginian woods could leave no lasting record of her impressions of King James and his circle. She met John Smith without turning a hair, and endeared herself to all by her gentle and modest bearing. As is generally known, she died aboard ship soon after embarking for the return voyage to Virginia, and lies buried in Gravesend Parish Church.

With the tobacco industry firmly established, Virginia grew apace. Her frontiers were pushed further and further West. Her forests gave way to rich plantations, in which, presently, stately homes arose. A society, always aristocratic, became cultured and gracious, and produced some of America's greatest and noblest men.

In 1621, Sir Francis Bacon wrote: "*this kingdom hath gotten a later portion in the New World by the plantation of Virginia and Somers Island. And certain it is with the Kingdom on earth as it is in the Kingdom of heaven, sometimes a grain of mustard seed proves a great tree. Who can tell?*"

Next month in

THE EUROPEAN

MARTIN PRESTON, *who is now in South Africa,* writes on

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